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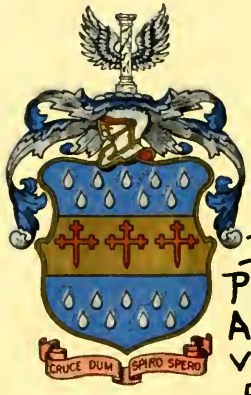

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A

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Eleventh.

Containing

Wilkie, Dodsley, Shaw, Smart, Langhorne, Bruce, Chatterton,
Graeme, Glover, Lovibond, Penrose, Mickle, Jago, Scott,
Johnson, W. Whitehead, Jenyns, Logan, Warton, Cotton & Blacklock.

Cæsar's Dream. Langhorne's Poems.

LONDON:

Printed for John & Authur Arch, *23. Gracechurch Street:*

and for Bell & Bradfute *and* I. Mundell & Co. *Edinburgh.*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

VOLUME ELEVENTH.

Containing

WILKIE,	GLOVER,	JOHNSON,
DODSLEY,	SHAW,	WHITEHEAD, (W.)
SMART,	LOVIBOND,	JENYNS,
LANGHORNE,	PENROSE,	LOGAN,
BRUCE,	MICKLE,	WARTON,
CHATTERTON,	JAGO,	COTTON, AND
GRÆME,	SCOTT,	BLACKLOCK.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH; AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, AND J. MUNDELL & Co. EDINBURGH.

1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WILKIE, D.D.

Containing

THE EPIGONIAD, || FABLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

This theme did once your fav'rite bard employ,
Whoſe verſe immortaliz'd the fall of Troy:
But time's oblivious gulf, whoſe circle draws
All mortal things by fate's eternal laws,
This ſong has ſnatch'd. I now reſume the ſtrain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,
By this attempt to merit equal praiſe
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
But love excites me, and deſire to trace
His glorious ſteps, though with unequal pace.

EPIGONIAD, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF WILKIE.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of WILKIE, "the Scottiſh Homer," there is no written memorial. Though his writings are not more diſtinguiſhed for learning and genius, than his life was remarkable for originality of manners, his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

In 1783, a deſign was formed of writing his life, to be prefixed to a new edition of his poems, by the Rev. Dr. William Thomſon, whoſe abilities, in other literary provinces, have juſtly obtained him the ſanction of public applauſe. In the proſecution of this deſign, Dr. Thomſon was encouraged, by the approbation of the late Earl of Lauderdale, and aſſiſted by information obtained by Mr. Andrew Dalzel, Profeſſor of Greek in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, from his couſin the Rev. Robert Liſton, miniſter of Aberdour, the Rev. James Robertſon, miniſter of Ratho, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertſon, miniſter of Dalmeny. After having made ſome progreſs in digeſting the materials, the intended edition of his poems not meeting with ſuitable encouragement, Dr. Thomſon was compelled to deſiſt; and his friends are diſappointed in the hope of ſeeing juſtice done to his memory, by the ſame maſterly pen that has enriched Engliſh literature by the "Continuation of Watſon's Hiſtory of Philip III." the "Tranſlation of Cuningham's Hiſtory of Great Britain," and other ingenious and elegant performances.

It is with becoming diffidence the preſent writer takes upon him a taſk which has been declined by Dr. Thomſon; but, in collecting the works of this poet with thoſe of other eminent poets of our nation, it is incumbent upon him to prefix ſome account of his life, which, however inadequate to his merits, or unſatisfactory to his friends, may not be altogether unwelcome to the public, who, it has been often obſerved, will always take an intereſt in thoſe perſons from whoſe labours they have derived profit or delight.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are partly taken from ſome detached portions of Dr. Thomſon's unfiniſhed narrative, and partly from the original information furniſhed by Mr. Robertſon, Mr. Liſton, and Dr. Robertſon, obligingly communicated to the preſent writer, by Dr. Thomſon, through the kindneſs of Profeſſor Dalzel, whoſe laudable endeavours to vindicate the fame, and to preſerve the memory of this poet, entitle him to the gratitude of the lovers of claſſical and polite literature.

William Wilkie was born at Echlin, in the pariſh of Dalmeny, in the county of Weſt-Lothian, October 5. 1721. His great-grandfather was a younger ſon of the family of Wilkie, of Rathobyres, in the pariſh of Ratho, one of the oldeſt families in Mid-Lothian, and the undoubted chief of the Wilkies. His grandfather rented the farm of Echlin, and purchaſed a part of the eſtate of Rathobyres, which he tranſmitted with the farm to his ſon, the poet's father, who was a worthy, liberal, and intelligent man, never opulent, on the contrary, poor, and rather unfortunate through life. His mother was a woman of diſtinguiſhed prudence and underſtanding, and able, it is ſaid, to expreſs her thoughts in the moſt grammatical manner, and proper words on every ſubject.

He received his early education at the pariſh ſchool of Dalmeny, under the care of Mr. Riddel, a very reſpectable and ſucceſsful teacher. At ſchool, he obtained the reputation of a boy of excellent parts, and on many occaſions diſcovered marks of that peculiarity and fertility of genius that ſo remarkably characteriſed his future life.

He discovered an early propensity to the study of poetry, and began to write verses in his tenth year, as appears by the following description of a *Storm*, written at that age, and published by Dr. Robertson, in the 9th vol. of "The Statistical Account of Scotland," which must be allowed to be a very correct and manly performance for a boy of ten.

What penetrating mind can rightly form
A faint idea of a raging storm?
Who can express of elements the war;
And noisy thunder roaring from afar?
This subject is superior to my skill;
Yet I'll begin, to show I want not will.
A pitchy cloud displays itself on high;
And with its sable mantle veils the sky:
Fraught with the magazine of heaven does throw
Bolts barb'd with fire upon the world below.
All nature shakes and the whole heavens smoke;
Nor can the gross black cloud sustain the shock:
But op'ning from his magazines doth roll,
Thick smoke and flames of fire from pole to pole.
Thence hail, snow, vapour, mix'd with flames of fire,
With conjunct force against the earth conspire.
Monsters of sea and land do loudly roar,
And make the deep resound from shore to shore.
The spumy waves come rolling from afar,
And with loud jars declare the wat'ry war.
They upward mount, and raise their crests on high,
And beat the middle regions of the sky.
Downwards they fall upon the swelling deep,
And toss the rigging of some low sunk ship:
Upwards they tow'r and falling down again,
They bury men and cargo in the main.
The boiling deep doth from her low sunk cell
Throw out black waves resembling those of hell.
They forward roll and hideously do roar,
And vent their rage against the rocky shore.

At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in the different classes of languages, philosophy and theology; and formed many of those friendships and connections which afforded him much happiness through life.

Among the number of his fellow collegians, with whom he lived in habits of the closest intimacy, were Dr. Robertson, Mr. John Home, Dr. M'Ghie, and Professor Cleghorn. Dr. Robertson afterwards and Mr. Home figured high in the literary world. Dr. M'Ghie went to London, obtained the friendship of Dr. Johnson, and became a member of the Ivy-lane Club. Professor Cleghorn, a man of great promise, died young.

His intellectual faculties of every sort now began to make a rapid progress, the cause of which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the conversation of the companions he chanced to find in the university, and to the societies which, about that time, began to be formed among the students for their mutual improvement in literary composition, philosophical disquisition, and public speaking, in which his talents found ample scope and encouragement.

His conversation with men of taste and learning, and the excitement which their example would give to his emulation, would do more towards the improvement of his mind than any lectures he could attend, or any mode of study he could pursue. The present writer would not, however, have it thought, that he conceives either of these to be without their use; he would only affirm, that they hold a secondary place, when compared with the society of such men as it was his felicity to find contemporary students in the university.

It was likewise very fortunate for him, that, during the course of his education at Edinburgh, he became known to David Hume and Dr. Ferguson, and, at a later period, to Dr. Smith, by all of whom he was held in a higher light than a common acquaintance.

In literary societies, and private conversation, he had an opportunity of being thoroughly acquainted with the capacities, as well as the tempers and dispositions of his contemporaries.

Of all his acquaintance, he regarded Dr. Smith with the greateſt admiration, and Dr. Ferguſon with the greateſt affection. He conſidered Dr. Smith as a ſuperior genius to Mr. Hume. He poſſeſſed, in his opinion, equal learning, and greater originality and invention; for what may appear ſtrange, he by no means conſidered Mr. Hume as an original or inventive genius. The ſubtlety of his reaſoning, the extent of his reading, the depth and ſolidity of his reflections, he greatly admired, but ſtill he thought that he did not draw ſo much as Dr. Smith, or even Lord Kames, from the ſtores of his own mind. He ſaid that he trod in the footſteps of Bolingbroke, and certain French philoſophers; that he greedily imbibed their ideas, and was ſtudious to glean what they left behind them; that he informed himſelf with great induſtry of the opinions and views of great men, in all ages of the world, compared them together, preferred what he thought beſt, drew corollaries from their reaſoning, and, on the whole, exhibited a ſtriking example of induſtry and of judgment. But he availed himſelf of the ignorance of the world to paſs that as new, which in reality was old; and that his ideas were either borrowed from other writers, or deductions and improvements on concluſions already eſtabliſhed.

Such was the opinion entertained by Wilkie concerning Mr. Hume. Invention is a power which muſt needs ſtand high in the admiration of a poet, and Wilkie ſpoke like a poet, when he magnified its praiſe, as if it had been a divine impulſe, an immediate inſpiration, which operated its effects inſtantaneouſly, and without that leiſurely and gradual proceſs which takes place in every production of human genius.

The ideas of men are linked together by a chain of aſſociation. Wilkie, perceiving, or thinking that he perceived the ſteps by which Mr. Hume was led to the doctrines he advanced, but not diſcerning, in like manner, the proceſs by which Dr. Smith was led to the formation of his theories, pronounced the former a man of induſtry and judgment, and the latter a man of induſtry and genius.

It certainly matters not whether a hint be derived from a book, or from converſation, or an accidental occurrence in the material or moral world. Every idea is derivative. What is ſaid of genius and invention, in contradiſtinction to memory and judgment, is commonly vague and indefinite.

Wilkie appears to have had a predilection for Dr. Smith, otherwiſe in the exuberance of his own invention, he might have diſcovered or conjectured that the firſt hints of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," a theory ſo amiable, ſo uſeful in life, and to a certain and important extent, ſo juſt, may have been originally ſuggeſted by ſome thoughts in the "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*" of Bacon, or from Dr. Butler's "Sermons on Human Nature."

While he was proſecuting his literary ſtudies at Edinburgh, his father died, and left him no other inheritance than the ſtock and unexpired leaſe of his farm at the Fiſher's Tryſte, about two miles weſt from that city, and the charge of his three ſiſters; having ſold his property at Rathobyres, a ſhort time before his death, and applied the purchaſe-money to the payment of his debts.

For the occupation of a farmer, which this melancholy event devolved upon him, he was eminently qualified, both by his habits of ſpeculation and experience; having been accuſtomed, as he grew up, to divide with his father the buſineſs of the farm, which, as is uſual in thoſe of ſmall extent, was chiefly cultivated by the common labour of the family.

Confiding, however, in the powers of which he was conſcious, he ſeems not to have truſted for his future maintenance to his exertions as a farmer; for, while he managed his farm, he proſecuted his ſtudies in divinity, and commenced preacher of the goſpel.

The narrowneſs of his circumſtances obliged him to live with great economy, and it was during this period, owing particularly to the neceſſities of his ſituation, that he contracted an uncommon degree of parſimony, which he practiſed more than was neceſſary in his future life.

About this time one of his ſiſters was married to Mr. John Cleghorn, farmer at Granton, in the pariſh of Cramond, a man of ſtrong parts, very amiable diſpoſition, and great ability in his profeſſion. With him he contracted the moſt intimate habits of friendſhip and correſpondence. In all matters of huſbandry and common life, he quoted Mr. Cleghorn's practice and maxims, as the

ſtandard of perfection in every converſation. He was his moſt confidential friend through life, and they died about the ſame time.

From Mr. Cleghorn he probably derived many of thoſe maxims and principles in huſbandry which he practiſed with amazing ſucceſs in the management of his farm. He became eminent in many branches of ſcience; but in nothing did he excel more than in a thorough and profound knowledge of the art of huſbandry. He uſed often to ſay, that to diſcern properly the real qualities of different ſoils, and to apply, with ſucceſs, the culture proper for each, required the higheſt exertion of the human underſtanding.

Though he was, in many reſpects, the moſt ſpeculative and fanciful man in the world, yet he was very careful, in the character of a farmer, to avoid the chemical theories, and to adhere to the plain, direct, and ſure road of experience. He was fully convinced that, to open the earth for the admiſſion of the foſtering influences of heaven, and to return into her lap her own produce, whether in the form of vegetables or animals, was the great art of promoting her fertility, and preparing her for the important work of reproduction. Dead horſes, dogs, cats, and animals of all kinds, he was at pains to pick up, and to convert them into a *pabulum* for uſeful vegetables. Every thing that abounded with the principles of vegetation he was eager to add to his dunghill. He watched his people, often ſhared in their labour, and made it a rule to encourage good ſervants, both by better wages, and by encomiums and little premiums; but, on no account, would ſuffer the vicious, or the ſlothful, to live with him on any terms. He ſeemed to be particularly ſucceſsful in the culture of potatoes, and was often, from this circumſtance, denominated the *Potatoe-Miniſter*.

In this courſe of life, he had much intercourſe with the country people in the way of making bargains; from which he took occaſion to make many curious remarks on human nature. There was nothing about the lower ranks of men that ſtruck him ſo much as their cunning. "I can raiſe crops," he would exclaim, "better than any of my neighbours; but I am always cheated in the market."

In the midſt of all theſe operations of agriculture, he found leiſure to cultivate the ſtudy of polite literature, and aſpired to the renown of an epic poet.

There is not a doubt that poets are moved by the divine impulſe of the "heavenly muſe;" the "ſpirit that inſpired on Horeb the choſen ſhepherd;" the "powers of ſong;" the "philoſophic power of melancholy;" or by whatever name that inviſible cauſe is called, which produces that inward thrilling which ſeeks to expreſs itſelf in verſe; yet do local and political circumſtances incline the poet to ſtir up the gift that is within him; and, but for theſe circumſtances, Wilkie would not perhaps have known that he was born a poet. He made no ſcruple of confeſſing, that he thought it good policy to rouſe his poetical talents, and to liſten to the dictates of the "powers of ſong."

When he had quitted the college, and found himſelf deſtitute of powerful friends, he began to meditate on the moſt probable means of introducing himſelf to the notice of the great. To compoſe a book in philoſophy would be doing nothing: It might be read by a few men of learning, moſt of whom had, in all likelihood, fixed their philoſophical creed, and imagined, that whatever was contradictory to their notions was falſe, and whatever paſſed the circle of their knowledge, ſuperfluous. He once intended to write a novel; but that ſpecies of writing, though it required the fineſt parts, was not likely to lead to any preferment. The world, though well pleaſed to laugh at the fancies of the noveliſt, would not, he apprehended, think of rewarding him. In the whole circle of ſcience and art, there was not any ſtudy that appeared to him at once ſo congenial to his powers, and ſo conducive to his intereſt, as poetry. He, therefore, determined to write an epic poem.

Among the various analogies which the active fancy of man delights to trace between political and human bodies, there is none more ſtriking than that ſimilarity which is remarked between their different geniuſes in the different ſtages of their exiſtence. In youth, and in manhood, we look forward to ſome object which is to increaſe our happineſs, and to raiſe our

fame. Animated by ſuch pleaſing hopes, our ſpirits are lively, and our purſuits are active; but, in more advanced years, men turn back their attention to the more early period of their lives, and are fond of recollecting and relating the joys and the achievements of their youth. There is, in like manner, a time when nations look forward to future glory, when they are emulous to excel in every honourable enterpriſe, and are eager to ſtrike out new paths in ſcience and art. And there is alſo a time when, either through ſatiety or deſpair, they are more inclined to remember what has been, than to anticipate what ſhall be; when hiſtory becomes the favourite ſtudy, and is deemed the moſt entertaining ſubject, as well as the moſt uſeful object of human attention and reaſon. Such is the genius of our nation at the preſent moment. And this turn of the nation, coinciding with that ardour for literary fame, which, for more than forty years paſt has diſtinguiſhed the northern part of this iſland, has determined the moſt eminent Scottiſh writers to try their ſtrength in the arduous attempt of hiſtory.

Had Wilkie been born and educated in the preſent reign, it is probable that he would have courted the hiſtoric muſe. But the general taſte for poetry which prevailed when he received the firſt impreſſions of education, a ſprightly and luxuriant imagination, and the political motive, which has been already mentioned, conſpired to raiſe his views to Parnaſſus. A few years before his birth, ſenators and ſtateſmen were proud of writing verſes; and a talent for poetry was conſidered as a requiſite, as it was in reality a ſtep to preferment in the offices of government. The princes, in whoſe reign he was born and educated, were not indeed patrons of the muſes: But poetry continued to be in faſhion. The tranſlations of Pope had excited a general admiration of his own powers, and revived a veneration for thoſe of Homer. Criticiſms were written on the Epopiœa, and compariſons made between Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Camoens, Arioſto, Taſſo, Milton, Voltaire, and Glover.

In ſuch circumſtances, Wilkie conceived the deſign of writing a poem after that great poet, whoſe praiſes were re-echoed throughout the world, and for whom he entertained the higheſt veneration. He drew the ſubject of his poem from the fourth book of the "Iliad," where Sthenelus gives Agamemnon a ſhort account of the ſacking of Thebes. After the fall of thoſe heroes celebrated by Statius, their ſons, and, among the reſt, *Diomed*, undertook the ſiege of that city, and were ſo fortunate as to ſucceed in their enterpriſe, and to revenge, on the Thebans and the tyrant *Creon*, the death of their fathers. Theſe young heroes were known to the Greeks under the title of the *Epigoni*, or the *Deſcendents*; and, for this reaſon, Wilkie gave to his poem the title of the *Epigoniad*.

There remained a tradition among the Greeks, that Homer had taken this ſecond ſiege of Thebes for the ſubject of a ſecond poem, which is loſt; and Wilkie ſeems to have pleaſed himſelf with the thoughts of reviving the work, as well as of treading in the ſteps of his favourite author.

The principles upon which, as a Chriſtian and a philoſopher, in an age which rejects ancient fable as wholly incredible, he engaged in an undertaking, the nature of which was intimately connected with ancient mythology, may be collected from the following eulogium on the influence of poetry, more particularly that ſpecies of poetry which ſuppoſes the truth of heathen fables, pronounced in converſation with Dr. Thomſon, many years after, in the Earl of Kinnoul's library at Dupplin-Caſtle, which, though long, is too valuable to be withheld.

"There cannot be a more proper amuſement for a perſon whoſe office it is to humaniſe the mind by inculcating the Chriſtian graces and virtues than the poets. All literature has a tendency to purify the mind from diſingenuity and brutality, by habituating it to the contemplation of truth, in contradiſtinction to falſehood and error; of fitneſs and propriety, as diſtinguiſhed from what is incongruous, monſtrous, and abſurd; and of human nature placed in ſituations fitted to excite our ſympathetic feelings, and to exerciſe our noble and virtuous emotions and paſſions. It is in this laſt manner, it is by a conſtant appeal to our moral feelings, that poetry, eſpecially the ſublimer kinds of poetry, wears off the antipathies of the barbarian, and diſpoſes the man of letters and taſte in the intercourſe of life, to overlook many cauſes of animoſity and reſentment, and to ſympathize with human nature in the midſt of a thouſand frailties and follies. By the ſublime kinds of poetry I underſtand the ode, tragedy, and epopœa: Theſe not only recommend whatever is excellent and

great in human conduct, to the cool and dispassionate views of reason, but powerfully impress it on the heart, and gradually incorporate it with the moral character. In human events and actions there is a sameness which cloys, and an imperfection which displeases the mind. Heroic or epic poetry remedies these defects, by exhibiting a picture as various as the wanderings of the imagination, and examples of virtue that correspond to those abstracted ideas of excellence that are formed by the intellect, and which alone come up to the desires of the soul. Although the whole of a composition of this kind abounds in grave instructions, yet there is one lesson which is taught above all others, one truth which it principally inculcates, and which is called the moral of the poem. This truth or moral is illustrated by a story or fable; and as the heroic poet does not shoot directly and rapidly towards the end he has in view, but, on the contrary, keeps long on the wing, and aims, in his flight, to warm the mind, and to gratify its vast desires by frequent views of the grandeur, magnificence, and beauty of nature. This fable, story, or plot, various and intricate in itself, is still farther diversified by manifold incidents and digressions; various scenes are opened, various actors introduced, various characters and manners, and, corresponding to these, various sentiments. The variety and gravity of the diction are suited to the variety and gravity of the subject; and musical numbers, with beautiful imagery, adorn every part of the complicated production."

"He illustrated the truth of these sentiments" says Dr. Thomson, by whom the conversation is reported, "from the works of Tasso and of Milton, but chiefly from the "Iliad" of Homer. I mentioned the incredibility of Homer's fables, and hinted that they were scarcely proper for the contemplation of a Christian. On this head, I was not myself very scrupulous, being convinced that, to suffer the imagination to wander, for a time, over the fields of fancy, is no crime. It is easy to call back the wanderer, and to dismiss the illusion: But I wished to draw an answer from Wilkie. With respect to the incredibility of fable, the imagination, he answered, can render any thing credible, if it is well described, that is not absurd or impossible. As to the unchristianness of attending to heathen fables, he said that there were many fables in the Bible, introduced for the express purpose of conveying and inculcating truths, religious and moral. Many of the heathen fables, he maintained, had, in like manner, a moral tendency: For example, the furious Achilles and Diomed are about to vent their rage in some act of cruelty and injustice. Minerva presents herself in some form or other that they respect, and diverts their purpose. That is, the voice of reason restrains the impetuosity of passion."

The differences of time and place had no effect upon Wilkie's genius. While he cultivated the ground, his poem of *The Epigoniad* was going forward; and, with the scythe in his hand, he meditated on the times when princes and heroes boasted of their powers and skill, in cutting hay, ploughing land, and feeding swine. The rural scenes and simple manners that were ever present in his imagination, accorded well with the tone of a poem, the subject of which was taken from a very early period of society, and contributed to give a justness and exactness to his images, which are not to be found in the compositions of city poets, who draw little from nature, and take every thing at second hand.

It was reported, that while he was writing the *Epigoniad*, it is said, he read it in pieces to an old woman in the neighbourhood, named Margaret Paton, without communicating to any other person what he was doing; and what she disapproved of, he scored and altered, till pure nature was pleased. A similar story is told of Moliere, with more probability.

There is a tradition also, that, upon some occasion, he submitted his verses to the correction of Mr. Hume. Mr. Hume addressed Wilkie, by telling him, that he had made a great many emendations. Wilkie, upon looking slightly at them, replied: "Well, I will be even with you; for I will not adopt so much as one of your corrections."

His manner of life at the Fisher's Tryste was the most respectable that could be imagined. He prosecuted his literary studies, he tilled the ground, employed the poor, provided for his sisters, and on Sundays occasionally preached the gospel. This, indeed, was no hardship to him; for so general was his knowledge, so lively his imagination, and so quick his recollection, that he preached not only without writing his sermons, but sometimes even without longer premeditation than that of eight or ten minutes. He went one day to hear sermon in the church of Rath-, and, as he

walked along with the miniſter from the manſe to the church, was cloſely preſſed by him to preach for him. He at firſt made many excuſes, but was ſo extremely urged, that he at laſt conſented, provided the miniſter would name the text; a condition which was readily complied with. This anecdote is related by Dr. Thomſon, who was told by a nobleman who was preſent, and who was a good judge, that the ſermon was excellent.

In the rebellion 1745, a generous ſtart of loyal fervour had excited the young people about Edinburgh, many of them Wilkie's companions, to take the field; but the abſurdity of riſking the flower of the country made it ſoon be overruled; and Wilkie was remarked to have been the only perſon who left the ranks: Hence inſinuations againſt his perſonal courage. Perhaps he ſaw the fooliſhneſs of the thing: At leaſt, there are no other evidences of the kind againſt him; and it is certain, that being once dogged by a foot-pad, in a dark night, on his way to Ratho, he turned upon him, and, with one blow of his cane acroſs the temples, brought him to the ground. This anecdote is related upon the authority of Dr. Robertſon.

After the cloſe of the rebellion, and the reſtoration of the peace of the country, he returned to his farm, and reſumed the quiet occupations of agriculture and literature, in which he ſpent ſeveral years, little known to the world, and holding little intercourſe with it, excepting with a few literary friends and companions.

The Fiſher's Tryſte, lying in the immediate vicinity of Gorgie, the property of Mr. Lind ſheriff-ſubſtitute of Mid-Lothian, he became acquainted with Wilkie at an early period, and, from their firſt acquaintance, ſtrongly attached himſelf to his intereſts.

Mr. Lind was very capable of diſcerning his merit, gave him a general invitation to his houſe, introduced him into the company of his numerous acquaintance, and made him known to the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Milton, Lord Kames, Mr. Charles Townſhend, and many other perſons of rank.

In 1752, Mr. Guthrie, miniſter of Ratho, being rendered incapable, by age and infirmities, of diſcharging the duties of his office, an aſſiſtant was found neceſſary. Mr. Lind recommended Wilkie to the Earl of Lauderdale, the patron of that pariſh, for that office, and obtained his Lordſhip's conſent to allow him to preach at Ratho.

When Wilkie was introduced at Hatton, Lord Lauderdale was much pleaſed with the originality of his genius and extenſive knowledge; and ſo much entertained with a thouſand peculiarities in his manner of thinking and reaſoning on every ſubject, that he reſolved immediately to make him aſſiſtant and ſucceſſor to Mr. Guthrie; and, for this purpoſe, he generouſly eſtabliſhed a fund of 30 l. for his annual ſupport, without diminiſhing the ſtipend during the life of the old man.

Accordingly, on the 17th of May 1753, Wilkie was ordained, by the Preſbytery of Edinburgh, aſſiſtant and ſucceſſor to the miniſter of Ratho. In this ſituation, he continued three years and a half, living all that time on his little farm, about four miles diſtant, and faithfully performing the duties of his office in the pariſh. On the death of Mr. Guthrie, Feb. 28th 1756, he came into poſſeſſion of the whole living, and ſettled, with his ſiſters, in the manſe of Ratho.

Agriculture had been a peculiar object of his attention from his youth; and he now gave full ſcope to his genius for improvement, though on a ſmall ſcale. His glebe, which he found in great diſorder, he immediately encloſed in a judicious manner, and cultivated it with ſuch ability, that it continued to produce the moſt abundant crops.

A piece of marſhy ground belonging to the glebe, in the name of paſture-ground, of near five acres, which, from time immemorial, had been of ſo little value, that the higheſt rent given for it was half-a-guinea yearly, he encloſed with a deep ditch and hedge; and interſected it with ſuch a variety of drains, moſt judiciouſly diſpoſed, that it became matter of aſtoniſhment to the country in general, and of ridicule to many; but the event juſtified his ability, for it produced a ſeries of moſt beneficial crops, and ſtill continues valuable.

He alſo projected a ſociety for the improvement of agriculture and rural economy, called *The Huſbandry Club*, which met at Ratho, and conſiſted of a great number of the gentlemen and principal farmers in the neighbourhood. The excellent regulations, eſtabliſhed for the government of

the club, and the great variety of intereſting and judicious queſtions, propoſed as ſubjects of their deliberation and diſcuſſion, in all which he had a principal ſhare, will long continue to do honour to his memory.

This ſociety, of which Wilkie may be conſidered as the founder, was conducted, for many years, with great ſpirit and ſucceſs. Its records, according to the information of Mr. Robertſon, contain diſſertations on many practical ſubjects in agriculture, of much merit. The name of the celebrated Dr. Cullen appears in the liſt of the members.

While he reſided at Ratho, he had much intercourſe with the Lauderdale family, and was, at all times, a welcome viſitant at Hatton. His noble patron was fond of his converſation, and often engaged him in diſputation; and, perhaps, he never met with an antagoniſt who afforded him greater ſcope for the exertion of all his powers. Through life, he retained the ſtrongeſt attachment to the Earl of Lauderdale, and valued him more for his good underſtanding, his great knowledge of men and manners, and his uncommon humanity, than for his high rank. His ſentiments, with reſpect to the Earl, were well known to all his acquaintances; for there was nothing more common than his retailing his Lordſhip's maxims and opinions in every company and converſation.

In 1757, he publiſhed at Edinburgh *The Epigoniad, a Poem, in Nine Books*, 12mo, the reſult of fourteen years ſtudy and application, and claimed the honours of an epic poet. His claim, however, to this diſtinction was not generally allowed. His work was applauded by a few men of taſte and learning, but was coldly received by the public, and cenſured, with great ſeverity, by the writers of periodical criticiſm, on account of a few miſtakes in expreſſion and proſody, excuſable in a Scottiſh poet, who had never been out of his own country. The title, it muſt be confeſſed, was ſomewhat unfortunately choſen; for as the ſtory of the *Epigoni* was known only to a very few of the learned, the public were not able to conjecture what could be the ſubject of the poem, and were apt to neglect what it was impoſſible to underſtand. The *Preface* contained ſome judicious and ſpirited remarks on the beauties and defects of epic poetry, but afforded little information concerning the ſubject of the poem. There was no general plan prefixed to the whole, nor argument, as might be expected, at the head of each book. It was inſcribed, in the manner of Camoens and Taſſo, to Archibald Duke of Argyll, a nobleman, who, by patronizing the arts and ſciences, rivalled the glory of his elder brother Duke John, whoſe political and military talents made him to be deſervedly eſteemed one of the firſt ſtateſmen and heroes of his time.

> *Argyll*, the ſtate's whole thunder born to wield,
> And ſhake alike the ſenate and the field.
>
> POPE.

In 1759, he publiſhed a ſecond edition of *The Epigoniad, &c. by William Wilkie, V. D. M. Carefully corrected and improved. To which is added, a Dream, in the manner of Spenſer*, 12mo. In this edition, all or moſt of the Scoticiſms, and other trivial miſtakes in the firſt edition, were corrected. A paſſage alſo in the *Preface*, containing a raſh cenſure of "the quaintneſs of Mr. Pope's expreſſion, in his tranſlation of the "Iliad" and "Odyſſey," as not at all ſuitable either to the antiquity or majeſtic gravity of his author," was very properly omitted. Mr. Hume gives the following account of its reception in London, in a letter to Dr. Smith, dated April 12. 1759: "The *Epigoniad*, I hope, will do, but it is ſomewhat up-hill work. You will ſee in the "Critical Review," a letter upon that poem, and I deſire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author." The letter in the "Critical Review," was written by Mr. Hume, to recommend *The Epigoniad* to the public, "as one of the ornaments of our language." The ſucceſs was not anſwerable to his expectations. Too antique to pleaſe the unlettered reader, and too modern for the ſcholar, it was neglected by both, read by few, and ſoon forgotten by all.

Soon after his coming to Ratho, he was ſeized with an unformed ague, from which he was never perfectly relieved during the reſt of his life. For this complaint, he thought an extraordinary perſpiration was neceſſary. He ſlept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes, and ſweated ſo much, that it was thought to have had an effect in relaxing his conſtitution. The blankets under which he ſlept became a wonder to the country; ſtories are told of twenty-four pair of blankets being above him: And this may have been the caſe when he was not in his own bed; but, in general, his covering was much lighter.

The ſuppoſed unhealthineſs of the manſe of Ratho gave him the firſt inclination to change his ſituation, and the profeſſorſhip of Natural Philoſophy in the Univerſity of St. Andrew's becoming vacant in May 1759, by the death of Mr. David Young, he became a candidate for that office. Several candidates appeared, and Wilkie was not then acquainted with one member in the Univerſity. As it happened to be the time of the meeting of the General Aſſembly, he was introduced to ſuch of them as were then at Edinburgh, and found avenues of application to them all; but Dr. Watſon was the only member who diſcerned his merit, and effectually promoted his intereſt; for, when the day of election came (July 1759), the other profeſſors had attached themſelves, in equal numbers, to two other candidates; and when neither party could, by any influence, alter Dr. Watſon, one of the parties joined him, and gave the election in favour of Wilkie.

When he left Ratho, he was worth about 200 l. from the ſale of the ſtock upon his farm, and ſavings from his ſtipend. With this money he purchaſed ſome acres of land in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's. He encloſed and cultivated his little fields with ſuch judgment and ſucceſs, as excited the aſtoniſhment, commanded the imitation, and promoted the improvement of the country round him, and contributed, in a high degree, to his own emolument. He gradually extended his purchaſes, his improvements, and his profits, and is ſuppoſed to have acquired a property in land worth 3000 l.; and has, in his ſo rapid accumulation, left an equally eminent example of ability and economy.

As a teacher of natural philoſophy, his uſual merit did not forſake him. Natural philoſophy, he ſaid himſelf, was his *forte*. Though, by an univerſal genius, he ſhone in this department of ſcience, yet his friends generally imagined that languages, logic, metaphyſics, or moral philoſophy, would have been more ſuitable to his taſte and inclinations.

In 1768, he publiſhed his *Fables*, 8vo. They are ſixteen in number, and a frontiſpiece, deſigned by Wale, is prefixed to each fable. Previous to the publication of his *Fables*, the Univerſity of St. Andrew's conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

From this time nothing of importance occurred in the life of Wilkie. He is ſaid to have broke off connection with Mr. Hume and Dr. Robertſon, ſome time before his death.

After a lingering indiſpoſition, he died at St. Andrew's, October 10th 1772, in the 51ſt year of his age. His two ſiſters, to whom he left his property, are ſtill living at St. Andrew's. He left his MSS. to the care of Mr. Liſton, who has not publiſhed any of his literary remains.

No edition of his *Epigoniad* or *Fables* has been called for ſince his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1759 and 1768, for the firſt time, received into collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

In 1768, when the preſent writer was at Lanark ſchool, his admiration of Wilkie induced him to tranſcribe from a manuſcript in the Earl of Hyndford's library at Carmichael-houſe, a poem, intituled, "Whitton, a deſcriptive poem, with notes, inſcribed to the Duke of Argyll, by W. W." ſuppoſed to mean *William Wilkie*; but he has not ventured to give it to Wilkie upon ſuppoſition.

Of his character, private habits, domeſtic manners, and opinions, curioſity will require more ample information than is to be found in the following notices, which the diligence of Profeſſor Dalzel has collected, and the zeal and veneration of Mr. Robertſon, Mr. Liſton, Dr. Thomſon, and Dr. Robertſon, have ſupplied.

"He was always," ſays a paper, communicated by an ingenious but not literary friend of Wilkie, to Profeſſor Dalzel, "fond of being in the company of old men and old women, from the 8th year of his age; and they always liked him, as he delighted in their converſation; and he *rapt* out ſomething new, whatever was the ſubject. He had read the ancient philoſophers and poets very early. Heſiod was a favourite poet of his, and he very often quoted him to perſons who knew nothing about him. His converſation was moſt original and ingenious. It had a mixture of knowledge, acuteneſs and ſingularity, which rendered it peculiarly delightful; and every perſon who ſpent an hour with him, carried away ſomething which he was glad to repeat. He had a firm faith in the truth of the Chriſtian religion. He employed a conſiderable portion of his time in reading the

Scriptures, and he kept up the worſhip of God regularly in his family. While he was a pariſh miniſter, he was acceptable to his people; and, in every ſituation of his life, he was kind to perſons in diſtreſs, and very liberal in his private charity. His temper was haſty, but void of malice or fourneſs; and he was always cheerful. He was fond of agriculture, and remarkable for his knowledge of the different branches of it. The people in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's acknowledge to this day, that they have derived many uſeful leſſons from Dr. Wilkie's management of his farm."

"In his public capacity as a preacher," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "he was rather original and ingenious than eloquent; and, though he never purſued the ordinary acts of popularity, never failed to fix the attention of his audience. The peculiarity, variety, and even eccentricity of his ſentiments or reaſoning, invariably procured him approbation. In his public character, he obſerved a thouſand oddities and inattentions. He generally preached with his hat on his head, and often forgot to pronounce the bleſſing after public ſervice. Once I ſaw him diſpenſe the ſacrament without conſecrating the elements. On being told, he made a public apology, conſecrated, and ſerved the ſecond table; after which, he went to the pulpit to ſuperintend the ſervice, forgetting to communicate himſelf, till informed of the omiſſion by his elders. In his dreſs, he was uncommonly negligent and ſlovenly, and, in his whole manner of life, totally inattentive to all thoſe little formalities on which the generality of mankind are apt to value themſelves. He was immoderately addicted to the uſe of tobacco, particularly chewing, in which he went to ſuch extreme exceſs, that it was thought, by all his acquaintance, highly prejudicial to his health, and perhaps a cauſe of his premature death. He was fond of medical aid, but always diſputed, and often rejected the preſcriptions of doctors: Hence was thought whimſical, both in his compliments, and in his management of them. He ſlept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes. One day he viſited a farmer in the neighbourhood, a relation of his own; when prevailed on to ſtay all night, he begged he might have plenty of bed-clothes. His female friends in the family collected and put on his bed 24 pair of blankets. When aſked, next morning, if he had plenty of bed-clothes, he anſwered, he had juſt enough, and had ſlept well. He abhorred nothing ſo much as clean ſheets, and whenever he met with ſuch, he wrapt them up, threw them aſide, and ſlept in the blankets. One evening, at Hatton, being aſked by Lady Lauderdale to ſtay all night, he expreſſed an attachment to his own bed, but ſaid, if her ladyſhip would give him a pair of foul ſheets, he would ſtay."

"Hard circumſtances," ſays Dr. Robertſon, "oppreſſed Wilkie for the greater part of his life, and produced that ſtrong attention to money-matters, with which he has been reproached by thoſe who could not explain it. It proceeded, in fact, from a ſingular love of *independence*, the paſſion of a ſtately mind. He ſhuddered at the thought of coming under the power of any man, and could hardly think of walking the ſtreets, leſt any perſon, to whom he was indebted, ſhould meet him. When his father died, he had to borrow the money that was to bury him. He went to an uncle for 10l. and was refuſed. Theſe events could but ill ſit upon *his* mind. After he came to better days, "I have often heard him ſay," ſays Mr. Liſton, "I have ſhaken hands with poverty up to the very elbow, and I wiſh never to ſee her face again." Hence a parſimony to the extreme. Yet, in wealth, would we brand him with the love of money for its own ſake. Another paſſion came in: He loved his relations; and it was his common maxim, that no man ſhould ever break with his kindred. He was not long miniſter of Ratho, till he apprehended his life would be ſhort: He had two ſiſters that he feared would be left deſtitute, immediately upon his death. Apprehenſive on their account, he always lived plain, heaped up every penny, and at laſt died worth two or three thouſand pounds; not ſo much acquired by ſavings, however, as by a rapid profit from his own favourite act of agriculture, in the perfect ſkill of which no man excelled him. At the ſame time, after the ſhort period that he became poſſeſſed of money, his friends could ſee that he could part with it. It was his cuſtom to pay the bill, even when travelling with ſeveral of his relations that could afford their ſhare. After he ſettled at St. Andrew's, his private charities were not leſs than 20l. a year. Born for intenſe thought; for total abſence of mind upon ordinary matters; plunged in poverty in early life, without a domeſtic about his perſon, and even without the means of any elegance whatever, he naturally became ſlovenly, dirty, and even nauſeous. He

chewed tobacco to excefs, and at laft made himfelf believe, that it was good for his health. It feems, on all hands agreed, that no mortal was equal to him in converfation and argument. His own explanation of it was, that he took the right fide, while his antagonifts took the wrong, to difplay their ingenuity and learning. I have heard the late Dr. Wallace, author of the "Differtation on the Numbers of Mankind," fay, nobody could venture to cope with him. His knowledge, in almoft all things, was deep, folid, and unanfwerable. His reafoning was plain to a child. In fhrewdnefs, he had no rival. Both his manner and thoughts were mafculine, in a degree peculiar to himfelf. Dr. Smith fays, it was an obfervation of the late Lord Elibank, that wherever Wilkie's name happened to be mentioned in a company, learned or unlearned, it was not foon dropped: Every body had much to fay. In fhort, he was a great and an odd man. His character, I will venture to fay, will never be fuccefsfully written, but by a great hand; and even, when written, the theory of the man is above common comprehenfion."

"With regard to Wilkie's faith in Chriftianity," fays Dr. Thomfon, "I know, that he faid prayers in his family every evening, after he had laid afide the character of a divine, and grace at table, with his eyes fhut, and his hands folded together, in a poflure of fupplication, and with every mark of the greateft fervour. He would fometimes prolong his graces, at the College-table, beyond the bounds that the keen appetites of the hungry ftudents would have prefcribed to it. Even in thefe fhort prayers there was often fome thought not more devout than pleafing and ingenious. For example: "O Lord! thou art the author of all our wants, and thou fupplieft them, from the inexhaufted ftores of thy bounty." He appeared to be a firm believer in God. The exiftence of a deity he conlidered as the fimpleft, and, therefore, the moft rational method of folving the phenomena of the univerfe. This was agreeable to the Newtonian Syftem, which fuppofes a *vacuum* and liberty of action; and that a voluntary *fiat* of God launched forth the heavenly orbs with that degrree of impulfe or momentum precifely, which correfponded with centripetal force, and which would not carry them beyond their orbits. The moral doctrines of Chriftianity, the divine character of Jefus Chrift, he held in the moft profound veneration. That facred perfon he undoubtedly conlidered as an angel fent from God, to enlighten and to blefs the world. Whether he believed in the *neceffity of an atonement* (a doctrine which, as Dr. Smith obferves in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," is fo conliftent with the natural fentiments of mankind), and the other peculiar doctrines of the Chriftian religion, I cannot, with certainty, affirm. He fometimes lamented, that he doubted. But whether this doubt fettled into fcepticifm, or that reafon, and an imagination, fenfible in the higheft degree, to the raviihing profpects held out in the gofpel, triumphed over doubt, and confirmed his wavering mind in the Chriftian faith, I know not. He would often exclaim to his moft intimate friends: "O! if I could firmly believe all the doctrines of Chriftianity, how vain and inlipid every enjoyment and every purfuit in this world would appear!"

"It was remarkable," fays Profeffor Dalzel, "that Wilkie, with all his learning, could neither read nor fpell. I myfelf was witnefs to his ignorance of the art of reading. When I was a very young man, refiding at Hatton, Wilkie came from St. Andrew's, on a vifit to Lord Lauderdale. He ftaid a few days, and all the perfonal knowledge I had of Wilkie was acquired during that time. "The Judgment of Paris," a poem by Dr. Beattie, was brought to Hatton one of thofe days, as a new publication. Wilkie afked me to retire with him, that we might read and criticife the poem together. At firft, when he began to read, I imagined he did not underftand the verfes at all, as he furely committed the faddeft havoc, in point of quantity and pronunciation, that can well be imagined, and even mifcalled leveral of the words: And yet his criticifms were fo juft, and fo happily expreffed, that I was charmed with the elegance of his tafte, and the propriety of his obfervations."

As a poet, his compofitions are not lefs diftinguifhed by imagination and judgment, than his manners were remarkable for eccentricity and originality. In both, we are pleafed to find that feeling difpofition which characterifes the good man, and the ingenious, fublime and moral poet.

His *Epigoniad*, if he had written nothing elfe, is fufficient to entitle him to an honourable rank among the poets of our nation, with whom he is now aflociated. It is a legitimate epic poem, of

the ſame ſpecies of compoſition with the "Iliad" and the "Æneid," which is univerſally allowed to be, of all poetical works, the moſt dignified, and, at the ſame time, the moſt difficult in execution.

"To contrive a ſtory," ſays Dr. Blair, in his excellent "Lectures," "which ſhall pleaſe and intereſt all readers, by being at once entertaining, important, and inſtructive, to fill it with ſuitable incidents, to enliven it with a variety of characters and of deſcriptions, and, throughout a long work, to maintain that propriety of ſentiment, and that elevation of ſtyle, which the epic character requires, is unqueſtionably the higheſt effort of poetical genius."

What talents are neceſſary to ſo arduous an attempt! What vigour of imagination, extent of knowledge, ſolidity of underſtanding, and powers of language! In order to judge whether Wilkie has ſucceeded in this exalted ſpecies of writing, or not, an appeal ſhould be made, not ſo much to the abſtracted rules of criticiſm, as to the taſte and feeling of the ſympathetic and judicious reader: For it is ſentiment only that can judge of ſentiment. When the heart of the reader remains cold and unaffected, the moſt elaborate performance is defended, in vain, by all the art of the moſt expert rhetorician; and, on the contrary, where nature is diſplayed in juſt colours, and the imagination aſtoniſhed by ſcenes of terror, or expanded by ſuch as are ſublime, a ſatisfaction is enjoyed, which is but little marred by a deviation from unity of time, place, or action.

In forming an eſtimate of the epic poem of Wilkie, we are to conſider what degree of importance there is in his moral, and what of artifice in his fable; what kind of manners and characters he has exhibited, and if his characters are properly ſupported by their ſentiments and actions. Are his digreſſions natural? Are his views ſublime? Is his imagery beautiful, and his diction varied with his varying ſubject?

It would extend this narrative to an undue length, to examine the *Epigoniad*, with reſpect to each of theſe heads, particularly. We ſhall, therefore, content ourſelves with briefly running over the *moral*, and giving a ſhort analyſis of the *fable*, occaſionally obſerving on other particulars, as we go along, and collecting a few ſpecimens of thoſe great beauties in which it abounds.

As the end or moral of the "Paradiſe Loſt" is to ſhow the bitter fruits that ſpring from diſobedience to the laws of God; and as the end or moral of the "Iliad" is to diſplay the fatal effects of furious and deep reſentment and diſcord, ſo the *moral* of the *Epigoniad* teaches the dire diſaſters that flow from the paſſion of love. This leſſon is inculcated by a ſtory interwoven with primeval manners, and with Grecian mythology. The firſt of theſe circumſtances is rather an advantage than a diſadvantage, as we are acquainted with the manners deſcribed, not only from the writings of Homer, but alſo from thoſe of Moſes, and as they diffuſe over the poem an air of venerable ſimplicity: The ſecond could not, be avoided, it being an article in the Grecian creed, that the gods often interpoſe viſibly and bodily in human affairs: nor is the incredibility of mythology ſo great a diſadvantage in poetry, as may be imagined: For, firſt, as there is a degree of belief that attends the vivid perception of every object, the beautiful and conſiſtent tales that are told by the poets, of the gods and other ſuperior beings, gain a temporary credit; and this is ſufficient for the purpoſe of the poet. Secondly, The heathen mythology operates on our minds, with the more facility that it has been impreſſed on our minds in our youth. We are acquainted with the different characters of the gods and goddeſſes; we know, beforehand, what part they are likely to act on particular occaſions, and are pleaſed when we find the poet ſupporting, with propriety, the character of each. A like obſervation may be extended to the heroes and other famous perſonages of antiquity. We are acquainted, as it were, with their perſons; we are intereſted in their fortunes, and, therefore, we are infinitely more affected by ſcenes in which they appear as actors, than we would be by ſcenes in which a poet ſhould introduce perſons and fictions with which we are wholly unacquainted. Boileau, the greateſt critic of the French nation, was of this opinion;

"La fable offre a l'eſprit mille agrémients divers,
Là tous les noms heureux ſemblent nez pour les vers.
Ulyſſe, Agamemnon, Oreſte, Idomenée,
Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée."

It is certain, that there is, in that poetic ground, a kind of enchantment which allures every perſon of a tender and lively imagination nor is this impreſſion diminiſhed, but rather much increaſed by our early introduction to the knowledge of it, in our peruſal of the Greek and Latin claſſics. The ſame great French critic makes the apology of Wilkie in his uſe of the ancient mythology.

" Ainſi dans cet amas de noble fictions,
Le poete s'egaye en mille inventions,
Orne, eleve, embellit, agrandit toutes choſes,
Et trouve s'ons ſa main des fleurs toujours ecloſes."

It would ſeem, indeed, that, if ſome ſupernatural machinery be not admitted, epic poetry, at leaſt all the marvellous part of it, muſt be entirely abandoned. " Without *admiration*," ſays Dr. Hurd, in his " Letters on Chivalry and Romance" (which cannot be effected but by the marvellous of celeſtial intervention, I mean the agency of ſuperior natures really exiſting, or by the illuſion of the fancy taken to be ſo), no epic poem can be long-lived The Chriſtian religion, for many reaſons, is unfit for the fabulous ornaments of poetry : The plan of Milton's work being altogether theological, his ſupernatural beings form not the machinery, but are the principal actors in the poem. The introduction of allegory, after the manner of Voltaire, is liable to many objections ; and though a mere hiſtorical epic poem like " Leonidas," may have its beauties, it will always be inferior to the force and pathetic words of tragedy, and muſt reſign to that ſpecies of poetry the precedency which the former compoſition has always challenged among the productions of human genius.

The *fable* of the *Epigoniad* is this : The poet ſuppoſes, that *Caſſandra*, the daughter of Alcander king of Pelignium in Italy, was purſued by the love of Echetus, a barbarous tyrant in the neighbourhood, and as her father rejected his addreſſes, he drew on himſelf the reſentment of the tyrant, who made war upon him, and forced him to retire into Etolia, where *Diomed* gave him protection. This hero falls himſelf in love with *Caſſandra*, and is ſo fortunate as to make equal impreſſions on her heart ; but, before the completion of his marriage, he is called to the ſiege of Thebes, and leaves, as he ſuppoſes, *Caſſandra* in Etolia with her father. But *Caſſandra*, anxious for her lover's ſafety, and unwilling to part from the object of her affections, had ſecretly put on a man's habit, had attended him in the camp, and had fought by his ſide in all his battles. The poem opens with the appearance of the *Epigoni* before the walls of Thebes, reſolute to ſignalize their own names, and to redeem the *Argive* glory, by its reduction. The gods, aſſembled on the hundred heads of high Olympus, view from afar Thebes doomed to periſh by the *Argives*, and principally by the hands of *Diomed* *Juno* and *Pallas*, favourable to the *Argives*, ſeek the ruin of *Thebes* *Venus*, in order to fruſtrate the deſign of both *Juno* and *Pallas*, deliberates concerning the proper method of raiſing the ſiege. The fitteſt expedient ſeems to be the exciting in *Diomed* a jealouſy of *Caſſandra* and perſuading him, that her affections were ſecretly engaged to Echetus, and that the tyrant had invaded Etolia in purſuit of his miſtreſs. *Zelotype*, a Papnian nymph, ſprung from Cupid and Alecto, offers her ſervices, for this end, to the goddeſs.

Goddeſs theſe ſhafts ſhall compaſs what you aim,
My mother dipt their points in Stygian flame ;
Where'er my father's darts their way have found,
Mine follow deep, and poiſon all the wound.
By theſe we ſoon, with triumph, ſhall behold
Pallas deceiv'd, and Juno's ſelf controll'd.

Her perſon and flight are painted in the moſt characteriſtic habiliments and ſplendid colours that poetry affords.

Firſt to her feet the winged ſhoes ſhe binds,
Which tread the air and mount the rapid winds ;
Aloft they bear her through th' ethereal plain,
Above the ſolid earth and liquid main ;

Her arrows next ſhe takes, of pointed ſteel,
For ſight too ſmall, but terrible to feel.—
A figur d zone, myſterially deſign'd,
Around her waiſt her yellow robe confin'd;
There dark Suſpicion lurk'd, of ſable hue,
There haſty Rage, her deadly dagger drew;
Pale Envy inly pin'd, and by her ſide
Stood Frenzy raging with his arms unty'd.
Affronted Pride, with thirſt of vengeance burn'd,
And Love's exceſs to deepeſt hatred turn'd.
The virgin laſt, around her ſhoulders ſlung
The bow, and by her ſide the quiver hung:
Then, ſpringing up, her airy courſe ſhe bends
For Thebes; and lightly o'er the tents deſcends.
The ſon of Tydeus 'midſt his bands ſhe found
In arms complete, repoſing on the ground;
And as he ſlept, the hero thus addreſs'd;
Her form to fancy's waking eye expreſs'd.

Diomed, moved by the inſtigations of jealouſy, and eager to defend his miſtreſs and his country, calls an aſſembly of the confederated kings, and propoſes to raiſe the ſiege of Thebes, on account of the difficulty of the enterpriſe and dangers which ſurround the army. The kings debate concerning the propoſal; and here appears a great diverſity of characters and ſentiments, ſuitable to each. *Theſeus*, the general, breaks out into a paſſion at the propoſal; but is pacified by *Neſtor*. *Idomeneus* riſes, and reproaches *Diomed* for his diſhonourable counſel; and, among other topics, upbraids him with his degeneracy from his father's bravery. The debate is cloſed by *Ulyſſes*, who informs the princes, that the Thebans are preparing to march out in order to attack them, and that it is vain to deliberate any longer concerning the continuance of the war. The kings reſolve to proſecute the war, and *Diomed*, though ſtung with love, and jealouſy of Echetus, yields to their voice. The nations and tribes that oppoſed the *Argives*, being deſcribed in the manner of Homer, a battle commences before the walls of *Thebes*; and the Theban troops, led on by the brave *Leophron*, the ſon of *Creon* the king, repulſe the enemy. *Pallas* deſcends to the aid of the *Argives*, in the form of *Homoleon*, *Diomed's* charioteer being ſlain. *Caſſandra*, ſtill concealed under the arms and dreſs of a ſoldier, preſenting herſelf to *Diomed*, offers to take that office upon herſelf. *Diomed* declines the offer. *Pallas* herſelf aſſumes the reins, and conducts *Diomed* in the fight. He kills *Leophron*. Every thing gives way to this chief, guided by the wiſdom, and fortified by the arms of the immortal goddeſs of Prudence and Wiſdom: But *Mercury*, at the command of *Jupiter*, gives order to *Phœbus* to laſh his ſteeds, and to conclude the day, leſt the rapid ſucceſs of *Diomed* ſhould precipitate the fall of *Thebes* before the time fixed by Fate. The darkneſs of the night interrupts the fight, and *Diomed* is ſtripped by *Mercury* of his divine armour. This battle is full of the ſpirit of Homer. And now the Theban princes, according to ancient cuſtom, ſat in council in the gate; the king oppreſſed with public cares, and with private grief for the death of his ſon *Leophron*, propoſes to ſue for a truce of ſeven days, that they might grace the dead with funeral obſequies. The prieſt of Apollo, accompanied by *Clytophon*, repairs to the *Argive* tents, to aſk a truce; and here follows a long, but very intereſting epiſode, that enchants the reader with the wildneſs of Salvator Roſa, and aſtoniſhes him with the terrors of Sophocles. This epiſode is intended as an experiment in that kind of fiction which diſtinguiſhes the "Odyſſey." The *Theban* heralds are conducted, with ſafety, to the royal tent, where the *Argive* princes receive them with marks of kindneſs. After a ſplendid repaſt, *Clytophon*, with great art, addreſſes the Pylian chief *Neſtor*, reminds him that he was his gueſt (a circumſtance which formed a ſtrong band of friendſhip, as it does ſtill among barbarous nations) when he fled from the deſert ſhores of Trinacria: Having gained the favour and the attention of *Neſtor*, he relates the wonderful ſtory of his life. *Clytophon* was the youngeſt ſon of Orſilochus, king of Rhodes.

His youngeſt hope I was, and ſcarce had ſeen
The tenth returning ſummer clothe the green,
When pirates ſnatch'd me from my native land, &c.

He relates how he arrived at *Trinacria*, eſcaped from the pirates, and how that lawleſs crew periſhed by the inhuman hands of a *Cyclops*. In this deſert iſland he remained for ten years. His ſolitary life, his terror of the *Cyclops*, his eſcape from the domain and from the threats of that monſter, who diſcovered him in his flight, form a wild and romantic tale, which affords a ſatisfaction of a pleaſing though melancholy nature. The *Argive* chiefs, won by the eloquence of *Neſtor*, agree to the truce. *Diomed* alone remonſtrates, and retires ſullenly to his tent. The poet, in imitation of Homer, deſcribes the funeral obſequies and various games in honour of the dead. The games he has choſen are different from thoſe which are to be found among the ancients, and the incidents are new and curious. He meditates a deſign to attack the unarmed Thebans, confiding in the truce, and buſied in burying their dead. His friend, and the guardian of his youth, *Deiphobus*, diſſuades him from ſuch enormous injuſtice, and expoſtulates on this ſubject, with a freedom which provokes the fiery temper of *Diomed* to lift his hand againſt his friend, and to put him to death. This incident, which is apt to ſurpriſe us, ſeems to have been copied by the poet from that circumſtance in the life of Alexander, where the heroic conqueror, moved by a ſudden paſſion, ſtabs Clytus, his ancient friend, by whom his life had been formerly ſaved in battle. The repentance of *Diomed* is equal to that of Alexander. No ſooner had he ſtruck the fatal blow than his eyes are opened; he is ſenſible of his guilt and ſhame; he refuſes all conſolation; abſtains even from food, and ſhuts himſelf up alone in his tent. His followers, ſtruck with horror at the violence of his paſſion, keep at a diſtance from him. A tumult enſues, which is quelled by the eloquence of *Ulyſſes*. While *Diomed*, abandoned by all, lay outſtretched on the duſt, reſigned to melancholy, remorſe, and deſpair, *Caſſandra* enters his tent with a potion, which ſhe had prepared for him. The virgin endeavours, by an artful tale, to ſhun diſcovery, and to conceal her love. While ſhe ſtands before him alone, her timidity and paſſion betray her ſex; and *Diomed* immediately perceives her to be *Caſſandra*. As his repentance for the murder of *Deiphobus* was now the ruling paſſion in his mind, he is not moved by tenderneſs for *Caſſandra*; on the contrary, he conſiders her as the cauſe, however innocent, of the murder of his friend, and of his own guilt.

Thoſe eyes I ſee, whoſe ſoft enchantment ſtole
My peace, and ſtirr'd a tempeſt in my ſoul;
By their mild light, in innocence array'd,
To guilty madneſs was my heart betray'd.
Deiphobus is dead: his mournful ghoſt
Lamenting, wanders on the Stygian coaſt;
And blames my wrath. Oh! that the ſun which gave
Light to thy birth, had ſet upon thy grave:
And he had liv'd! now lifeleſs on the plain,
A corſe he lies, and number'd with the ſlain.

Overwhelmed with grief at the treatment ſhe received, *Caſſandra* repairs to a rural temple, facred to Ceres, whoſe protection ſhe implores, proſtrate on the ground, and bathed in a flood of tears. At this inſtant, *Zelotype* deſcended from *Venus*, but her counſels were overthrown by *Pallas*, diſguiſed in the ſhape of *Amyclea*, *Caſſandra*'s mother. *Caſſandra's* addreſs to *Amyclea* will not loſe, by a compariſon, with the addreſs of Anchiſes to Æneas in the Elyſian fields. She reſolves to return to her father's houſe, and had begun to put her deſign in execution, when ſhe fell into the hands of the Thebans. The fierce chiefs decree, that ſhe ſhall fall a ſacrifice to the ghoſts of *Leophron* and *Andremon*. This ſtern purpoſe is oppoſed by *Phericles*, who inſiſts upon the faith of treaties. A diſpute ariſes on the ſubject; ſome of the princes inſiſt on the death of *Caſſandra*, others declare themſelves ready to protect her life, at the riſk of their own. And this diſcord had raged in civil blood, had not *Clytophon* appeaſed the tumult, by propoſing to practiſe on th

paſſions of *Diomed*, by means of ſo dear a pledge of his love, and to engage him to withdraw his forces from the walls of *Thebes*. *Diomed*, his rage ſubſiding into grief, inquires at every leader for *Caſſandra*, and is ſtung with compunction for his barbarous uſage of that lovely, affectionate, and patient maid. Whilſt his mind is thus ſoftened, an herald appears from the gates of *Thebes*, relates the fate of *Caſſandra*, and delivers the king's meſſage, threatening to put her to death if *Diomed* would not agree to a ſeparate truce with *Thebes*. This propoſal raiſes in the mind of *Diomed* oppoſite contending paſſions. Agreeably to the furious character of that chief, the poet ſuppoſes that his predominant paſſion for revenge is firſt excited. He rages and vows vengeance, if the Thebans ſhould dare to violate the captive. An embroidered ſcarf, a preſent from *Caſſandra*, brings her full into the view of *Diomed*, with all her charms. His rage is ſuſpended, and he reſigns his mind to love, to grief, and tender fear. He propoſes a truce of twenty days, which the Thebans accept. In the mean time, *Dienices* returns, who had been ſent to the wilderneſs of Œta to recal *Hercules* for the protection of his native city. He relates the death of *Hercules*, and the excruciating pains of the envenomed robe, which had been ſent him by the hands of the jealous *Dejanira*. He relates alſo the fate of *Cleon*, ſon of the king of Thebes ſlain by *Philoctetes* for an attempt to ſteal away the arms of his friend *Hercules*, now enrolled among the gods. This epiſode is an attempt towards heroic tragedy, in the manner of Sophocles, and breathes all the horrors, and vehemence and atrocity of that great poet. If the ſublimity of his imagination, and the energy of his ſtyle appear any where conſpicuous, it is in this epiſode, which we ſhall not ſcruple to compare with any poetry in the Engliſh language. Nothing can be more pathetic than the complaints of *Hercules*, when the poiſon of the envenomed robe begins firſt to prey upon him.

> O cool my boiling blood, ye winds that blow
> From mountains loaded with eternal ſnow,
> And crack the icy cliffs: in vain! in vain!
> Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
> For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
> And wring my entrails with their burning hands.

The virtue of *Hercules*, ſuſtaining him under the weight of infernal pain, is deſcribed in a manner not unworthy of the ſupreme grandeur of the ſubject; and is a ſpectacle, if we may be allowed, with Wilkie, to adopt the ſentiments and the ſtyle of the ancients, we would ſay even the immortal gods would regard with complacency and approbation.

The Theban king, enraged by the death of his ſons, even to madneſs, deſpair, and hatred of the gods, inſtigates his martial powers to attack the *Argives*, ſecure in the truce, and employed in burying the dead. The *Argives* encouraged by *Pallas*, in the form of *Mentor*, rally their forces and reſiſt the Thebans with bravery, but without ſucceſs. The *Argive* bands give way, and would have periſhed by the hands of an enraged victorious enemy, had not *Pallas* diſpatched *Ulyſſes* to ſolicit the aid of *Diomed*. The ſpeech of *Ulyſſes*, in which the character of the ſpeaker is well ſupported, had its full influence on the mind of a generous warrior, ambitious of glory, and quickly ſenſible to the ſtings of reproach. He confeſſes his paſſion for the captive *Caſſandra*; whom he deſcribes with all the exaggerations of love. *Ulyſſes*, having now learned the cauſe of *Diomed's* inactivity, addreſſes himſelf to him with ſucceſs. He ſhows, that no faith was to be expected from the perfidious Thebans, and that the ſafety of *Caſſandra* might be obtained by force, but was not to be hoped for from a regard to juſtice. Moved by this reaſoning, *Diomed* takes the field. The *Thebans* are forced to retreat, and the ruthleſs *Creon* diſpatches an aſſaſſin to murder *Caſſandra*. Here opens a ſcene truly affecting. The queen of Thebes and her maids ſat lamenting with the fair captive, talking to her in the language of complacency and tenderneſs, aſſuring her that her innocence, her ſex, would protect her, and that nine ſhort days would reſtore her freedom: But *Caſſandra*, prepared to meet her fate, by a dream, arms herſelf with magnanimous reſolution, and, when the murderer approached, with the ſword bared for execution, in the midſt of her weeping attendants, ſhe alone appeared erect and undaunted.

———For the blow prepar'd,
With both her hands her ſhining neck ſhe bar'd,
And round her head a purple garment roll'd,
With leaves of ſilver mark'd, and flowing gold.
Rais'd for the ſtroke, the glittering faulchion hung,
And ſwift deſcending, bore the head along.
A tide of gore, diffus'd in purple ſtreams,
Daſhes the wall, and o'er the pavement ſwims.
Prone to the ground, the headleſs trunk reclines,
And life, in long convulſive throbs, reſigns.

In the mean time, *Diomed* adviſes the *Argive* chiefs to take *Thebes* by aſſault. *Idomeneus* oppoſes ſo raſh a deſign; and in the midſt of this diſpute, *Greon* diſplays, on the point of a ſpear, the head of *Caſſandra*. *Diomed* leads on his powers to the aſſault of *Thebes*, while the other *Argive* bands, in favour of his attempt, diſtract the foe by mock approaches. The city is taken. The queen, made captive, implores the mercy of *Diomed*. *Ulyſſes* adviſes him to offer her up a victim to the manes of *Caſſandra*. The generous hero rejects the barbarous counſel; and the poem concludes with the death of *Creon*.

It is a manifeſt advantage in the *Epigoniad*, that the ſcenes it deſcribes lie within a very narrow ſpace of time; that events follow events in rapid ſucceſſion; and that, on the whole, it maintains the cloſeſt and moſt perfect unity of time, place, and action. The moral is no other than what is the moral of many tragedies, the fatal effects of love. But the poet has found means artfully to extend the moral to paſſion in general: For *Diomed*, in a kind of peroration to the whole of what had paſſed, deplores the predominancy of paſſion, ever deaf to reaſon and cool reflection.

While I, unhappy, by its dictates ſway'd,
My guardian murder'd, and the hoſt betray'd!

The fable is evidently ingeniouſly artificial; but the execution is better than the deſign, the poetry ſuperior to the fable, and the colouring of the particular parts more excellent than the general plan of the whole. Of the four great epic poems which have been the admiration of mankind, the "Iliad," "Æneid," "Jeruſalem," and "Paradiſe Loſt," the "Jeruſalem" alone would make a tolerable novel, if reduced to proſe, and related without that ſplendour of verſification and imagery by which it is ſupported; yet, in the opinion of many great judges, the "Jeruſalem" is the leaſt perfect of theſe productions, chiefly becauſe it has leaſt nature and ſimplicity in the ſentiments, and is moſt liable to the objection of affectation and conceit. The ſtory of a poem, whatever may be imagined, is the leaſt eſſential part of it; the force of the verſification, the vivacity of the images, the juſtneſs of the deſcriptions, the natural play of the paſſions, are the chief circumſtances which diſtinguiſh the great poet from the proſaic noveliſt; and we will venture to affirm, that all theſe advantages, eſpecially the three former are to be found in an eminent degree in the *Epigoniad*. Wilkie, inſpired with the true genius of Greece, and fmit with the moſt profound veneration for Homer, diſdains all frivolous ornaments; and, relying entirely on his ſublime imagination and his nervous and harmonious expreſſion, has ventured to preſent to his reader the naked beauties of nature, and challenges, for his partizans, all the admirers of genuine antiquity.

There is one circumſtance in which Wilkie has carried his boldneſs of copying antiquity beyond the practice of many, even judicious moderns. He has drawn his perſonages, not only with all the ſimplicity of the Grecian heroes, but alſo with ſome degree of their roughneſs, and even of their ferocity. This is a circumſtance which a mere modern is apt to find fault with in Homer, and which, perhaps, he will not eaſily excuſe in his imitator. It is certain that the ideas of manners are much changed ſince the age of Homer, and though the "Iliad" was always, among the ancients, conceived to be a panegyric on the Greeks, yet the reader is now almoſt always on the ſide of the Trojans, and is much more intereſted for the humane and ſoft manners of Priam, Hector, Andromache, Sarpedon, Æneas, Glaucus, nay, even of Paris and Helen, than for the ſevere and cruel bravery of Achilles,

Agamemnon, and the other Grecian heroes. Senſible of this inconvenience, Fenelon, in his "Telemaque," has ſoftened extremely the harſh manners of the heroic ages, and has contented himſelf with retaining that amiable ſimplicity by which theſe ages were diſtinguiſhed. If the reader be diſpleaſed that the Britiſh poet has not followed the example of the French writer, he muſt at leaſt allow, that he has drawn a more exact and faithful copy of antiquity, and has made fewer ſacrifices of truth to ornament.

The characters of the *Epigoniad* are moſtly the ſame with thoſe of the "Iliad." *Diomed*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, *Ulyſſes*, *Neſtor* *Idomeneus*, *Merion*, and even *Therſites*, all appear in different parts of the poem, and, in general, act parts ſuitable to the characters drawn of them by Homer. The epiſodes are artfully inſerted, intereſting and natural. The language is ſimple and artleſs in narration; but in deſcription, often bold figurative and ſublime. The images are taken from rural life, or the great and beautiful objects of nature. There is a littleneſs in the moſt ingenious arts. Nature only correſponds to the elevated tone of the epic poet. The ſimiles are perhaps too frequent. This frequency Wilkie would doubtleſs have defended by the example of Homer; but Homer himſelf ſeems to offend in this particular. The numbers are elaborately correct, delicately poliſhed, and exquiſitely harmonious. Pope ſeems to have been his model for verſification, and he has borrowed many lines and expreſſions from him. But he is not a ſervile imitator. He has judiciouſly diverſified the uniformity of Pope, by adopting the variety of pauſe, accent, cadence, and diction, ſo eminently conſpicuous in Dryden, and ſo abſolutely eſſential to the harmony of true poetry.

An ingenious foreigner, whoſe mind ſeems far ſuperior to bigotry and national prejudice, in his "Eſſay on the Revolutions of Literature," has mentioned the *Epigoniad* in terms of high reſpect, and accounted for the fewneſs of its readers, not from any fault in the poem, but from the circumſtance that the Engliſh are acquainted with Homer, not only in the original, but by means of the celebrated tranſlation of Pope.

"The *Epigoniad* of Wilkie," ſays Profeſſor Denina, "would have been a moſt admirable poem, had it been written 2000 years ago. But as Homer is now ſo well known in England, we cannot be ſurpriſed that Wilkie has not a greater number of readers. We Italians, at preſent, neglect the *Avarchide di Lingi Almanni*, which, like the *Epigoniad*, is too cloſe an imitation of the "Iliad."

There are others, no doubt, beſides Profeſſor Denina, who, while they will not heſitate to allow no ſmall ſhare of merit to this poet, will yet be ready to conſider his poem as too cloſe an imitation of Homer, and think that he has been unfortunate in the choice of his ſubject.

Wilkie, aware of theſe objections, has endeavoured to obviate them in his *Preface*, which has been univerſally admired, and than which there has not appeared a piece of juſter or more manly criticiſm ſince the times of Ariſtotle and Horace. He juſtifies himſelf, at great length, in having formed his poem upon hiſtorical circumſtances already known, and introduced characters with which the reader is before acquainted, and alſo ſhows the neceſſity he was under of taking many of the hiſtorical circumſtances from the ancient poets; for tradition, the proper foundation of epic poetry, is only to be found in their writings, and, therefore, muſt be uſed like a common ſtock, and not conſidered as the property of individuals.

"Tradition," ſays the *Preface*, "is the heſt ground on which a fable can be built, not only becauſe it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewiſe becauſe it ſupplies a poet with the moſt proper materials for his invention, to work upon."

We might have expected, from this remark, that he had not only taken tradition as the ground of his fable, but employed it alſo to guide him through the narration: But we find that he has not only forſook, but contradicted it on ſeveral occaſions.

Euſtathius, in his Commentary upon the fourth book of the "Iliad," gives us a liſt of the nine warriors who were called the *Epigoni*, moſt of whom Wilkie never mentions in the *Epigoniad*, but inſtead of them, introduces, not the deſcendants of thoſe unfortunate heroes who fell before Thebes in a former expedition, but ſeveral of their contemporaries; as *Theſeus* and *Neſtor*, who had no motives of revenge to prompt their undertaking. *Theſeus*, in particular, was not there, for we

find in the "Suppliants" of Euripides, that *Theseus* went upon a former expedition to *Thebes*, to procure funeral honours for the seven fathers of the *Epigoni*, who lay unburied before the walls of that city; and, at the end of the same tragedy, we are told, that the capture of the city was reserved for the *Epigoni* alone. Wilkie also gives *Theseus* the conduct of the war, in contradiction to Diodorus Siculus, who affirms, that by the advice of the oracle of Apollo, Alcmæon was constituted generalissimo: He likewise makes *Creon* king of Thebes, but *Creon* had been dead four years before; and Eustathius positively says, that *Laodamas* was, at that time, their king. Contrary to all order of time, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* are introduced as principal characters, an anachronism which he endeavours to excuse, by alleging that it was a fact of little consequence, and that he did not therefore choose to deprive himself of two illustrious names. Instead of *Sthenelus*, who is said to have accompanied *Diomed* in this expedition, he has substituted "*Ulysses*, a first-rate hero, in the place of a second rate one, and a name which every body is acquainted with, in the place of one little known."

But though Wilkie's disagreement with Homer in point of fact, is not more remarkable than his disregard of the traditions of the ancients, we must acknowledge, that, in giving up the conduct of his poem to an invention fruitful of incidents, he has given us a regular heroic story, well connected in its parts, adorned with characters which strongly attach the reader, and make him take part in the dangers they encounter, embellished by mythological fictions, which gratify and fill the imagination, and abounding in interesting situations, which awaken the feelings of humanity. He is some times awful and august; often tender and pathetic; and intermingles valiant achievements with the gentle and pleasing scenes of love, friendship, and affection.

There is nothing more wonderful, in this admirable poem, than the intimate acquaintance it displays, not only with human nature, but with the turn and manner of thinking of the ancients, their history, opinions, manners, and customs. There are few books that contain more ancient learning than the *Epigoniad*. To the reader, acquainted with remote antiquity, it yields high entertainment; and we are so far from thinking, that an acquaintance with Homer hinders men from reading this poem, that we are of opinion it is chiefly by such as are conversant in the writings of that poet, that the *Epigoniad* is, or will be read. And as the manners therein described are not founded on any circumstances that are temporary and fugacious, but arise from the original frame and constitution of human nature, and are consequently the same in all nations and periods of the world; it is probable, if the English language shall not undergo very material and sudden changes, that the epic poem of Wilkie will be read and admired, when others, that are in greater vogue in the present day, shall be overlooked and forgotten.

In the *Epigoniad*, Wilkie has, in general, followed successfully the footsteps of Homer. In the *Dream* annexed to that poem, he has chosen Spenser for his model, and ventured to engage in a rivalship with the great father of allegorical poetry. In this small poem, in which the manner of Spenser is finely imitated, the poet supposes himself to be introduced to Homer, who censures his poem in some particulars, and excuses it in others. It is, indeed, a species of apology for the *Epigoniad*, written in a very lively and elegant manner. It may be compared to a well-polished gem of the purest water, and cut into the most beautiful form. He apologises for so closely imitating, and even borrowing from Homer. He alleges, that *Plato* and *Virgil* did so before him. His praise of *Hesiod* and *Theocritus* is such as might be expected from an agriculturist and a poet. Those who would judge of Wilkie's talents for poetry, without perusing his larger work, may satisfy their curiosity by running over this short poem. They will see the same force of imagination and harmony of numbers, which distinguish his longer performance, and may thence, with small application, receive a favourable impression of his genius.

His *Fables* discover an ingenious and acute turn of mind, and a thorough acquaintance with the nature and ways of men; but they are not recommended by any great degree of poignancy or poetical spirit. Simplicity is, indeed, the greatest excellence of fable: But, in the *Fables* of Wilkie,

there is ſuch an exceſs of ſimplicity, that they do not ſufficiently command attention. They do not ſufficiently rouſe and exerciſe the mind; and this defect is the more inexcuſable, that to rouſe attention is the very end of fable: For the leſſons that fable teaches are ſufficiently obvious, and what ſhe pretends to is only to incline men, by a ſpecies of ſurpriſe, to attend to them. If Wilkie cannot boaſt the eaſe of Gay, the elegance of Moore, or the humour and poignancy of Smart, yet he is, by no means, a contemptible fabuliſt. His *Fables* have the merit of an artleſs and eaſy verſification, of juſt obſervation, and even, occaſionally, of deep reaſoning, and abound in ſtrokes of a pathetic ſimplicity. The fable of the *Rake and the Hermit* poſſeſſes the two laſt mentioned qualities in an eminent degree.

THE WORKS OF WILKIE.

PREFACE.

As there is no claſs of writers more freely cenſured than poets, and that by judges of all ſorts, competent and incompetent: I ſhall attempt to anſwer ſome objections that may be made to the following performance, by perſons not ſufficiently acquainted with epic poetry, and the rules upon which it ought to be formed.

The beauties of the piece, if it has any, ſhall be left to be diſcovered by the reader for himſelf. This is his undoubted privilege; and I have no intention to break in upon it: neither would it be of any advantage to do ſo; for poetical beauties, if they are real, will make themſelves obſerved, and have their full effect without a comment.

Some will object to the choice of the ſubject, that it is taken from the hiſtory of an age and nation, the particular manners of which are not now well known, and therefore incapable of being juſtly repreſented by any modern author. This objection will appear to be of little conſequence, when we conſider that the fact upon which it proceeds is ſo far from being ſtrictly true, that there are none who have any tolerable ſhare of claſſical learning, that are not better acquainted with the manners and cuſtoms of the heroic ages, than with thoſe of their own country, at the diſtance of a few centuries. Neither is this knowledge of ancient manners confined to the learned; the vulgar themſelves, from the books of Moſes, and other accounts of the firſt periods of the Jewiſh ſtate, are ſufficiently inſtructed in the cuſtoms of the earlieſt times, to be able to reliſh any work where theſe are juſtly repreſented. With what favour, for inſtance, has Mr. Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad been received by perſons of all conditions? and how much is it commonly preferred to the Faery Queen, a poem formed upon manners of a much more modern caſt. But ſuppoſing the fact upon which the objection proceeds to be true, and that the cuſtoms and manners peculiar to the times from which the ſubject of the poem is taken, are not now well underſtood, I do not apprehend, that, even with this confeſſion, the objection amounts to any thing conſiderable; for manners are to be diſtinguiſhed into two kinds, univerſal and particular. Univerſal manners, are thoſe which ariſe from the original form and conſtitution of the human nature, and which conſequently are the ſame in all nations and periods of the world. Particular manners, on the other hand, conſiſt of ſuch cuſtoms and modes of behaviour, as proceed from the influence of partial cauſes, and that ſhift and vary as thoſe cauſes do upon which they depend. To make myſelf underſtood by an example; it is agreeable to common or univerſal manners, to be angry and reſent an injury; but particular manners, in ordinary caſes, determine the methods of revenge. For great offences, an Italian poiſons his enemy; a Spaniard ſtabs him over the ſhoulder; and a Frenchman ſeeks ſatisfaction in duel. From this example, it will be eaſy to ſee that particular manners ought to appear but very little, either in epic poetry, tragedy, or any other of the higher kinds of poetical compoſition; for they are vulgar, and depend upon cuſtom; but great paſſions and high characters reject ordinary forms; and therefore muſt, upon every occaſion, break through all the common modes both of ſpeech and behaviour. Though ancient manners, therefore, were not ſo preciſely known as they are, I ſhould imagine, that a ſtory taken from the accounts which we have of the heroic ages, might very well ſerve for the ſubject of an epic poem, and have all the advantges neceſſary in reſpect of that ſpecies of compoſition.

It may likewiſe be alleged, that I have done wrong in chooſing for my ſubject a piece of hiſtory which has no connection with preſent affairs; and that, if I had done otherwiſe my work would have been more intereſting and uſeful.

This objection, ſeemingly a very material one, admits, notwithſtanding, of an eaſy anſwer, viz. that ſubjects for epic poetry ought always to be taken from periods too early to fall within the reach of true hiſtory. And, if this rule is ſhown to be eſſential, which I ſhall attempt to do in what follows, it will be found to be impoſſible that any ſubject proper for that kind of writing ſhould have a connection with preſent affairs. The proper buſineſs of epic poetry, is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or, as the critics expreſs it, to excite admiration. In order to do this in any tolerable degree, characters muſt be magnified, and accommodated rather to our notions of heroic greatneſs, than to the real ſtate of human nature. There appears a certain littleneſs in all men when truly known, which checks admiration, and confines it to very narrow limits; heroes, themſelves, though poſſeſſed of the greateſt qualities, are, in moſt circumſtances of their condition, ſo much on

on a level with the ordinary run of mankind, that ſuch as have an opportunity of being intimately acquainted with them, do not admire them at the ſame rate that others do, who view them only at a diſtance. The common conditions of humanity leſſen every man; and there are many little circumſtances inſeparably connected with our ſtate of being, which we cannot eaſily reconcile with our idea of Epaminondas, Plato, Scipio, or Cæſar. From all this it plainly appears, that admiration claims for its object ſomething ſuperior to mere humanity; and therefore ſuch poems as have it for their end to excite admiration, ought to celebrate thoſe perſons only that never have been treated of by regular hiſtorians. For hiſtory gives to all things their juſt and natural dimenſions; and, if it ſhould interfere with poetical fiction, would effectually confute thoſe beautiful legends which are invented to raiſe our ideas of character and action, above the ſtandard at which experience has fixed them.

Let it be obſerved, as a further confirmation of the maxim which I am eſtabliſhing, that there is in our minds a principle which leads us to admire paſt times, eſpecially thoſe which are moſt remote from our own. This prejudice is ſtrong in us; and, without being directed or aſſiſted by art, forms in the mere vulgar of all countries, the moſt extravagant notions of the ſtature, ſtrength, and other heroic qualities of their remote anceſtors. This prejudice, ſo favourable to poetical fiction, true hiſtory effectually deſtroys: and therefore poets, that they may have the advantage of it, ought to celebrate thoſe perſons and events only that are of ſo great antiquity, as not to be remembered with any degree of certainty and exactneſs.

But, inſtead of a thouſand arguments to this purpoſe, let us only conſider the machinery which muſt be employed in an epic poem: how heaven and hell muſt both be put in motion, and brought into the action; how events altogether out of the common road of human affairs, and no ways countenanced either by reaſon or by experience, muſt be offered to mens imaginations, ſo as to be admitted for true. Let us conſider all this, and it will appear, that there is nothing which poets ought more carefully to avoid, than interfering with ſuch regular and well-vouched accounts of things as would effectually confute their fable, and make the meaneſt reader reject it with contempt. This is a point of prudence which no poet has yet neglected with impunity. Lucan, according to his uſual raſhneſs, has taken, for the ſubject of an epic poem, one of the beſt known events which he could have pitched upon in the whole ſeries of human affairs; and, in order to diſtinguiſh himſelf from a mere hiſtorian, is often under the neceſſity of ſtarting from his ſubject, and employing the whole force of a very lively and fruitful invention in unneceſſary deſcriptions and trifling digreſſions. This, beſides other inconveniencies of greater importance, gives ſuch an appearance of labour and ſtraining to his whole performance, as takes much from the merit of it, with all who have any notion of eaſe, majeſty, and ſimplicity of writing. He, and all other poets who have fallen into the ſame error, find always this diſadvantage attending it, that the true and fictitious parts of their work refuſe to unite, and ſtanding as it were at a diſtance, upon terms of mutual averſion, reproach each other with their peculiar defects. Fiction accuſes truth of narrowneſs and want of dignity; and this again repreſents the other as vain and extravagant. Spenſer, who, in his Faery Queen, not only treats of matters within the ſphere of regular hiſtory, but deſcribes even the tranſactions of his own time, in order to avoid the inconveniencies which he knew to be almoſt inſeparable from ſuch an attempt, covers his ſtory with a veil of allegory, that few of his readers are able to penetrate. This ſtratagem leaves him at full liberty in the exerciſe of his invention; but he pays, in my opinion, too dear for that privilege, by ſacrificing to it all the weight and authority which a mixture of received tradition and real geography would have given to his fable. Milton takes the ſubjects of both his great poems from true hiſtory, yet does not ſucceed the worſe upon that account. But it is to be remembered, that his chief actors are not men, but divine and angelic beings; and that it is the human nature only which ſuffers by a juſt repreſentation, and loſes in point of dignity, when truly known. Beſides, the hiſtorical circumſtances upon which he builds are ſo few, and of ſo extraordinary a nature, that they are eaſily accommodated to poetical fiction; and, therefore, inſtead of limiting him, and ſetting bounds to his invention, they ſerve only to countenance, and give a degree of credibility to whatever he pleaſes to feign. Shakſpeare may likewiſe be quoted as an exception to the general rule, who takes the ſubjects of many of his pieces from periods of the Engliſh hiſtory not very remote, and, notwithſtanding, ſucceeds remarkably in exciting the heroic paſſion. That Shakſpeare makes us admire his heroes, is undeniable; and no man of common ſenſe will ever pretend to aſſert, that real characters of great men, touched up and heightened by a poetical fancy, will not very naturally excite admiration. But there are different degrees of this paſſion, as well as of all others; and it is evident that the degree of it which Shakſpeare intends to raiſe, is not equal to that which Homer aims at, and the other writers of the epic tribe. We admire no character in Shakſpeare's works more than that of Henry V., but the idea which Homer gives us of Achilles, is ſtill more noble and auguſt. The tragedian mixes ſo much of the ordinary man in the character of his hero, that we become too familiar with him to admire him in a high degree: for in theſe very pieces in which he is repreſented as performing his moſt remarkable exploits, he is often found at his leiſure hours amuſing himſelf with a knot of humouriſts, pickpockets, and buffoons. I do not pretend to cenſure Shakſpeare for this conduct; becauſe it is not the buſineſs of a tragedian to make us admire, but to intereſt our other affections: and, to make his heroes very much objects of admiration, would poſſibly be one of the greateſt errors that an author of that kind could fall into: for the principle of compaſſion, to which tragedy is peculiarly addreſſed, is incompatable with high admiration; and a man, in order either to be loved or pitied,

muſt appear with evident ſymptoms of the weakneſſes common to the reſt of the human kind. It is our own image in diſtreſs which afflicts us; and we never pity one under calamities, who is not weak enough to be moved by them. Homer upon this account, never attempts to excite pity, but from ſuch private and domeſtic diſtreſſes as ſhow his heroes in the light of ordinary men. Sophocles likewiſe, from a juſt apprehenſion that the heroic paſſion interferes with the proper ſpirit of tragedy, leſſens on purpoſe the great characters which he introduces, and ſtrips them of more than half their dignity. Though therefore Shakſpeare makes us admire his heroes as much as a tragedian ought to do, and even more in ſome inſtances than the rules of art would juſtify; yet as the degree of admiration which he excites is leſs by far than that which epic poetry aims at, it may well be raiſed from ſubjects that are ſtrictly hiſtorical, though the higher degrees of that paſſion cannot. Were my judgment of ſufficient authority in matters of criticiſm, I would have it underſtood as a rule, that the ſubjects of epic poetry ſhould be taken from tradition only: that tragedy ſhould keep within the limits of true hiſtory; and that comedy, without meddling at all with hiſtorical facts, ſhould expoſe vice and folly in recent inſtances, and from living examples. That part of the rule which regards epic poetry, is ſufficiently juſtified from what has been already ſaid; and concerning tragedy, I have likewiſe obſerved, that it ought not to exalt its greateſt characters above the ſtandard of real life. From this it will follow that it may be ſtrictly hiſtorical without loſing any real advantage, and attain its full perfection without the aſſiſtance of fable. I believe it will be eaſily allowed, that where truth and fiction are equally ſubſervient to the purpoſes of poetry, the firſt ought always to be preferred; for true hiſtory carries a weight and authority with it, which ſeldom attend ſtories that are merely fictitious, and has many other advantages for intereſting our affections above the legends of remote antiquity. But as tragedy ſhould never go ſo far back as the fabulous ages, neither ſhould it, in my opinion, approach too near to preſent times; for though it does not aim at raiſing and gratifying the paſſion of admiration, yet it has a degree of dignity to maintain, which it would endanger by treating of events too recent, and characters too particularly remembered. Comedy, on the other hand, and indeed every ſpecies of ſatire whatſoever, ought to attack living characters only, and the vices and folly of preſent times. That imperfection which appears in every thing when viewed near, a circumſtance ſo unfavourable to the genius of epic poetry and tragedy falls in preciſely with that of comedy, a kind of writing which has no dignity to ſupport, points always at what is ridiculous, and marks its objects with characters of littleneſs and contempt. We naturally admire paſt times, and reverence the dead; and conſequently are not ſo much diſpoſed to laugh at fools who have already finiſhed their parts, and retired, as at fools who are yet upon the ſtage. The ancient comedy of the Greeks, which proceeded upon this maxim, was certainly, upon that account, the moſt perfect ſpecies of ſatire that ever was invented. Homer, as he exceeds all other poets in merit, has likewiſe the advantage of them in point of good fortune; the condition of the age in which he wrote gave him an opportunity of celebrating in his poems, events, which though they were in his days of no great antiquity, and conſequently the more intereſting, yet had fallen, through the want of authentic records, into ſo happy a degree of obſcurity, that he was at full liberty to feign concerning them what he pleaſed, without any danger of confutation. This is an advantage which ſucceeding poets could not boaſt of; and therefore have found themſelves under a neceſſity, either of taking their ſubjects from remote antiquity, as I have done, or (which in my opinion is worſe) of attempting to mix fable with hiſtory, which never can be done with ſucceſs.

The mythology in the following poem will probably give offence to ſome readers, who will think it indecent for a Chriſtian to write in ſuch a manner as to ſuppoſe the truth of a heathen religion. They will be of opinion, that it would have been better, either to have introduced no religious ſyſtem at all, or to have choſen ſuch a ſubject as would have admitted of the true ſyſtem. I ſhall endeavour to anſwer this objection, by eſtabliſhing two maxims directly oppoſite to what is propoſed in the preceding alternative, and ſhow not only that divine beings are neceſſary characters in an epic poem, but likewiſe that it is highly improper to introduce the true God into a work of that nature. If theſe two points are fully made out, the force of the objection will be taken away. As to the firſt of them, let us again conſider the end which epic poetry propoſes to itſelf: it aims at exciting admiration, by ſetting before us images of whatever is great and noble in the human character: it is neceſſary for this purpoſe that a poet ſhould give his heroes, not only all thoſe intrinſic qualities which make men admired, but that he ſhould magnify them likewiſe by a ſkilful management of outward circumſtances. We do not form our notions either of perſons or things from their real qualities only; circumſtances of a foreign nature, and merely acceſſory, have as great an influence as theſe in determining our approbation and diſlike. This obſervation ſhows the importance of mythology to epic poetry; for nothing can render a perſon of greater conſequence in the eye of the world, than an opinion that the gods regard him with a peculiar degree of attention, and are much intereſted in all that relates to him. If people are once conſidered as the favourites of heaven, or inſtruments choſen for the accompliſhment of its important purpoſes; poets may tell of them what great things they pleaſe, without ſeeming to exaggerate, or ſay any thing that exceeds the bounds of probability. Homer was certainly of this opinion, when he aſcribed to his heroes, valour and other great qualities in ſo immoderate a degree: for, had the gods never interpoſed in any of the events which he celebrates; had his chief actors been nowiſe connected with them, either in point of favour or conſanguinity, and repreſented, at the ſame time, as performing the high exploits which he aſcribes

to them inſtead of being applauded as the firſt of poets, he would have been cenſured as the moſt falſe and moſt credulous of hiſtorians. This argument in favour of poetical mythology, with another which might be taken from the advantage it is of in point of ornament, and a third from its uſe in allegory, has determined almoſt all the writers who have followed the epic or heroic ſtyle, to allow it a place in their compoſitions; ſuch of them as have taken their ſubject from Greek or Roman ſtory, have adopted the mythology of Homer; and the reſt, in celebrating more modern heroes, have, inſtead of that, made uſe of the true religion, corrupted by an unnatural mixture of northern ſuperſtition and Grecian fable. From a practice therefore ſo univerſal, we may juſtly infer, that poets have looked upon mythology as a thing of great uſe in their compoſitions, and almoſt eſſential to the art.

It may be alleged, after all that has been ſaid, that, to bring gods into epic poetry, is inconvenient on many accounts; that it prevents a proper diſplay of character in the human actors, turning them all into ſo many machines, to be moved and guided by the immediate impulſes of deity: that it breaks in upon the order of natural cauſes, and renders all art, either in plan or conduct of a work, ſuperfluous and unneceſſary. If what this objection ſuppoſes were true, and that the mixing of gods with men in the action of an epic poem, neceſſarily turned the whole into miracle; if it were an unavoidable conſequence of this method, that the human actors ſhould be governed in all they do by divine impulſe determining them, without regard to their natural characters, and the probable motives which ought to influence them: in ſhort, if mythology could have no place in a poem, but at the expence of manners, order, connection, and every other thing that can render a work either beautiful or inſtructive, it would be an argument againſt it of ſuch weight, as nothing alleged in its favour would be able to counterbalance. But the objection is by no means well founded; for, though there may be an indiſcreet application of mythology, productive of all thoſe ill effects which have been mentioned; yet it is obvious, both from reaſon and experience, that mythology may be managed in ſuch a manner as to be attended with none of them. And this will appear from a very obvious example: the greateſt part of mankind, in every age, have believed that gods and ſuperior beings govern and direct the courſe of human affairs. Many individuals, and even whole nations, have thought that all the actions and events of our lives are predetermined by an overruling power, and that we ſuffer the controul of an irreſtible neceſſity in all we do: yet this opinion never changes the moral feelings of ſuch as entertain it, and their judgment of characters and actions; they love and hate, approve, and diſapprove, admire and deſpiſe, in the ſame manner as others do who believe that men are abſolutely free, and that their final determinations proceed only from themſelves. But when it is underſtood, that people act without conſciouſneſs, or that the organs of their bodies are not under the dominion of their own wills, but actuated by ſome other being without their conſent: in ſhort, when mere phyſical neceſſity is ſubſtituted in place of moral, all idea of character, all ſenſe of approbation and diſapprobation immediately ceaſes. From this fact, the truth of which nobody will diſpute, it is eaſy to judge in what caſes the interpoſition of gods in the action of a poem will prevent a proper diſplay of the human characters; and when not. Volition, as appears by the example now given, is that upon which our moral ideas are founded: ſo long then as volition is exerted, there is a character, and, when that ceaſes, the character is loſt. If therefore the deities in a poem are employed in animating and deterring the heroes, only by ſuggeſting ſuch motives as are proper to influence their wills; ſuch interpoſition by no means interferes with the diſplay of character, but rather favours it; for the quality of every mind may be known from the motives by which it is determined; and Minerva's prevailing with Pindarus to be guilty of a piece of treachery, by ſuggeſting that Paris would reward him for it, diſcovered the venality of his temper as much as if he had done the ſame action from a like motive occuring to himſelf.

Poets often make the gods infuſe an uncommon degree of vigour into their heroes, for anſwering ſome great occaſion, and add to the grace and dignity of their figure. Sometimes they make a ſecond rate heroe the firſt in a particular action, and, with their aſſiſtance, he diſtinguiſhes himſelf above ſuch as are at other times more remarkable for valour and ſucceſs: all this is ſo agreeable to what happens naturally, and from mere mechanical cauſes, that we forget the gods, and interpret what happens as if they had not interpoſed at all. For every body knows, that when people are rouſed to any remarkable exertion of force, they become ſtronger than they are at other times; and that, when in this manner the ſpirits riſe to an uncommon height, the whole body acquires new graces. Valour is not a fixed and permanent quality, nor is it found in any one always in the ſame degree. Plutarch obſerves that of all the virtues it exerts itſelf moſt irregularly, and riſes by fits like a divine inſpiration. The ſenſe which every man has of theſe things, makes him look upon the interpoſition of gods in ſuch caſes as a mythological way of expreſſing what is merely natural, and allow ſuch as perform the great actions in a poem to poſſeſs the whole merit of them. It never leſſens our opinion of Hector's valour, for inſtance, that Apollo often aſſiſts him; nor do we think Ulyſſes leſs prudent, becauſe he is guided by the influence of Minerva. We have as clear impreſſions of thoſe, and the other Homeric characters as we have of any characters whatſoever, and diſcern their limits and diſtinguiſhing marks as clearly as if they had acted altogether of themſelves. That ſuperior beings ſhould be employed in governing the events of things, and interpoſing by thunder, earthquakes, inundations, peſtilences, and the like, can never be thought unnatural in poetry, by any one who believes that Providence actually manages the affairs of the world by ſuch means. It belongs to men to deſign and act, but to Heaven alone to determine

events. Though a poet, therefore ſhould repreſent an army weaker and worſe conducted, prevailing, in conſequence of that kind of interpoſition which has been mentioned, over another, evidently better and ſtronger, there would be nothing unnatural in ſuch an account, or contrary to what is often experienced in real affairs.

After all that has been ſaid, it muſt be owned, that if gods are brought in upon ſlight occaſions, and for trifling purpoſes; if they are put upon working miracles in order to cover blunders, either in the plan or execution of a poem, and employed in cutting ſuch knots as the author himſelf has not the ſkill or patience to untie; it muſt be owned, I ſay, that this is a very wrong application of mythology, and attended with all the diſadvantages which the objection mentions. It is a ſtratagem, which, if often practiſed, would teach the reader at laſt to diſregard all appearances, and, when the moſt important periods of affairs were approaching, to remain quite ſecure and unintereſted, truſting that a god would always be at hand, in time of need, to manage every thing as the poet would have it, and put all to rights by the ſhorteſt and moſt effectual methods. I have conſidered this objection at greater length, becauſe at firſt view it appears very plauſible; and ſhall proceed to what remains, after I have taken notice of another, which has likewiſe ſome appearance of force. It will be thought inconvenient, as it is the deſign of epic poetry to raiſe and dignify human characters, that gods ſhould appear with men in the ſame ſcenes of action. It will be alleged, that in this caſe the divine perſons will neceſſarily overſhadow the human, leſſen them by a compariſon, and conſequently produce an effect directly oppoſite to what is intended. This objection, however plauſible, does not ſeem to be ſupported by experience; at leaſt I never found in any inſtance, that the ſplendour of divine characters in a poem, eclipſed the human. Beſides, this is what cannot eaſily happen; for, let us ſuppoſe two parties of boys engaged in ſome trial, either of force or ſkill, and that a few men take part in the debate, dividing themſelves between the oppoſite ſides, and aſſiſting them againſt each other, would the exploits of the full-grown men, however remarkable, leſſen thoſe of the boys? by no means; for things that are confeſſedly unequal, never come into competition, and therefore cannot be either leſſened or magnified by appearing together. Are we leſs diſpoſed to admire the valour of Achilles, becauſe it is underſtood he was not a match for Jupiter? Or the ſagacity of Ulyſſes, becauſe his penetration was not equal to that of Minerva? But there is one circumſtance which renders it abſolutely impoſſible for the gods in epic poetry to eclipſe the men in point of heroiſm; and it is this, that the gods are immortal, and conſequently cannot exert that in which heroiſm chiefly conſiſts, viz. the contempt of death. Homer, in order to give his deities as much of that quality as poſſible, has made them vulnerable and ſuſceptible of pain; a freedom which has ſhocked ſome of the critics, who did not attend to the reaſon of his doing ſo. But Homer was too good a judge of propriety, not to be ſenſible that no perſon could appear with advantage in military actions who ventured nothing in point of perſonal ſafety; and that ſtature, force, magnificent armour, and even the higheſt atchievements, will never conſtitute the heroic character, where patience and contempt of danger have no opportunity of appearing. It is this circumſtance which gives the mortals in epic poetry a manifeſt advantage over the immortals; and Mars when uſhered into the field with all the pomp and magnificence of Homeric deſcription, is an object leſs to be admired than Diomed, Ajax, and many others who combat bravely, though conſcious of mortality. Homer, who has managed his great characters with the trueſt judgment and ſtricteſt attention to circumſtances, takes care to have Achilles early informed that he was to periſh at Troy, elſe he might ſeem too conſcious of ſafety, from his matchleſs valour and the armour which he wore, to be great in that which is to be admired, the contempt of death, when the danger of it is imminent. It muſt be acknowledged, that in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, the perſons in the machinery overſhadowed the human characters, and that the heroes of the poem are all of them immortals: but then it is to be remembered, that Paradiſe Loſt is a work altogether irregular; that the ſubject of it is not epic, but tragic; and that Adam and Eve are not deſigned to be objects of admiration, but of pity: it is tragic in its plot, and epic in its dreſs and machinery: as a tragedy, it does not fall under the preſent queſtion; and, as an epic poem, it evades it likewiſe, by a circumſtance very uncommon, viz. that in the part of it which is properly epic, there are no human perſons at all.

I have in this manner endeavoured to prove that mythology is neceſſary to an epic poem, and that the chief objections to the uſe of it are of little conſequence. I proceed to eſtabliſh the other propoſition which I mentioned, and ſhow, that the true God ought not to be brought into a work of that nature. And if this propoſition can be made out, it will eaſily appear from it, and the preceding one taken together, that poets are under a neceſſity of having recourſe to a falſe theology, and that they are not to be blamed for doing what the nature of epic poetry on the one hand, and reſpect to the true religion on the other, render neceſſary and unavoidable. For proving the point in queſtion, I need only obſerve, that no perſon can appear with advantage in poetry, who is not repreſented according to the form and condition of a man. This art addreſſes itſelf chiefly to the imagination, a faculty which apprehends nothing in the way of character that is not human, and according to the analogy of that nature, of which we ourſelves are conſcious. But it would be equally impious and abſurd to repreſent the Deity in this manner, and to contrive for him a particular character and method of acting, agreeable to the prejudices of weak and ignorant mortals. In the early ages of the church, he thought fit to accommodate himſelf, by ſuch a piece of condeſcenſion, to the notions and apprehenſions of his creatures: but it would be indecent in any man to uſe the ſame freedom

and do that for God, which he only has a right to do for himſelf. The author of Paradiſe Loſt has offended notoriouſly in this reſpect; and, though no encomiums are too great for him as a poet, he is juſtly chargeable with impiety, for preſuming to repreſent the Divine Nature, and the myſteries of religion according to the narrowneſs of human prejudice: his dialogues between the Father and the Son; his employing a Being of infinite wiſdom in diſcuſſing the ſubtleties of ſchool divinity; the ſenſual views which he gives of the happineſs of heaven, admitting into it, as a part, not only real eating and drinking, but another kind of animal pleaſure, too, by no means more refined: theſe, and ſuch like circumſtances, though perfectly poetical and agreeable to the genius of an art which adapts every thing to the human model, are, at the ſame time, ſo inconſiſtent with truth, and the exalted ideas which we ought to entertain of divine things, that they muſt be highly offenſive to all ſuch as have juſt impreſſions of religion, and would not chooſe to ſee a ſyſtem of doctrine revealed from heaven, reduced to a ſtate of conformity with heathen ſuperſtition. True theology ought not to be uſed in an epic poem, for another reaſon, of no leſs weight than that which has been mentioned, viz. That the human characters which it repreſents ſhould never be formed upon a perfect moral plan, but have their piety (for inſtance) tinctured with ſuperſtition, and their general behaviour influenced by affection, paſſion, and prejudice. This will be thought a violent paradox, by ſuch as do not know that imperfect characters intereſt us more than perfect ones, and that we are doubly inſtructed, when we ſee, in one and the ſame example, both what we ought to follow, and what we ought to avoid. Accordingly, Horace, in his epiſtle to Lollius, where he beſtows the higheſt encomiums upon the Iliad, as a work which delineated vice and virtue better than the writings of the moſt celebrated philoſophers, ſays of it, notwithſtanding, That it is taken up in deſcribing the animoſities of fooliſh kings and infatuated nations. To go to the bottom of this matter, it will be proper to obſerve, that men are capable of two ſorts of character, which may be diſtinguiſhed by the names of natural and artificial. The natural character implies all thoſe feelings, paſſions, deſires, and opinions which men have from nature and common experience, independent of ſpeculation and moral refinement. A perſon of this character looks upon outward proſperity as a real good, and conſiders the calamities of life as real evils; loves his friends, hates his enemies, admires his ſuperiors, is aſſuming with reſpect to his inferiors, and ſtands upon terms of rivalſhip with his equals; in ſhort, is governed by all thoſe paſſions and opinions that poſſeſs the hearts, and determine the actions of ordinary men. The force and magnitude of this character is in proportion to the ſtrength of theſe natural diſpoſitions; and its virtue conſiſts in having the generous and beneficent ones predominant. As to that ſort of character, again, which I diſtinguiſhed by the name of artificial: it conſiſts in a habit of mind formed by diſcipline, according to the cool and diſpaſſionate dictates of reaſon. This character is highly moral, but, in my opinion, far leſs poetical than the other, by being leſs fit for intereſting our affections, which are formed by the wiſe author of our nature for embracing ſuch beings which are of the ſame temper and complexion with ourſelves, and are marked with the common infirmities of human nature. Perſons of the high philoſophic character, are too firm and unmoved, amidſt the calamities they meet with, to excite much ſympathy, and are too much ſuperior to the fallies of paſſion and partial affection, the popular marks of generoſity and greatneſs of mind, ever to be much admired by the bulk of mankind. If the moſt accompliſhed poet in the world ſhould take a rigid philoſopher for the chief character either of an epic poem or a tragedy, it is eaſy to conjecture what would be the ſucceſs of ſuch an attempt; the work would aſſume the character of its hero, and be cold, diſpaſſionate, and unintereſting. There is, however, a ſpecies of panegyric proper for ſuch ſort of perfection, and it may be repreſented to advantage, either in hiſtory or proſe dialogue, but it will never ſtrike the bulk of mankind. Plato, in his apology of Socrates, deceives us: as Mr Addiſon likewiſe does in his tragedy of Cato: for both of them attempt to perſuade us, that we are affected with the contemplation of unſhaken fortitude, while we are only ſympathiſing with ſuffering innocence. The tenderneſs of humanity appearing through the hardneſs of the philoſophic character, is that which affects us in both inſtances, and not that unconquered greatneſs of mind, which occaſions rather wonder and aſtoniſhment than genuine affection.

From what has been ſaid, it is eaſy to infer, that the great characters, both in epic poetry and tragedy, ought not to be formed upon a perfect moral plan; and therefore heroes themſelves muſt often be repreſented as acting from ſuch motives, and governed by ſuch affections as impartial reaſon cannot approve of: but it would be highly indecent to make a being, whom religion teaches us to conſider as perfect, enter into the views of ſuch perſons, and exert himſelf in order to promote their extravagant enterpriſes. This would be to bring down the infinite wiſdom of God to the level of human folly, and to make him altogether ſuch an one as ourſelves.

A falſe theology, therefore, ought rather to be employed in poetical compoſitions than the true; for, as the ſuperior beings which are introduced, muſt of neceſſity be repreſented as aſſuming the paſſions and opinions of thoſe whom they favour, it is ſurely much fairer to employ a ſet of imaginary beings for this purpoſe, than God himſelf, and the bleſſed angels, who ought always to be objects of our reverence.

The ſame reaſoning which leads to this concluſion, will likewiſe make us ſenſible, that among falſe religions, theſe ought to be preferred which are leaſt connected with the true; for the ſuperſtitions which prieſts and poets have built upon the Chriſtian faith, diſhonour it, and therefore ſhould, if poſſible, be buried in oblivion. The ancient Greek theology ſeems upon all accounts the

fitteſt. It has no connection with the true ſyſtem, and therefore may be treated with the greateſt freedom, without indecency or ground of offence: It conſiſts of a number of beautiful fables, ſuited to the taſte of the moſt lively and ingenious people that ever exiſted, and ſo much calculated to raviſh and tranſport a warm imagination, that many poets in modern times, who proceeded upon a different theology, have, notwithſtanding, been ſo bewitched with its charms, as to admit it into their works, though it claſhed violently with the ſyſtem which they had adopted. Milton is remarkable in this reſpect; and the more ſo, as his poem is altogether of a religious nature, and the ſubject of it taken from holy writ.

Some may poſſibly imagine, that the following work would have had greater merit, if it had offered to the world a ſet of characters entirely new, and a ſtory nowiſe connected with any thing that is already known. I am not of this opinion; but perſuaded, on the contrary, that, to invent a ſtory quite new, with a catalogue of names never before heard of, would be an attempt of ſuch a nature, as could not be made with tolerable ſucceſs; for every man muſt be ſenſible, that the wonders which epic poetry relates, will ſhock even the ignorant vulgar, and appear altogether ridiculous, if they are not founded upon ſomething which has already gained a degree of credit. Our firſt ideas are taken from experience; and though we may be brought to receive notions, not only very different from thoſe which experience ſuggeſts, but even directly contrary to them, yet this is not to be done ſuddenly and at one attempt: ſuch, therefore, as would have their fictions favourably received, muſt lay it down as a rule, to accommodate what they feign to eſtabliſhed prejudices, and build upon ſtories which are already in ſome meaſure believed. With this precaution, they may go great lengths without appearing abſurd, but will ſoon ſhock the meaneſt underſtandings, if they neglect it. Had there been no fabulous accounts concerning the Trojan expedition current in Greece and Aſia, at the time when Homer wrote, the ſtories which he tells, though the moſt beautiful that ever were invented, would have appeared to his cotemporaries altogether ridiculous and never been admired, till antiquity had procured them credit, or a tradition been formed afterwards to vouch for them to the world; for, in matters of an extraordinary kind, not only reaſon, but even imagination, requires more than a ſingle teſtimony to ground its aſſent upon; and therefore, though I ſhould have invented a ſet of characters entirely new, and framed a ſtory for the ſubject of my poem nowiſe connected with any thing that has yet been heard of, and been ſo happy in this attempt as to produce what might equal, in point of perfection, any of the moſt beautiful fables of antiquity; it would have wanted, notwithſtanding, what is abſolutely neceſſary in order to ſucceſs, viz. that credit which new invented fictions derive from their connection with ſuch as are already become familiar to mens imaginations.

Tradition is the beſt ground upon which fable can be built, not only becauſe it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewiſe becauſe it ſupplies a poet with the moſt proper materials for his invention to work upon. There are ſome fabulous ſtories that pleaſe more univerſally than others; and of this kind are the wonders which tradition reports; for they are accommodated to the affections and paſſions of the bulk of mankind, in the ſame manner as national proverbs are to their underſtandings. The ſtrict accommodation in both inſtances proceeds from the ſame cauſe, viz. that nothing of either ſort is the work of one man, or of one age, but of many. Traditions are not perfected by their firſt inventors, nor proverbs eſtabliſhed upon a ſingle authority. Proverbs derive their credit from the general conſent of mankind; and tradition is gradually corrected and improved in the hands of ſuch as tranſmit it to each other through a ſucceſſion of ages. In its firſt periods, it is a narrow thing, but extends itſelf afterwards, and, with the advantage of time, and experiments often repeated, adapts itſelf ſo preciſely to the affections, paſſions, and prejudices, natural to the human ſpecies, that it becomes at laſt perfectly agreeable to the ſentiments of every heart. No one man, therefore, can pretend to invent fables that will pleaſe ſo univerſally, as thoſe which are formed by the progreſs of popular tradition. The faculties of any individual muſt be too narrow for that purpoſe, and have too much of a peculiar caſt to be capable of producing what will be ſo ſtrictly adapted to the common feelings and ſentiments of all. It is this ſort of perfection which pleaſes us in archæology, or the traditional accounts which we have of the origins of nations; for we are often more agreeably entertained with ſtories of that kind, though we know them to be abſolutely falſe, than with the juſteſt repreſentations of real events. But as tradition, while it continues in the hands of the people, muſt be rude and diſagreeable in reſpect of its form, and have many things low and abſurd in it, neceſſary to be palliated or ſuppreſſed, it does not arrive at that perfection of which it is capable, till it comes under the management of the poets, and from them receives its laſt improvement. By means of this progreſs, tales, that in the mouths of their firſt inventors, were the moſt abſurd that can be imagined, the effects of mere ſuperſtition, ignorance, and national prejudice, riſe up at laſt to aſtoniſh the world, and draw the admiration of all ages, in the form of an Iliad or Odyſſey. It is not the buſineſs of a poet, then, to make fable, but to form, correct, and improve tradition: and it is to his following this method, that Homer undoubtedly owes his ſucceſs: for it is obvious to any one who conſiders his works with attention, that he only collected the various traditions that were current in his days, and reduced them to a ſyſtem. That infinite variety of independent ſtories which occur in his works, is a proof of this: theſe are told with ſo minute, and often ſo unneceſſary a detail of circumſtances, that it is eaſy to ſee that he followed accounts already current, and did not invent what he has recorded. I could as eaſily believe that Prometheus made a man of clay, and

put life into him, or aſſent to any other of the moſt abſurd fictions of antiquity; I could even as ſoon be perſuaded that all that Homer has written is ſtrict matter of fact, as believe that any one mortal man was capable of inventing that infinite variety of hiſtorical circumſtances which occur in the works of that celebrated poet; for invention is by no means an eaſy thing; and to contrive a tale that will pleaſe univerſally is certainly one of the moſt difficult undertakings that can be imagined. Poets, therefore, have found themſelves under a neceſſity of truſting to ſomething more powerful than their own invention in this important article, viz. the joint endeavours of many, regulated and directed by the cenſure of ages.

What has been ſaid, is not only ſufficient to juſtify me in forming my poem upon hiſtorical circumſtances already known, and introducing characters which the reader is before acquainted with; but ſhows the neceſſity likewiſe of taking many of the hiſtorical circumſtances from the ancient poets. For tradition, the proper foundation of epic poetry, is now to be found only in their writings; and therefore muſt be uſed like a common flock, and not conſidered as the property of individuals.

For the immoderate length of the two epiſodes, viz. thoſe in the fourth and ſeventh books, all that I can ſay, is, that they are both brought in for very important purpoſes, and therefore may be permitted to take up more room than is ordinarily allowed to things of that ſort. Beſides, the firſt of them is intended as an experiment in that kind of fiction which diſtinguiſhes Homer's Odyſſey, and the other as an attempt to heroic tragedy, after the manner of Sophocles.

The language is ſimple and artleſs. This I take to be an advantage, rather than a defect: for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the ſtyle more ſuitable to the ſubject.

My learned readers will be ſurpriſed to find Agamemnon and Menelaus at the ſiege of Thebes, when, according to Homer, they were not there: and, at the ſame time, no notice taken of Sthenelus, the friend and companion of Diomed, whom the ſame author mentions as preſent in that expedition.

With reſpect to the firſt circumſtance, I did not chooſe, for the ſake of a fact of ſo little conſequence, and that too depending only upon poetical authority, to deprive myſelf of two illuſtrious names very proper for adorning my catalogue of heroes. And as to the ſecond; it will be eaſily allowed, that I could not have made Sthenelus appear, without aſſigning him that place in Diomed's friendſhip, and conſequently in the action of the poem, which Ulyſſes now poſſeſſes; and which is the only part in the whole ſuited to his peculiar character. I muſt have put a ſecond-rate hero in the place of a firſt-rate one; and a name little known, in the place of one which every body is acquainted with. Beſides, I muſt have transferred, to Sthenelus, the valour, firmneſs, and addreſs of Ulyſſes; becauſe the part he was to act would have required theſe, and muſt, at the ſame time, have ſunk Ulyſſes into the character of Sthenelus, for want of a proper opportunity of diſplaying him in his own. Theſe are inconveniencies too great to be incurred for the ſake of a ſcrupulous agreement with Homer in point of fact; and are therefore, in my opinion, better avoided.

I have explained myſelf upon the foregoing particulars, for the ſake of the learned part of my readers only: and ſhall now drop a hint for ſuch of them as do not fall under that denomination.

The following poem is called the Epigoniad, becauſe the heroes, whoſe actions it celebrates, have got the name of the Epigoni (or Deſcendants), being the ſons of thoſe who attempted the conqueſt of Thebes in a former expedition.

Thus far I have endeavoured to apologiſe for the following performance. It may be cenſured, no doubt, upon many accounts beſides thoſe that have been mentioned: but I am perſuaded, that what has been ſaid will determine every candid reader, not to be peremptory in condemning what at firſt view he may diſlike; for the ſpecimen of criticiſm which has been given, will convince him that the real faults of epic poetry are not eaſily aſcertained, and diſtinguiſhed from theſe inconveniences that muſt be allowed to take place, in order to prevent greater faults, and produce, upon the whole, a higher degree of perfection.

THE EPIGONIAD.

BOOK I.

Ye pow'rs of ſong! with whoſe immortal fire
Your bard enraptur'd ſung Pelides' ire,
To Greece ſo fatal, when in evil hour,
He brav'd, in ſtern debate, the ſov'reign pow'r,
By like example, teach me now to ſhow
From love, no leſs, what dire diſaſters flow.
For when the youth of Greece, by Theſus led,
Return'd to conquer where their fathers bled,
And puniſh guilty Thebes, by Heav'n ordain'd
For perfidy to fall, and oaths profan'd;
Venus, ſtill partial to the Theban arms,
Tydeus' ſon ſeduc'd by female charms;
Who, from his plighted faith by paſſion ſway'd,
The chiefs, the army, and himſelf betray'd.
This theme did once your fav'rite bard employ,
Whoſe verſe immortaliz'd the fall of Troy:
But time's oblivious gulf, whoſe circle draws
All mortal things by fate's eternal laws,
In whoſe wide vortex worlds themſelves are toſt,
And rounding ſwift ſucceſſively are loſt,
This ſong hath ſnatch'd. I now reſume the ſtrain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,
By this attempt to merit equal praiſe
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
Sooner the weed, that with the ſpring appears,
And in the ſummer's heat its bloſſom bears,
But, ſhriv'ling at the touch of winter hoar,
Sinks to its native earth, and is no more;
Might match the lofty oak, which long hath ſtood,
From age to age, the monarch of the wood.
But love excites me, and deſire to trace
His glorious ſteps, though with unequal pace.
Before me ſtill I ſee his awful ſhade,
With garlands crown'd, of leaves which never fade;
He points the path to fame, and bids me ſcale
Parnaſſus' ſlipp'ry height, where thouſands fail:
I follow trembling; for the cliffs are high,
And hov'ring round them watchful harpies fly,
To ſnatch the poets wreath with envious claws,
And hiſs contempt for merited applauſe.
But if great Campbel, whoſe auſpicious ſmile
Bids genius yet revive to bleſs our iſle,
Who, from the toils of ſtate and public cares,
Oft with the muſes to the ſhade repairs,
My numbers ſhall approve, I riſe to fame;
For what he praiſes, envy dares not blame.
Where high Olympus' hundred heads ariſe,
Divide the clouds, and mingle with the ſkies,
The gods aſſembled met; and view'd, from far,
Thebes and the various combats of the war.
From all apart the Paphian goddeſs ſat,
And pity'd in her heart her fav'rite ſtate,
Decreed to periſh, by the Argive bands,
Pallas's art, Tydides' mighty hands:
Penſive ſhe ſat, and ev'ry art explor'd
To charm the victor, and reſtrain his ſword;
But veil'd her purpoſe from the piercing ray
Of Pallas, ever jealous of her ſway:
Unſeen the goddeſs, from th' Olympian height
To ſhady Cyprus bent her rapid flight,
Down the ſteep air, as, from the ſetting ſkies,
At ev'n's approach, a ſtreaming meteor flies.
Where lofty ſhores the tempeſt's rage reſtrain,
And ſleeps, in peace diſſolv'd, the hoary main;
In love's fam'd iſle a deep receſs is found,
Which woods embrace, and precipices bound,
To Venus ſacred; there her temple ſtands,
Where azure billows waſh the golden ſands,
A hollow cave; and lifts its rocky head,
With native myrtle crown'd, a lofty ſhade:
Whither reſort the Naiads of the flood,
Aſſembl'd with the nymphs from ev'ry wood
Her heifers there they tend, and fleecy ſtore,
Along the windings of the deſert ſhore.
Thither the goddeſs, from th' Olympian height
Deſcending ſwift, precipitates her flight;
Conſpicuous, on the yellow ſand, ſhe ſtood,
Above the margin of the azure flood.
From ev'ry grove and ſtream the nymphs attend,
And to their queen in cheerful homage bend.
Some haſtening to the ſacred grot repair,
And deck its rocky walls with garlands fair;
Others produce the gift which Autumn brings,
And ſparkling nectar quench'd with mountain ſprings.
And now the queen, impatient to explain
Her ſecret griefs, addreſs'd her liſt'ning train:
Ye rural goddeſſes, immortal fair!
Who all my triumphs, all my ſorrows ſhare;
I come, afflicted, from th' ethereal tow'rs,
Where Thebes is doom'd to fall by partial pow'rs.
Nor can entreaty ſave my fav'rite ſtate,
Avert or change the rigour of her fate;
Though, breathing incenſe, there my altar ſtands,
With daily gifts ſupply'd from virgins hands.
Juno now rules the ſenate of the ſkies,
And with her dictates ev'ry pow'r complies;
Her jealous hate the guiltleſs town condemns
To waſteful havock, and the rage of flames;
Since, thither tempted by a ſtranger's charms,
The mighty thunderer forſook her arms.
Jove's warlike daughter too promotes her aim,
Who, for Tydides, ſeeks immortal fame;
For him employs a mother's watchful cares,
And the firſt honours of the war prepares:
To fruſtrate both, a monument would raiſe
Of laſting triumph, and immortal praiſe,
To draw the ſon of Tydeus from the field,
To whoſe victorious hands the town muſt yield;
For, by the all-decreeing will of fate,
He only can o'erthrow the Theban ſtate.

A way which promiſes ſucceſs I'll name:
The valiant youth adores a lovely dame,
Alcander's daughter, whom the grates join'd
With gifts adorn, above the human kind:
She with her ſire forſook th' Heſperian ſtrand,
By hoſtile arms expell'd their native land:
For Echetus who rules, with tyrant force,
Where Aufidus directs his downward courſe,
And high Garganus th' Apulian plain,
Is mark'd by ſailors, from the diſtant main;
Oft from her ſire had claim'd the lovely maid,
Who, ſtill averſe, to grant his ſuit delay'd:
For, barb'rous in extreme, the tyrant feeds
With mangl'd limbs of men his hungry ſteeds:
Impatient of his love, by hoſtile arms
And force declar'd, he claim'd her matchleſs
charms.
Pelignium raz'd the hero's royal ſeat,
Who fought in foreign climes a ſafe retreat;
His flight Ætolia's friendly ſhore receives,
Her gen'rous lord protects him and relieves;
Three cities to poſſeſs the chief obtains,
With hills for paſture fit, and fruitful plains.
Caſſandra for his bride Tydides claim'd;
For hymeneal rites the hour was nam'd,
When call'd to arms againſt the Theban tow'rs
The chief reluctant led his martial pow'rs.
Hence jealouſy and fear his breaſt divide,
Fear for the ſafety of an abſent bride;
Leſt, by his paſſion rous'd, the tyrant riſe,
And unoppos'd uſurp the lovely prize.
He knows not, that, in martial arms conceal'd,
With him ſhe braves the terrors of the field;
True to his ſide, noon's ſultry toil endures,
And the cold damps that chill the midnight hours.
If dreams, or ſigns, could jealouſy impart,
And whet the cares that ſting the hero's heart,
Impatient of his pain he'd ſoon prepare,
With all his native bands, to quit the war.
The goddeſs thus: a Paphian nymph reply'd,
And drew the liſt'ning crowd on ev'ry ſide,
Zelotypé, whom fell Alecto bore,
With Cupid mixing on th' infernal ſhore.
Goddeſs! theſe ſhafts ſhall compaſs what you
aim,
My mother dipt their points in Stygian flame;
Where'er my father's darts their way have found,
Mine follow deep and poiſon all the wound.
By theſe we ſoon with triumph ſhall behold
Pallas deceiv'd, and Juno's ſelf controul'd.
They all approve: and to the rural fane,
Around their ſov'reign, moves the joyful train;
The goddeſs plac'd, in order each ſucceeds,
With ſong and dance the genial feaſt proceeds;
While to the ſprightly harp the voice explains
The loves of all the gods in wanton ſtrains:
But when arriv'd the ſilent hour, which brings
The ſhades of ev'ning on its dewy wings,
Zelotype, impatient to purſue
Her journey, haſt'ning to her cave, withdrew;
Firſt to her feet the winged ſhoes ſhe binds,
Which tread the air, and mount the rapid winds;
Aloft they bear her through th' ethereal plain,
Above the ſolid earth and liquid main:
Her arrows next ſhe takes of pointed ſteel,
For fight too ſmall, but terrible to feel;
Rous'd by their ſmart, the ſavage lion roars,
And mad to combat ruſh the tuſky boars,
Of wounds ſecure; for where their venom
lights,
What feels their power all other torment flights.
A figur'd zone, myſteriouſly deſign'd,
Around her waiſt her yellow robe confin'd:
There dark ſuſpicion lurk'd, of ſable hue;
There haſty rage his deadly dagger drew;
Pale envy inly pin'd; and by her ſide
Stood phrenzy, raging with his chains unty'd;
Affronted pride with thirſt of vengeance burn'd,
And love's exceſs to deepeſt hatred turn'd.
All theſe the artiſt's curious hand expreſs'd,
The work divine his matchleſs ſkill confeſs'd.
The virgin laſt, around her ſhoulders ſlung
The bow; and by her ſide the quiver hung:
Then, ſpringing up, her airy courſe ſhe bends
For Thebes; and lightly o'er the tents deſcends.
The ſon of Tydeus, 'midſt his bands, ſhe found
In arms complete, repoſing on the ground;
And, as he ſlept, the hero thus addreſs'd,
Her form to fancy's waking eye expreſs'd.
Thrice happy youth! whoſe glory 'tis to ſhare
The Paphian goddeſs's peculiar care;
But happy only, as you now improve
The warning ſent, an earneſt of her love.
Her meſſenger I am: if in your heart
The fair Heſperian virgin claims a part;
If, with regret, you'd ſee her matchleſs charms
Deſtin'd to bleſs a happier rival's arms;
Your coaſts defenceleſs, and unguarded tow'rs
Conſum'd and ravag'd by the Latian pow'rs;
Withdraw your warriors from the Argive hoſt,
And ſave whate'er you value, ere 'tis loſt.
For Echetus, who rules with tyrant force,
Where Aufidus directs his downward courſe;
And high Garganus, on th' Apulian ſtrand,
Marks to the mariner the diſtant land,
Prepares, by ſwift invaſion, to remove
Your virgin bride, and diſappoint your love.
Before, excited by her matchleſs charms,
He claim'd her from her ſire by hoſtile arms;
Pelignium raz'd, the hero's royal ſeat,
When in your land he ſought a ſafe retreat.
Caſſandra follow'd with reluctant mind,
To love the tyrant ſecretly inclin'd;
Though fierce and barb'rous in extreme, he
feeds,
With mangl'd limbs of men, his hungry ſteeds.
And now at anchor on the Latian tide,
With all their train on board, his galleys ride:
Prepar'd, when favour'd by the weſtern breeze,
With courſe direct to croſs the narrow ſeas.
This to your ear the Paphian goddeſs ſends;
The reſt upon your timely care depends.
She ſaid; and, turning, fix'd upon the bow
A venom'd ſhaft, the cauſe of future woe:
Then, with reverted aim the ſubtile dart
Diſmiſs'd, and fix'd it in the hero's heart.
Amaz'd he wak'd; and, on his arm reclin'd,
With ſighs thus ſpoke the anguiſh of his mind:
What dire diſaſters all my ways beſet!
How cloſe around me pitch'd the fatal net!
Here if I ſtay, nor quit the Argive hoſt,
Ætolia's ravag'd, and Caſſandra's loſt:
For ſure the pow'rs immortal ne'er in vain
To mortals thus the ſecret fates explain.
If I retire, the princes muſt upbraid
My plighted faith infring'd, the hoſt betray'd;

And, to ſucceeding times, the voice of fame,
With cowardice and ſloth, will blot my name.
Between theſe ſad alternatives I find
No diſtant hopes to ſooth my anxious mind;
Unleſs I could perſuade the Argive pow'rs
To quit at once theſe long-conteſted tow'rs:
Nor want I reaſons ſpecious in debate
To move the boldeſt warriors to retreat.
Divided thus, the ſhame would lighter fall;
Reproach is ſcarce reproach which touches all.
Thus pond'ring in his mind the hero lay,
Till darkneſs fled before the morning ray:
Then roſe; and, graſping in his mighty hand
The regal ſtaff, the ſign of high command,
Penſive and ſad forſook his lofty tent,
And ſought the ſon of Dares as he went;
Talthybius he ſought, nor ſought in vain;
He found the hero 'midſt his native train;
And charg'd him to convene, from tent to tent,
The kings to Eteon's lofty monument.
Obedient to the charge, he took his way,
Where Theleus 'midſt the bold Athenians lay,
The king of men; in whoſe ſuperior hand,
Conſenting princes plac'd the chief command.
Adraſtus next he call'd, whoſe hoary hairs
By age were whiten'd and a length of cares;
Who firſt to Thebes the Argive warriors led:
In vain for Polynices' right they bled,
By fate decreed to fall; he now inſpires
The ſons to conquer, and avenge their ſires.
Ulyſſes heard, who led his martial train,
In twenty ſhips, acroſs the ſounding main:
The youth, in Ithaca, Zacynthus, bred,
And Cephalenia crown'd with lofty ſhade.
The Spartan monarch, with his brother, heard
The herald's call; and at the call appear'd:
Yet young in arms, but deſtin'd to command
All Greece, aſſembled on the Trojan ſtrand,
The Cretan chief appear'd; and he whoſe ſway
Meſſenia and the Pylian realms obey.
Oileus next he call'd, whoſe martial pow'rs
From Beſſa move and Scarphe's lofty tow'rs.
Elpenor too, who from the Chalcian ſtrand
And fair Eretria led his martial band,
Appear'd: and all who merited renown
In ten years war before the Trojan town.
Achilles only, yet unfit to wield
The Pelian jav'lin, and the pond'rous ſhield,
In Phthia ſtaid; to Chiron's care reſign'd,
Whoſe wiſe inſtructions form'd his mighty mind.
The chiefs were plac'd. Superior to the reſt
The monarch ſat, and thus the peers addreſs'd:
Princes! let Tydeus' valiant ſon declare
What cauſe convenes the ſenate of the war.
If of himſelf, or from advice he knows
Some ſecret miſchief plotted by our foes,
Which prudence may prevent, or force reſiſt,
We come prepar'd to counſel and aſſiſt:
The monarch thus. Tydides thus reply'd,
And drew attention deep on ev'ry ſide.
Princes! I have not now the hoſt conven'd,
For ſecrets by intelligence obtain'd;
But openly my judgment to expreſs
Of miſchiefs ſeen, which prudence muſt redreſs:
By war's devouring rage, our martial pow'rs
Grow thin and waſte before theſe hoſtile tow'rs;
While Thebes, ſecure, our vain attempts withſtands,
By daily aid ſuſtain'd from diſtant lands.
Shall we proceed to urge this dire debate,
And preſs, with hoſtile arms, the Theban ſtate?
Or, by experience taught the worſt to fear,
Conſult the public ſafety, and forbear?
Had our great ſires, by happier counſels ſway'd,
As prudence taught, neceſſity obey'd;
Renounc'd in time this fatal ſtrife, which brings
Alike to nations miſchief, and to kings;
Thoſe heroes had not, with their martial train,
Diſtinguiſh'd by their fall a foreign plain.
The gods themſelves in vengeance for our crimes,
With ſuch diſaſters laſh the guilty times;
In judgment juſt, they ſow'd the ſeeds of ſtrife,
To ſweep tranſgreſſors from the ſeats of life.
Let him, who obſtinately will, proceed,
And wait the vengeance hov'ring o'er his head;
Since Thebes grows ſtronger and the Argive pow'rs
Decreaſe, as famine or the ſword devours,
To-morrow I withdraw my martial train;
Nor ſtay to periſh, like my ſire, in vain.
Thus as the hero ſpoke, the kings divide,
And mingled murmurs round th' aſſembly glide,
Heard like the ſound which warn the careful ſwain
Of ſudden winds or thick deſcending rain;
When mountain echoes catch the ſullen roar
Of billows burſting on the ſandy ſhore,
And hurl it round in airy circles toſs'd,
Till in the diſtant clouds the voice is loſt.
The king of men to ſudden rage reſign'd
At once, the empire of his mighty mind,
With ſharp reproaches haſt'ning to reply;
But, more ſedate, the Pylian monarch nigh,
In act to riſe, the angry chief confin'd: [clin'd;
And, whiſp'ring, thus addreſs'd with head de-
It ill becomes the prince, whoſe ſov'reign hand
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command,
To be the firſt in diſcord; and obey
As headlong paſſion blindly leads the way.
For when the kings in raſh debate engage,
'Tis yours to check and moderate their rage;
Since, of the various ills that can diſtreſs
Confed'rate councils and prevent ſucceſs,
Diſcord is chief; where'er the fury ſways,
The parts ſhe ſevers, and the whole betrays.
The hero thus. The king of men remain'd
By ſound advice perſuaded, and reſtrain'd.
Crete's valiant monarch roſe; and to the reſt,
Thus ſpoke the dictates of his gen'rous breaſt:
Confed'rate kings, when any leader here
The war diſſuades, and wants you to forbear,
I might approve; for, ſafe beyond the ſea,
Creon and Thebes can never injure me.
And when the barb'rous tyrant, unwithſtood,
His hot revenge ſhall quench in Grecian blood;
When Thrace and Macedon, by his command,
Shall ravage Argos and the Pylian ſtrand;
Secure and guarded by the ocean's ſtream,
Crete's hundred towns ſhall know it but by fame.
Yet would not I, though many ſuch were found,
For open war, adviſe a peace unſound,
Let Macedon to Thebes her ſuccours ſend, [ſcend;
And Thrace, with all her barb'rous tribes, de-

By foreign aids the more our foes increaſe,
The greater glory waits us from ſucceſs.
You all remember, on the Ithmean ſtrand
Where neighb'ring leas beſiege the ſtrait'ned land,
When Greece enleagu'd a full aſſembly held,
By public juſtice to the war compell'd;
That blood of ſlaughter'd victims drench'd the ground,
While oaths divine the willing nations bound,
Ne'er to return, till our victorious pow'rs,
Had levell'd with the duſt the Theban tow'rs.
Jove heard, and bid applauding thunders roll,
Loud on the right; they ſhook the ſtarry pole:
For Jove himſelf is witneſs of our vows,
And him, who violates, his wrath purſues.
Our joyful ſhouts the earth, the ocean heard;
We claim'd the omen, and the god rever'd;
In confidence of full ſucceſs we came,
To conquer Thebes, and win immortal fame.
But if the gods and fate our fears diſtruſt,
To public juſtice and ourſelves unjuſt;
Diſhonour'd to our native ſeats we go,
And yield a laſting triumph to the foe. [ghoſt
Should now, from hence arriv'd, ſome warrior's
Greet valiant Tydeus on the Stygian coaſt,
And tell, when danger of diſtreſs is near,
That Diomed purſues the reſt to fear;
He'd ſhun the ſynod of the mighty dead,
And hide his anguiſh in the deepeſt ſhade:
Nature in all an equal courſe maintains;
The lion's whelp ſucceeds to awe the plains;
Pards gender pards; from tygers tygers ſpring;
No doves are hatch'd beneath a vulture's wing:
Each parent's image in his offspring lives;
But nought of Tydeus in his ſon ſurvives.
He ſaid; and by his ſharp reproaches ſtung,
And wav'ring in ſuſpenſe the hero hung,
In words now prone to vent his kindl'd ire,
Or fix'd in ſullen ſilence to retire.
As when a current, from the ocean wide,
Rolls, through the Cyclades, its angry tide;
Now here, now there, in circling eddies toſs'd,
The certain tenor of its courſe is loſt,
Each wary pilot for his ſafety fears
In mute ſuſpenſe, and trembles as he ſteers:
Such ſeem'd the tumult of the hero's breaſt,
And ſuch amazement long reſtrain'd the reſt.
Laertes' ſon at laſt the ſilence broke,
And, riſing, thus with prudent purpoſe ſpoke:
Princes! I counſel war; but will not blame
The chief diſſenting, whoſe illuſtrious name
We all muſt honour: yet, with patience, hear
What now I offer to the public ear.
I freely own the unnumber'd ills that wait
On ſtrife prolong'd, and war's diſaſtrous ſtate.
With war lean famine and diſeaſes dwell,
And diſcord fierce, eſcap'd the bounds of hell.
Where'er on earth her courſe the fury bends
A crowd of miſchiefs ſtill her ſteps attends;
Fear flies before her ſwifter than the wind,
And deſolation marks her path behind.
Yet her, attended thus, the gods ordain
Stern arbitreſs of right to mortal men;
To awe injuſtice with her lifted ſpear,
And teach the tyrants of the earth to fear.
If Thebes is perjur'd, and exerts her might
For uſurpation in contempt of right;
(If oaths deſpis'd, and all the ties which bind
The great ſociety of human kind)
For Eteocles in the war ſhe ſtood,
And drench'd her thirſty fields with Grecian blood; [vain
The gods themſelves have err'd, and plac'd in
The ſceptr'd kings injuſtice to reſtrain;
Elſe ſhe deſerves the laſt extremes to feel
Of waſteful fire and keen devouring ſteel.
Though prudence urg'd and equity approv'd,
Joining to ſecond what Tydides mov'd,
We could not hope the war for peace to change,
Thebes thinks not now of ſafety but revenge.
Laſt night, diſguis'd, I mingled with the foe,
Their ſecret hopes and purpoſes to know;
And found that Creon, with his martial train,
This day intends to brave us on the plain. [claim'd,
Greece too, I heard, by barb'rous ſovereigns
Some Athens, Argos, ſome Mycænæ nam'd;
Sparta and Pylos, with the various towns
Which grace, in proſpect fair, th' Arcadian downs:
Others Ætolia challeng'd for their lot;
Nor was ev'n Ithaca itſelf forgot.
From ſuch vain hopes to boaſting they proceed;
Each promiſes to win ſome hero's head.
Leophron too, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Superior pride and inſolence expreſs'd;
In form a god he 'midſt th' aſſembly ſtood,
By all ador'd the idol of the crowd;
And promis'd, if he chanc'd in fight to meet
Th' Ætolian chief, to ſtretch him at his feet;
Unleſs ſome god oppos'd, or daſtard fear,
By ſudden flight, ſhould ſnatch him from his ſpear.
Can we then hope by peace to end our toils,
When foes ſecure already ſhare our ſpoils?
Peace to expect from flight itſelf were vain;
And flight, I know, your gen'rous ſouls diſdain.
He ſaid. The chiefs with indignation burn'd;
And Diomed ſubmitting thus return'd:
Princes! I need not for myſelf profeſs,
What all have witneſs'd, all muſt ſure confeſs;
That in the front of battle ſtill engag'd,
I never ſhunn'd to mingle where it rag'd.
Nor now does fear perſuade me to retire,
Falſe Creon ſafe, and guilty Thebes entire;
But war and famine thin our martial pow'rs,
Whilſt adverſe fates protect the Theban tow'rs.
And as the careful ſhepherd turns his flock
Back from the dangers of the ſlipp'ry rock,
And from the haunts where foxes mark the ground,
Or rapid rivers flow with banks unſound;
So kings ſhould warn the people to forbear
Attempts, when ſymptoms mark deſtruction near.
But ſince the leaders, with conſenting voice,
For war already fix the public choice;
I freely yield, nor ever will divide,
Where all deliberate, and all decide.
The hero thus, and ceas'd. And thus the reſt,
From his high ſeat, the king of men addreſs'd:
Since war is now decreed, 'tis next our care
That all ſhould ſpeedily for fight prepare.
Creon, this day, intends with all his train
To try our valour on the equal plain;
And will, with diligence, improve an hour,
Which finds us inattentive and ſecure.

Firſt let each leader with his hands in haſte
Snatch, as the time allows, a ſhort repaſt;
Then arm for fight, and to the field proceed,
The phalanx following as the chariots lead.
Who arms the firſt, and firſt to combat goes,
Though weaker, ſeems ſuperior to his foes;
But ſuch as lag are more than half o'erthrown,
Leſs in the eyes of others and their own.
The monarch thus. The princes all aſſent.
Straight from the council through the hoſt they went,
To arm their bands with diligence and care;
They all obey, and all for fight prepare.

BOOK II.

Assembled on the plain, the Theban pow'rs
In order'd ranks appear before the tow'rs;
Creon their leader, whoſe ſuperior ſway
The partial ſons of ſacred Thebes obey.
The chiefs obedient to his high command,
Rul'd the whole war, and marſhall'd every band.
His valiant ſon the firſt, his country's boaſt,
Her nobleſt hope, the bulwark of her hoſt,
Leophron, to the field the warriors led,
Whom Thebes herſelf within her ramparts bred:
Peneleus, who from Medeon led his pow'rs,
Œchalia low, and Arne's lofty tow'rs:
Leitus from Theſpia, where the verdant ſhades
Of Helicon invite the tuneful maids:
Porthenus rich, whoſe wide poſſeſſions lay
Where fam'd Æſopus winds his wat'ry way;
Beneath Cytheron's height, the lofty mound
Which parts Bœotian plains from hoſtile ground:
Phericles, who the valiant warriors led
In Mycaleſſus, Harma, Aulis, bred:
Andremon, leader of his native band,
From lofty Schœnus on th' Iſmenian ſtrand:
And Anthedon, where ſwift Euripus pent
Divides Eubœa from the continent:
Theſe rul'd the Theban pow'rs, beneath the care
Of Creon, chief and ſov'reign of the war.
The aids from Macedon the next were plac'd;
Their ſhining caſques with waving plumage grac'd;
A wolf's gray hide, around their ſhoulders ſlung,
With martial grace above their armour hung:
From high Dodona's ſacred ſhades they came;
Caſſander led them to the fields of fame.
The Thracians next, a formidable band;
Nations and tribes diſtinct, in order ſtand:
Byzantines fierce, whoſe crooked keels divide
The Pontic gulf, and ſtem the downward tide:
In Grecian arms the hardy warriors move,
With pond'rous ſhields and glitt'ring ſpears above.
The Thynians next were marſhall'd on the field;
Each with a faulchion arm'd, and lunar ſhield,
Whoſe bending horns a verge of ſilver bound;
And figures fierce their brazen helmets crown'd:
With theſe the Daci came, a martial race;
Fierce as their clime, they rear the pond'rous mace;
In giant ſtrength ſecure, they ſcorn the ſpear,
And cruſh, with weighty blows, the ranks of war;
From Iſter's icy ſtreams, a barb'rous crowd,
In ſhaggy furs, a herd promiſcuous ſtood;
Swift as their ſavage game: for wide they roam
In tribes and nations, ignorant of home;
Excelling all who boaſt ſuperior ſkill
To ſend the winged arrow ſwift to kill:
Theſe Rhœſus rul'd, of various tribes compos'd,
By various leaders on the field diſpos'd.
To fight the Argives mov'd in cloſe array:
Bright ſhone their arms, and flaſh'd redoubled day;
Reſolv'd, and ſtill as ſilent night, they go;
Nor with inſulting ſhouts provoke the foe.
Thick from their ſteps, in duſky volumes, riſe
The parched fields, and darken all the ſkies.
Beneath the ſhade, the ardent warriors cloſe;
Their ſhields and helmets ring with ſounding blows.
Firſt Menelaus ſtruck a Theban lord;
His armed breaſt the weighty lance explor'd;
Burſt the cloſe mail; the ſhining breaſtplate tore;
And from life's fountain drew a ſtream of gore.
Supine he fell amidſt his native bands,
And wrench'd the fixed dart with dying hands.
To ſpoil the ſlain the ſon of Atreus flies;
The Thebans interpoſe with hoſtile cries;
And Creon's valiant ſon his buckler ſpread,
An orb of triple braſs to guard the dead:
As Jove's imperial bird her wings extends,
And from the ſhepherds' rage her young defends;
So ſtern Leophron bore his ample ſhield;
Like Mars, he ſtood the terror of the field.
With dread unuſual check'd, the Spartan band
Recoil'd; Atrides only dar'd to ſtand.
He thus began. Preſumptuous youth! forbear
To tempt the fury of my flying ſpear.
That warrior there was by my javelin ſlain,
His ſpoils to guard you interpoſe in vain.
Atrides thus; and Creon's ſon replies:
Thy lance I dread not, and thy threats deſpiſe.
This hand hath many a chief of high renown,
And braver warriors oft in fight o'erthrown:
Like theirs, thy fall ſhall dignify my ſpear,
And future boaſters thence be taught to fear.
Thus as he ſpoke, his weighty lance he threw
At Atreus' ſon; which riſing as it flew
Upon the hero's creſt with furious ſway,
Glanc'd as it paſs'd, and ſhav'd the plumes away.
Hiſſing amidſt the Spartan ranks it came,
And ſtruck a youth of undiſtinguiſh'd name:
Cold, through his breaſt, the ſteel and poliſh'd wood
A paſſage forc'd, and drew a ſtream of blood.
His lance Atrides next prepares to throw;
Poiſes it long, and meditates the blow.
Then, from his hand diſmiſs'd with happier aim,
Thund'ring againſt the Theban ſhield it came;
Where wreath'd around a mimic ſerpent twin'd,
With plates of poliſh'd ſilver lightly join'd.
Thence turn'd with courſe oblique it drove along,
And ſpent its fury on the vulgar throng.

Leophron ſtraight his flaming faulchion drew,
And at his foe with eager fury flew:
As ſtooping from above, an eagle ſprings
To ſnatch his prey, and ſhoots upon his wings.
The Spartan warrior dreads impending fate;
And, turning, meditates a quick retreat
As when a ſhepherd ſwain, in deſert ſhades,
The blood-nurs'd offſpring of the wolf invades;
If, from the opening of ſome thicket near,
With rage inflam'd, the angry dam appear,
With darts at firſt, and threat'ning ſhouts he tries
To awe the guardian, and aſſert the prize:
But, when ſhe ſprings, the cloſe encounter dreads,
And, trembling, from the angry foe recedes.
So Menelaus fled. His native train,
In wild diſorder, ſcatters o'er the plain.

His valiant brother heard upon the right,
Where in his lofty car he rul'd the fight;
And to his 'ſquire Nicomachus. With ſpeed,
Turn to the left, and urge the flying ſteed:
For, if theſe ſounds deceive not, Sparta fails;
And, with a tide of conqueſt, Thebes prevails.
Quick as the word, the ſilver reins he drew,
And through the fight the bounding chariot flew.
Like ſome twift veſſel, when a proſp'rous gale
Favours her courſe, and ſtretches ev'ry ſail;
Above the parting waves ſhe lightly flies,
And ſmooth behind a track of ocean lies:
So, 'midſt the combat, ruſh'd the lofty car,
Pierc'd the thick tumult, and disjoin'd the war.
But Clytodemon's ſon a jav'lin threw;
With force impell'd, it lighten'd as it flew,
And ſtruck the right-hand courſer to the ground,
Ethon, for ſwiftneſs in the race renown'd.
Behind his ear the deadly weapon ſtood
Loos'd his high neck, and drew a ſtream of blood.
Groaning he ſunk; and ſpread his flowing mane,
A ſhining circle on the duſty plain.
Entangled deep the royal chariot ſtood,
With hoſtile ſpears beſet, an iron wood.

From his high ſeat the Spartan hero ſprung
Amid the foe; his clanging armour rung,
Before the king, the armed bands retire;
As ſhepherd ſwains avoid a lion's ire,
When fierce from famine on their darts he turns,
And rage indignant in his eyeballs burns.
Amid the fight, diſtinguiſh'd like the ſtar
Of ev'ning, ſhone his ſilver arms afar;
Which, o'er the hills, its ſetting light diſplays;
And marks the ruddy weſt with ſilver rays.
Pale and amaz'd his brother chief he found,
An armed circle of his friends around.
Alas, my brother, have I liv'd to ſee
Thy life redeem'd with deathleſs infamy!
(The hero cry'd), far better that a ghoſt
You now had wander'd on the Stygian coaſt,
And by a glorious fall preſerv'd your name
Safe and unblaſted by the breath of fame;
Which ſoon ſhall tell the world, amaz'd to hear,
That Menelaus taught the hoſt to fear.

By conſcious guilt ſubdu'd, the youth appear'd;
Without reply, the juſt reproach he heard:
Confounded, to the ground he turn'd his eyes;
Indignant thus the great Atrides cries:
Myceneans! Spartans! taught to ſeek renown
From dangers greatly brav'd, and battles won;
Ah warriors! will ye fly, when cloſe behind
Diſhonour follows ſwifter than the wind?
Return to glory: whether Jove ordains,
With wreaths of conqueſt, to reward your pains,
Or dooms your fall; he merits equal praiſe,
With him who conquers, he who bravely dies.
The hero thus; and, like ſwift light'ning driv'n
Through ſcatter'd clouds along the vault of heav'n
By Jove's dread arm, his martial voice inſpir'd
The fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom fir'd.
Again upon the conqu'ring foe they turn'd:
The war again in all its fury burn'd.
As when the deep, which ebbing from the land
Along the coaſt diſplays a waſte of ſand,
Returns; and, blown by angry tempeſts, roars
A ſtormy deluge 'gainſt the rocky ſhores:
So, ruſhing to the fight, the warriors came;
Ardent to conquer, and retrieve their fame.

Before his hoſt the ſon of Creon ſtood,
With labour'd duſt obſcure, and hoſtile blood;
He thus exclaim'd: And ſhall this daſtard train
(Warriors of Thebes)! diſpute the field again?
Their better chief, I know him, leads the band;
But fate ſhall ſoon ſubdue him by my hand.
He ſaid; and at the king his jav'lin threw;
Which, aim'd amiſs, with erring fury flew.
Acroſs the armed ranks it ſwiftly drove,
The warriors ſtooping as it ruſh'd above.
The Spartan hero aim'd his weighty ſpear;
And thus to Jove addreſs'd an ardent prayer:
Hear me, great ſire of gods! whoſe boundleſs ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey;
Whoſe ſov'reign hand, with unreſiſted might,
Depreſſes or exalts the ſcales of light:
Now grant ſucceſs to my avenging hand,
And ſtretch this dire deſtroyer on the ſand.
Jove, grant me now to reach his hated life,
And ſave my warriors in this doubtful ſtrife.
The hero thus; and ſent his weighty ſpear,
With ſpeed it flew, and pierc'd the yielding air;
Swift as a faulcon to her quarry ſprings,
When down the wind ſhe ſtretches on her wings.
Leophron, ſtooping, ſhunn'd the deadly ſtroke,
Which on the ſhield of Hegiſander broke.
Vain now his lute; in vain his melting ſtrains,
Soft as Apollo's on the Lycian plains:
His ſoul excluded, ſeeks the dark abodes
By Styx embrac'd, the terror of the gods;
Where ſurly Charon, with his lifted oar,
Drives the light ghoſts, and rules the dreary ſhore.

With grief Leophron ſaw the warrior ſlain.
He ſnatch'd a pond'rous mace from off the plain,
Cut in the Thracian woods, with ſnags around
Of pointed ſteel, with iron circles bound.
Heav'd with gigantic force the club to throw,
He ſwung it thrice, and hurl'd it at his foe.
Thund'ring upon his armed head it fell;
The brazen helmet rang with ſtunning knell.
As when a rock by torceful engines thrown,
Where hoſtile arms inveſt a frontier town,
Threat'ning deſtruction, rolls along the ſkies;
And war itſelf ſtands wond'ring as it flies:
Falls on ſome turret's top, the ſtructure bends
Beneath the tempeſt, and at once deſcends
With hideous crash: thus, ſtooping to the ground,
Atrides ſunk; his ſilver arms reſound.
But Pallas, mixing in the dire debate,
A life to reſcue yet not due to fate,
Had o'er his head her cloudy buckler held;
And half the fury of the blow repell'd.

The ſon of Creon ruſh'd to ſeize his prize,
The hero's ſpoils; and thus exulting cries:
Warriors of Thebes! your labours ſoon ſhall ceaſe,
And final victory reſtore your peace;
For great Atrides, by my valour ſlain,
A lifeleſs corſe, lies ſtretch'd upon the plain.
Only be men! and make the Argive bands
Dread in ſucceeding times your mighty hands;
That foes no more, when mad ambition calls,
With dire alarms may ſhake your peaceful walls.
Exulting thus, the hero ruſh'd along;
And kindled, with his ſhouts, the vulgar throng.
Reſolv'd and firm the Spartan warriors ſtand
Around their king, a formidable band.
Their ſpears, protended thick, the foe reſtrain'd;
Their bucklers join'd, the weighty war ſuſtain'd.
But as a mountain wolf, from famine bold,
On prey intent, ſurveys the midnight fold;
Where, in the ſhelter of ſome arching rock,
At ev'n the careful ſhepherd pens his flock:
On ſpoil and ravage bent, he ſtalks around,
And meditates to ſpring the lofty mound:
Impatient thus the Theban chief ſurvey'd
The cloſe-compacted ranks on ev'ry ſide;
To find where leaſt the ferred orb could bear
The ſtrong impreſſion of a pointed war.
Him Menelaus ſaw, with anguiſh ſtung;
And, from amidſt his armed warriors, ſprung
With wrath inflam'd; as ſtarting from a brake,
Againſt ſome trav'ller, darts a creſted ſnake.
His rage in vain the Theban ranks withſtand;
The braveſt warriors ſink beneath his hand.
Clytander, Iphitus, Palemon, fam'd
For chariots rul'd and fiery courſers tam'd;
And Iphialtes, like the god of light,
Whoſe pointed arrows thinn'd the lines of fight:
Theſe the firſt tranſports of his fury feel.
Againſt Leophron now he lifts his ſteel,
And ſpeeds to vengeance; but, in full career,
He ſtood arreſted by a vulgar ſpear.
Fix'd in his thigh the barbed weapon hung,
Relax'd the muſcles, and the nerves unſtrung.
The Spartan warriors to his ſuccour flew;
Againſt the darts their ample ſhields they threw,
Which ſtorm'd around; and, from the rage of war,
Convey'd the wounded hero to his car.
With fierce impatience Creon's ſon beheld
The Spartan warriors ſtill diſpute the field.
Before their leader fall'n, the hero ſtood;
Their ſpears erected, like the ſacred wood
Which round ſome altar riſes on the plain,
The myſtic rites to hide from eyes profane.
Thither his native bands the hero turn'd;
Drawn to a wedge, again the combat burn'd.
Through all the air a ſtorm of jav'lins ſung;
With ſounding blows each hollow buckler rung.
Firſt Enopæus felt a deadly wound,
Who in Amycle till'd the fruitful ground;
To great Andremon's ſpear he yields his breath,
And ſtarts and quivers in the graſp of death.
Next Hegeſippus preſs'd th' inſanguin'd plain;
Leophron's jav'lin mix'd him with the ſlain.
On Malea's cliffs he fed his fleecy ſtore,
Along the windings of the craggy ſhore.
He vow'd to Phœbus, for a ſafe return,
An hundred victims on his hearth to burn.
In vain! the god, in juſtice, had decreed,
His gifts contemn'd, the offerer to bleed;
For violence augmented ſtill his ſtore;
And, unreliev'd, the ſtranger left his door.
Prone on the bloody ground the warrior fell;
His ſoul indignant fought the ſhades of hell.
Next Arcas, Cleon, valiant Chromius, dy'd;
With Dares, to the Spartan chiefs ally'd.
And Phœmius, whom the gods in early youth
Had form'd for virtue and the love of truth;
His gen'rous ſoul to noble deeds they turn'd,
And love to mankind in his boſom burn'd:
Cold through his throat the hiſſing weapon glides,
And on his neck the waving locks divides.
His fate the graces mourn'd. The gods above,
Who ſit around the ſtarry throne of Jove,
On high Olympus bending from the ſkies,
His fate beheld with ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes.
Pallas alone, unalter'd and ſerene,
With ſecret triumph ſaw the mournful ſcene:
Not hard of heart; for none of all the pow'rs,
In earth or ocean, or th' Olympian tow'rs,
Holds equal ſympathy with human grief,
Or with a freer hand beſtows relief;
But conſcious that a mind by virtue ſteel'd,
To no impreſſion of diſtreſs will yield;
That, ſtill unconquer'd, in its awful hour
O'er death it triumphs with immortal pow'r.
Now Thebes prevailing, Sparta's hoſt retreats;
As falls ſome rampart where the ocean beats:
Unable to reſiſt its ſtormy way,
Mounds heap'd on mounds, and bars of rock give way;
With inundation wide the deluge reigns,
Drowns the deep valleys, and o'erſpreads the plains.
Thus o'er the field, by great Leophron led,
Their foes repuls'd, the Theban ſquadrons ſpread.
The hero, ſtooping where Atrides lay,
Rent from his head the golden caſque away;
His mail unlock'd; and loos'd the golden chains,
The zone which by his ſide the ſword ſuſtains.
The monarch now amid the vulgar dead,
For wheels to cruſh and armed hoofs to tread,
Defenceleſs lay. But ſtern Leophron's hate
Retriev'd him, thus expos'd, from certain fate.
In ſemblance dead, he purpos'd to convey
The body naked to ſome public way;
Where dogs obſcene, and all the rav'nous race,
With wounds unſightly, might his limbs diſgrace.
Straight he commands; and to a neighb'ring grove,
His warriors, charg'd, the Spartan chief remove.
On their broad ſhields they bore him from the plain,
To ſenſe a corſe, and number'd with the ſlain.
His fixed eyes in hov'ring ſhades were drown'd;
His mighty limbs in death-like fetters bound.
The ſhouts tumultuous, and the din of war,
His ear receiv'd like murmurs from afar;
Or as ſome peaſant hears, ſecurely laid
Beneath a vaulted cliff or woodland-ſhade,
When o'er his head unnumber'd inſects ſing
In airy rounds, the children of the ſpring.
Adraſtus' valiant ſon, with grief, beheld
The Spartans to inglorious flight compell'd;
Their valiant chief reſign'd to hoſtile hands,
He thus aloud addreſs'd the ſcatt'ring bands:
What ſhame, ye warriors! if ye thus expoſe
Your leader to the injuries of foes!
Though all ſhould quit him, honour bids you bring
His relics back, or periſh with your king.

Leophron ſure injuriouſly ordains,
With inſults, to deface his dear remains;
Spurn'd by the feet of men, expos'd and bare,
For dogs obſcene, and rav'nous birds to ſhare.
Exclaiming thus, through all the field he flew;
And call'd the hoſt the conflict to renew.
They ſtop, they charge; again the combat burns:
They bleed, they conquer, and retreat by turns.
Hegialus excites the dire debate;
And, by example, leads the work of fate:
For now he ſees Atrides borne afar,
By hoſtile hands, beyond the lines of war.
With indignation fierce his boſom glows;
He ruſhes fearleſs 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
And now had merited a deathleſs name,
And with a deed immortal crown'd his fame,
Atrides liv'd; but fate's ſupreme command
That honour deſtin'd for a mightier hand.

Leophron vex'd, that twice conſtrain'd to yield,
The Spartan warriors re-aſſum'd the field,
His pow'rs addreſs'd: For ever loſt our fame,
Diſhonour foul will blot the Theban name;
If daſtard foes, twice routed and purſu'd,
Shall brave the victors, ſtill with rage renew'd.
Your glory gain'd with vigour now maintain;
Nor let us conquer thus and bleed in vain.
He ſaid, and 'gainſt the Argive hero turn'd;
With martial wrath his ardent boſom burn'd;
Who, fearleſs and undaunted, dar'd to wait;
Nor by ignoble flight declin'd his fate.
For at the Theban chief his lance he threw,
Which, aim'd amiſs, with erring fury flew:
Beyond the hoſtile ranks the weapon drove;
The warriors ſtooping as it ruſh'd above.
Not ſo the Theban ſpear; with happier aim,
Full to the centre of the ſhield, it came;
And, riſing ſwiftly from the poliſh'd round,
His throat tranſfix'd, and bent him to the ground.
To ſpoil the ſlain the ardent victor flew:
The Spartan bands the bloody ſhock renew;
Fierce to the charge with tenfold rage return,
And all at once with thirſt of vengeance burn.
O'er all the field the raging tumult grows;
And ev'ry helmet rings with ſounding blows;
But moſt around the Argive hero dead;
There toil the mighti'ſt, there the braveſt bleed.
As when outrageous winds the ocean ſweep,
And from the bottom ſtir the hoary deep;
O'er all the wat'ry plain the tempeſt raves,
Mixing in conflict loud the angry waves:
But where ſome pointed cliff the ſurface hides,
Whoſe top unſeen provokes the angry tides,
With tenfold fury there the billows fly,
And mount in ſmoke and thunder to the ſky.

Adraſtus, by unactive age reſtrain'd,
Behind the army on a mount remain'd;
Under an oak the hoary warrior ſat,
And look'd and liſten'd to the dire debate.
Now, tam'd by age, his courſers ſtood unbound;
His uſeleſs arms lay ſcatter'd on the ground;
Two aged heralds there the chief obey'd;
The 'ſquire attending by his maſter ſtay'd.
And thus the king: What ſounds invade mine ear?
My friends! what ſad diſaſter muſt we hear?
Some hero's fall; for with the ſhouts, I know
Loud lamentation mixt, and ſounds of woe.
So were we told, when mighty Tydeus fell,
And Polynices trod the path to hell;
So rag'd the combat o'er the hero ſlain,
And ſuch the din and tumult of the plain.
He ſaid; and liſt'ning (what he greatly fear'd)
Hegialus's name at leaſt he heard
Mix'd with the noiſe; and, ſick'ning at the ſound
By grief ſubdu'd, fell proſtrate on the ground.
But rage ſucceeding, and deſpair, he roſe
Eager to ruſh amid the thickeſt foes.
His ſpear he graſp'd, impatient for the fight;
And pond'rous ſhield, unequal to the weight.
Him frantic thus, his wife attendants held;
And to retire with prudent care compell'd,
Impatient of his ſtate, by quick returns,
With grief he melts, with indignation burns.
And thus at laſt: Stern ruler of the ſky!
Whoſe ſport is man, and human miſery;
What deed of mine has ſtirr'd thy boundleſs rage,
And call'd for vengeance on my helpleſs age?
Have I, by ſacrilege, your treaſures drain'd;
Your altars ſlighted, or your rites profan'd?
Did I forget my holy vows to pay?
Or bid you witneſs, and my faith betray?
Has lawleſs rapine e'er increas'd my ſtore,
Or, unreliev'd, the ſtranger left my door?
If not; in juſtice, can your ſtern decree
With wrath purſue my guiltleſs race and me?
Here valiant Tydeus, Polynices fell;
In one ſad hour they trod the path to hell:
For them my daughters mourn, their ſorrows flow
Still freſh, and all their days are ſpent in woe.
Hegialus remain'd my hopes to raiſe;
The only comfort of my joyleſs days:
In whom I ſaw my vigorous youth return,
And all our native virtues brighter burn.
He's now no more; and to the nether ſkies,
Baniſh'd by fate, a bloodleſs ſpectre flies.
For what, ye gods! has unrelenting fate
Curs'd my misfortunes with ſo long a date?
That thus I live to ſee our ancient race
At once extinguiſh'd, and for ever ceaſe!
Gods! grant me now, the only boon I crave,
For all my ſorrows paſt, a peaceful grave:
Now let me periſh, that my fleeting ghoſt
May reach my ſon in Pluto's ſhady coaſt;
Where, join'd for ever, kindred ſouls enjoy
An union fix'd, which nothing can deſtroy.
He ſaid; and ſinking proſtrate on the ground,
His furrow'd cheeks with floods of ſorrow drown'd;
And, furious in the rage of grief, o'erſpread
With duſt the reverend honours of his head.

BOOK III.

The Spartan bands, with thirſt of vengeance fir'd,
The fight maintain'd; nor from their toils reſpir'd.
Before the hero fall'n the warriors ſtand,
Firm as the chains of rock which guard the ſtrand;
Whoſe rooted ſtrength the angry ocean braves,
And bounds the fury of his burſting waves.
So Sparta ſtood; their ſerred bucklers bar
The Theban phalanx, and exclude the war.
While from the field, upon their ſhoulders laid,
His warriors ſad the Argive prince convey'd;
Leophron ſaw, with indignation fir'd,
And with his ſhouts the ling'ring war inſpir'd.
Again the rigour of the ſhock returns;
The ſlaughter rages, and the combat burns;
Till, puſh'd and yielding to ſuperior ſway,
In ſlow retreat the Spartan ranks give way.
As, in ſome channel pent, entangled wood
Reluctant ſtirs before the angry flood;
Which, on its loaded current, ſlowly heaves
The ſpoils of foreſts mix'd with harveſt ſheaves.
Pallas obſerv'd, and from th' Olympian height
Precipitated ſwift her downward flight.
Like Cleon's valiant ſon, the goddeſs came;
The ſame her ſtature, and her arms the ſame.
Deſcending from his chariot to the ground,
The ſon of Tydeus, 'midſt his bands, ſhe found;
His ſteeds unrul'd: for, ſtretch'd before the wheel,
Lay the bold driver pierc'd with Theban ſteel.
On the high car her mighty hand ſhe laid,
And thus addreſs'd the valiant Diomed:
The Spartan warriors, prince! renounce the fight,
O'ermatch'd by numbers and ſuperior might:
While adverſe fate their valiant chief reſtrains,
Who dead or wounded with the foe remains;
Hegialus lies lifeleſs on the earth,
Brother to her from whom you claim your birth:
The great Atrides, as he preſs'd to ſave,
Leophron's jav'lin mark'd for him the grave.
To vengeance haſte; and, ere it is too late,
With ſpeedy ſuccour ſtop impending fate:
For ſtern Leophron, like the rage of flame,
With ruin threatens all the Spartan name.
The goddeſs thus: Tydides thus replies:
How partial are the counſels of the ſkies!
For vulgar merit oft the gods with care
Honour, and peace, and happineſs prepare;
While worth, diſtinguiſh'd by their partial hate,
Submits to all the injuries of fate.
Adraſtus thus with juſtice may complain
His daughters widow'd, ſons in battle ſlain.
In the devoted line myſelf I ſtand,
And here muſt periſh by ſome hoſtile hand:
Yet not for this I ſhun the works of war,
Nor ſkulk inglorious when I ought to dare.
And now I'll meet yon terror of the plain,
To crown his conqueſts, or avenge the ſlain.
But wiſh ſome valiant youth to rule my car,
And puſh the horſes through the ſhock of war,
W.r preſent; for, extended in his gore,
The brave Speuſippus knows his charge no more.

Thus as the hero ſpoke, Caſſandra heard,
And preſent, to aſſume the charge, appear'd,
By love inſpir'd, ſhe ſought the fields of war;
Her hero's ſafety was her only care.
A poliſh'd caſque her lovely temples bound,
With flowers of gold and various plumage crown'd;
Confus'dly gay the peacock's changeful train,
With gaudy colours mix'd of ev'ry grain:
The virgin white, the yellow's golden hue,
The regal purple, and the ſhining blue,
With female ſkill compos'd. The ſhield ſhe bore
With ſlow'rs of gold was mark'd and ſpangled o'er:
Light and of ſlend'reſt make, ſhe held a launce;
Like ſome mock warrior armed for the dance,
When ſpring's return and muſic's cheerful ſtrain
The youth invite to frolic on the plain.
Illuſtrious chief, the armed virgin ſaid,
To rule your ſteeds on me the taſk be laid;
Skill'd to direct their courſe with ſteady rein,
To wake their fiery mettle, or reſtrain;
To ſtop, to turn, the various arts I know;
To puſh them on direct, or ſhun the foe.
With ready hand your voice I ſhall obey,
And urge their fury where you point the way.
The virgin thus: and thus Tydides ſaid:
Your zeal I honour, but reject your aid.
Fierce are my ſteeds; their fury to reſtrain
The ſtrongeſt hand requires, and ſtiffeſt rein;
For oft, their mettle rous'd, they ruſh along;
Nor feel the biting curb, or ſounding thong.
Oft have I ſeen you brave the toils of fight,
With dauntleſs courage, but unequal might.
Small is your force; and, from your arm unſtrung,
The harmleſs launce is impotently flung.
Yet not for this you ſhun the martial ſtrife,
Patient of wounds, and prodigal of life.
Where'er I combat, faithful to my ſide,
No danger awes you, and no toils divide.
Yet grudge not that your ſervice I decline;
Homocleon's better hand ſhall guide the rein:
His manly voice my horſes will obey,
And move ſubmiſſive to his firmer ſway.
Th' Ætolian warrior thus; and, with a bound,
Roſe to his lofty chariot from the ground.
The goddeſs to the driver's ſeat proceeds,
Aſſumes the reins, and winds the willing ſteeds.
On their ſmooth ſides the ſounding laſh ſhe plies,
And through the fight the ſmoking chariot flies.
Th' Athenians ſoon they paſs'd; and Phocians ſtrong,
Who from fair Criſſa led their martial throng.
Th' Arcadians next, from Alpheus' ſilver flood,
And hardy Eleans, grim with duſt and blood,
In order rang'd. As when ſome pilot ſpies
The rocky cliffs in long ſucceſſion riſe,
When near the land his galley ſcours the ſhores,
By proſp'rous winds impell'd and ſpeeding oars;
So, haſtening to the fight, the hero flew;
And now the Spartan hoſt appears in view:

By wounds subdu'd, their braveſt warriors lay;
Others, by ſhameful flight, their fear obey;
The reſt in ſlow retreat forſake the field,
O'ermatch'd by numbers, and conſtrain'd to yield.
Th' Ætolian hero ſaw, and rais'd his voice,
Loud as the ſilver trumpet's martial noiſe,
And ruſh'd to fight: through all the field it flew;
The hoſt at once the happy ſignal knew,
And joy'd, as they who, from the ſound'ring ſhip
Eſcap'd, had ſtruggled long amid the deep:
Faint from deſpair, when hope and vigour fail,
If, half'ning to their aid, appears a ſail;
With force renew'd their weary limbs they ſtrain,
And climb the ſlipp'ry ridges of the main.
So joy'd the Spartans to repulſe the foe;
With hope reſtor'd their gen'rous boſoms glow:
While Thebes, ſuſpended 'midſt her conqueſt, ſtands,
And feels a ſudden check through all her bands.
Leophron only, far before the reſt,
Tydides waited with a dauntleſs breaſt.
Firm and unaw'd the hardy warrior ſtood,
Like ſome fierce boar amid his native wood,
When armed ſwains his gloomy haunts invade,
And trace his footſteps through the lonely ſhade;
Reſolv'd he hears approach the hoſtile ſound,
Grinds his white teeth, and threat'ning glares around;
So ſtood Leophron, truſting in his might,
And ſhook his armour, eager for the fight.
Tydides ſaw; and, ſpringing from his car,
Thus brav'd the hero, as he ruſh'd to war:
O ſon unhappy, of a ſire accurſt!
The plague of all, and fated to the worſt!
The injuries of Greece demand thy breath;
See in my hand the inſtrument of death.
Hegialus's ghoſt ſhall leſs deplore
His fate untimely on the Stygian ſhore, [come
When baniſh'd from the light, your ſhade ſhall
To mingle with the dark infernal gloom.
Tydides thus: and Creon's ſon replies:
Your fear in vain by boaſting you diſguiſe;
Such vulgar art a novice oft confounds,
To ſcenes of battle new and martial ſounds;
Though loſt on me, who dwell amid alarms,
And never met a greater yet in arms.
Thus as the warrior ſpoke, his launce with care
He aim'd, and ſent it hiſſing through the air.
On Diomed's broad ſhield the weapon fell;
Loud rung the ſtunning braſs with echoing knell:
But the ſtrong orb, by Vulcan's labour bound,
Repell'd, and ſent it blunted to the ground.
Tydides next his pond'rous jav'lin threw:
With force impell'd, it brighten'd as it flew;
And pierc'd the border of the Theban ſhield,
Where, wreath'd around, a ſerpent guards the field;
Through the cloſe mail an eaſy paſſage found,
And mark'd his thigh, in paſſing, with a wound.
Now in cloſe fight the angry chiefs engage,
Like two fell griffins rous'd to equal rage;
Pois'd on their rolling trains they fiercely riſe
With blood-beſpotted creſts and burning eyes:
With poiſon fraught they aim their deadly ſtings,
Claſp their ſharp fangs, and mix their rattling wings.
In combat thus, the ardent warriors clos'd,
With ſhield to ſhield, and foot to foot oppos'd.
Firſt at his foe Leophron aim'd a ſtroke,
But on his poliſh'd caſque the faulchion broke:
From the ſmooth ſteel the ſhiver'd weapon ſprung,
Aloft in air its hiſſing ſplinters ſung.
Not ſo, Tydides, did thy weapon fail;
With force impell'd, it pierc'd the ſilver mail,
Where ſliding plates the warrior's neck ſurround:
A tide of gore came ruſhing from the wound.
Stagg'ring to earth, he ſunk with head declin'd,
And life in long convulſive throbs reſign'd.
Nor ſtoop'd Tydides to deſpoil the ſlain;
The warrior goddeſs led him, croſs the plain,
Towards the grove where great Atrides lay;
Th' immortal ſpear ſhe ſtretch'd, and mark'd the way.
Thither amid ſurrounding foes they haſte,
Who ſhunn'd them, ſtill retreating as they paſs'd;
And ent'ring found the Spartan hero laid
On the green ſward, beneath the bow'ring ſhade.
The guard ſecure, lay ſtretch'd upon the ground;
Their ſhields reſign'd, their launces pitch'd around:
One only near a winding riv'let ſtood,
Which turn'd its wand'ring current through the wood;
His helmet fill'd with both his hands he rear'd,
In act to drink, when in the grove appear'd
Th' Ætolian prince. His armour's fiery blaze
The dark receſs illumin'd with its rays.
Amaz'd the Theban ſtood; and from his hand
The helmet ſlipp'd, and roll'd upon the ſand.
Not more afraid the wond'ring ſwain deſcries
'Midſt night's thick gloom a flaming meteor riſe;
Sent by the furies, as he deems, to ſow
Death and diſeaſes on the earth below.
Tydides comes! with fault'ring voice he cry'd,
And ſtraight to flight his willing limbs apply'd.
With ſudden dread ſurpris'd the guards retire,
As ſhepherd ſwains avoid a lion's ire,
Who roams the heights and plains, from famine bold,
The ſtall to ravage, or aſſault the fold.
Now, lifeleſs as he lay, the martial maid
Atrides with a pitying eye ſurvey'd;
And with her ſpear revers'd, the hero ſhook:
The touch divine his iron ſlumber broke;
As when his drowſy mate the ſhepherd ſwain
Stirs with his crook, and calls him to the plain;
When in the eaſt he ſees the morning riſe,
And redd'ning o'er his head the colour'd ſkies.
When from the ground his head the hero rais'd,
In full divinity the goddeſs blaz'd;
Her left, reveal'd, the dreadful Ægis rears,
Whoſe ample field the ſnaky Gorgon bears;
Th' immortal launce ſtood flaming in the right,
Which ſcatters and confounds the ranks of fight.
Speechleſs the chiefs remain'd; amazement ſtrong,
In mute ſuſpenſe and ſilence, held them long.
And thus the goddeſs: Atreus' ſon! ariſe,
Confeſs the partial favour of the ſkies.
For thee I leave the thund'rer's lofty ſeat,
To wake the ſlumb'ring on the verge of fate:
To you let Diomed his arms reſign;
Unequal were your force to govern mine:
His ſtronger arm ſhall bear this pond'rous ſhield,
His better hand the weighty jav'lin wield.
Ariſe! he ſudden, for your foes draw near;
Aſſur'd to conquer when the gods appear.
The goddeſs thus; and, mixing with the wind,
Left in a heap her ſhining arms behind

Upon the field; with loud harmonious peal,
Th' immortal buckler rung, and golden mail.
And thus Atrides, rising from the ground:
In this, approv'd is hoar tradition found;
That oft, descending from th' ethereal tow'rs,
To mix with mortals, come the heav'nly pow'rs:
But ne'er till now I saw a god appear,
Or more than human voice did ever hear.
Do you, my friend, assume these arms divine;
The mortal and inferior shall be mine.
Atrides thus; and Diomed reply'd:
To heav'n obedience must not be deny'd;
Else you yourself th' immortal arms should wield,
And I with these attend you on the field.
But of the pow'rs above, whose sov'reign sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey,
Pallas, with surest vengeance still pursues
Such as obedience to her will refuse.

He said, and straight his shining arms unbound,
The casque, the mail, the buckler's weighty round;
With secret joy th' immortal helmet took:
High on its crest the waving plumage shook.
This whosoever wears, his sharp'ned eyes
All dangers mock of ambush and surprise;
Their ray unquench'd, the midnight shade divides:
No cunning covers, and no darkness hides.
The breast-plate next he takes, whose matchless art
Firm courage fixes in the bounding heart;
The rage of war, unmov'd, the wearer braves,
And rides serene amid the stormy waves!
The glitt'ring mail a starry baldric bound,
His arm sustain'd the buckler's weighty round;
Impenetrably strong, its orb can bear
And turn, like softest lead, the pointed spear;
Nor yields to aught, in earth or heav'n above,
But the dread thunder of almighty Jove.
Th' immortal spear the hero last did wield,
Which fixes conquest, and decides a field;
Nor strength nor numbers can its rage withstand,
Sent by a mortal or immortal hand.

Thus arm'd to meet the foe Tydides mov'd,
And glory'd, conscious of his might improv'd;
Like the proud steed rejoicing in his force,
When the shrill trumpet wakes him to the course:
Fierce and impatient of restraint, he strains
With stiffen'd neck against the galling reins.
Taller he seem'd; as when the morning, spread
With golden lustre, crowns some mountain's head
In early spring; when, from the meads below,
A wreath of vapours binds his rocky brow;
In cloudy volumes settling as they rise,
They lift the lofty prospect to the skies.
So in immortal arms the chief appear'd,
His stature broad display'd, and higher rear'd.

Now from the field approaching to the grove,
Embattel'd thick, the Theban warriors move;
Slowly they move, as swains with doubtful steps
Approach the thicket where a lion sleeps.
Tydides saw; and, rushing from the shade,
The Spartan call'd, and to the combat led.
Unaw'd the hero met the hostile band;
Nor could united force his rage withstand.
They wheel'd aloof; as when a dragon springs
From his dark den, and rears his pointed wings
Against approaching swains, when summer burns,
And the fresh lakes to parched desert turns;
They fly dispers'd, nor tempt his fatal ire,
His wrath-swoln neck and eyes of living fire:
So fled the Thebans, nor escap'd by flight.
Amid their squadrons, like a faulcon light,
The hero sprung; who, stooping from the skies,
The feather'd race dispersed as he flies.
Still from his hand th' immortal weapon flew;
And ev'ry flight an armed warrior slew.
Andremon first, beneath his mighty hand,
Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand.
Pherecydes gigantic press'd the plain;
And valiant Tereus sunk amid the slain.
Warriors to those of vulgar names succeed;
And all his path is mark'd with heaps of dead.
As when some woodman, by incessant strokes,
Bestrews a mountain with its falling oaks;
Fells the thick plains, the hawthorn's flow'ry shade,
The poplar fair by passing currents fed,
The laurel with unfading verdure crown'd;
Heaps roll'd on heaps, the forest sinks around:
So spreads the slaughter, as the chief proceeds;
At every stroke an armed warrior bleeds.
Atrides combats by the hero's side,
To share his glory, and the toil divide:
Unmov'd amid the hostile ranks they go;
Before them far retreats the routed foe.

And now the Spartan host appear'd in sight,
By toil subdu'd, and ling'ring in the fight.
Their valiant leader saw, and rais'd his voice;
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise,
With hopes of victory his bands to cheer;
It swiftly flew: the distant Spartans hear
With glad surprise. Polyctes thus address't,
And rous'd the languid valour of the rest.
Myceneans! Spartans! taught to seek renown
From dangers greatly brav'd, and battles won;
With sorrow and regret I see you yield,
And Thebes victorious drive you from the field.
Atrides calls us; to his aid repair:
No foe subdues you but your own despair.
He yet survives, beset with hostile bands,
And, from your valour, present aid demands.
He said. The rigour of the shock returns;
The slaughter rages, and the combat burns.
As when a reaping train their sickles wield,
Where yellow harvest loads some fruitful field;
The master's heart, with secret joy, o'erflows;
He prompts the work, and counts the length'ning rows;
So 'midst the war, the pow'r of battles stood,
Pleas'd with the carnage and the streams of blood.

Elpenor first lay lifeless on the plain,
By stern Plexippus with a jav'lin slain,
A grief to Thebes. Euryalus the bold,
Rich in his flocks, and rich in sums of gold,
Beneath the arm of Aristæus fell;
Loud rung his silver arms with echoing knell:
And like some flow'r, whose painted foliage fair
With fragrant breath perfumes the vernal air,
If the rude scythe its tender root invades,
It falls dishonour'd, and its lustre fades.
Thus fell Euryalus; whose matchless grace,
In youth's full bloom, surpass'd the human race;
For Cynthius only could with him compare,
In comely features, shape, and flowing hair.

Now o'er the fields the rage of war is spread;
And heaps on heaps ascend the hills of dead.
Ranks meeting ranks oppose with equal rage:
As when the north and stormy south engage,

Beneath their ſtrife the troubled ocean roars;
And ruſhing waves o'erwhelm the rocky ſhores;
So rag'd the fight; when burſting from a crowd
Of thick oppoſing foes the princes ſtood
Between the hoſts. And thus th' Ætolian lord:
Spartans! behold your valiant chief reſtor'd;
Ye owe his ſafety to Minerva's care;
Let hecatombs your gratitude declare,
Soon as from Thebes you reach your native ground,
Where flocks and herds for ſacrifice abound;
Now fight and conquer, let this ſignal day
Your tedious toils, with victory repay;
And, for Hegialus, let thouſands dead
With ample vengeance gratify his ſhade.
As thus the hero ſpoke, the warriors heard,
And hope rekindling through the hoſt appear'd;
With joyful ſhouts they rent the trembling air,
And bleſs'd the gods, and own'd Minerva's care.

Now, tow'ring in the midſt, Atrides ſtood,
And call'd his warriors to the fight aloud;
As mariners with joy the ſun deſcry,
Aſcending, in his courſe, the eaſtern ſky;
Who, all night long, by angry tempeſts toſt,
Shunn'd with inceſſant toil ſome faithleſs coaſt;
So to his wiſhing friends Atrides came;
Their danger ſuch before, their joy the ſame.
Again the rigour of the ſhock returns;
The ſlaughter rages, and the comat burns;
With thirſt of vengeance ev'ry boſom glows.
Tydides leads, and ruſhes on his foes;
Around his head a ray of lightning ſhone
From the ſmooth helmet and the glitt'ring cone;
Like that by night which ſtreams with fiery glare,
When ſome red meteor glides along the air,
Sent by the angry gods, with tainted breath,
To ſow the ſeeds of peſtilence and death:
From look to look infectious terror ſpreads;
And ev'ry wretch th' impending vengeance dreads.

Before the chief the Theban bands retire,
As ſhepherd ſwains avoid the lion's ire.
Clytander only, by the fates impell'd,
Oppos'd him ſingle, and diſdain'd to yield;
Lycaon's ſon; deceiv'd by glory's charms,
Superior might he brav'd and matchleſs arms.
Nor was his brother preſent by his ſide,
To ſhare the danger, and the toil divide;
Himſelf a youth, and yet by time unſteel'd,
Single, he met Tydides in the field.
Againſt th' immortal ſhield his lance he flung,
Whoſe hollow orb with deaf'ning clangour rung:
The tow'rs of Thebes re-echo'd to the ſound;
The ſpear repuls'd, fell blunted on the ground.
Tydides next th' immortal jav'lin threw;
With force impell'd, it brighten'd as it flew:
And pierc'd the Theban helmet to the cone;
Behind his ear the ſtarting weapon ſhone.
Supine the warrior fell, his ſpirit fled,
And mix'd with heroes in th' Elyſian ſhade.
To ſpoil the ſlain the ardent victor flew:
Firſt from the wound the fixed lance he drew,
The helmet loos'd, the coſtly mail unbound,
And ſhining ſhield with ſculptor'd figures crown'd.
Theſe ſpoils the hero, in his grateful mind,
A preſent for the gen'rous youth deſign'd;
Who ſtill in perilous battle fought his ſide,
And proffer'd late his warlike ſteeds to guide.

Fatal the gift, the cauſe of future woe!
But good and ill th' immortals only know.
The armour to a vulgar hand configu'd,
Again the hero, ſwifter than the wind,
To combat ruſh'd.

But, from his throne above
Declin'd, the all-ſurveying eye of Jove
His progreſs mark'd. The herald pow'r, who brings
His ſov'reign mandates on immortal wings,
He thus addreſs'd: To yonder ſphere deſcend;
Bid Phœbus ſtraight his ev'ning charge attend:
For, with reverted eye, he views the war,
And checks the progreſs of his downward car.
Let him not linger in th' ethereal way,
But laſh his ſteeds, and ſtraight conclude the day;
For, if the gods deſcend not to her aid,
Or ev'ning interpoſe with friendly ſhade,
Thebes now muſt periſh; and the doom of fate,
Anticipated, have an earlier date
Than fate ordains; for, like devouring flame,
Tydides threatens all the Theban name;
Immortal arms his native force improve,
Confer'd by Pallas, partial in her love.
Theſe to retrieve muſt be your next eſſay:
Win them by art, and hither ſtraight convey:
For man with man an equal war ſhall wage:
Nor with immortal weapons arm his rage.

He ſaid. And Maia's ſon, with ſpeed, addreſt
His flight to Phœbus hov'ring in the weſt.
Upon a cloud his winged feet he ſtay'd;
And thus the mandates of his ſire convey'd.
Ruler of light! let now thy car deſcend,
And ſilent night her peaceful ſhade extend,
Elſe Thebes muſt periſh; and the doom of fate,
Anticipated, have an earlier date
Than fate decrees; for, like devouring flame,
Tydides threatens all the Theban name;
Immortal arms his native force improve,
Confer'd by Pallas, partial in her love.

The ſon of Maia thus. The god obey'd;
The ſounding laſh upon his ſteeds he laid.
Swift to the goal with winged feet they flew;
The night aſcending as the day withdrew.

To Thebes the herald next purſu'd his way;
Shot like a meteor with the ſetting ray.
Behind Tydides in the fight he ſtay'd;
And on his head the potent ſceptre laid:
Whoſe magic pow'r on waking ſenſe prevails;
Or, in profoundeſt ſleep, the eye unſeals;
The ſtruggling ghoſt unbinds from mortal clay.
And drives it down the dark Tartarean way.
Subdu'd the hero ſtood by pow'rful charms,
Till Hermes ſtript him of th' immortal arms;
And, mounting to the ſtarry roofs above,
Diſpos'd them in the armory of Jove.
And, recollected, thus Tydides ſpoke:
Whate'er they give, th' immortals may revoke.
I own their favour; that, of mortal line
The firſt, I wore a panoply divine.
But if the day were lengthen'd to my will,
With light to point my jav'lin where to kill,
Thebes now ſhould periſh; but the morning ray
Shall finiſh what the ev'ning ſhades delay.

And now the night began her ſilent reign;
Aſcending, from the deep, th' ethereal plain,
O'er both the hoſts ſhe ſtretch'd her ample ſhade,
Their conflict to ſuſpend: the hoſts obey'd.

The field no more a noiſy ſcene appears,
With ſteeds and chariots throng'd and glitt'ring ſpears;
But ſtill, and ſilent: like the hoary deep,
When, in their caves, the angry tempeſts ſleep,
Peaceful and ſmooth it ſpreads from ſhore to ſhore,
Where ſtorms had rag'd and billows ſwell'd before:
Such ſeem'd the field; the martial clangors ceaſe;
And war tumultuous lulls itſelf to peace.

BOOK IV.

And now the princes of the Theban ſtate
In council ſat aſſembled in the gate,
Where rows of marble pillars bound the ſpace,
To judgment ſacred in the days of peace.
And Creon thus, with public care oppreſs'd
And private griefs the ſenators addreſs'd:
Princes of Thebes, and valiant aids from far,
Our firm aſſociates in the works of war,
Heroes, attend! I ſhall not now propoſe
To ſupplicate for peace, our haughty foes:
No peace can grow, no friendſhip e'er be found,
When mutual hate has torn ſo wide a wound.
Yet for a truce of ſeven days ſpace I plead,
And fun'ral obſequies to grace the dead.
Nor were it juſt, that they, who greatly fall
From rage of foes to guard their native wall,
Should want the honours which their merits claim,
Sepulchral rites deny'd and fun'ral flame.
Thus as he ſpoke, parental grief ſuppreſt
His voice, and ſwell'd within his lab'ring breaſt.
Silent amid the aſſembled peers he ſtands;
And wipes his falling tears with trembling hands;
For great Leophron, once his country's boaſt,
The glory and the bulwark of her hoſt,
Pierc'd by a foe and lifeleſs on the plain,
Lay drench'd in gore and mix'd with vulgar ſlain:
Silent he ſtood; the Theban lords around
His grief partake, in ſtreams of ſorrow drown'd;
Till ſage Palantes roſe, and to the reſt,
The monarch ſeconding, his words addreſt.
Princes! renown'd for wiſdom and for might,
Rever'd in council, and approv'd in fight;
What Creon moves the laws themſelves require,
With obſequies to grace, and funeral fire,
Each warrior, who in battle bravely falls
From rage of foes to guard his native walls.
If all approve, and none will ſure withſtand
What Creon counſels and the laws command,
Charg'd with the truce, Apollo's prieſt ſhall go
To offer and conclude it with the foe.
His ſilver hairs a mild reſpect may claim,
And great Apollo's ever honour'd name.
The reſt aſſent. The venerable man,
Slow from his ſeat ariſing, thus began: [hand
Princes of Thebes! and thou, whoſe ſov'reign
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command;
Though well I might this perilous taſk refuſe,
And plead my feeble age a juſt excuſe;
Yet nothing ſhall reſtrain me, for I go,
Pleas'd with the pious charge, to meet the foe.
Willing I go; our bleeding warriors claim
Sepulchral honours and the fun'ral flame.
If all approve, let Clytophon attend;
With juſt ſucceſs our labours thus ſhall end:
For ſure no Theban boaſts an equal ſkill,
With pleaſing words to bend the fixed will.
Sooth'd with the friendly praiſe, the hero ſaid,
No ſelf-regard ſhall hold me or diſſuade;
The pious charge my inmoſt thoughts approve,
He ſaid; and ſlow through yielding crowds they move;
While Thebes on every ſide aſſembled ſtands,
And ſupplicates the gods with lifted hands:
O grant that wrathful enemies may ſpare
Theſe rev'rend heads, nor wrong the ſilver hair!
And now they paſs'd the lofty gates, and came
Where ſlow Iſmenus winds his gentle ſtream;
Amphion's grove they paſs'd, whoſe umbrage [wide
His rural tomb defends on every ſide!
The ſcene of fight they reach'd, and ſpacious fields
With mangled ſlaughter heap'd, and ſpears and ſhields.
Under their feet the hollow bucklers ſound;
And ſplinter'd faulchions glitter'd on the ground.
And now the ſtations of the camp appear,
Far as a ſhaft can wound the flying deer.
Thither, amid the wrecks of war, they go
With ſilent ſteps, and 'ſcape the watchful foe.
Now full in view before the guards they ſtand;
The prieſt diſplays his enſigns in his hand,
The laurel wreath, the gold-beſpangled rod
With ſtars adorn'd the ſymbols of his god.
He thus began: ye Argive warriors! hear:
A peaceful meſſage to your tents we bear:
A truce is aſk'd, till the revolving ſun,
Seven times from eaſt to weſt his journey run,
Again aſcends; and, from the ocean's ſtreams,
Crowns the green mountains with his golden beams:
That mutually ſecure, with pious care,
Both hoſts funereal honours may prepare
For every hero, whom the raging fight
Has ſwept to darkneſs and the ſhores of night.
Thus as he ſpoke, the liſt'ning warriors heard
With approbation, and the prieſt rever'd,
The chief of Salamis, their leader, went
Himſelf to guide them to the royal tent; [night
Which ſhone conſpicuous; through the ſhades of
Its ſpacious portal pour'd a ſtream of light.
Thither conducted by the chief they found
The king of men with all his peers around.
On thrones with purple ſpread each royal gueſt
In order ſat, and ſhar'd the genial feaſt.
Silent they enter'd. From his chair of ſtate,
Full in the midſt oppoſed to the gate,
The monarch ſaw; and riſing thus expreſt
The gen'rous dictates of his royal breaſt.
My gueſts, approach! no enemy is near;
This roof protects you, ſtraight forget your fear,

Ev'n though from you devoted walls you come,
For vengeance mark'd by fate's eternal doom;
Here in my tent, with safety you shall rest,
And with the princes share the genial feast.
You freely then your message may propose.
When round the board the cheering vintage flows,
Which soothes impatience, and the open'd ear,
With favour and attention bends to hear.

The hero thus. Apollo's priest replies:
Humane thy manners, and thy words are wise;
With these the noblest gifts the gods have plac'd,
And pow'r supreme with equal wisdom grac'd:
Though oft, by parts, for others they ordain,
The arts of sway, the privilege to reign;
In thee their partial favour have combin'd
The highest fortune with the greatest mind.

As thus the sage reply'd, the princely band
By turns presented each his friendly hand,
The sign of peace. For each a splendid throne,
Where fring'd with gold the purple covering shone,
The ready waiters, by command, prepar'd;
There sat the envoys and the banquet shar'd.
On ev'ry side the sparkling vintage flows,
The momentary cure of human woes.
The rage of thirst and hunger thus suppress,
To Nestor turning, Clytophon address'd.

Illustrious chief! an honour now I'll claim,
Which not to publish, sure, would merit blame.
Your father's guest I was; by fortune led,
When from Trinacria's desert shores I fled
With ills beset: but in his friendly land,
His gen'rous heart I prov'd and lib'ral hand.
A grateful mind excites me to reveal
His sov'reign bounty, and attempt a tale
Of dear remembrance. But the fond design
Prudence dissenting, warns me to decline:
For when to public cares your thoughts you bend
A private story must offend.

The artful Theban thus. The chief reply'd,
Whose sov'reign mandates all the host obey'd:
My honour'd guest! proceed, nor aught conceal
Which gratitude enjoins you to reveal:
For gen'rous deeds, improperly suppress,
Lie unapplauded in the grateful breast;
And now the feast, short interval of care,
To vocal symphony unbends the ear;
Or sweet discourse, which to the soul conveys
Sublimer joys than music's tuneful lays.
The monarch thus. The prudent sage suppress'd
His inward joy, and thus the peers address'd:
Each chief he strove to gain, but Nestor most,
Whose wisdom sway'd the councils of the host.

Confed'rate kings! and thou whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
Attend and hearken! since you seek to know
The sad beginnings of a life of woe.
In Rhodes my father once dominion claim'd,
Orsilochus, for deeds of valour fam'd.
The Sporades his sov'reign sceptre own'd,
And Carpa thus with waving forests crown'd.
His youngest hope I was, and scarce had seen
The tenth returning summer clothe the green,
When pirates snatch me from my native land:
While with my infant equals on the strand
I play'd, of harm secure, and from the deep
With pleasure saw approach the fatal ship;
Bless'd with the whiteness of the sails we stood,
And the red streamers shining on the flood:
And fearless saw the hostile galley land,
Where from the hills a current seeks the strand.
They climb'd the rocky beach, and far around,
Intent on spoil and rapine, view'd the ground;
If any herd were near, or fleecy store,
Or lonely mansion on the winding shore.
My young companions straight their fear obey.
I, bold and unsuspecting, dar'd to stay.
Me straight they seiz'd: and doom'd to servile toil
A wretched captive in a foreign soil.
Struggling in vain, they bore me down the bay,
Where, anchor'd near the beach, their vessel lay:
And plac'd me on the deck. With bitter cries,
To speeding gales I saw the canvass rise:
The boundless ocean far before me spread;
And from my reach the shores at distance fled.
All day I wept; but when the setting light
Retir'd, and yielded to the shades of night,
Sleep stole upon my grief with soft surprise,
Which care ne'er banish'd long from infant eyes.

Nine days we sail'd: the tenth returning ray
Show'd us Trinacria rising in our way,
Far in the west; where, with his ev'ning beams,
The sun descending gilds the ocean's streams.
Thither the sailors ply, and blindly run
On hidden dangers which they ought to shun;
For whom the gods distinguish'd by their hate,
They first confound, and then resign to fate.
All day we sail'd; and with the evening hour,
Which calls the shepherd to his rural bow'r,
Approach'd the shore. The forests on the land
We mark'd, and rivers op'ning from the strand.
Then gladness touch'd my heart: the first I knew
Since fate had mix'd me with that lawless crew:
With joy I saw the rising shores appear,
And hop'd to find some kind deliverer near;
Some gen'rous lord, to whom I might relate,
Low bending on my knees, my wretched fate.
Vain was the hope; the Cyclopes ne'er know
Compassion, not to melt at human woe.

Near on the left, and where the parted tides
A promontory's rocky height divides,
A bay they found; and on the fatal strand
Descending, fix'd their vessel to the land.
They valleys straight and mountains they explore,
And the long windings of the desert shore;
And find, of sheep and goats, a mingled flock,
Under the shelter of a cavern'd rock.
The largest and the best the pirate band
Seiz'd, and prepar'd a banquet on the strand.
With joy they feasted; while the goblet, crown'd
With Mithymnean vintage, flow'd around.
Of harm secure they sat; and void of fear
To mirth resign'd; nor knew destruction near.

Amid them there I meditating sat;
Some god inspir'd me, or the power of fate,
To 'scape their hated hands: and soon I found
The wish'd occasion; when along the ground,
Each where he sat, the ruffians lay supine,
With sleep oppress'd, and sense-subduing wine;
Softly I rose, and to a lofty grove,
Which shaded all the mountain tops above,
Ascending, in a rocky cavern lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray.
Then from above I saw the pirate band,
In parties, roaming o'er the distant strand;
The mountain-goats they drove, and fleecy store,
From all the pastures, crowded to the shore.

Me too by name they call'd; and oft, in vain,
Explor'd each grove and thicket on the plain;
While from above I saw, with careless eye,
Them searching round and list'ning for reply.
Some to the ship the bleating spoil convey'd;
While others to prepare a banquet stay'd,
And call'd their mates: to share the full repast
With mirth they came, nor knew it was their last.

Then from the rocky summit where I lay,
A flock appear'd descending to the bay;
Which through a narrow valley rush'd along,
Oxen and sheep, an undistinguish'd throng.
With these the sloping hills were cover'd o'er,
And the long windings of the sandy shore.
Behind a Cyclops came; and, by degrees,
Rose to my view, and tower'd above the trees.
His giant stature, like a lofty rock,
Appear'd: and in his hand a knotted oak
Of tallest growth; around his shoulder flung
His bag enormous, by a cable hung.
Panting I lay; as when a lurking deer,
From some close thicket, sees the hunter near.
By dread subdu'd, confounded and amaz'd,
My fixed eye-balls darken'd as I gaz'd.
Soon from above my wretched mates he knew,
As on the level shore in open view,
They sat secure, with flow'ry garlands crown'd;
The signs of spoil and ravage scatter'd round.
With indignation, for his wasted flock,
Inflam'd he thus like distant thunder spoke.
Whoe'er these are, who from their native soil
To foreign climates thus, in quest of spoil,
Licentious roam; they soon shall feel my hand,
And rue that e'er they touch'd Trinacria's strand.
As mutt'ring thus, along the craggy road
He came, the mountain trembled as he trod.
The wretches saw with horror and affright;
Each limb enfeebled lost the power of flight.
Their cries in vain the monster mov'd to spare;
His club he rear'd and swung it thrice in air,
Then hurld it cross the bay: it swiftly drove
O'er the smooth deep, and raz'd the beach above.
Threat'ning it rush'd along; but, bending low,
Each, where he sat, escap'd the weighty blow.
Beyond them far it pitch'd upon the land,
Tore the green sward, and heav'd a mount of sand.
Now starting from the ground they strove to fly,
Press'd by despair and strong necessity;
The woody summits of the cliffs to gain,
With fault'ring haste they fled across the plain.
But the impending mountains barr'd their flight,
High and projecting from their airy height,
Back from the slipp'ry arch, in heaps, they fall;
And with imploring cries for mercy call,
In vain. The monster with gigantic strides,
At twenty steps, the spacious bay divides;
Around his knees the whit'ning billows roar,
And his rude voice like thunder shakes the shore.

There thirty youths he slew; against the stones
And ragged cliffs, he dash'd their crackling bones.
Twenty his feet and heavy hands pursue,
As to the ocean in despair they flew;
Striving the summit of the beach to gain,
With headlong course to rush into the main:
For there they hop'd a milder fate to have,
And less abhorr'd, beneath the whelming wave.
These too he reach'd; and, with his weighty hand,
Their flight oppress'd, and mix'd them with the sand.

Two yet survive'd; who supplicating strove,
With humble suit, his barb'rous soul to move.
With trembling knees the sandy beach they press'd;
And, as he came, the monster thus address'd:

O thou! with whom no mortal can compare
For strength resistless, pity now and spare.
O let the blood, already shed, atone,
For our provoking guilt, and trespass done!
O spare and pity! sure, the gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
Are won by pray'r; and he whose matchless might
The solid earth sustains and starry height,
Oft spares the guilty; for his soul approves
Compassion, and the works of mercy loves.
Let sov'reign pity touch thy mighty breast;
And him revere, the greatest and the best:
Who pardons oft, but measures grief and pain
To such as hear the wretched plead in vain.

As thus to touch his iron heart they try'd,
The Cyclops smiling, scornful thus reply'd:
The praise of mercy well your words proclaim;
And vengeance mark, though merited, with blame.
Well have you spoken; therefore, from my hand,
More favour hope than any of your band;
They, on the desert shore expos'd and bare,
The wolves shall feast and ev'ry bird of air;
But ye, prefer'd above the rest, shall have
This body for your monument and grave.

He said, and seizing lifts them both on high,
With hands and feet extended in the sky;
Then dash'd them thrice against the rocky shore;
Gnaw'd their warm flesh, and drank their streaming gore.
Oft have I seen the havoc of the plain,
The rage of tempests and the stormy main;
But fate, in such a form, ne'er meet my eyes,
And, while I speak, afresh its horrors rise
To chill my veins; nor can the vary'd state
Of sprightly youth, and middle age sedate,
Or life's last stage with all its griefs oppress,
Banish the dire impression from my breast.
For still I see the monster, as he stood,
His hairy visage dy'd in human blood:
As the grim lion leaves the wasted plains,
Red from the ravage of the flocks and swains.

With vengeance pleas'd he view'd the shores around;
And, riding near the beech, our vessel found:
Her by the mast he seiz'd; and to the land,
With all her anchors, dragg'd along the strand.
Exploring, next the solid deck he tore,
And found, conceal'd below, his fleecy store.
With scornful smiles he saw the theft bewray'd;
And sidelong on the beach the galley laid;
And call'd his flock: to open light they strain,
Through the wide beach, and crowd upon the plain:
Still, as they pass'd, his weighty hand he laid
On their soft backs, and, stroaking gently, said:
Go now, my flock! enjoy the verdant hills,
The rivers cool, the sweet refreshing rills,
The meads and shady forests, safe from harm;
Your foes lie crush'd beneath your master's arm.
The giant thus; and next the hold explor'd:
Four jars he found with Lesbian vintage stor'd.
These first he drain'd; then to his lips apply'd
His flute, which like a quiver by his side,
Of size enormous, hung. Its hollow sound
The woods repeated and the caves around.

Its muſic ſuch, as when a ſtormy gale
Roars through a hollow cliff with hideous peal,
Refounding deep, along the level ſhore:
He ply'd, and drove his paſt'ring flock before.
Horror and grief at once my heart aſſail'd;
Preſages ſad o'er ev'ry hope prevail'd.
My diſtant country ruſh'd upon my mind;
My fr'ends, my weeping parents, left behind.
Now loſt to hope, and furious from deſpair,
With both my hands I rent my rooted hair;
And in an agony of ſorrow preſt,
With ſtrokes repeated oft, my heaving breaſt.
All day I mourn'd; but when the letting ray
Retir'd, and ev'ning ſhades expell'd the day;
Encourag'd by the night, I ſought the plain;
And, wand'ring anxious 'midſt the mangled ſlain
Oft call'd, to know if any of the band
Did yet ſurvive, eſcap'd the monſter's hand;
But none reply'd. Along the deſert ſhore
All night I wander'd, 'midſt the ſullen roar
Of burſting billows; till the morning ray
Appear'd to light my ſolitary way.
'Twas then I reach'd a mountain's height, o'erſpread
With thickets cloſe, and dark impending ſhade,
Hung o'er the valley, where a river leads
His wand'ring current through a grove of reeds.
Thither I went; and, op'ning to the deep,
A cavern found beneath the rocky ſteep;
The haunt of mountain goats, when wint'ry rains
Have chas'd them from the hills and naked plains.
Gladly I enter'd; for, deceiv'd by fear,
I always thought the barb'rous Cyclops near;
His form deſcry'd in ev'ry tree behind,
And heard his voice approaching in the wind.
Of honey there a ſweet repaſt I found,
In cluſters hanging from the cliffs around,
My hunger ſoon appeas'd, the gentle pow'r
Of ſleep ſubdu'd me till the ev'ning hour.
'Twas then I wak'd, and to the deep below, [flow;
Through thickets, creep'd with careful ſteps and
And gaz'd around if any but were there,
Or ſolitary wretch my grief to ſhare:
But none appear'd. I climb'd a mountain's head
Where, wide before me, lay the ocean ſpread;
And there no object met my wiſhing eyes,
But billows bounded by the ſetting ſkies.
Yet ſtill I gaz'd, till night's prevailing ſway
Extinguiſh'd, in the weſt, the evening ray.
Hopeleſs and ſad, deſcending from my ſtand,
I wander'd on the ſolitary ſtrand,
Through the thick gloom; and heard the ſullen roar
Of billows burſting on the deſert ſhore,
Thus ten long years I liv'd, conceal'd by day,
Under a rock on withe'd leaves I lay;
At dawn and twilight on the mountains ſtood,
Exploring with my eyes the pathleſs flood;
Impatient till ſome friendly ſail ſhould come,
To waft me to my ſire and native home:
But none appear'd. The pilots ſhun the ſhores
Where Ætna flames and dire Charibdis roars;
And where the curs'd Cyclopean brothers reign,
The lonely tyrants of the deſert plain.
Preſs'd by deſpair, at laſt I dar'd to brave,
Ev'n in a ſkiff, the terrors of the wave;
Contemning all the perils in my way,
For worſe it ſeem'd than death itſelf to ſtay.
Of oziers ſoft the bending hulk I wove,
And ply'd the ſkins of mountain goats above.
A ſlender fir, ten cubit lengths, I found
Fall'n from a mould'ring bank, and ſtript it round.
This for the maſt, with bulruſh ropes I ty'd;
A pole to ſteer the rudder's uſe ſupply'd:
Four goat-ſkins join'd I fitted for the ſail,
And ſpread it with a pole to catch the gale.
Each chink with gum againſt the brine, I cloſ'd:
And the whole work beneath a ſhade diſpos'd,
Where, from the hills deſcending to the main,
A winding current cuts the ſandy plain.
Nuts and dry'd figs in baſkets next I ſtor'd;
And liquid ſtores in bags of ſkin prepar'd:
And waited anxious till the ſouthern gale,
From the dire coaſt, ſhould bear my flying ſail.
Nine days I ſtay'd; and ſtill the northern breeze,
From great Heſperia, ſwept the whit'ning ſeas:
But on the tenth it chang'd; and, when the hour
Of twilight call'd the giant to his bow'r,
Down from my grotto to the ſhore I came,
And call'd the God who rules the ocean's ſtream;
Oblations vow'd, if, by his mighty hand
Conducted ſafe, I found my native land.
And, turning where conceal'd my veſſel lay,
The rope I loos'd, and puſh'd her to the bay;
The ſail unfurl'd, and, ſteering from the ſtrand,
Behind me left with joy the hated land.
All night, by breezes ſped, the prow divides
The deep and o'er the billows lightly glides.
But when the dawn, prevailing o'er the night,
Had ting'd the glowing eaſt with purple light,
The air was huſh'd: deſerted by the gale,
Looſe to the maſt deſcends the empty ſail.
And full againſt my courſe a current came,
Which hurl'd me backwards, floating on its ſtream.
Towards the land. I ſaw the ſhores draw near;
And the long billows on the beach appear.
The cruel Cyclops ſpy'd me as he drove
His paſt'ring flock along the hills above;
And winding through the groves his ſecret way,
Conceal'd behind a promontory lay;
Prepar'd to ſnatch me, when his arm could reach
My ſkiff, which drove ungovern'd to the beach.
I mark'd his purpoſe; furious from deſpair,
With both my hands I rent my rooted hair;
And on the poop with deſp'rate purpoſe ſtood,
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming flood.
But Neptune ſav'd me in that perilous hour;
The headlong current felt his preſent pow'r:
Back from the ſhore it turn'd, at his command,
And bore me joyful from the fatal ſtrand.
The Cyclops vex'd; as when ſome fowler ſpies,
Safe from his cover'd ſnares the quarry riſe:
His feat forſook, and, leaning o'er the ſteep,
Strove with ſoft words to lure me, from the deep.
Stranger, approach! nor fly this friendly ſtrand;
Share the free bleſſings of a happy land:
Here, from each cliff, a ſtream of honey flows;
And ev'ry hill with purple vintage glows.
Approach; your fear forget; my bounty ſhare;
My kindneſs prove and hoſpitable care.
As to allure me thus the monſter try'd,
His fraud I knew; and raſhly thus reply'd:
Talk not of friendſhip; well I know the doom
Of ſuch as to your dire dominions come.
Theſe eyes beheld when, with a ruthleſs hand,
My wretched mates you murder'd on the ſtrand.

Two ſu'd for mercy; but their limbs you tore
With brutal rage, and drank their ſtreaming gore.
If heav'n's dread Sov'reign to my vengeful hand
His waſting flames would yield, and forked brand,
Scorch'd on the cliffs, your giant limbs ſhould feed
The mountain wolves, and all the rav'nous breed.
I ſaid; and from the ſouth a riſing breeze
Bruſh'd the thick woods, and ſwept the curling ſeas.
Above the waves my veſſel lightly flew;
The ocean widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.
Enrag'd the Cyclops, ruſhing down the ſteep,
Eager to ſnatch me, plung'd into the deep:
My flight he follow'd with gigantic ſtrides,
And ſtem'd with both his knees the ruſhing tides.
Soon had I periſh'd, but eſcap'd again,
Protected by the god who rules the main.
He ſent a ſpectre from his wat'ry caves;
Like miſt it roſe, and hover'd o'er the waves.
A ſkiff like mine, by art divine, it grew;
And to the left acroſs the ocean flew.
With courſe divided, where the pilot ſpies
Amid the deep two deſert iſlands riſe,
In ſhape like altars, ſo by ſailors nam'd,
A mark for pilots, elſe for nothing fam'd;
The angry giant doubting ſtood, nor knew
Which to forſake, the ſhadow or the true:
For both ſeem'd equal. By the fates miſled,
He chas'd the airy image as it fled:
Nor reach'd it: for it led him through the main,
As the bright rainbow mocks ſome ſimple ſwain;
Who ſtill intent to catch it where it ſtands,
And graſp the ſhining meteor with his hands,
Along the dewy meadows holds his way;
But ſtill before him flies the coloured ray.
The Cyclops ſo, along the wat'ry plain,
The ſhadowy phantom chas'd, and chas'd in vain;
The billows burſted on his hairy ſides,
And far behind him ruſh'd the parted tides.
Diſſolv'd at laſt, its airy ſtructure broke,
And vaniſh'd hov'ring like a cloud of ſmoke.
His error then, and my eſcape he knew;
For, favour'd by the breeze, my veſſel flew
Far to the deep: yet plunging in the waves,
Torn from its bed a pond'rous rock he heaves,
Craggy and black, with dangling ſea-weed hung;
Puſh'd from his hand the weighty maſs he flung,
To cruſh my flight: along the ethereal plain
It roll'd, and thund'ring downwards ſhook the main.
Behind it fell; and farther from the ſhore,
Hurl'd on the mounting waves, my veſſel bore
Towards the deep. The giant ſaw with pain,
His fraud detected, force eſſay'd in vain.
He curs'd the partial pow'rs, and laſh'd on high,
With both his hands, the ocean to the ſky.
Now ſafe beyond his reach, a proſp'rous gale
Blew freſh behind, and ſtretch'd my flying ſail:
The ſhores retir'd; but, from the diſtant main,
I ſaw him towering on the watery plain,
Like a tall ſhip; and moving to the ſhore.
Sullen and ſad, to tend his fleecy ſtore.
Seven days I ſail'd; the eighth returning light
The Pylian ſhores preſented to my ſight,
Far in the eaſt; and where the ſun diſplays,
Along the glitt'ring waves, his early rays.
Thither I ſteer'd, and where a point divides
Extended in the deep, the parted tides,
A fane I mark'd; whoſe tow'ring ſummit, rear'd
High in the air, with gilded ſpires appear'd.
To Neptune ſacred on the beach it ſtands,
Conſpicuous from the ſea and diſtant lands.
Aſſembled on the ſhore the people ſtood,
On ev'ry ſide extended, like a wood:
And in the midſt I ſaw a pillar riſe,
Of ſacred ſmoke, aſcending to the ſkies.
'Twas there I reach'd the hoſpitable ſtrand,
And, joyful, fix'd my veſſel to the land.
There, with his peers, your royal ſire I found;
And fell before him proſtrate on the ground,
Imploring aid; my lineage I reveal'd,
Nor aught of all my tedious toils conceal'd.
Attentive, as I ſpoke, the hero heard,
Nor credulous nor diffident appear'd;
For prudence taught him, neither to receive
With eaſy faith, or raſhly diſbelieve.
O ſon of Neleus! though you juſtly claim,
For eloquence and ſkill, ſuperior fame:
Yet to an equal glory ne'er aſpire:
Vain were the hope to emulate your ſire.
Eight days we feaſted: ſtill the flowing bowl
Return'd, and ſweet diſcourſe, to glad the ſoul,
With pleaſure heard; as comes the ſound of rain,
In ſummer's drought, to cheer the careful ſwain.
And when the ninth returning morn aroſe,
Sixty bold mariners the hero choſe,
Skill'd, through the deep, the flying keel to guide,
And ſweep, with equal oars, the hoary tide:
They trimm'd a veſſel, by their lord's command,
To waft me to my ſire and native land.
With gifts enrich'd of robes and precious ore,
He ſent me joyful from the Pylian ſhore.
Such Neleus was! and ſuch his matchleſs praiſe
For hoſpitable deeds in former days;
The friend, the patron, deſtin'd to redreſs
The wrongs of fate, and comfort my diſtreſs.
But what is man! a reptile of the earth;
To toils ſucceſſive fated from his birth;
Few are our joys; in long ſucceſſion flow
Our griefs; we number all our days in woe.
Misfortune enter'd with my infant years;
My feeble age a load of ſorrow bears.
Driv'n from my country by domeſtic foes,
Thebes but receiv'd me to partake her woes.
The ſword I've ſeen, and wide devouring fire,
Againſt her twice in fatal league conſpire.
The public griefs, which ev'ry heart muſt ſhare,
By nature taught to feel another's care,
Augment my own: our matrons weeping ſtand;
Our rev'rend elders mourn a ruin'd land:
Their furrow'd cheeks with ſtreams of ſorrow flow;
And wailing orphans ſwell the gen'ral woe;
They mourn their deareſt hopes, in battle ſlain,
Whoſe limbs, unbury'd, load their native plain;
And now by us entreat that war may ceaſe,
And, for ſeven days ſucceſſive, yield to peace:
That mutually ſecure, with pious care,
Both hoſts funereal honours may prepare
For ev'ry warrior, whom the rage of fight
Has ſwept to darkneſs and the coaſts of night.
To ratify the truce, if ye approve,
We come alike commiſſion'd, as to move.
Thus Clytophon; and he, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The warriors of the Pylian race obey,

Neſtor, his partial favour thus expreſs'd;
And to the Theban chief himſelf addreſs'd:
'The truth you ſpeak, nor do your words appear
Prepar'd with art, or dictated by fear;
For what you tell, my memory recals,
When young I ſaw you at my native walls,
Yourſelf a youth: though now a length of years,
Imprinted deep, in all your form appears;
Yet ſtill, with ſure remembrance, can I trace
Your voice the ſame and lineaments of face.
An infant then upon your knees I hung,
And catch'd the pleaſing wonders from your tongue:
Your woes I pity'd, as I pity ſtill;
And, were the chiefs determin'd by my will,
The truce ſhould ſtand: for piety conſpires
With juſtice, to demand what Thebes requires.
The hero thus; the king of men replies:
Princes, in fight approv'd, in council wiſe!
What Thebes propounds, 'tis yours alone to chooſe,
Whether ye will accept it, or refuſe:
For though your votes conſenting, in my hand
Have plac'd the ſceptre of ſupreme command;
Yet ſtill my pow'r, obedient to my choice,
Shall with its ſanction join the public voice.
The monarch thus; and thus the chief reply'd,
Whom fair Ætolia's martial ſons obey'd:
Princes, attend! and thou, whoſe fov'reign hand
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command!
What Thebes requires, I do not now oppoſe,
Becauſe, inſenſible to human woes,
The widow's tears I ſcorn, the mother's ſighs,
The groans of ſiſters, or the orphan's cries,
Whoſe deareſt hopes, in rage of battle ſlain,
With wounds defac'd, lie ſcatter'd on the plain:
Compaſſion for the hoſt, which fruitleſs toil
So long has waſted in a foreign ſoil,
What Thebes propounds, impels me to diſſuade,
And for the living, diſregard the dead.
How long has war and famine thinn'd our pow'rs,
Inactive camp'd around the Theban tow'rs?
And peſtilence, whoſe dire infection flies,
Blown by the furies through the tainted ſkies?
Many now wander on the Stygian ſhore,
Whom ſires and conſorts ſhall behold no more:
And many ſtill, who yet enjoy the day,
Muſt follow down the dark Tartarean way,
If, blinded by the fates, our counſels bar
The courſe of conqueſt, and protract the war.
Since equity and public right demands
That Thebes ſhould fall by our avenging hands,
Now let us combat, till the gods above,
Who ſit around the ſtarry throne of Jove,
The judges of the nations, crown our toil,
So long endur'd, with victory and ſpoil;
Or deſtine us to fall in glorious fight,
Elate and dauntleſs in the cauſe of right.
Shall we delay till dire infection ſpreads
Her raven wings o'er our devoted heads?
Till gen'rous wrath, by ſlow diſeaſe ſuppreſt,
Expires inactive in the warrior's breaſt,
And life, the price of glory, paid in vain,
Who die forgotten on a foreign plain.
Tydides thus; and he, whoſe ſovereign ſway
The warriors of the Pylian race obey,
Neſtor reply'd, for eloquence approv'd,
By Pallas and the tuneful ſiſters lov'd:
Confed'rate kings! and thou, whoſe fov'reign hand
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command,
With patience hear the reaſons which I plead
For funeral rites, the honours of the dead.
Well have you heard the various ills that wait
On ſtrife prolong'd, and war's diſaſtrous ſtate:
And they who chooſe to dwell amid alarms,
The rage of ſlaughter and the din of arms,
Know little of the joys, when combats ceaſe,
That crown with milder bliſs the hours of peace.
Though gladly would I ſee, in vengeance juſt,
The Theban tow'rs confounded with the duſt;
That from the war releas'd, we might again
Each ſhare the pleaſures of his native reign:
Yet let us not preſumptuouſly withſtand
What piety alike and right command,
The honours of the dead: nor tempt the gods
To curſe our labours, from their bright abodes.
Far in the heav'ns, above this mortal ſcene,
In boundleſs light, the thund'rer ſits ſerene;
He views the works of men: the good he knows,
And on their juſt attempts ſucceſs beſtows;
But blaſts impiety, and mocks its aim,
With diſappointment ſure, and laſting ſhame.
Attend, ye princes! and I ſhall unfold
What ſage Harmudius taught my ſire of old.
The Locri ſummon'd all their martial pow'rs,
And fought around the Orchomenian tow'rs.
From oxen ſeiz'd began the dire debate;
And wide and waſteful was the work of fate.
The Orchomenians oft a truce propos'd
For fun'ral rites; the Locrian chiefs oppos'd.
Nine days expir'd, the bleeding warriors lay;
Their wounds hot ſtreaming to the ſolar ray.
From Styx's fable ſhore their ghoſts implor'd,
With ſuppliant cries, hell's dread avenging lord.
He heard, and from the gloomy deep below
Of Erebus profound, the houſe of woe,
A fury ſent, the fierceſt of the crew,
Whoſe iron ſcourges human crimes purſue:
Diſcord her name; among th' infernal gods
She dwells, excluded from the bleſt abodes;
Though oft on earth ſhe rears her baleful head,
To kindle ſtrife, and make the nations bleed.
The fury came; and, hov'ring o'er the plain
Devoted with her eyes the Locrian train.
In form a raven, to a tow'r ſhe flew,
Which roſe upon a precipice in view,
And on the airy ſummit took her ſeat,
With potent charms, to kindle dire debate.
The howling dogs her preſence firſt declare;
The war horſe trembling ſnorts aloft in air;
On man at laſt the dire infection fell,
The awful vengeance of the pow'rs of hell.
Confuſion ſtraight through all the camp is found;
The wand'ring centinel deſerts his ground,
Fatally gay and crown'd with every weed,
Which weeping matrons ſcatter o'er the dead;
Of dire portent: but when the ſilent reign
Of night poſſeſs'd the mountains and the plain,
Above the camp her torch the fury rear'd,
Red, in the air, its baleful flame appear'd.
Kindling debate: outrageous ſtrife aroſe,
Loud as the ocean when a tempeſt blows,
O'er all the plain, and ſtun'd the ear of night
With ſhouts tumultuous and the din of fight.

Down from her airy ſtand the goddeſs came,
Shot like a meteor, with a ſtream of flame,
To kindle fiercer ſtrife with ſtronger charms,
To ſwell the tumult and the rage of arms.
The combat burn'd; the Orchomenians heard
With horror, nor beyond their walls appear'd,
By awe divine reſtrain'd: but when the light
Return'd ſucceſſive on the ſteps of night,
From ev'ry tow'r they ſaw the ſpacious plain
With havoc heap'd, and mountains of the ſlain.
The ſecret cauſe the augurs firſt declar'd;
The juſtice of the gods they own'd and fear'd.
No fun'ral rite the Orchomenian ſtate
On them beſtow'd, the vulgar or the great;
In one deep pit, whoſe mouth extended wide
Four hundred cubit length from ſide to ſide,
They whelm'd them all; their bucklers and their ſpears,
The ſteeds, the chariots, and the charioteers,
One ruin mix'd; for ſo the will of Jove
The prieſts declar'd: and heap'd a mount above:
Such was the fate, by heav'n and hell decreed,
To puniſh bold contemners of the dead.
And let not us their fatal wrath provoke,
Nor merit by our guilt an equal ſtroke;
But ſeal the truce, and piouſly beſtow
What to the reliques of the dead we owe.
He ſaid; the peers their joint aſſent declare,
The dead to honour, and the gods revere.
The king of men commands a herald ſtraight
The prieſts to call, and haſten ev'ry rite.
While thus the ſov'reign mandate they obey'd,
Th' Ætolian leader roſe, and frowning ſaid:
O blind to truth! and fated to ſuſtain
A length of woes, and tedious toils in vain!
By ſounds deceiv'd, as to her fatal den
Some vocal ſorc'reſs lures the ſteps of men;
O eloquence! thou fatal charm! how few,
Guided by thee, their real good purſue!
By thee, our maids, with magic fetters bound,
In all deciſions, true and falſe confound.
Not the unnumber'd wrecks, which lie along
The Syrens' coaſt the trophies of their ſong,
Nor there where Circe from the neighb'ring deep,
With ſtrong inchantments, draws the paſſing ſhip,
Can match thy ſpoils: O let me ne'er obey,
And follow blindly, as you point the way!
Confed'rate kings! ſince nothing can oppoſe
The truce you purpoſe with our treach'rous foes,
With miſchief pregnant; I alone am free,
Nor theſe my eyes the fatal rite ſhall ſee;
Left it be ſaid, when miſchief ſhall ſucceed,
Tydides ſaw it, and approv'd the deed.
Speaking he graſp'd his ſpear and pond'rous ſhield; [field,
And mov'd like Mars, when, 'midſt th' embattell'd
Sublime he ſtalks to kindle fierce alarms,
To ſwell the tumult and the rage of arms.
Such ſeem'd the chief: the princes with ſurpriſe
Turn'd on the king of men, at once their eyes.
He thus began: Since now the public choice
The truce approves, with one conſenting voice;
Tydides only, with ſuperior pride,
Though youngeſt, ſtill the readieſt to decide,
Our gen'ral ſenſe condemns; his haughty ſoul
Muſt not the counſels of the hoſt controul,
Brave though he is: the altars ready ſtand;
In order waits the conſecrated band;
Straight let us ſeal the truce with blood and wine,
And, to atteſt it, call the pow'rs divine.
The monarch thus; Tydides to his tent,
Through the ſtill hoſt, in ſullen ſorrow went.
Fix'd in his mind the fatal viſion ſtay'd,
Snatch'd by invading force his lovely maid;
The fraud of Cytherea; ſtill his heart
Inceſſant anguiſh felt, and laſting ſmart;
And, as a lion, when his ſide retains
A barbed ſhaft, the cauſe of bitter pains,
Growls in ſome lonely ſhade; his friends declin'd,
He breath'd in groans the anguiſh of his mind.
Now round the flaming hearth th' aſſembly ſtands,
And Theſeus thus invokes with lifted hands:
Hear me, ye pow'rs, that rule the realms of light!
And ye dread ſov'reigns of the ſhades of night!
If, till the eighth ſucceeding ſun diſplays,
Above the eaſtern hills his early rays,
Any bold warrior of the Argive bands,
Againſt a Theban lifts his hoſtile hands
By us approv'd; let ev'ry curſe ſucceed
On me, and all, for perjury decreed.
And as by blood our mutual oath we ſeal,
The blood of victims drawn by deathful ſteel;
So let their blood be ſhed, who, ſcorning right,
Profanely ſhall preſume its ties to ſlight.
Apollo's prieſt, for Thebes reſum'd the vow,
The gods above, invoking, and below,
Their vengeance to inflict, if force, or art,
The truce ſhould violate on either part.
The rites concluded thus, the king commands
Two younger warriors of his native bands
A chariot to prepare; the driver's place
Sophronimus aſſum'd; with tardy pace,
Aſcend the ſage ambaſſadors; before
A lighted torch Aſteropæus bore,
And led the way; the tents, the fields of war,
They paſs'd, and at the gate diſmiſs'd the car.

BOOK V.

Soon as the ſun diſplay'd his orient ray,
And crown'd the mountain tops with early day;
Through ev'ry gate the Theban warriors flow,
Unarm'd, and fearleſs of th' invading foe.
As when, in early ſpring, the ſhepherd ſees
Ruſh from ſome hollow rock a ſtream of bees,
Long in the cliffs, from winter's rage conceal'd,
New to the light, and ſtrangers to the field;
In compaſs wide their mazy flight they ſteer,
Which wings of balmy zephyrs lightly bear
Along the meads, where ſome ſoft river flows,
Or foreſts, where the flow'ry hawthorn blows;

To taſte the early ſpring their courſe they bend,
And lightly with the genial breeze deſcend:
So o'er the heights and plains the Thebans ſpread;
Some, 'midſt the heaps of ſlaughter, ſought their dead;
Others with axes to the woods repair'd,
Fell'd the thick foreſts, and the mountains bar'd.
With like intent the Argive warriors mov'd,
By Theſeus led, whom virgin Pallas lov'd.
Ten thouſand oxen drew the harneſs'd wains,
In droves collected from the neighb'ring plains;
Slow up the mountains move the heavy wheels,
The ſteep aſcent each groaning axle feels:
In ev'ry grove the temper'd axes ſound;
The thick trees crackle, and the caves reſound.
Now to the plain the moving woods deſcend,
Under their weight a thouſand axles bend:
And round the camp, and round the Theban walls,
Heaps roll'd on heaps, the mingled foreſt falls.
Of this the Spartan chief, his native bands,
With ſpeed to rear a lofty pile, commands;
Which for Hegialus, with grateful mind,
Adraſtus' valiant ſon, the chief deſign'd;
Who to his aid, when ev'ry warrior fled,
Repair'd, and for his reſcue greatly bled:
His native bands the hero thus addreſs'd,
While ſighs inceſſant labour'd from his breaſt.
The chief of Argos, warriors! firſt demands
Funereal honours from our grateful hands;
For him this lofty ſtructure is decreed,
And ev'ry rite in order ſhall ſucceed:
His dear remains in my pavilion reſt;
Nor can Adraſtus at the rites aſſiſt;
Who to deſpair and frenzy has reſign'd,
By age and grief ſubdu'd, his generous mind:
The other princes of the army wait
The obſequies to grace, with mournful ſtate.
He ſaid; and to his tent the warriors led,
Where ſtood already deck'd the fun'ral bed:
With Syrian oil bedew'd, the corſe they found
Freſh from the bath, and breathing fragrance round:
For Menelaus, with divided care,
Each rite domeſtic haſten'd to prepare.
Twelve princes to the pile the corſe ſuſtain'd:
The head on Agamemnon's hand reclin'd:
With mournful pomp the ſlow proceſſion mov'd;
For all the hero honour'd and approv'd.
Firſt on the top the fun'ral bed they place;
And next, the ſad ſolemnity to grace,
And gratify the manes of the ſlain,
The blood of ſteeds and bullocks drench'd the plain.
The four fair ſteeds which drew the rapid car,
That bore the hero through the ranks of war,
Their lofty necks the pointed faulchion tore,
With force impell'd, and drew a ſtream of gore:
Three groaning fell; but, fiercer from the ſtroke,
The ſilver reins the fourth with fury broke,
And fled around the field: his ſnowy cheſt,
Was daſh'd with ſtreaming blood, and lofty creſt.
In circles ſtill he wheel'd! at ev'ry round,
Still nearer to the pile himſelf he found;
Till drain'd of life, by blood alone ſupply'd,
Juſt where he felt the blow, he ſunk, and dy'd.

By awe divine ſubdu'd, the warriors ſtand;
And ſilent wonder fixes ev'ry band:
Till thus Atrides: Sure th' immortal gods,
The glorious ſynod of the bleſt abodes,
Approve our rites; the good their favour ſhare,
In death and life the objects of their care.
Atrides thus: and, further to augment
The mournful pomp, the martial goddeſs went
Through all the camp, in Merion's form expreſs'd,
And thus aloud the public ear addreſs'd:
Warriors and friends! on yonder lofty pyre,
Hegialus expects the fun'ral fire:
For ſuch high merit, public tears ſhould flow;
And Greece aſſembled pour a flood of woe.
Now let us all his obſequies attend;
And, with the mournful rites, our ſorrows blend.
Proclaiming thus aloud the goddeſs went;
The army heard; and each forſakes his tent;
Her voice had touch'd their hearts; they mov'd along,
Nations and tribes, an undiſtinguiſh'd throng.
Around the pile the wid'ning circle grows;
As ſpreadin in ſome vale, a deluge flows,
By mountain torrents fed, which ſtretches wide,
And floats the level lands on ev'ry ſide.
Diſtinguiſh'd in the midſt the princes ſtand,
With ſceptres grac'd, the enſigns of command.
Atrides, with ſuperior grief oppreſs'd,
Thus to the fire of gods his pray'r addreſs'd.
Dread ſov'reign, hear! whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey:
From thee the virtue of the hero ſprings;
Thine is the glory and the pow'r of kings.
If e'er by thee, and virgin Pallas, led,
To noble deeds this gen'rous youth was bred:
If love to men, or piety, poſſeſs'd,
With higheſt purpoſe, his undaunted breaſt;
Command the winds in bolder guſts to riſe,
And bear the flames I kindle to the ſkies.
The hero thus; and with the fun'ral brand
The ſtructure touch'd; aſcending from his hand,
Spreads the quick blaze: the ruler of the ſky
Commands; at once the willing tempeſts fly:
Ruſhing in ſtreams inviſible, they came,
Drove the light ſmoke, and rais'd the ſheeted flame.
The favour of the gods the nations own,
And, with their joint applauſe, the hero crown.
From morn till noon the roaring flames aſpire,
And fat of victims added feeds the fire;
Then fall their lofty ſpires, and, ſinking low,
O'er the pale aſhes tremulouſly glow.
With wine, the ſmoke, and burning embers lay'd;
The bones they glean'd, and to a tomb convey'd
Under an oak, which, near the public way,
Invites the ſwains to ſhun the noontide ray.
Now twenty warriors of Atrides' train,
Loaded with treaſure, brought a harneſs'd wain;
Vaſes and tripods in bright order plac'd,
And ſplendid arms with fair devices grac'd:
Theſe for the games the Spartan chief decreed,
The fun'ral games in honour of the dead.
Amid the princes firſt a poliſh'd yew.
Unbent upon the ground the hero threw,
Of work divine; which Cynthius claim'd before,
And Chiron next upon the mountains bore;

His fire the third receiv'd it: now it lies,
For him who fartheſt ſhoots, the deſtin'd prize.
Heroes, approach! Atrides thus aloud,
Stand forth, diſtinguiſh'd from the circling crowd,
Ye, who, by ſkill or manly force, may claim
Your rivals to ſurpaſs, and merit fame.
This bow, worth twenty oxen, is decreed
For him who fartheſt ſends the winged reed:
This bowl, worth eight, ſhall be reſerv'd to grace
The man whoſe merit holds the ſecond place.
He ſpoke. His words the bold Ajaces fir'd;
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aſpir'd;
Teucer for ſhooting fam'd; and Merion ſtrong,
Whoſe force enormous dragg'd a bull along;
Prompt to contend, and rais'd with hope, they ſtood;
Laertes' ſon the laſt forſook the crowd.
Tydides too had join'd them, and obtain'd
Whatever could by ſkill or force be gain'd;
But in his tent, indulging ſad deſpair,
He ſat, ſubdu'd by heart-conſuming care.
Straight in a caſque the equal lots were thrown;
Each hero with his name had mark'd his own:
Theſe, mix'd with care, the chief of Sparta drew;
Idomenëus the firſt he knew:
Teucer with hope inſpir'd, the ſecond claim'd;
The third Oileus, much for ſhooting fam'd:
Next claim'd the wearer of the ſeven-fold ſhield,
Though young in arms, diſtinguiſh'd in the field:
Ulyſſes! then came next, and, laſt of all,
Bold Merion with a ſmile receiv'd his ball.
Preſs'd with incumbent force, the Cretan lord
Strain'd the ſtiff bow, and bent it to the cord;
Then from the full ſtor'd quiver, cloſe with art,
Wing'd for the aerial flight a pointed dart.
Theſeus commands the warriors to divide,
Who crowded thick and preſs'd on ev'ry ſide;
Straight they retire; as, at the word of Jove,
From day's bright face the ſcatt'ring clouds remove;
And through the hoſt appear'd a ſpacious way,
Where woods and fields in diſtant proſpect lay.
With force immenſe, the Cretan monarch drew,
Stretch'd the tough cord, and ſtrain'd the circling yew,
From his firm gripe the ſtarting arrow ſprung,
The ſtiff bow crack'd, the twanging cordage ſung.
Up the light air the hiſſing weapon flies,
Pierces the winds, and ſtreams along the ſkies:
Far to the diſtant plain it ſwiftly drove:
The hoſt ſtood wond'ring as it ruſh'd above:
Deſcending there upon a mount it ſtood:
A depth of ſoil receiv'd the trembling wood.
Applauſe from all, tumultuous ſhouts declare,
By echoes wafted through the trembling air.
Such joy the hero feels, as praiſe inſpires,
And to the circle of the kings retires.
The valiant Teucer next receiv'd the bow,
And to Apollo thus addreſs'd a vow:
Hear me, dread king! whoſe unreſiſted ſway
Controuls the ſun, and rules the courſe of day;
Great patron of the bow! this ſhaft impell;
And hecatombs my gratitude ſhall tell;
Soon as to Salamis our martial pow'rs
Return victorious, from the Theban tow'rs.
He ſaid, and bid the winged arrow fly
It pierc'd the winds, and ſwept a length of ſky;
In compaſs, like the coloured arch, which ſhines
Exalted as the ſetting ſun declines;
From north to ſouth it marks th' ethereal ſpace,
And woods and mountains fill its wide embrace:
Beyond the Cretan ſhaft, it reach'd the plain;
As far before, as now a ſhepherd ſwain,
Hurl'd from a ſling, the ſounding flint can throw,
From his young charge, to drive the deadly crow.
Oilean Ajax next the weapon claim'd,
For ſkill above the reſt, and practice fam'd;
But Phœbus, chief and patron of the art,
Retarded in its flight the winged dart:
For, nor by prayers, nor holy vows, he ſtrove,
Of grateful ſacrifice, the god to move.
Downwards he turn'd it, where a cedar fair
Had ſhot its ſpiring top aloft in air;
Caught in a bough the quiv'ring weapon ſtood,
Nor forc'd a paſſage through the cloſing wood.
Ajax the next appear'd upon the plain,
With ſtrength untaught, and emulous in vain;
With ſinewy arms the ſolid yew he bends;
Near and more near approach the doubling ends:
The arrow ſprung; but erring took its way,
Far to the left, where oozy marſhes lay,
And groves of reeds; where ſlow Iſmenus ſtrays,
And winds, through thickets green, his wat'ry maze.
Abaſh'd the youth, with painful ſteps, retires;
And now Ulyſſes to the prize aſpires.
In ſilence thus the prudent warrior pray'd,
And, in his heart, addreſſed the martial maid:
Great queen of arts! on thee my hopes depend:
With favour to thy ſuppliant's ſuit, attend!
By thee my infant arms were taught to throw
The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow:
Oft on my little hands, immortal maid!
To guide the ſhaft, thy mighty hands were laid:
Now, goddeſs, aid me, while I ſtrive for fame;
Wing the ſwift weapon, and aſſert my claim.
He pray'd. the goddeſs, at his ſuit, deſcends;
And preſent from th' Olympian courts attends.
With force divine his manly limbs ſhe ſtrung,
The bow he ſtrain'd: the ſtarting arrow ſung;
As when the fire of gods, with wrathful hand,
Drives the ſwift lightning and the forked brand,
To waſte the labours of the careful ſwains,
Conſume the mountain flocks, or ſcorch the plains;
With ſudden glare appears the fiery ray;
No thought can trace it through th' ethereal way:
So ſwift thy winged ſhaft, Ulyſſes! flew,
Nor could the following eye its ſpeed purſue.
The flight of Teucer's arrow far ſurpaſs'd,
Upon a rural heath it pitch'd at laſt,
To Ceres built; where ſwains, in early ſpring,
With joy were wont their annual gifts to bring;
When firſt to view, above the furrow'd plain,
With pleaſing verdure, roſe the ſpringing grain.
Through all the hoſt applauding ſhouts reſound;
The hill's repeat them, and the woods around.
The bended bow bold Merion next aſſumes,
A ſhaft ſelects, and ſmooths its purple plumes:
He plac'd it on the ſtring, and bending low,
With all his force collected, ſtrain'd the bow.
Up the light air the ſtarting arrow ſprung;
The tough bow crack'd; the twanging cordage ſung.

Beyond the reach of ſight the weapon drove,
And tow'r'd amid th' ethereal ſpace above:
But as it roſe, a heron croſs'd before,
From inland marſhes ſteering to the ſhore;
Under the wing it reach'd her with a wound;
Screaming, ſhe wheel'd, then tumbled to the ground.
And thus the youth: Illuſtrious chiefs! I claim,
If not the prize, at leaſt ſuperior fame:
Ungovern'd ſtrength alone the arrow ſends:
To hit the mark, the ſhooter's art commends.
In mirthful mood the hero thus addreſs'd;
And all their favour and applauſe expreſs'd.
Ulyſſes! take the bow, Atrides cries,
The ſilver bowl, brave Teucer! be thy prize.
In ev'ry art, my friends! you all excel;
And each deſerves a prize for ſhooting well:
For though the firſt rewards the victor's claim,
Glory ye merit all, and laſting fame.
He ſaid; and pond'ring in his grateful mind,
Diſtinguiſh'd honours for the dead deſign'd.
Warriors of Greece, and valiant aids from far,
Our firm aſſociates in the works of war!
Here from a rock the Theban ſtream deſcends,
And to a lake its ſilver current ſends;
Whoſe ſurface ſmooth, unruffled by the breeze,
The hills inverted ſhows and downward trees:
Ye daring youths! whoſe manly limbs divide
The mountain ſurge, and brave the ruſhing tide;
All ye, whom hopes of victory inſpire,
Stand forth diſtinguiſh'd; let the crowd retire.
This coſtly armour ſhall the youth obtain,
Who comes victorious from the wat'ry plain;
That iſland compaſs'd, where the poplar grows,
And in the lake its wav'ring image ſhows,
Who meaſuring back the liquid ſpace, before
His rivals, ſhall regain the flow'ry ſhore.
This golden bowl is fix'd the ſecond prize,
Eſteem'd alike for faſhion and for ſize.
The hero thus: with thirſt of glory fir'd,
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aſpir'd;
With Sparta's younger chief; Ulyſſes came;
And brave Clearchus emulous of fame,
A wealthy warrior from the Samian ſhore,
In cattle rich, and heaps of precious ore:
Diſtinguiſh'd in the midſt the heroes ſtood,
Eager to plunge into the ſhining flood.
His brother's ardour purpos'd to reſtrain,
Atrides ſtrove, and counſell'd thus in vain:
Deſiſt, my brother! ſhun th' unequal ſtrife;
For late you ſtood upon the verge of life:
No mortal man his vigour can retain,
When flowing wounds have empty'd ev'ry vein.
If now you periſh in the wat'ry way,
Grief upon grief ſhall cloud this mournful day:
Deſiſt, reſpect my counſel, and be wiſe;
Some other Spartan in your place will riſe.
To change his brother's purpoſe, thus he try'd;
But nothing mov'd: the gen'rous youth reply'd:
Brother! in vain you urge me to forbear,
From love and fond affection prompt to fear;
For firm, as e'er before, my limbs remain,
To daſh the fluid waves, or ſcour the plain.
He ſaid, and went before. The heroes move
To the dark covert of a neighb'ring grove;
Which to the bank its ſhady walk extends,
Where mixing with the lake a riv'let ends.
Prompt to contend, their purple robes they looſe,
Their figur'd veſts and gold embroider'd ſhoes;
And through the grove deſcending to the ſtrand,
Along the flow'ry bank in order ſtand.
As when, in ſome fair temple's ſacred ſhrine,
A ſtatue ſtands, expreſs'd by ſkill divine,
Apollo's or the herald powr's, who brings
Jove's mighty mandates on his airy wings;
The form majeſtic awes the bending crowd:
In port and ſtature ſuch, the heroes ſtood.
Starting at once, with equal ſtrokes, they ſweep
The ſmooth expanſe, and ſhoot into the deep;
The Cretan chief, exerting all his force,
His rivals far ſurpaſs'd, and led the courſe;
Behind Atrides, emulous of fame;
Clearchus next, and laſt Ulyſſes came.
And now they meaſur'd back the wat'ry ſpace,
And ſaw from far the limits of the race.
Ulyſſes then with thirſt of glory fir'd,
The Samian left, and to the prize aſpir'd;
Who, emulous, and dreading to be laſt,
With equal ſpeed the Spartan hero paſs'd.
Alarm'd, the Cretan monarch ſtrove, with pain,
His doubtful hopes of conqueſt to maintain;
Exerting ev'ry nerve, his limbs he ply'd,
And wiſhing, from afar the ſhore deſery'd:
For near and nearer ſtill Ulyſſes preſt;
The waves he felt rebounding from his breaſt.
With equal zeal for victory they ſtrove;
When, gliding ſudden from the roofs of Jove,
Pallas approach'd; behind a cloud conceal'd,
Ulyſſes only ſaw her form reveal'd.
Majeſtic by the hero's ſide ſhe ſtood;
Her ſhining ſandals preſs'd the trembling flood.
She whiſper'd ſoft, as when the weſtern breeze
Stirs the thick reeds, or ſhakes the ruſtling trees:
Still ſhall thy ſoul, with endleſs thirſt of fame,
Aſpire to victory, in ev'ry game.
The honours, which from bones and ſinews riſe,
Are lightly valu'd by the good and wiſe:
To envy ſtill they rouſe the human kind;
And oft, than courted, better far declin'd.
To brave Idomeneus yield the race;
Contented to obtain the ſecond place.
The goddeſs thus: while ſtretching to the land,
With joy the Cretan chief approach'd the ſtrand;
Ulyſſes next arriv'd; and, ſpent with toil,
The weary Samian graſp'd the welcome ſoil.
But far behind the Spartan warrior lay,
Fatigu'd, and fainting, in the wat'ry way.
Thrice ſtruggling, from the lake, his head he rear'd;
And thrice, imploring aid, his voice was heard.
The Cretan monarch haſtes the youth to ſave,
And Ithacus again divides the wave;
With force renew'd their manly limbs they ply;
And from their breaſts the whit'ning billows fly.
Full in the midſt a rocky iſle divides
The liquid ſpace, and parts the ſilver tides;
Once cultivated, now with thickets green
O'erſpread, two hillocks, and a vale between.
Here dwelt an aged ſwain; his cottage ſtood
Under the cliffs, encompaſs'd by a wood.
From poverty ſecure, he heard afar,
In peace profound, the tumults of the war.
Mending a net before his rural gate,
From other toils repos'd the peaſant ſat;

When firſt the voice of Menelaus came,
By ev'ning breezes wafted from the ſtream.
Haſt'ning, his ſkiff he loos'd, and ſpread the ſail;
Some preſent god ſupply'd a proſp'rous gale:
For as the Spartan chief, with toil ſubdu'd,
Hopeleſs of life, was ſinking in the flood;
The ſwain approach'd, and in his barge receiv'd
Him ſafe from danger imminent retriev'd.
Upon a willow's trunk Therſites ſat,
Contempt and laughter fated to create,
Where, bending from a hollow bank it hung,
And rooted to the mould'ring ſurface clung;
He ſaw Atrides ſafe; and thus aloud,
With leer malign, addreſs'd the liſt'ning crowd.
Here on the flow'ry turf a hearth ſhall ſtand;
A hecatomb the ſav'ring gods demand,
Who ſav'd Atrides in this dire debate,
And ſnatch'd the hero from the jaws of fate:
Without his aid we all might quit the field;
Ulyſſes, Ajax, and Tydides, yield:
His mighty arm alone the hoſt defends,
But dire diſaſter ſtill the chief attends:
Laſt ſun beheld him vanquiſh'd on the plain;
Then warriors ſav'd him, now a ſhepherd ſwain.
Defend him ſtill from perſecuting fate!
Protect the hero who protects the ſtate;
In martial conflicts watch with prudent fear,
And, when he ſwims, let help be always near!
He ſaid; and, ſcorn and laughter to excite,
His features foul he writh'd, with envious ſpite,
Smiling contempt; and pleas'd his ranc'rous heart
With aiming thus oblique a venom'd dart.
But joy'd not long; for ſoon the faithleſs wood,
Strain'd from the root, reſign'd him to the flood.
Plunging and ſputt'ring as his arms he ſpread,
A load of ſoil came thund'ring on his head,
Slipt from the bank: along the winding ſhore,
With laughter loud he heard the echoes roar,
When from the lake his crooked form he rear'd,
With horror pale, with blotting clay beſmear'd;
Then clamb'ring by the trunk, in ſad diſmay,
Which half immers'd with all its branches lay,
Confounded, to the tents he ſkulk'd along,
Amid the ſhouts and inſults of the throng.
Now cloth'd in public view the heroes ſtand,
With ſceptres grac'd the enſigns of command.
The Cretan monarch, as his prize, aſſumes
The poliſh'd helmet, crown'd with waving plumes,
The ſilver mail, the buckler's weighty round,
Th' embroider'd belt, with golden buckles bound.
The ſecond prize Laertes' ſon receiv'd,
With leſs applauſe from multitudes deceiv'd;
The firſt he could have purchas'd; but declin'd,
And yielded, to the martial maid reſign'd.
Thus they. The Thebans, near the eaſtern gate,
Around their pyres in ſilent ſorrow wait:
Hopeleſs and ſad they mourn'd their heroes ſlain,
The beſt and braveſt on their native plain.
The king himſelf, in deeper ſorrow, mourn'd;
With rage and mingled grief his boſom burn'd.
Like the grim lion, when his offspring ſlain
He ſees, and round him drawn the hunter's train;
Couch'd in the ſhade with fell intent he lies,
And glares upon the foes with burning eyes:
Such Creon ſeem'd: hot indignation drain'd
Grief's wat'ry ſources, and their flow reſtrain'd.
Upon a turret o'er the gate he ſtood,
And ſaw the Argives, like a ſhady wood,
Extended wide; and dreading fraud deſign'd,
Still to the plain his watchful eyes confin'd,
Suſpicious from his hatred, and the pow'r
Of reſtleſs paſſions, which his heart devour:
And when at ev'n's approach the hoſt retir'd,
And from the labours of the day reſpir'd,
Within the walls he drew his martial pow'rs,
And kept with ſtricteſt watch the gates and tow'rs.
Soon as the night poſſeſt th' ethereal plain,
And o'er the nations ſtretch'd her ſilent reign,
The guards were plac'd, and to the gentle ſway
Of ſleep ſubdu'd, the weary warriors lay.
Tydides only wak'd, by anxious care
Diſtracted, ſtill he mourn'd his abſent fair,
Deeming her loſt; his ſlighted counſel mov'd
Laſting reſentment, and the truce approv'd;
Contending paſſions ſhook his mighty frame;
As warring winds impel the ocean's ſtream,
When ſouth and eaſt with mingled rage contend,
And in a tempeſt on the deep deſcend:
Now, ſtretch'd upon the couch, ſupine he lay;
Then, riſing anxious, wiſh'd the morning ray.
Impatient thus, at laſt, his turbid mind,
By various counſels variouſly inclin'd,
The chief addreſt: Or ſhall I now recal
Th' Ætolian warriors from the Theban wall;
Obey the warning by a goddeſs giv'n,
Nor ſlight her counſel dictated from heav'n?
Or ſhall I try, by one deciding blow,
The war at once to end, and cruſh the foe?
This pleaſes moſt; nor ſhall the voice of fame
The daring deed, in after ages, blame.
No truce I ſwore, but ſhunn'd it, and remov'd,
Alone diſſenting while the reſt approv'd.
Soon as the morn, with early light reveal'd,
Has call'd the Theban warriors to the field;
Againſt the town I'll lead my martial pow'rs,
And fire with flaming brands her hated tow'rs:
The bane of Greece, whence dire debate aroſe
To bid the peaceful nations firſt be foes;
Where Tydeus fell, and many heroes more,
Baniſh'd untimely to the Stygian ſhore.
The public voice of Greece for vengeance calls;
And ſhall applaud the ſtroke by which ſhe falls.
He purpos'd: but the gods, who honour right,
Deny'd to treaſon what is due to might.
When from the eaſt appear'd the morning fair,
The Theban warriors to the woods repair,
Fearleſs, unarm'd; with many a harneſs'd wain,
The woody heights were crowded and the plain.
Tydides ſaw; and, iſſuing from his tent,
In arms complete, to call his warriors, went.
Their leader's martial voice the ſoldiers heard
Each in his tent, and at the call appear'd
In ſhining arms. Deiphobus began,
For virtue fam'd, a venerable man.
Him Tydeus lov'd; and in his faithful hand
Had plac'd the ſceptre of ſupreme command,
To rule the ſtate; when, from his native tow'rs,
To Thebes the hero led his martial pow'rs;
His ſon, an infant, to his care reſign'd,
With ſage advice to form his tender mind.
The hero thus: Illuſtrious chief! declare
What you intend, and whither point the war.

The truce commenc'd, you cannot, and be juſt,
The Thebans now aſſault, who freely truſt
To public faith engag'd: unarm'd they go
Far through the woods and plains, nor fear a foe.
His leader's purpoſe thus the warrior try'd;
And, inly vex'd, Tydides thus reply'd:
Father! thy words from ignorance proceed;
The truce I ſwore not, nor approv'd the deed.
The reſt are bound, and therefore muſt remain
Ling'ring inactive on this hoſtile plain.
The works of war abandon'd, let them ſhed
Their unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead:
Or aim the dart, or hurl the diſk in air;
Some paltry preſents ſhall the victor ſhare.
Warriors we came, in nobler ſtrifes to dare;
To fight and conquer in the liſts of war;
To conquer Thebes: and Jove himſelf ordains,
With wreaths of triumph, to reward our pains.
Wide to receive us ſtand the Theban gates;
A ſpacious entry, open'd by the fates,
To take deſtruction in; their turrets ſtand
Defenceleſs, and expect the flaming brand.
Now let us ſnatch th' occaſion while we may,
Years waſte in vain, and periſh by delay,
That Thebes o'erthrown, our tedious toils may ceaſe,
And we behold our native walls in peace.
Tydides thus: the ancient warrior burns
With indignation juſt, and thus returns:
O ſon! unworthy of th' illuſtrious line
From which you ſpring: your ſire's reproach and mine!
Did I e'er teach you juſtice to diſclaim;
And ſteal, by treachery, diſhoneſt fame?
The truce ſubſiſts with all the reſt; are we
Alone excepted, unengag'd and free?
Why, warriors! do not then theſe hoſtile tow'rs,
Againſt us ſend at once their martial pow'rs?
And are we ſafe but that the treaty ſtands,
And from unequal force protects our bands?
In this our foes confide; the dead they burn,
And mix with tears their aſhes in the urn.
Their tow'rs defenceleſs, and their gates unbarr'd,
Shall we with wrongs their confidence reward?
No; though each warrior of this num'rous band
Should yield to execute what you command;
Yet would not I, obedient to thy will,
Blot my long labours with a deed ſo ill.
Whatever hard or dang'rous you propoſe,
Though old and weak, I ſhun not, nor oppoſe:
But what the gods command us to forbear,
The prudent will avoid, the braveſt fear.
He ſaid; and to the ground his buckler flung;
On the hard ſoil the brazen orbit rung:
The reſt approving, drop upon the field
His pond'rous jav'lin, each, and ſhining ſhield.
The warlike ſon of Tydeus ſtraight reſign'd,
To dire diſorder, all his mighty mind,
And ſudden wrath; as when the troubled air,
From kindled lightning ſhines with fiery glare:
With fury ſo inflam'd, the hero burn'd,
And frowning to Deiphobus return'd:
I know thee, wretch! and mark thy conſtant aim,
To teach the hoſt their leader thus to blame.
Long have I borne your pride, your reverend age,
A guardian's name, ſuppreſs'd my kindling rage:
But to protect your inſolence, no more
Shall theſe avail, and ſcreen it as before.
He ſaid; and more his fury to provoke,
Replying thus, the aged warrior ſpoke:
Vain youth! unmov'd thy angry threats I hear;
When tyrants threaten, ſlaves alone ſhould fear:
To me is ev'ry ſervile part unknown,
To glory in a ſmile, or fear a frown.
Your mighty ſire I knew by counſel rul'd;
His fierceſt tranſports lower reaſon cool'd.
But wild and lawleſs, like the ſtormy wind,
The ſport of paſſion, impotent and blind,
The deſp'rate paths of folly you purſue,
And ſcorn inſtruction with a lofty brow:
Yet know, proud prince! my purpoſe I retain,
And ſee thy threat'ning eye-balls roll in vain:
Never, obſequious to thy mad command,
Againſt the foe I lift a hoſtile hand;
Till, righteouſly fulfill'd, the truce expires
Which heav'n has witneſs'd and the ſacred fires.
He ſaid; and, by his ſharp reproaches ſtung,
With ſudden hand, his lance the hero flung:
Too ſure the aim; his faithful friend it ſound,
And open'd in his ſide a deadly wound:
Stagg'ring he fell; and, on the verge of death,
In words like theſe reſign'd his parting breath:
O Diomed, my ſon! for thee I fear:
Sure heav'n is angry, and its vengeance near:
For whom the gods diſtinguiſh by their hate,
Themſelves are made the miniſters of fate;
For from their ſide, the deſtin'd victims drive
Their friends intent to ſuccour and retrieve.
Ere yet their vengeance falls, the pow'rs invoke,
While unafflicted hangs the fatal ſtroke;
And rule the tranſports of your wrath, leſt fear
Make ſound advice a ſtranger to your ear.
Speaking he dy'd; his gen'rous ſpirit fled
To mix with heroes in th' Elyſian ſhade.
Amaz'd, at firſt, th' Ætolian warriors ſtood;
No voice, no action, through the wond'ring crowd;
Silent they ſtood, like rows of foreſt trees,
When Jove's dread thunder quells the ſummer breeze:
But ſoon on ev'ry ſide a tumult roſe,
Loud as the ocean when a tempeſt blows:
Diſorder wild the mingling ranks confounds,
The voice of ſorrow mix'd with angry ſounds.
On ev'ry ſide againſt the chief appears
A brazen bulwark, rais'd of ſhields and ſpears,
Faſt cloſing round. But from his thigh he drew
His ſhining blade, and on the phalanx flew;
With geſture fierce the threat'ning ſteel he wav'd;
But check'd its fury, and the people ſav'd:
As the good ſhepherd ſpares his tender flock,
And lightens, when he ſtrikes, the failing crook.
The crowd dividing, ſhunn'd the hero's ire;
As from a lion's rage the ſwains retire,
When dreadful o'er the mangled prey he ſtands,
By brandiſh'd darts unaw'd and flaming brands.
And now the flame of ſudden rage ſuppreſt,
Remorſe and ſorrow ſtung the hero's breaſt.
Diſtracted through the ſcattering crowd he went,
And ſought the dark receſſes of his tent;
He enter'd, but the menial ſervants, bred
To wait his coming, ſtraight with horror fled.
Againſt the ground he dath'd his bloody dart;
And utter'd thus the ſwellings of his heart:

Why fly my warriors? why the menial train,
Who joy'd before to meet me from the plain,
Why ſhun they now their lord's approach, nor bring,
To waſh my bloody hands, the cleanſing ſpring?
Too well, alas! my fatal rage they know,
To them more dreadful now than to the foe;
No enemy, alas! this ſpear has ſtain'd,
With hoſtile gore in glorious battle drain'd:
My guardian's blood it ſhows, whoſe hoary hairs
Still watch'd my welfare with a father's cares.
Thou Pow'r ſupreme! whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
If wiſe and good, why did thy hand impart
So fierce an impulſe to this bounding heart?
By fury rul'd, and impotent of mind,
No awe reſtrains me, and no tie can bind:
Hence, by the madneſs of my rage o'erthrown,
My father's friend lies murder'd, and my own.
He ſaid; and, yielding to his fierce deſpair,
With both his hands he rent his rooted hair;
And, where his locks in ſhining ringlets grew,
A load of aſhes from the hearth he threw,
Rolling in duſt: but now around the ſlain
His warriors ſtood, aſſembled on the plain;
For total inſurrection ripe they ſtood;
Their angry murmurs roſe to tumult loud.
Ulyſſes ſoon the dire diſorder heard,
And preſent to explore the cauſe appear'd:
The hero came, and, 'midſt the warriors, found
Deiphobus extended on the ground.
A flood of ſorrow ſtarted to his eyes,
But ſoon he check'd each ſymptom of ſurpriſe
With prudent care, while preſſing round the chief
Each ſtrove to ſpeak the univerſal grief:
Their mingled ſpears in wild diſorder ſhook,
Like the ſharp reeds along ſome winding brook,
When through the leafleſs woods the north wind blows,
Parent of ice and thick deſcending ſnows:
Now fell revenge had bath'd in ſtreams of blood,
And pow'r in vain her deſp'rate courſe withſtood:
But Ithacus, well ſkill'd in ev'ry art
To fix or change each purpoſe of the heart,
Their ſtern decrees by ſoft perſuaſion broke,
And anſw'ring, thus with prudent purpoſe ſpoke:
Warriors! your gen'rous rage approve I muſt;
Dire was the deed, the purpos'd vengeance juſt:
But, when the kings in full aſſembly ſit,
To them the crime and puniſhment commit:
For raſh procedure wrongs the faireſt cauſe,
And private juſtice ſtill inſults the laws.
Now to your tents your ſhields and lances bear:
Theſeus expects us, and the hour is near:
The altars flame, the prieſts in order ſtand,
With ſacrifice, to hallow ev'ry band:
But to the covert of a tent convey,
Sav'd from the ſcorching winds and ſolar ray,
Theſe dear remains; till Theſeus has decreed
Diſtinguiſh'd obſequies to grace the dead.
The hero thus; and from his ſhoulders threw
The regal cloak of gold, and ſhining blue,
Which o'er the ſlain with prudent care he ſpread,
His ghaſtly features from the crowd to ſhade.
Thrice to his eyes a flood of ſorrow came;
Thrice on the brink he check'd the guſhing ſtream
In act to flow; his riſing ſighs ſuppreſt;
Patient of grief, he lock'd it in his breaſt.

BOOK VI.

To ſad deſpair th' Ætolian chief reſign'd,
And dire remorſe, which ſtung his tortur'd mind,
From early dawn in duſt extended lay,
By all abandon'd till the ſetting ray.
'Twas then Caſſandra came; and, at the door,
Thrice call'd her lord: he ſtarted from the floor:
In ſullen majeſty his chair of ſtate,
Full in the midſt oppoſed to the gate,
The hero preſs'd: the anxious maid drew near,
By love excited, and reſtrain'd by fear:
Trembling before the chief ſhe ſtood, and held
A bowl of wine with temp'ring mixtures quell'd;
The fragrant juice which ſam'd Theſprotia yields,
The vintage of her cliffs and ſunny fields.
And thus: Dread lord! reject not with diſdain
A preſent offer'd by a humble ſwain.
This bowl receive, of gentle force to charm
Diſtreſs, and of its rigour grief diſarm.
How vain to grieve for ever for the paſt!
No hour recals the actions of the laſt:
Nor groans, nor ſighs, nor ſtreams of ſorrow ſhed,
From their long ſlumber can awake the dead.
When death's ſtern pow'r his iron ſceptre lays
On the cold lips, the vital ſpirit ſtrays
To worlds unknown: nor can the dead perceive
The tears of friends or lovers when they grieve.
To ſooth his paſſion, thus the virgin try'd;
With wonder thus th' Ætolian chief reply'd:
Say who you are, who thus approach my ſeat,
Unaw'd by good Deiphobus's fate?
When all avoid my preſence, nor appear,
By indignation baniſh'd, or by fear.
What is thy name? what deed of mine could bind
To friendſhip ſo unchang'd thy conſtant mind;
Still to ſurvive the horror of a crime,
Whoſe colour blots the regiſters of time?
The hero thus: Caſſandra thus replies:
Iphicles is my name; my country lies
Where Antirrihum's rocky ſhores divide,
Extended in the deep th' Ionian tide.
There dwells my ſire, poſſeſt of ample ſtore,
In flocks and herds, and gold's refulgent ore.
Oeneus his name: his veſſels on the main,
From rich Heſperia waft him yearly gain,
And that ſam'd land, whoſe promontories run
Far to the weſt, beneath the ſetting ſun;
Where ev'ry cliff with veins of ſilver gleams,
And ſands of gold lie glitt'ring in the ſtreams.

In Hymen's sacred ties two sons he bred,
Me, and my valiant brother Lycomed.
The youngest I was charg'd his flocks to keep:
My brother rul'd his galleys on the deep.
Once as he left Iberia's wealthy shore,
With Bœtic fleeces fraught and precious ore;
Phœnician pirates waited on the strand,
Where high Pachynus stretches from the land;
In that fam'd isle where Ætna lifts his spires,
With smoke obscure, and blows his sulph'rous fires.
Behind the cliffs conceal'd, the treach'rous band
Waited the Greeks, descending on the strand:
My brother there with twenty youths they slew;
Their sudden arrows from an ambush flew.
Dire was the deed: and still my sorrows stream,
Whene'er that argument of woe I name,
And grief prevails; but in your presence most;
You still recal the brother whom I lost:
For such he was in lineaments of face,
In martial stature, and majestic grace;
Though less in all; in form inferior far;
And still, though valiant, less in works of war.
Hence, deeply rooted in my constant heart,
You challenge, as your own, a brother's part:
And I alone, of all the host, remain
To share your grief and suffer in your pain.
Thus by an artful tale, the virgin strove
To shun discov'ry, and conceal her love.
Yet still her looks, her gestures, all express'd
The maid; her love in blushes stood confess'd.
Tydides saw; and quickly, to his thought,
Each circumstance the fair Cassandra brought.
Silent he sat; and fix'd in deep surprise,
Her flushing features mark'd and downcast eyes.
He thus reply'd: The native truth reveal,
And, what I ask you, hope not to conceal.
Or shall I credit what you now have said,
Oenens your sire, your brother Lycomed?
Or art thou she, whose beauty first did move,
Within my peaceful breast, the rage of love?
With look and voice severe the hero spoke.
Aw'd and abash'd, the confcious virgin shook;
She drop the silver goblet on the ground;
The fragrant liquor drench'd the pavement round.
And thus Tydides with a frown address'd:
Thy art is useless, and the truth confess'd;
Nor can that fair disguise of martial arms,
And male attire, conceal thy fatal charms.
Those eyes I see, whose soft enchantment stole
My peace, and stir'd a tempest in my soul:
By their mild light, in innocence array'd,
To guilty madness was my heart betray'd.
Deiphobus is dead; his mournful ghost,
Lamenting, wanders on the Stygian coast,
And blames my wrath. Oh! that the sun which gave
Light to thy birth, had set upon thy grave;
And he had liv'd! now lifeless on the plain
A corse he lies, and number'd with the slain.
The hero ended thus; with melting eye,
The virgin turn'd, unable to reply.
In sorrow graceful, as the queen of love
Who mourn'd Adonis in the Syrian grove,
Confounded and abash'd, she left the tent,
And through the host in silent anguish went,
Far to the left; where, in a lonely wood,
To Ceres built, a rural temple stood;
By swains frequented once, but now the place
Unsightly shrubs o'erspread and weeds disgrace.
Thither Cassandra went; and at the shrine,
With suppliant voice address'd the pow'r divine:
Hear me, dread genius of this sacred grove!
Let my complaints thy sov'reign pity move;
To seek the friendly shelter of thy dome,
With heart unstain'd, and guiltless hands, I come:
Love is my crime; and, in thy rural seat,
From infamy I seek a safe retreat.
By blame unmerited, and cold neglect,
Banish'd I come; receive me, and protect!
She pray'd; and, ent'ring, 'gainst a pillar staid
Her lance, and on the floor her armour laid.
Then falling prostrate pour'd a flood of tears,
With present ills oppress'd, and future fears.
'Twas then the herald of the queen of love,
Zeletypé, descended in the grove,
By Venus sent; but still her counsels fail'd;
And Pallas with superior sway prevail'd:
The phantom enter'd, and assum'd a form,
Pale as the moon appearing through a storm;
In Amyclea's shape disguis'd she came;
The same her aspect, and her voice the same.
Cassandra saw; a sudden horror froze
Her veins; erect her parted locks arose,
Stirr'd from the root: impatient thus the maid,
With trembling lips, in fault'ring accents, said:
My lov'd, my honour'd parent! have my groans,
From death's deep slumber, rous'd thy sacred bones:
I hop'd that nothing could your peace molest,
Nor mortal cares disturb eternal rest;
That, safe for ever on th' Elysian shore,
You heard of human misery no more.
Cassandra thus: and thus the Paphian maid:
Your gen'rous love, my child, is ill repaid;
Your griefs I feel, and bear a parent's part,
Though blood no more returns to warm my heart:
And that, which first your mortal being bred,
To dust lies mould'ring, in its earthy bed.
To Calydon, my child, with speed return;
Your father grieves, your gay companions mourn;
He deems you lost, and desp'rate of his state,
By grief subdu'd, invokes his ling'ring fate:
Incessant tears bedew his wrinkled face,
And ashes foul his hoary locks disgrace.
Return, return! nor let misjudging pride,
With further errors, strive the past to hide.
Return, once more to bless his aged eyes,
Or, by your guilty stay a parent dies.
She ended thus. Her arms Cassandra spread
To fold, in close embrace, the parting shade;
In vain; for, starting from her grasp, it flew,
And, gliding through the shady walks, withdrew.
The virgin now awaits the rising morn,
With purpose fix'd impatient to return:
And when, through broken clouds, a glimm'ring ray
Of early dawn foretold approaching day;
The spear she grasp'd, and on her temples plac'd
The golden casque, with various plumage grac'd;
Tydides' gift; when in the ranks of fight
The brave Clytander sunk beneath his might.
The gods she call'd; and, bending to the ground,
Their aid invok'd with reverence profound.

Then left the dome ; and where Ismenus strays,
Winding through thickest woods his wat'ry maze,
Her way pursu'd ; a hostile band drew near ;
Their tread she heard, and saw their armour clear,
Chief of the Theban youth; the herds they drove,
And flocks collected from the hills above.
For thus the Paphian goddess had betray'd,
To hands of cruel foes, the guiltless maid.
By sudden terror check'd, at first she stood ;
Then turn'd, and sought the covert of the wood ;
Nor so escap'd : her glitt'ring armour shone,
The starry helmet, and the lofty cone,
Full to the glowing east ; its golden rays
Her winding flight betray'd through all its maze
The Thebans saw ; and, rushing 'midst the shade
With shouts of triumph, seiz'd the trembling maid.
Amaz'd and pale, before the hostile band,
She stood; and dropp'd the jav'lin from her hand:
Spare my life ! she cry'd, nor wealth, nor fame
To purchase in the works of war, I came.
To hate to you I bear, or Creon's sway,
Whose sov'reign will the sons of Thebes obey :
Me, hapless friendship hither led, to share,
With Diomed, the dangers of the war.
Now return and quit the martial strife,
Ly sire to succour on the verge of life ;
Who crush'd beneath a load of sorrow bends,
And to the grave, with painful steps, descends.
At if the plea of pity you reject,
The stronger ties of equity respect :
truce we swore; Jove witnesses the deed;
n him who breaks it, vengeance will succeed.
Thus as the virgin spoke, Phericles ey'd
Her arms she wore ; and sternly thus reply'd:
-fated wretch! that panoply to wear:
Me fame my brother once in fight did bear;
Whom fierce Tydides, with superior might,
Overthrew and vanquish'd in the ranks of fight.
With his foe my brother's spoils you shar'd,
A mark of love, or merited reward ;
Spare to yield them and resign thy breath ;
O vengeance due: Clytander claims thy death.
Frowning he spoke, and drew his shining blade ;
Beneath the lifted steel, th' unhappy maid
Confounded stoop'd: Menœtius caught the stroke
On his broad shield : and, interposing, spoke :
Have youth! respect my counsel, and suspend
The sudden vengeance which you now intend.
The chiefs of Thebes, the rulers of the state,
In full assembly, at the Cadmean gate,
Monument for great Leophron rear;
Is name, atchievements, and descent to bear.
Either let this devoted youth be led,
To off'ring grateful to the hero's shade :
Or shall Clytander less the deed approve ;
A friendly zeal applaud, and feel our love ;
Then f me shall tell, in Pluto's gloomy reign,
How stern Tydides mourns this warrior slain.
Thus ignorantly they ; nor knew the peace
Of happy patriots, when their labours cease ;
Nat fell revenge and life consuming hate
Had no admittance to molest their state.
And now they led the captive cross the plain ;
Force could her trembling knees their load sustain;

Thrice had her fault'ring tongue her sex reveal'd,
But conscious shame oppos'd it and conceal'd.
Their monarch at the Cadmean gate they found,
In mournful state, with all his peers around.
Oblations to Leophron's mighty shade,
In honey, milk, and fragrant wines they paid.
And thus Lycaon's son address'd the king :
A grateful off'ring to your rites we bring.
This youth, the friend of Diomed, we found
Clad in the armour which Clytander own'd ;
My brother's spoils, by Diomed possess'd.
When his keen jav'lin pierc'd the hero's breast.
Soon had my rage the hostile deed repaid,
With vengeance grateful to his kindred shade ;
But public griefs the first atonements claim,
And he ces of a more distinguish'd name.
Leophron, once his country's pride and boast ;
Andremon too, the bulwark of the host,
His blood demands ; for when their souls shall know
The sweet revenge, in Pluto's shades below,
Pleas'd with our zeal, will each illustrious ghost,
With lighter footsteps, press th' Elysian coast.
He spoke ; the princes all at once incline ;
The rest, with shouts, applaud the dire design.
An altar soon of flow'ry turf they raise :
On ev'ry side the sacred torches blaze
The bowls, in shining order, plac'd around ;
The fatal knife was whetted for the wound.
Decreed to perish, stood the helpless fair ;
Like some soft fawn, when, in the hunter's snare
Involv'd, she sees him from his seat arise,
His brandish'd truncheon dreads, and hears his cries ;
Silent she stands, to barb'rous force resign'd,
In anguish soft, dissolv'd her tender mind.
The priests in order ev'ry rite prepar'd ;
Her neck and bosom, for the blow, they bar'd ;
The helmet loos'd, the buckled mail unbound,
Whose shining circles fenc'd her neck around.
Down sunk the fair disguise ; and full to sight
The virgin stood, with charms divinely bright.
The comely ringlets of her flowing hair,
Such as the wood-nymphs wear, and naiads fair,
Hung loose ; her middle by a zone embrac'd,
Which fix'd the floating garment round her waist.
Venus herself divine effulgence shed
O'er all her stature, and her lovely head ;
Such as in spring the colour'd blossoms show,
When on their op'ning leaves the zephyrs blow :
Amazement seiz'd the chiefs ; and all around,
With murmurs mix'd the wond'ring crowds resound.
Most vote to spare : the angry monarch cries :
Ye ministers, proceed ! the captive dies.
Shall any here, by weak compassion mov'd,
A captive spare by stern Tydides lov'd ?
The scourge of Thebes, whose wide-destroying hand
Has thinn'd our armies in their native land,
And slain my son : by all the gods I swear,
Whose names, to cite in vain, the nations fear,
That none he loves, shall ever 'scape my rage :
The vulgar plea I scorn, of sex, or age.
Ev'n she, who now appears with ev'ry grace
Adorn'd, each charm of stature and of face ;

Ev'n though from Venus she could claim the prize,
Her life to vengeance forfeited, she dies.
Sternly the monarch ended. All were still,
With mute submission to the sov'reign will.
Lycaon's valiant son except; alone
His gen'rous ardour thus oppos'd the throne:
Dread sov'reign! listen with a patient ear,
And what I now shall offer, deign to hear.
When first by force we seiz'd this captive maid,
The truce was vi'lated, our faith betray'd;
And justice, which, in war and peace, prevails
Alike, and weighs their deeds with equal scales,
Her freedom claims, with presents to atone
For what our rage perfidiously has done:
Let us not, now, to further wrongs proceed;
But fear the curse for perjury decreed.
Phericles thus: and, with a stern regard,
His indignation thus the king declar'd:
Vain giddy youth! forbear, with factious breath,
To rouse my justice to pronounce thy death:
In opposition, first of all you move,
While others hear in silence, and approve.
Your bold presumption check, and learn to dread
My vengeance thunder'd on your wretched head.
Frowning he ended thus: his threats defy'd,
With gen'rous heat Phericles thus reply'd:
Princes! attend, and trust my words sincere;
The king I honour, and his will revere,
When truth gives sanction to his just commands,
Nor common right in opposition stands:
Yet gen'rous minds a principle retain,
Which promises and threats attempt in vain,
Which claims dominion, by the gods impress,
The love of justice in the human breast:
By this inspir'd, against superior might,
I rise undaunted in the cause of right.
And now, by all th' avenging gods I swear,
Whose names, to cite in vain, the nations fear;
That no bold warrior of the Theban bands,
This maid shall violate with hostile hands;
While these my arms have force the lance to
wield,
And lift in her defence this pond'rous shield,
Not ev'n the king himself, whose sov'reign sway
The martial sons of sacred Thebes obey.
He said: and, by his bold example fir'd,
Twelve warriors rose, with equal zeal inspir'd.
With shining steel the altar they surround,
The fire now flaming, and the victim crown'd.
On ev'ry side in wild disorder move
The thick compacted crowds; as when a grove,
Rock'd by a sudden whirlwind, bends and strains,
From right to left, along the woodland plains:
Fell discord soon had rag'd, in civil blood,
With wide destruction not to be withstood;
For from his seat the angry monarch sprung,
And lifted, for the blow, the sceptre hung:
But 'midst the tumult, Clytophon appear'd,
Approv'd for wisdom, and with rev'rence heard.
Straight, by the robe, the furious chief he seiz'd,
And thus, with sage advice, his wrath appeas'd:
Hear, mighty prince! respect the words of age,
And calm the wasteful tempest of thy rage;
The public welfare to revenge prefer,
For nations suffer when their sov'reigns err.
It ill becomes us now, when hostile pow'rs
With strictest siege invest our straiten'd tow'rs;
It ill becomes us thus, thus with civil arms,
To wound the state, and aggravate our harms.
Hear, all ye princes! what to me appears
A prudent counsel, worthy of your ears:
Let us inquire, if in our hands we hold
A life esteem'd by Dionied the bold:
If, in his breast, those tender passions reign,
Which charms like these must kindle and main
tain;
Our mandates freely to his tent we send,
For to our will his haughty soul must bend:
Nor dares he, while the Theban walls enclose
A pledge so dear, invade us or oppose;
But must submit, whenever we require,
Or with his pow'rs to aid us, or retire.
He said; the monarch painfully suppress'd
His burning rage, and lock'd it in his breast.
He thus reply'd: Thy prudent words inspire
Pacific counsels, and subdue mine ire:
But if in peace I rul'd the Theban state,
Nor hostile armies thunder'd at my gate;
They had not dar'd, with insolence and spite,
My purpose to oppose and scorn my might.
He said, and to his seat again retir'd;
While sudden transport ev'ry breast inspir'd;
As swains rejoice, when, from the troubled skies
By breezes swept, a gather'd tempest flies;
With wish'd return the sun exerts his beams,
To cheer the woods and gild the shining stream
Meanwhile, the son of Tydeus, through th
plain,
With wishing eyes, Cassandra sought in vain;
At ev'ry leader of the bands inquir'd;
Then, sad and hopeless, to his tent retir'd.
'Twas then his grief the bounds of silence broke
And thus in secret to himself he spoke:
Me sure, of all mens sons, the gods have curs'd
With their chief plagues, the greatest and t
worst:
Doom'd to disasters, from my earliest hour;
Not wise to shun, nor patient to endure.
From me the source, unnumber'd ills proceed
To all my friends; Deiphobus is dead!
His soul excluded, seeks the nether skies,
And wrong'd Cassandra from my presence flies.
Me surely, at my birth, the gods design'd
Their rod of wrath, to scourge the human kind:
For slaughter form'd, with brutal fury brave,
Prompt to destroy, but impotent to save.
How could my madness blame thee, gen'ro
maid!
And, with my crime, thy innocence upbraid!
Deiphobus is fall'n! but not by thee;
Thy only fault, alas! was love to me:
For this, in plated steel thy limbs were dress'd,
A weighty shield thy tender arm oppress'd:
For this thou didst to hostile fields repair,
And court such objects as distract the fair;
Patient above thy sex! an ill reward,
Blame and unjust reproach, was all you shar'd.
By my unkindness banish'd, now you roam,
And seek, through paths unknown, your distа
home:
To mountain wolves expos'd, a helpless prey,
And men unjust, more terrible than they.
Save her, ye gods! and let me stand the aim
Of Jove's all-dreaded bolt, and scorching flame.

hus plain'd the hero till the ſetting ray
W hdrew, and ev'ning ſhades expell'd the day;
Th n in his tent, before his lofty ſeat,
Appear'd a herald from the Theban ſtate;
The hero's knees, with trembling hands, he
preſs'd,
And with his meſſage thus the chief addreſs'd:
Hear, mighty prince! the tidings which I bring,
From Thebes aſſembled, and the Theban king.
An armed warrior of your native train,
At early dawn, was ſeiz'd upon the plain.
What others did, forgive, if I relate;
Creon commands me and the Theban ſtate.
A fairer youth, in martial arms, ne'er came
To court bright honour in the fields of fame.
A caſque of poliſh'd ſteel his temples preſs'd,
The golden cone with various plumage dreſs'd;
A ſilver mail embrac'd his body round,
And greaves of braſs his ſlender ancles bound:
To Thebes well-known the panoply he wore,
The ſame, which once, renown'd Clytander bore.
Our warriors dragg'd him to the Cadmean gate,
Where Creon, with the rulers of the ſtate,
Aſſembled ſat; the trembling captive ſtood,
With arms ſurrounded, and th' inſulting crowd.
O ſpare my life! he cry'd, nor wealth nor fame
To purchaſe in the works of war, I came.
No hate to you, I bear, or Creon's ſway,
Whoſe ſov'reign will the ſons of Thebes obey.
Me luckleſs friendſhip hither led, to ſhare,
With Diomed, the dangers of the war.
I now return, and quit the martial ſtrife,
My ſire to ſuccour on the verge of life;
Whoſe feeble age the preſent aid demands,
And kind aſſiſtance of my filial hands.
His words inclin'd the wiſeſt and the beſt,
And ſome their gen'rous ſympathy expreſs'd:
But others, nothing mov'd, his guiltleſs head
With threats demanded, to avenge the dead:
And thus the king: My countrymen, attend!
In this, let all your loud contention end:
If Diomed, to ſave this valu'd life,
The field abandons and the martial ſtrife;
The captive ſafe, with preſents, I'll reſtore,
Of braſs, and ſteel, and gold's refulgent ore:
But if theſe terms the haughty chief ſhall ſlight,
And for the Argives ſtill exert his might;
Before our heroes' tombs, this youth ſhall bleed,
To pleaſe the living, and avenge the dead.
His ſentence all approv'd; and to your ear,
As public herald, I the meſſage bear;
And muſt your anſwer crave, without delay;
Creon and Thebes already blame my ſtay.
Thus as he ſpoke, contending paſſions ſtrove,
With force oppos'd, the hero's ſoul to move;
As ſhifting winds impel the ocean's tide,
And ſway the reeling waves from ſide to ſide:
Rage dictated revenge; but tender fear,
From love and pity, warn'd him to forbear:
Fill, like a lion, fiercer from his pain,
Theſe wordsbroke forth in wrath and high diſdain:
Go, tell your tyrant, that he tempts a ſoul,
Which preſents cannot win, nor threats controul:
Not form'd, like his, to mock at ev'ry tie;
With perjury to ſport, and heav'n defy.
A common league the Argive warriors ſwore,
And ſeal'd the ſacred tie with wine and gore:
My faith was plighted then, and ne'er ſhall fail,
Nor Creon's arts, to change me, aught avail.
But tell him loud, that all the hoſt may hear,
And Thebes through all her warriors learn to fear;
If any, from himſelf, or by command,
The captive violates with hoſtile hand;
That all ſhall quickly rue the guilty deed,
When, to requite it, multitudes ſhall bleed.
Sternly the hero ended, and reſign'd,
To fierce diſorder, all his mighty mind.
Already in his thoughts, with vengeful hands,
He dealt deſtruction 'midſt the Theban bands,
In fancy ſaw the tott'ring turrets fall,
And led his warriors o'er the levell'd wall.
Rous'd with the thought, from his high ſeat he
ſprung:
And graſp'd the ſword, which on a column hung;
The ſhining blade he balanc'd thrice in air;
His lances next he view'd and armour fair.
When, hanging 'midſt the coſtly panoply,
A ſcarf embroider'd met the hero's eye,
Which fair Caſſandra's ſkilful hands had wrought;
A preſent for her lord, in ſecret brought,
That day, when firſt he led his martial train
In arms to combat on the Theban plain.
As ſome ſtrong charm, which magic ſounds com-
poſe,
Suſpends a downward torrent as it flows;
Checks in the precipice its headlong courſe,
And calls it trembling upwards to its ſource:
Such ſeem'd the robe, which, to the hero's eyes,
Made the fair artiſt in her charms to riſe.
His rage, ſuſpended in its full career,
To love reſigns, to grief and tender fear.
Glad would he now his former words revoke,
And change the purpoſe which in wrath he
ſpoke;
From hoſtile hands his captive fair to gain,
From fate to ſave her, or the ſervile chain:
But pride, and ſhame, the fond deſign ſuppreſt;
Silent he ſtood, and lock'd it in his breaſt.
Yet had the wary Theban well divin'd,
By ſymptoms ſure, each motion of his mind:
With joy he ſaw the heat of rage ſuppreſs'd;
And thus again his artful words addreſs'd:
Illuſtrious prince! with patience bend thine ear,
And what I now ſhall offer, deign to hear.
Of all the griefs, diſtreſsful mortals prove,
The woes of friendſhip moſt my pity move.
You much I pity, and the youth regret,
Whom you too rigidly reſign to fate;
Expos'd, alone, no hope of comfort near,
The ſcorn and cruelty of foes to bear.
O that my timely counſel might avail,
For love, and ſympathy, to turn the ſcale!
That Thebes releas'd from thy devouring ſword,
The captive honour'd, and with gifts reſtor'd,
We yet might hope for peace, and you again
Enjoy the bleſſings of your native reign.
Inſinuating thus, the herald try'd
His aim to compaſs; and the chief reply'd:
In vain you ſtrive to ſway my conſtant mind;
I'll not depart while Theſeus ſtays behind:
Me nothing e'er, to change my faith, ſhall move,
By men atteſted, and the gods above:
But ſince your lawleſs tyrant has detain'd
A valu'd hoſtage, treacherouſly gain'd;

And dire injuſtice only will reſtore
When force compels, or preſſet'd gifts implore:
A truce I grant, till the revolving ſun,
Twice ten full circuits of his journey run,
From the red ocean, paints the morning ſky,
And on the ſteps of darkneſs pours the day:
Till then, from fight and council I abſtain,
Nor lead my pow'rs to combat on the plain:
For this, your monarch to my tent ſhall ſend
The captive, and from injuries defend.
This preſſer is my laſt; in vain will prove
All your attempts my fixed mind to move:
If Thebes accepts it, let a ſign declare,
A flaming torch, diſplay'd aloft in air,
From that high tow'r, whoſe airy top is known
By travellers from afar, and marks the town;
The fane of Jove: but if they ſhall reject
The terms I ſend, nor equity reſpect,
They ſoon ſhall feel the fury of mine ire,
In waſteful havoc, and the rage of fire.

The hero thus; and round his ſhoulders flung
A ſhaggy cloak, with vulgar trappings hung;
And on his head a leathern helmet plac'd,
A boar's rough front with griſly terrors grac'd;
A ſpear he next aſſum'd, and pond'rous ſhield,
And led the Theban, iſſuing to the field.
Amid ſurrounding guards they paſs'd unſeen.
For night had ſtretch'd her friendly ſhade between
Till nearer, through the gloom, the gate the knew;
The herald enter'd, and the chief withdrew:
But turning oft to Thebes his eager eyes,
The ſignal on the tow'r at laſt he ſpies;
A flaming torch upon the top expos'd,
Its ray at once his troubled mind compos'd:
Such joy he felt, as when a watch-tow'r's light,
Seen through the gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night,
Glads the wet mariner, a ſtar to guide
His lab'ring veſſel, through the ſtormy tide.

BOOK VII.

Now ſilent night the middle ſpace poſſeſt
Of heaven, or journey'd downwards to the weſt:
But Creon, ſtill with thirſt of vengeance fir'd,
Repoſe declin'd, nor from his toils reſpir'd;
But held his peers in council to debate
Plans for revenge ſuggeſted by his hate.
Before the king Dienices appear'd;
To ſpeak his tidings ſad the hero fear'd;
Return'd from Oeta, thither ſent to call
Alcides to protect his native wall.

And Creon thus: Dienices! explain
Your ſorrow; are our hopes of aid in vain?
Does Hercules neglect his native ſoil;
While ſtrangers reap the harveſt of his toil?
We from your ſilence cannot hope ſucceſs;
But further ills your falling tears confeſs;
Cleon my ſon is dead; his fate you mourn;
I muſt not hope to ſee his fate return.
Sure if he liv'd he had not come the laſt;
But found his father with a filial haſte.
His fate, at once, declare, you need not fear,
With any tale of grief to wound mine ear,
Proof to my fortune: for the man who knows
The whole variety of human woes
Can ſtand unmov'd though loads of ſorrow preſs;
Practis'd to bear, familiar with diſtreſs.

The monarch queſtion'd thus; and thus the youth:
Too well thy boding fear has found the truth.
Cleon is dead: the hero's aſhes lie
Where Pelion's lofty head aſcends the ſky.
For as, on Oeta's top, he vainly ſtrove
To win the arrows of the ſon of Jove,
Compelling Philoctetes, to reſign,
The friend of Hercules, his arms divine;
The inſult to repel, an arrow flew,
And from his heart the vital current drew:
Proſtrate he ſunk; and welling from the wound,
A flood of gore impurpled all the ground.

Thus ſpoke Dienices. The king ſuppreſt
His big diſtreſs, and lock'd it in his breaſt:
Sighing he thus reply'd: The cauſe declare,
Which holds the great Alcides from the war;
And why another now, the bow commands
And arrows ſacred, from his mighty hands.
Nor fear my valiant ſon's untimely fate,
With all its weight of ſorrow, to relate:
All I can bear. Againſt my naked head,
I ſee the vengeance of the gods decreed;
With hoſtile arms beſet my tott'ring reign;
The people waſted, and my children ſlain.
Attempts prove fruitleſs; ev'ry hope deceives;
Succeſs in proſpect diſappointment gives;
With ſwift approach, I ſee deſtruction come;
But with a mind unmov'd, I'll meet my doom;
Nor ſtain this war-worn viſage with a tear,
Since all that Heav'n has purpos'd, I can bear.
The monarch thus his riſing grief ſuppreſs'd;
And thus the peers Dienices addreſs'd:
Princes of Thebes! and thou, whoſe ſov'reign hand
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command!
To what I offer, lend an equal ear;
The truth I'll ſpeak, and judge me when you hear
If Cleon, by my fault, no more returns,
For whom, her ſecond hope, his country mourns
No doom I deprecate, no torture fly,
Which juſtice can denounce, or rage ſupply:
But if my innocence appears, I claim
Your cenſure to eſcape, and public blame.
From Marathon by night our courſe we ſteer'd
And paſs'd Geraſtus when the day appear'd;
Andros we ſaw, with promontories ſteep,
Afcend; and Delos level with the deep.
A circuit wide; for where Euripus roars
Between Euboea and the Theban ſhores,
The Argives had diſpos'd their naval train;
And prudence taught to ſhun the hoſtile plain.

Four days we fail'd; the fifth our voyage ends,
Where Oeta, ſloping to the ſea, deſcends.
The vales I ſearch'd, and woody heights above,
Guided by fame, to find the ſon of Jove,
With Cleon only; for we charg'd the band
To ſtay, and guard our veſſel on the ſtrand.
In vain we ſearch'd: but when the lamp of day
Approach'd the ocean with its ſetting ray,
A cave appear'd, which from a mountain ſteep,
Through a low valley, look'd into the deep.
Thither we turn'd our weary ſteps, and found
The cavern hung with ſavage ſpoils around;
The wolf's gray fur, the wild boar's ſhaggy hide,
The lion's mane, the panther's ſpeckled pride:
Theſe ſigns we mark'd; and knew the rocky ſeat,
Some ſolitary hunter's wild retreat.
Farther invited by a glimm'ring ray,
Which through the darkneſs ſhed uncertain day,
In the receſſes of the cave we found
The club of Hercules; and wrapt around,
Which, ſeen before, we knew, the lion's ſpoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
Amaz'd we ſtood; in ſilence, each his mind
To fear and hope alternately reſign'd:
With joy we hop'd to find the hero near;
The club and mantle found, diſpos'd to fear.
His force invincible in fight we knew,
Which nought of mortal kind could e'er ſubdue.
But fear'd Apollo's might, or his who heaves
The ſolid earth, and rules the ſtormy waves.

Pond'ring we ſtood, when on the roof above,
The tread of feet deſcending through the grove
Which crown'd the hollow cliff, amaz'd we heard;
And ſtraight before the cave a youth appear'd.
A bleeding buck acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
Ty'd with a rope of twiſted ruſhes hung.
He dropt his burden in the gate, and plac'd
Againſt the pillar'd cliff his bow unbrac'd.
'Twas then our footſteps in the cave he heard,
And through the gloom our ſhining arms appear'd.
His bow he bent; and backwards from the rock
Retir'd, and, of our purpoſe queſt'ning, ſpoke:
Say who you are, who ſeek this wild abode,
Through deſert paths, by mortals rarely trod?
If juſt, and with a fair intent you come,
Friendſhip expect, and ſafety in my dome:
But if for violence, your danger learn,
And truſt my admonition when I warn:
Certain as fate, where'er this arrow flies,
The hapleſs wretch who meets its fury dies:
No buckler to reſiſt its point avails,
The hammer'd cuiraſs yields, the breaſt-plate fails;
And where it once has drawn the purple gore,
No charm can cure, no med'cine health reſtore.

With threats he queſtion'd thus; and Cleon ſaid
We come to call Alcides to our aid;
By us the ſenators of Thebes entreat
The hero to protect his native ſtate:
For hoſtile arms inveſt the Theban tow'rs;
Famine within, without the ſword devours.
If you have learn'd where Hercules remains,
In mountain caves, or hamlets on the plains,
Our way direct; for, led by gen'ral fame,
To find him in theſe deſert wilds we came.

He ſpoke: and Philoctetes thus again:
May Jove for Thebes ſome other aid ordain;
For Hercules no more exerts his might
Againſt oppreſſive force, for injur'd right:
Retir'd, among the gods, he ſits ſerene,
And views, beneath him far, this mortal ſcene:
But enter now this grotto, and partake
What I can offer for the hero's ſake:
With you from ſacred Thebes he claim'd his birth,
For godlike virtue fam'd through all the earth;
Thebes therefore and her people ſtill ſhall be
Like fair Trachines and her ſons to me.
Enter, for now the doubtful twilight fails,
And o'er the ſilent earth the night prevails:
From the moiſt valleys noxious fogs ariſe,
To wrap the rocky heights, and ſhade the ſkies.

The cave we enter'd, and his bounty ſhar'd;
A rural banquet by himſelf prepar'd.
But ſoon the rage of thirſt and hunger ſtaid,
My mind ſtill doubtful, to the youth I ſaid:
Muſt hapleſs Thebes, deſpairing and undone,
Want the aſſiſtance of her braveſt ſon?
The hero's fate explain, nor grudge mine ear
The ſad aſſurance of our loſs to hear.
I queſtion'd thus. The youth with horror pale
Attempted to recite an awful tale;
Above the fabled woes which bards rehearſe,
When ſad Melpomene inſpires the verſe.

The wife of Jove (Pœonides reply'd)
All arts in vain to cruſh the hero try'd;
For brighter from her hate his virtue burn'd;
And diſappointed ſtill, the goddeſs mourn'd.
His ruin to effect at laſt ſhe ſtrove
By jealouſy, the rage of injur'd love.
The bane to Dejanira's breaſt convey'd,
Who, as a rival, fear'd th' Oechalian maid.
The goddeſs knew, that jealous of her lord,
A robe ſhe kept with latent poiſons ſtor'd;
The Centaur's gift, bequeath'd her, to reclaim
The hero's love, and light his dying flame;
If e'er, devoted to a ſtranger's charms,
He ſtray'd inconſtant from her widow'd arms;
But giv'n with treacherous intent to prove
The death of nature, not the life of love.
Mad from her jealouſy, the charm ſhe try'd;
His love to change, the deadly robe apply'd:
And guiltleſs of the preſent which he bore,
Lychas convey'd it to Cenæum's ſhore:
Where to the pow'rs immortal for their aid,
A grateful hecatomb the hero paid:
When favour'd from above, his arm o'erthrew
The proud Eurytus, and his warriors ſlew.
The venom'd robe the hero took, nor fear'd
A gift by conjugal reſpects endear'd:
And ſtraight reſign'd the lion's ſhaggy ſpoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
No ſign of harm the fatal preſent ſhow'd,
Till rous'd by heat its ſecret venom glow'd;
Straight on the fleſh it ſeiz'd like ſtiffeſt glue,
And ſcorching deep to ev'ry member grew.
Then tearing with his hands th' infernal ſnare,
His ſkin he rent, and laid the muſcles bare,
While ſtreams of blood deſcending from the wound,
Mix'd with the gore of victims on the ground.
The guiltleſs Lychas, in his furious mood,
He ſeiz'd, as trembling by his ſide he ſtood:
Him by the ſlender ancle snatch'd, he ſwung,
And 'gainſt a rocky promontory flung:
Which, from the dire event, his name retains;
Through his white locks impurpl'd ruſh the brains.
Aw'd by the deed, his deſp'rate rage to ſhun,
Our bold companions from his preſence run.

I too, conceal'd behind a rock, remain'd;
My love and ſympathy by fear reſtrain'd:
For furious 'midſt the ſacred fires he flew;
The victims ſcatter'd, and the hearths o'erthrew.
Then ſinking proſtrate, where a tide of gore
From oxen ſlain had blacken'd all the ſhore,
His form divine he roll'd in duſt and blood;
His groans the hills re-echo'd and the flood.
Then riſing furious, to the ocean's ſtreams
He ruſh'd, in hope to quench his raging flames;
But burning ſtill the unextinguiſh'd pain,
The ſhore he left, and ſtretch'd into the main.
A galley anchor'd near the beach we found;
Her curled canvas to the breeze unbound;
And trac'd his deſp'rate courſe, till far before
We ſaw him land on Oeta's deſert ſhore.
Towards the ſkies his furious hands he rear'd,
And thus, across the deep his voice we heard:
Sov'reign of heav'n and earth! whoſe bound-
leſs ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
If e'er delighted from the courts above,
In human form, you ſought Alcmena's love;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the earth,
With truth, proclaims you author of my birth;
Whence from a courſe of ſpotleſs glory run,
Succeſsful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched? better, that before
Some monſter fierce had drunk my ſtreaming
gore;
Or cruſh'd by Cacus, foe to gods and men,
My batter'd brains had ſtrew'd his rocky den:
Than from my glorious toils and triumphs paſt,
To fall ſubdu'd by female arts at laſt.
O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal ſnow,
And crack the icy cliffs; in vain! in vain!
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their hurning hands.
Now bending from the ſkies, O wife of Jove!
Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love:
For fate, by me, the thund'rer's guilt atones;
And, puniſh'd in her ſon, Alcmena groans:
The object of your hate ſhall ſoon expire;
Fix'd on my ſhoulders preys a net of fire:
Whom nor the toils nor dangers could ſubdue,
By falſe Euryſtheus dictated from you;
Nor tyrants lawleſs, nor the monſtrous brood,
Which haunts the deſert or infeſts the flood,
Nor Greece, nor all the bath'rous climes that lie
Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye;
A woman hath o'erthrown! ye gods! I yield
To female arts, unconquer'd in the field.
My arms—alas! are theſe the fame that bow'd
Anteus, and his giant force ſubdu'd?
That dragg'd Nemea's monſter from his den;
And ſlew the dragon in his native fen?
Alas, alas! their mighty muſcles fail,
While pains infernal ev'ry nerve aſſail:
Alas, alas! I feel in ſtreams of woe
Theſe eyes diſſolv'd, before untaught to flow.
Awake my virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
Patient in toils, in deaths unterrify'd,
Rouſe to my aid; nor let my labours paſt,
With fame atchiev'd, be blotted by the laſt;
Firm and unmov'd, the preſent ſhock endure;
Once triumph, and for ever reſt ſecure.

The hero thus; and graſp'd a pointed rock
With both his arms, which ſtraight in pieces broke,
Cruſh'd in his agony; then on his breaſt
Deſcending proſtrate, further plaint ſuppreſt.
And now the clouds, in duſky volumes ſpread,
Had darken'd all the mountains with their ſhade:
The winds withhold their breath; the billows reſt;
The ſky's dark image on the deep impreſt.
A bay for ſhelter op'ning in the ſtrand,
We ſaw, and ſteer'd our veſſel to the land.
Then mounting on the rocky beach above,
Through the thick gloom deſcry'd the ſon of Jove.
His head declin'd between his hands, he lean'd;
His elbows on his bended knees ſuſtain'd.
Above him ſtill a hov'ring vapour flew,
Which, from his boiling veins, the garment drew.
Through the thick woof we ſaw the fumes aſpire;
Like ſmoke of victims from the ſacred fire.
Compaſſion's keeneſt touch my boſom thrill'd;
My eyes, a flood of melting ſorrow fill'd:
Doubtful I ſtood: and, pond'ring in my mind,
By fear and pity variouſly inclin'd,
Whether to ſhun the hero, or eſſay,
With friendly words, his torment to allay:
When burſting from above with hideous glare,
A flood of lightning kindled all the air.
From Oeta's top it ruſh'd in ſudden ſtreams;
The ocean redden'd at its fiery beams.
Then, bellowing deep, the thunder's awful ſound,
Shook the firm mountains and the ſhores around.
Far to the eaſt it roll'd, a length of ſky;
We heard Eubœa's rattling cliffs reply,
As at his maſter's voice a ſwain appears,
When wak'd from ſleep his early call he hears,
The hero roſe; and to the mountain turn'd,
Whoſe cloud-involved top with lightning burn'd:
And thus his fire addreſs'd: With patient mind,
Thy call I hear, obedient and reſign'd;
Faithful and true the oracle! which ſpoke,
In high Dodona, from the ſacred oak;
"That twenty years of painful labours paſt,
"On Oeta's top I ſhould repoſe at laſt:"
Before, involv'd, the meaning lay conceal'd;
But now I find it in my fate reveal'd.
Thy ſov'reign will I blame not, which denies,
With length of days to crown my victories:
Though ſtill with danger and diſtreſs engag'd,
For injur'd right eternal war I wag'd;
A life of pain, in barb'rous climates led,
The heav'ns my canopy, a rock my bed:
More joy I've felt than delicacy knows,
Or all the pride of regal pomp beſtows.
Dread ſire! thy will I honour and revere,
And own thy love with gratitude ſincere, [boaſt
Which watch'd me in my toils, that none could
To raiſe a trophy from my glory loſt:
And though at laſt, by female arts, o'ercome,
And unſuſpected fraud, I find my doom;
There to have fail'd, my honour ne'er can ſhake,
Where vice is only ſtrong and virtue weak.
He ſaid: and turning to the cloudy height,
The ſeat of thunder, wrapt in ſable night,
Firm and undaunted trod the ſteep aſcent;
An earthquake rock'd the mountain as he went.
Back from the ſhaking ſhores retir'd the flood;
In horror loſt, my bold companions ſtood,
To ſpeech or motion; but the preſent pow'r
Of love inſpir'd me, in that awful hour;

With trembling steps I trac'd the son of Jove;
And saw him darkly on the steep above, [noise
Through the thick gloom, the thunder's awful
Ceas'd; and I call'd him thus with feeble voice;
O son of mighty Jove! thy friend await;
Who comes to comfort thee, or share thy fate:
In ev'ry danger and distress before,
His part your faithful Philoctetes bore.
O let me still attend you, and receive
The comfort which a present friend can give,
Who come obsequious for your last commands,
And tenders to your need his willing hands.
My voice he heard; and from the mountains
Saw me ascending on the steep below. [brow
To favour my approach his steps he stay'd;
And pleas'd, amidst his anguish smiling, said:
Approach, my Philoctetes! Oft I've known
Your friendly zeal in former labours shown:
The present, more than all, your love proclaims,
Which braves the thunderer's bolts and volley'd
flames;
With daring step the rocking earthquake treads,
While the firm mountains shake their trembling
heads.
As my last gift, these arrows with the bow,
Accept the greatest which I can bestow;
My glory, all my wealth; of pow'r to raise
Your name to honour and immortal praise;
If for wrong'd innocence your shafts shall fly,
As Jove by signs directs them from the sky.
Straight from his mighty shoulders, as he spoke,
He loos'd and lodg'd them in a cavern'd rock;
To lie untouch'd, till future care had drain'd
Their poison from the venom'd robe retain'd.
And thus again: the only aid I need,
For all my favours past, the only meed,
Is, that, with vengeful hand, you fix a dart
In cruel Deianira's faithless heart:
Her treach'rous messenger already dead,
Let her, the author of his crime, succeed.
This awful scene forsake without delay;
In vain to mingle with my fate you stay:
No kind assistance can my state retrieve,
Nor any friend attend me, and survive.
The hero thus his tender care express't,
And spread his arms to clasp me to his breast;
But soon withdrew them, least his tainted veins
Infection had convey'd and mortal pains:
Silent I stood in dreams of sorrow drown'd,
Till from my heart these words a passage found:
O bid me not forsake thee, nor impose
What wretched Philoctetes must refuse.
By him I swear, whose presence now proclaim
The thunders awful voice and forked flame,
Beneath whose steps the trembling desert quakes,
And earth affrighted to her centre shakes;
I never will forsake thee, but remain
While struggling life these ruin'd limbs retain:
No form of fate shall drive me from thy side,
Nor death with all its terrors e'er divide;
Tho' the same stroke our mortal lives should end,
One flash consume us, and our ashes blend.
I spoke; and to the cloudy steep we turn'd;
Along its brow the kindled forest burn'd.
The savage brood, descending to the plains,
The scatter'd flocks, and dread distracted swains,
Rush'd from the shaking cliffs: we saw them come,
In wild disorder mingled, through the gloom.
And now appear'd the desert's lofty head,
A narrow rock with forests thinly spread.
His mighty hands display'd aloft in air,
To Jove the hero thus address'd a pray'r: [skies,
Hear me, dread pow'r! whose nod controls the
At whose command the winged lightning flies:
Almighty fire; if yet you deign to own
Alcmena's wretched offspring as your son;
Some comfort in my agony impart,
And bid thy forked thunder rend this heart:
Round my devoted head it idly plays;
And aids the fire, which wastes me with its rays:
By heat inflam'd, this robe exerts its pow'r,
My scorched limbs to shrivel and devour;
Upon my shoulders, like a dragon, clings,
And fixes in my flesh a thousand stings.
Great fire! in pity to my suit attend,
And with a sudden stroke my being end.
As thus the hero pray'd, the lightning ceas'd,
And thicker darkness all the hill embrac'd.
He saw his suit deny'd: in fierce despair,
The rooted pines he tore, and cedars fair;
And from the crannies of the rifted rocks,
Twisted with force immense the stubborn oaks.
Of these upon the cliff a heap he laid,
And thus address'd me, as I stood dismay'd:
Behold, my friend! the ruler of the skies,
In agony invok'd, my suit denies;
But sure the oracle inspir'd from heaven,
Which in Dodona's sacred grove was given,
The truth declar'd; "that now my toils shall cease,
"And all my painful labours end in peace:
Peace, death can only bring: the raging smart,
Wrapt with my vitals, mocks each healing art.
Not all the plants that clothe the verdant field,
Not all the health a thousand mountains yield,
Which on their tops the sage physician finds,
Or digging from the veins of flint unbinds,
This fire can quench. And therefore, to obey
My last commands, prepare without delay.
When on this pile you see my limbs compos'd,
Shrink not, but bear what must not be oppos'd;
Approach, and, with an unrelenting hand,
Fix in the boughs beneath, a flaming brand.
I must not longer trust this madding pain,
Left some rash deed should all my glory stain.
Lychas I slew upon the Cœnian shore,
Who knew not, sure, the fatal gift he bore:
His guilt had taught him else to fly, nor wait,
Till from my rage he found a sudden fate.
I will not Deianira's action blame;
Let heav'n decide which only knows her aim:
Whether from hate with treacherous intent,
This fatal garment to her lord she sent;
Or, by the cunning of a foe betray'd,
His vengeance thus imprudently convey'd.
If this, or that, I urge not my command,
Nor claim her fate from thy avenging hand:
To lodge my lifeless bones is all I crave,
Safe and uninjur'd in the peaceful grave.
This with a hollow voice and alter'd look,
In agony extreme, the hero spoke.
I pour'd a flood of sorrow, and withdrew,
Amid the kindled groves, to pluck a bough;
With which the structure at the base I fir'd:
On ev'ry side the pointed flames aspir'd.
But ere involving smoke the pile enclos'd,
I saw the hero on the top repos'd;

Serene as one who, near the fountain laid,
At noon enjoys the cool refreshing shade.
The venom'd garment hiss'd; its touch the fires
Avoiding, flop'd oblique their pointed spires:
On ev'ry side the pointed flame withdrew,
And levell'd, round the burning structure flew.
At last victorious to the top they rose;
Firm and unmov'd the hero saw them close.
His soul unfetter'd, fought the blest abodes,
By virtue rais'd to mingle with the gods.
His bones in earth, with pious hands, I laid;
The place to publish nothing shall persuade;
Lest tyrants now unaw'd, and men unjust,
With insults, should profane his sacred dust.
E'er since, I haunt this solitary den,
Retir'd from all the busy paths of men;
For these wild mountains only suit my state,
And sooth with kindred gloom my deep regret.

He ended thus. amazement long suppress'd
My voice; but Cleon answ'ring thus address'd:
Brave youth! you offer to our wond'ring ears,
Events more awful than tradition bears.
Fix'd in my mind the hero's fate remains,
I see his agonies, and feel his pains.
Yet suffer, that for hapless Thebes I mourn,
Whose fairest hopes the envious fates o'erturn.
If great Alcides liv'd, her tow'rs should stand
Safe and protected by his mighty hand;
On you, brave youth! our second hopes depend;
To you the arms of Hercules descend;
He did not, sure, those glorious gifts bestow,
The shafts invincible, the mighty bow,
From which the innocent protection claim,
To aye the hills with blood of savage game.
Such toils as these your glory ne'er can raise,
Nor crown your merit with immortal praise;
And with the great Alcides place your name,
To stand distinguish'd in the rolls of fame.

The hero thus: The son of Pœan said:
Myself, my arms, I offer for your aid;
If fav'ring from the skies, the signs of Jove
Confirm what thus I purpose and approve.
For when Alcides, with his last commands,
His bow and shafts committed to my hands;
In all attempts he charg'd me to proceed
As Jove by signs and auguries should lead.
But these the rising sun will best disclose;
The season now invites to soft repose.

He said; and from the hearth a flaming bough,
To light us through the shady cavern drew.
Far in the deep recess, a rocky bed
We found, with skins of mountain monsters spread.
There we compos'd our weary limbs, and lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray.
Then rose and climb'd a promontory steep,
Whose rocky brow, impending o'er the deep,
Shoots high into the air, and lifts the eye,
In boundless stretch, to take a length of sky.
With hands extended to th' ethereal height,
The pow'r we call'd who rules the realms of light;
That symbols sure his purpose might explain,
Whether the youth should aid us, or remain:
We pray'd; and on the left along the vales,
With pinions broad display'd, an eagle sails.
As near the ground his level flight he drew,
He stoop'd, and bruth'd the thickets as he flew,
When starting from the centre of a brake,
With horrid hiss appear'd a crested snake;
Her young to guard, her venom'd fangs she rear'd;
Above the shrubs her wavy length appear'd;
Against his swift approaches, as he flew,
On ev'ry side her forked tongue she through,
And armed jaws; but wheeling from the snare
The swift assailant still escap'd in air;
But stooping from his pitch, at last he tore
Her purple crest, and drew a stream of gore.
She wreath'd; and, in the fiercenels of her pain,
Shook the long thickets with her twilled train:
Relax'd at last, its spires forgot to roll,
And, in a hiss, she breath'd her fiery soul:
In haste to gorge his prey, the bird of Jove
Down to the bottom of the thicket drove;
The young defenceless from the covert drew;
Devour'd them straight, and to the mountains flew.
This omen seen, another worse we hear;
The subterraneous thunder greets our ear:
The worst of all the signs which augurs know;
A dire prognostic of impending woe.

Amaz'd we stood, till Philoctetes broke
Our long dejected silence thus, and spoke:
Warriors of Thebes! the auguries dissuade
My purpose, and withhold me from your aid;
Though pity moves me, and ambition draws,
To share your labours, and assert your cause;
In fight the arms of Hercules to show,
And from his native ramparts drive the foe.
But vain it is against the gods to strive;
Whose counsels ruin nations or retrieve;
Without their favour, valour nought avails,
And human prudence fell-subverted fails;
For irresistibly their pow'r presides
In all events, and good and ill divides.
Let Thebes assembled at the altars wait,
And long processions crowd each sacred gate:
With sacrifice appeas'd, and humble pray'r,
Their omens frustrated, the gods may spare.
To-day, my guests, repose; to-morrow sail,
If heav'n propitious sends a prosp'rous gale:
For, shifting to the south, the western breeze
Forbids you now to trust the faithless seas.

The hero thus; in silence sad we mourn'd;
And to the solitary cave return'd,
Despairing of success; our grief he shar'd,
And for relief a cheering bowl prepar'd;
The vintage which the grape spontaneous yields,
By art untutor'd, on the woodland fields,
He sought with care, and mingled in the bowl,
A plant, of pow'r to calm the troubled soul;
Its name Nepenthe; swains, on desert ground,
Do often glean it, else but rarely found;
This in the bowl he mix'd; and soon we found,
In soft oblivion, all our sorrows drown'd:
We felt no more the agonies of care,
And hope, succeeding, dawn'd upon despair.
From morn we feasted, till the setting ray
Retir'd, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
Then in the dark recesses of the cave,
To slumber soft, our willing limbs we gave:
But ere the morning, from the east, appear'd,
And sooner than the early lark is heard,
Cleon awak'd, my careless slumber broke,
And bending to my ear, in whispers spoke:
Dioneus! while slumbering thus secure,
We think not what our citizens endure. [pears
The worst the signs have threaten'd, nought ap-
With happier aspect to dispel our fears;

Alcides lives not, and his friend in vain
To arms we call, while auguries reſtrain:
Returning thus, we bring the Theban ſtate
But hopes deceiv'd, and omens of her fate:
Better ſucceſs our labours ſhall attend,
Nor all our aims in diſappointment end;
If you approve my purpoſe, nor diſſuade
What now I counſel for your country's aid.
Soon as the ſun diſplays his early beam,
The arms of great Alcides let us claim;
Then for Bœotia's ſhores direct our ſails;
And force muſt ſecond if perſuaſion fails:
Againſt reproach neceſſity ſhall plead;
Cenſure confute, and juſtify the deed.
The hero thus, and ceas'd: with pity mov'd,
And zeal for Thebes, I raſhly thus approv'd.
You counſel well; but prudence would adviſe
To work by cunning rather, and ſurpriſe,
Than force declar'd; his venom'd ſhafts you know,
Which fly reſiſtleſs from th' Herculean bow;
A ſafe occaſion now the ſilent hour
Of midnight yields; when, by the gentle pow'r
Of careleſs ſlumber bound, the hero lies,
Our neceſſary fraud will 'ſcape his eyes;
Without the aid of force ſhall reach its aim,
With danger leſs incurr'd, and leſs of blame.
I counſell'd thus; and Cleon ſtraight approv'd.
In ſilence from the dark receſs we mov'd;
Towards the hearth, with wary ſteps, we came,
The aſhes ſtirr'd, and rous'd the ſlumb'ring flame.
On every ſide in vain we turn'd our eyes,
Nor, as our hopes had promis'd, found the prize:
Till to the couch where Philoctetes lay,
The quiver led us by its ſilver ray;
For in a panther's fur together ty'd,
His bow and ſhafts, the pillow's place ſupply'd;
Thither I went with careful ſteps and ſlow;
And by degrees obtain'd th' Herculean bow:
The quiver next to diſengage eſſay'd;
It ſtuck entangled, but at laſt obey'd.
The prize obtain'd, we haſten to the ſtrand,
And rouſe the mariners and ſtraight command
The canvaſs to unfurl: a gentle gale
Favour'd our courſe, and fill'd the ſwelling ſail:
The ſhores retir'd; and when the morning ray
Aſcended, from the deep, th' ethereal way;
Upon the right Cenæum's beach appear'd,
And Pelion on the left his ſummit rear'd.
All day we ſail'd; but when the ſetting light
Approach'd the ocean, from th' Olympian height,
The breeze was huſh'd: and, ſtretch'd acroſs the main,
Like mountains riſing on the wat'ry plain,
The clouds collected on the billows ſtood,
And, with incumbent ſhade, obſcur'd the flood.
Thither a current bore us; ſoon we found
A night of vapour cloſing faſt around.
Looſe hung the empty ſail: we ply'd our oars,
And ſtrove to reach Eubœa's friendly ſhores;
But ſtrove in vain: for erring from the courſe,
In mazes wide, the rower ſpent his force.
Seven days and nights we try'd ſome port to gain,
Where Greek or barb'rous ſhores exclude the main;
But knew not, whether backwards or before,
Or on the right or left to ſeek the ſhore:
Till, riſing on the eighth, a gentle breeze
Drove the light fog, and bruſh'd the curling ſeas.
Our canvaſs to its gentle pow'r we ſpread,
And fix'd our oars, and follow'd as it led.
Before us ſoon, impending from above,
Through parting clouds, we ſaw a lofty grove,
Alarm'd, the ſail we ſlacken, and explore
The deeps and ſhallows of the unknown ſhore.
Near on the right a winding creek appear'd,
Thither, directed by the pole, we ſteer'd;
And landed on the beach, by fate miſled,
Nor knew again the port from which we fled.
The gods themſelves deceiv'd us: to our eyes
New caverns open, airy cliffs ariſe;
That Philoctetes might again poſſeſs
His arms, and heav'n our injury redreſs.
The unknown region purpos'd to explore,
Cleon, with me alone, forſakes the ſhore;
Back to the cave we left by angry fate
Implicitely conducted, at the gate
The injur'd youth we found; a thick diſguiſe
His native form conceal'd, and mock'd our eyes;
For the black locks in waving ringlets ſpread,
A wreath of hoary white involv'd his head,
Beneath a load of years, he ſeem'd to bend,
His breaſt to ſink, his ſhoulders to aſcend.
He ſaw us ſtraight, and, riſing from his ſeat,
Began with ſharp reproaches to repeat
Our crime; but could not thus ſuſpicion give;
So ſtrong is error, when the gods deceive!
We queſtion'd of the country as we came,
By whom inhabited, and what its name;
How far from Thebes: that thither we were bound;
And thus the wary youth our error found.
Smooth'd to deceive, his accent ſtraight he turn'd,
While in his breaſt the thirſt of vengeance burn'd:
And thinking now his bow and ſhafts regain'd,
Reply'd with hoſpitable kindneſs feign'd:
On Ida's ſacred height, my gueſts! you ſtand;
Here Priam rules, in peace, a happy land.
Twelve cities own him, on the Phrygian plain,
Their lord, and twelve fair iſlands on the main.
From hence to Thebes in ſeven days ſpace you'll ſail,
If Jove propitious ſends a proſp'rous gale.
But now accept a homely meal, and deign
To ſhare what heav'n affords a humble ſwain.
He ſaid; and brought a bowl with vintage fill'd,
From berries wild, and mountain grapes diſtill'd,
Of largeſt ſize; and plac'd it on a rock,
Under the covert of a ſpreading oak;
Around it autumn's mellow ſtores he laid,
Which the ſun ripens in the woodland ſhade.
Our thirſt and hunger thus at once allay'd,
To Cleon turning, Philoctetes ſaid:
The bow you wear, of ſuch unuſual ſize,
With wonder ſtill I view, and curious eyes;
For length, for thickneſs, and the workman's art,
Surpaſſing all I've ſeen in ev'ry part.
Diſſembling, thus inquir'd the wary youth,
And thus your valiant ſon declar'd the truth:
Father! the weapon which you thus commend,
The force of great Alcides once did bend; [du'd,
Theſe ſhafts the ſame which monſters fierce ſub-
And lawleſs men with vengeance juſt purſu'd.
The hero thus; and Pœan's ſon again:
What now I aſk, refuſe not to explain:
Whether the hero ſtill exerts his might,
For innocence oppreſs'd, and injur'd right?

Or yields to fate; and with the mighty dead,
From toil repoſes in the Elyſian ſhade!
Sure, if he liv'd, he would not thus forgo
His ſhafts invincible and mighty bow,
By which, he oft immortal honour gain'd
For wrongs redreſs'd and lawleſs force reſtrain'd.
The rage ſuppreſs'd which in his boſom burn'd,
He queſtion'd thus; and Cleon thus return'd:
What we have heard of Hercules, I'll ſhow
What by report we learn'd, and what we know.
From Thebes to Oeta's wilderneſs we went,
With ſupplications, to the hero, ſent
From all our princes; that he would exert
His matchleſs valour on his country's part,
Againſt whoſe ſtate united foes conſpire,
And waſte her wide domain with ſword and fire.
There on the cliffs which bound the neighb'ring main,
We found the manſion of a lonely ſwain;
Much like to this, but that its rocky mouth
The cooling north reſpects, as this the ſouth;
And, in a corner of the cave conceal'd,
The club which great Alcides us'd to wield.
Wrapt in his ſhaggy robe, the lion's ſpoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
At ev'n a hunter in the cave appear'd;
From whom the fate of Hercules we heard.
He told us that he ſaw the chief expire,
That he himſelf did light his fun'ral fire;
And boaſted, that the hero had reſign'd
To him, this bow and quiver, as his friend:
Oft ſeen before, theſe deadly ſhafts we know,
And tip'd with ſtars of gold th' Herculean bow:
But of the hero's fate, the tale he told,
Whether 'tis true I cannot now unfold.
He ſpoke. The youth with indignation burn'd,
Yet calm in outward ſemblance, thus return'd:
I muſt admire the man who could reſign
To you theſe arms ſo precious and divine,
Which, to the love of ſuch a friend, he ow'd,
Great was the gift if willingly beſtow'd:
By force they could not eaſily be gain'd,
And fraud, I know, your gen'rous ſouls diſdain'd.
Severely ſmiling, thus the hero ſpoke;
With conſcious ſhame we heard, nor ſilence broke:
And thus again: The only boon I claim,
Which, to your hoſt deny'd, would merit blame;
Is, that my hands that weapon may embrace,
And on the flaxen cord an arrow place;
An honour which I covet; though we mourn'd,
By great Alcides, once our ſtate o'erturn'd:
When proud Laomedon the hero brav'd,
Nor paid the ranſom for his daughter ſav'd.
Diſſembling thus, did Philoctetes ſtrive
His inſtruments of vengeance to retrieve:
And, by the fates deceiv'd, in evil hour,
The bow and ſhafts we yielded to his pow'r,
In mirthful mood, provoking him to try
Whether the weapon would his force obey;
For weak he ſeem'd, like thoſe whoſe nerves have loſt, [boaſt.
Through age, the vigour which in youth they
The belt around his ſhoulders firſt he flung,
And glitt'ring by his ſide the quiver hung:
Compreſs'd with all his force the ſtubborn yew
He bent, and from the caſe an arrow drew:
And yielding to his rage, in furious mood,
With aim direct againſt us full he ſtood,
For vengeance arm'd; and now the thick diſguiſe,
Which veil'd his form before, and mock'd our eyes,
Vaniſh'd in air; our error then appear'd;
I ſaw the vengeance of the gods, and fear'd.
Before him to the ground my knees I bow'd,
And, with extended hands, for mercy ſu'd.
But Cleon, fierce and ſcorning to entreat,
His weapon drew, and ruſh'd upon his fate:
For as he came, the fatal arrow flew,
And from his heart the vital current drew;
Supine he fell; and, welling from the wound,
A tide of gore impurpled all the ground.
The ſon Pœan ſtooping drew the dart,
Yet warm with ſlaughter, from the hero's heart;
And turn'd it full on me: with humble pray'r
And lifted hands, I mov'd him ſtill to ſpare.
At laſt he yielded, from his purpoſe ſway'd,
And anſw'ring thus in milder accents, ſaid:
No favour ſure you merit; and the cauſe,
Of right infring'd and hoſpitable laws,
Would juſtify revenge; but as you claim,
With Hercules, your native ſoil the ſame;
I now ſhall pardon for the hero's ſake,
Nor, though the gods approve it, vengeance take.
But ſtraight avoid my preſence; and unbind,
With ſpeed, your flying canvaſs to the wind:
For if again to meet thoſe eyes you come,
No pray'rs ſhall change, or mitigate your doom.
With frowning aſpect thus the hero ſaid,
His threats I fear'd, and willingly obey'd.
Straight in his purple robe the dead I bound,
Then to my ſhoulders rais'd him from the ground;
And from the hills deſcending to the bay,
Where anchor'd near the beach our galley lay,
The reſt conven'd, with ſorrow to relate
This anger of the gods and Cleon's fate:
The hero's fate his bold companions mourn'd,
And ev'ry breaſt with keen reſentment burn'd.
They in their heady tranſports ſtraight decreed,
His fall with vengeance to requite or bleed.
I fear'd the angry gods; and gave command,
With ſail and oar, to fly the fatal ſtrand;
Enrag'd and ſad, the mariners obey'd,
Unfurl'd the canvaſs, and the anchor weigh'd.
Our courſe, behind, the weſtern breezes ſped,
And from the coaſt with heavy hearts we fled.
All day they favour'd, but with evening ceas'd;
And ſtraight a tempeſt, from the ſtormy eaſt,
In oppoſition full, began to blow,
And rear in ridges high the deep below.
Againſt its boiſt'rous ſway in vain we ſtrove;
Obliquely to the Thracian coaſt we drove.
Where Pelion lifts his head aloft in air,
With painted cliffs and precipices bare;
Thither our courſe we ſteer'd, and on the ſtrand
Deſcending, fix'd our cable to the land.
There twenty days we ſtay'd, and wiſh'd in vain
A favourable breeze, to croſs the main;
For with unceaſing rage the tempeſt rav'd,
And o'er the rocky beach the ocean heav'd.
At laſt with care the hero's limbs we burn'd,
And, water'd with our tears, his bones inurn'd.
There, where a promontory's height divides,
Extended in the deep, the parted tides,
His tomb is ſeen, which, from its airy ſtand,
Marks to the mariner the diſtant land.
This, princes! is the truth; and though the will
Of heav'n, the ſov'reign cauſe of good and ill.

Has daſh'd our hopes, and, for the good in view,
With griefs afflicts us and diſaſters new:
Yet, innocent of all, I juſtly claim
To ſtand exempt from puniſhment or blame.
That zeal for Thebes 'gainſt hoſpitable laws
Prevail'd, and ardour in my country's cauſe,
I freely have confeſs'd; but ſure if wrong
Was e'er permitted to inducement ſtrong,
This claims to be excus'd: our country's need,
With all who hear it will for favour plead.
He ended thus. Unable to ſubdue [drew:
His grief: the monarch from the throne with-
In ſilent wonder fix'd, the reſt remain'd;
Till Clytophon the gen'ral ſenſe explain'd;
Your juſt defence, we mean not to refuſe;
Your prudence cenſure, or your zeal accuſe:
To heav'n we owe the valiant Cleon's fate,
With each diſaſter which afflicts the ſtate.
Soon as the ſun forſakes the eaſtern main,
At ev'ry altar let a bull be ſlain;
And Thebes aſſembled, move the pow'rs to ſpare,
With vows of ſacrifice and humble pray'r:
But now the night invites to ſoft repoſe,
The momentary cure of human woes;
The ſtars deſcend; and ſoon the morning ray
Shall rouſe us to the labours of the day.
The hero thus. In ſilence all approv'd,
And riſing, various, from th' aſſembly mov'd.

BOOK VIII.

Behind the palace, where a ſtream deſcends,
Its lonely walks a ſhady grove extends;
Once ſacred, now for common uſe ordain'd,
By war's wide licence and the axe profan'd:
Thither the monarch from th' aſſembly went
Alone, his fury and deſpair to vent,
And thus to Heav'n: Dread pow'r! whoſe ſove-
reign ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
From me expect not ſuch applauſe to hear,
As fawning vot'ries to thine altars bear;
But truth ſevere. Although the forked brand,
Which for deſtruction arms thy mighty hand,
Were levell'd at my head; a mind I hold,
By preſent ills, or future, uncontroul'd.
Beneath thy ſway the race of mortals groan;
Felicity ſincere is felt by none:
Deluſive hope th' unpractis'd mind aſſails,
And, by ten thouſand treach'rous arts prevails:
Through all the earth the fair deceiver ſtrays,
And wretched man to miſery betrays.
Our crimes you puniſh, never teach to ſhun,
When, blind to folly, on our fate we run:
Hence ſighs and groans thy tyrant reign confeſs,
With ev'ry rueful ſymptom of diſtreſs.
Here war unchain'd exerts his waſteful pow'r;
Here famine pines; diſeaſes there devour,
And lead a train of all the ills that know
To ſhorten life, or lengthen it in woe.
All men are curſt; but I, above the reſt,
With tenfold vengeance for my crimes oppreſs'd:
With hoſtile pow'rs beſet my tott'ring reign,
The people waſted, and my children ſlain;
In ſwift approach, I ſee deſtruction come,
But, with a mind unmov'd, I meet my doom;
For know, ſtern pow'r! whoſe vengeance has
decreed
That Creon, after all his ſons, ſhould bleed;
As from the ſummit of ſome deſert rock,
The ſport of tempeſts, falls the leafleſs oak,
Of all his honours ſtript, thou ne'er ſhalt find,
Weakly ſubmiſs, or ſtupidly reſign'd
This dauntleſs heart; but purpos'd to debate
Thy ſtern decrees, and burſt the chains of fate.

He ſaid; and turning where the heralds ſtand
All night by turns, and wait their lord's command;
Meneſtheus there and Hegeſander found,
And Phæmius ſage, for valour once renown'd,
He charg'd them thus: Beyond the eaſtern tow'rs,
Summon to meet in arms our martial pow'rs.
In ſilence let them move; let ſigns command,
And mute obedience reign through ev'ry band;
For when the eaſt with early twilight glows,
We ruſh, from cover'd ambuſh, on our foes
Secure and unprepar'd: the truce we ſwore,
Our plighted faith, the ſeal of wine and gore,
No ties I hold; all piety diſclaim:
Adverſe to me the gods, and I to them.
The angry monarch thus his will declar'd;
His rage the heralds fear'd, and ſtraight repair'd
To rouſe the warriors. Now the morning light
Begins to mingle with the ſhades of night:
In ev'ry ſtreet a glitt'ring ſtream appears,
Of poliſh'd helmets mix'd with ſhining ſpears:
Towards the eaſtern gate they drive along,
Nations and tribes, an undiſtinguiſh'd throng?
Creon himſelf ſuperior, in his car,
Receiv'd them coming, and diſpos'd the war.
And now the Argives from their tents proceed,
With rites ſepulchral to entomb the dead.
The king of men, amid the ſun'ral fires,
The chiefs aſſembles, and the work inſpires.
And thus the Pelian ſage, in council wiſe:
Princes! I view, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Yon field abandon'd, where the foe purſu'd
Their ſun'ral rites before, with toil renew'd:
Nor half their dead interr'd, they now abſtain,
And ſilence reigns through all the ſmoky plain.
Thence jealouſy and fear poſſeſs my mind
Of faith infring'd, and treachery deſign'd:
Behind thoſe woody heights, behind thoſe tow'rs,
I dread, in ambuſh laid, the Theban pow'rs;
With purpoſe to aſſault us, when they know
That we, confiding, leaſt expect a foe:
Let half the warriors arm, and ſtand prepar'd,
For ſudden violence, the hoſt to guard;
While, in the mournful rites, the reſt proceed,
Due to the honour'd relics of the dead.

Thus as he ſpoke; approaching from afar,
The hoſtile pow'rs, embattled for the war,
Appear'd; and ſtreaming from their poliſh'd ſhields,
A blaze of ſplendour brighten'd all the fields.
And thus the king of men, with lifted eyes,
And both his hands extended to the ſkies:
Ye pow'rs ſupreme! whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The fate of men and mortal things obey!
Let all the plagues, which perjury attend,
At once, and ſudden, on our foes deſcend:
Let not the ſacred ſeal of wine and gore,
The hands we plighted, and the oaths we ſwore,
Be now in vain; but from your bright abodes,
Confound the bold deſpiſers of the gods.

He pray'd; and nearer came the hoſtile train,
With ſwift approach advancing on the plain;
Embattled thick, as when, at fall of night,
A ſhepherd, from ſome promontory's height,
Approaching from the deep, a fog deſcries,
Which hov'ring lightly o'er the billows flies;
By breezes borne, the ſolid ſoon it gains,
Climbs the ſteep hills, and darkens all the plains!

Silent and ſwift the Theban pow'rs drew near;
The chariots led, a phalanx cloſ'd the rear.
Confuſion ſtraight through all the hoſt aroſe,
Stirr'd like the ocean when a tempeſt blows.
Some arm for fight; the reſt to terror yield,
Inactive ſtand, or trembling quit the field.
On ev'ry ſide, aſſaults the deafen'd ear
The diſcord loud of tumult, rage, and fear.
Superior in his car, with ardent eyes,
The king of men through all the army flies:
The raſh reſtrains, the cold with courage fires,
And all with hope and confidence inſpires;
As when the deep, in liquid mountains hurl'd,
Aſſaults the rocky limits of the world:
When tempeſts with unlicenc'd fury rave,
And ſweep from ſhore to ſhore the flying wave:
If he, to whom each pow'r of ocean bends,
To quell ſuch uproar, from the deep aſcends,
Serene, amidſt the wat'ry war, he rides,
And fixes, with his voice, the moving tides:
Such ſeem'd the monarch. From th' Olympian height,
The martial maid precipitates her flight;
To aid her fav'rite hoſt the goddeſs came,
Mentor ſhe ſeem'd, her radiant arms the ſame;
Who with Ulyſſes brought a choſen band
Of warriors from the Cephalenian ſtrand;
Already arm'd, the valiant youth ſhe found,
And arming for the fight his warriors round.
And thus began: Brave prince! our foes appear
For battle order'd, and the fight is near.
Dauntleſs they come ſuperior and elate,
While fear unmans us, and reſigns to fate.
Would ſome immortal from th' Olympian height
Deſcend, and for a moment ſtop the fight;
From ſad dejection rous'd, and cold deſpair,
We yet might arm us, and for war prepare;
But if on human aid we muſt depend,
Nor hope to ſee the fav'ring gods deſcend,
Great were the hero's praiſe, who now could boaſt
From ruin imminent to ſave the hoſt!
The danger near ſome prompt expedient claims,
And prudence triumphs oft in worſt extremes.

Thus, in a form aſſum'd, the martial maid;
The generous warrior, thus replying, ſaid:
In youth, I cannot hope to win the praiſe,
With which experience crowns a length of days:
Weak are the hopes that on my counſels ſtand,
To combats, nor practis'd in command:
But as the gods, to ſave a ſinking ſtate,
Or ſnatch an army from the jaws of fate,
When prudence ſtands confounded, oft ſuggeſt
A prompt expedient to ſome vulgar breaſt;
To your diſcerning ear I ſhall expoſe
What now my mind excites me to diſcloſe.
Sav'd from th' unfiniſh'd honours of the ſlain,
The mingled ſpoils of foretts load the plain:
In heaps contiguous round the camp they lie,
A fence too weak to ſtop the enemy:
But if we mix them with the ſeeds of fire,
Which unextinguiſh'd glow in ev'ry pyre,
Againſt the foe a ſudden wall ſhall riſe,
Of flame and ſmoke aſcending to the ſkies:
The ſteed diſmay'd ſhall backward hurl the car;
Mix with the phalanx, and confound the war.

He ſaid. The goddeſs, in her conſcious breaſt,
A mother's triumph for a ſon poſſeſs'd,
Who emulates his ſire in glorious deeds,
And, with his virtue, to his fame ſucceeds:
Graceful the goddeſs turn'd, and with a voice,
Bold, and ſuperior to the vulgar noice,
O'er all the field commands the woods to fire;
Straight to obey a thouſands hands conſpire.
On ev'ry ſide the ſpreading flame extends,
And, roll'd in cloudy wreaths, the ſmoke aſcends.

Creon beheld, enrag'd to be withſtood:
Like ſome fierce lion when he meets a flood
Or trench defenſive, which his rage reſtrains
For flocks unguarded, left by careleſs ſwains;
O'er all the field he ſends his eyes afar,
To mark fit entrance for a pointed war:
Near on the right a narrow ſpace he found,
Where fun'ral aſhes ſmok'd upon the ground:
Thither the warriors of the Theban hoſt,
Whoſe martial ſkill he priz'd and valour moſt,
The monarch ſent, Chalcidamus the ſtrong,
Who from fair Theſpia led his martial throng,
Where Helicon erects his verdant head,
And crowns the champaign with a lofty ſhade:
Oechalia's chief was added to the band,
For valour fam'd and ſkilful in command;
Eritheus, with him, his brother came,
Of worth unequal, and unequal fame.
Rheſus, with theſe, the Thracian leader, went,
To merit fame, by high atchievements, bent;
Of ſtature tall, he ſcorns the pointed ſpear,
And cruſhes with his mace the ranks of war:
With him twelve leaders of his native train,
In combats, taught the bounding ſteed to rein,
By none ſurpaſs'd who boaſt ſuperior ſkill
To ſend the winged arrow ſwift to kill,
Mov'd to the fight. The reſt of vulgar name,
Though brave in combat, were unknown to fame.

Their bold invaſion dauntleſs to oppoſe,
Full in the midſt the bulk of Ajax roſe;
Unarm'd he ſtood; but, in his mighty hand,
Brandiſh'd, with geſture fierce, a burning brand,
Snatch'd from the aſhes of a fun'ral pile;
An olive's trunk, five cubit lengths entire.

Arm'd for the fight, the Cretan monarch ſtood;
And Merion, thirſting ſtill with hoſtile blood;
The prince of Ithaca, with him who led
The youth, in Sicyon, and Pellene, bred.
But ere they clos'd, the Thracian leader preſs'd,
With eager courage, far before the reſt;
Him Ajax met, inflam'd with equal rage:
Between the wond'ring hoſts the chiefs engage:
Their weighty weapons round their heads they throw,
And ſwift, and heavy falls each thund'ring blow;
As when in Ætna's caves the giant brood,
The one-ey'd ſervants of the Lemnian god,
In order round the burning anvil ſtand,
And forge, with weighty ſtrokes the forked brand:
The ſhaking hills their fervid toil confeſs,
And echoes rattling through each dark receſs:
So rag'd the fight; their mighty limbs they ſtrain;
And oft their pond'rous maces fall in vain:
For neither chief was deſtin'd yet to bleed;
But fate at laſt the victory decreed.
The Salaminian hero aim'd a ſtroke,
Which thund'ring on the Thracian helmet broke:
Stunn'd by the boiſt'rous ſhock, the warrior reel'd
With giddy poiſe, then ſunk upon the field.
Their leader to defend, his native train
With ſpeed advance, and guard him on the plain.
Againſt his foe, their threat'ning lances riſe,
And aim'd at once, a ſtorm of arrows flies;
Around the chief on ev'ry ſide they ſing;
One in his ſhoulder fix'd its barbed ſting.
Amaz'd he ſtood, nor could the fight renew:
But ſlow and ſullen from the foe withdrew.
Straight to the charge Idomeneus proceeds,
With hardy Merion try'd in martial deeds,
Laertes' valiant ſon, and he who led
The youth in Sicyon, and Pellene, bred;
With force united, theſe the foe ſuſtain,
And waſteful havoc loads the purple plain:
In doubtful poiſe the ſcales of combat ſway'd,
And various fates alternately obey'd [foe,
But now the flames, which barr'd th' invading
Sunk to the waſted wood, in aſhes glow:
Thebes ruſhes to the fight; their poliſh'd ſhields
Gleam through the ſmoke, and brightens all the fields;
Thick fly the embers, where the courſers tread,
And cloudy volumes all the welkin ſhade.
The king of men, to meet the tempeſt, fires
His wav'ring bands, and valour thus inſpires.
Gods! ſhall one fatal hour deface the praiſe
Of all our ſleepleſs nights, and bloody days?
Shall no juſt meed for all our toils remain?
Our labours, blood, and victories in vain?
Shall Creon triumph, and his impious brow
Claim the fair wreath, to truth and valour due?
No, warriors! by the heav'nly pow'rs, is weigh'd
Juſtice with wrong, in equal balance laid:
From Jove's high roof depend th' eternal ſcales,
Wrong mounts defeated ſtill, and right prevails.
Fear then no odds; on heav'n itſelf depend,
Which falſehood will confound, and truth defend.
He ſaid: and ſudden in the ſhock they cloſe,
Their ſhields and helmets ring with mutual blows;
Diſorder dire the mingling ranks confounds,
And ſhouts of triumph mix with dying ſounds;
As fire, with waſteful conflagration ſpreads,
And kindles, in its courſe, the woodland ſhades,
When, ſhooting ſudden from the clouds above,
On ſome thick foreſt fall the flames of Jove;
The lofty oaks, the pines and cedars burn,
Their verdant honours all to aſhes turn;
Loud roars the tempeſt; and the trembling ſwains
See the wide havoc of the waſted plains:
Such ſeem'd the conflict; ſuch the dire alarms,
From ſhouts of battle mix'd with din of arms.
Phericles firſt, Lycaon's valiant ſon,
The ſage whoſe counſels propp'd the Theban throne,
Roſe in the fight, ſuperior to the reſt,
And brave Democleon's fall his might confeſs'd,
The chief and leader of a valiant band,
From fair Eione and th' Aſinian ſtrand.
Next Aſius, Iphitus, and Crates fell;
Terynthian Podius trode the path of hell:
And Schedius, from Mazeta's fruitful plain,
Met there his fate, and periſh'd with the ſlain.
Aw'd by their fall, the Argive bands give way;
As yields ſome rampart to the ocean's ſway,
When rous'd to rage, it ſcorns oppoſing mounds,
And ſweeps victorious through forbidden grounds.
But Pallas, anxious for her fav'rite hoſt,
Their beſt already wounded, many loſt,
Ulyſſes ſought: ſhe found him, in the rear,
Wounded and faint, and leaning on his ſpear.
And thus in Mentor's form: Brave prince! I dread
Our hopes defeated, and our fall decreed:
For conqu'ring on the right the foe prevails,
And all defence againſt their fury fails;
While here, in doubtful poiſe, the battle ſways,
And various fates alternately obeys;
In great Tydides, who beholds from far
Our danger imminent, yet ſhuns the war,
Held by reſentment, or ſome cauſe unknown,
Regardleſs of our ſafety and his own,
Would riſe to aid us; yet we might reſpire,
And Creon, fruſtrated, again retire.
Great were his praiſe, who could the chief perſuade,
In peril ſo extreme, the hoſt to aid.
The fitteſt you, who boaſt the happy ſkill,
With pleaſing words, to move the fixed will;
Though Neſtor juſtly merits equal fame,
A friend the ſooneſt will a friend reclaim.
And thus Ulyſſes to the martial maid:
I cannot hope the hero to perſuade:
The ſource unknown from which his rage proceeds,
Reaſon in vain from looſe conjecture pleads;
The fatal truce, with faithleſs Creon made,
Provokes him not, nor holds him from our aid;
He eaſily reſign'd whate'er he mov'd,
Till now approving as the reſt approv'd,
Some dire diſaſter, ſome diſgrace unſeen,
Confounds his ſteady temper, elſe ſerene:
But with my utmoſt ſearch, I'll ſtrive to find
The ſecret griefs which wound his gen'rous mind;
If drain'd of blood, and ſpent with toils of war,
My weary limbs can bear their load ſo far.
He ſpoke: his words the martial maid admir'd;
With energy divine his breaſt inſpir'd;

Lightly the hero mov'd, and took his way
Where broad encamp'd th' Ætolian warriors lay:
Already arm'd he found the daring band,
Fierce and impatient of their lord's command;
Some, murm'ring, round the king's pavilion
stood,
While others, more remote, complain'd aloud:
With pleasing words he sooth'd them as he went,
And sought their valiant leader in his tent:
Him pond'ring deep in his distracted mind,
He found, and sitting sad, with head declin'd.
He thus address'd him: "Will the news I bring,
Afflict, or gratify, th' Ætolian king?
"That wav'ring on the brink of foul defeat,
Without the hopes of success or retreat,
Our valiant bands th' unequal fight maintain;
Their best already wounded, many slain."
If treach'rous Thebes has brib'd you with her
store, [swore;
And bought the venal faith which once you
Has promis'd precious ore, or lovely dames,
And pays to lust the price which treason claims:
Name but the proffers of the perjur'd king,
And more, and better, from your friends I'll
bring;
Vast sums of precious ore, and greater far
Than Thebes, in peace, had treasur'd for the war;
Or, though, to gratify thy boundless mind,
Her private wealth and public were combin'd.
If beauty's pow'r your am'rous heart inflames,
Unrivall'd are Achaia's lovely dames;
Her fairest dames Adrastus shall bestow,
And purchase thus the aid you freely owe.
Gods! that our armies e'er should need to fear
Destruction, and the son of Tydeus near!
Ulysses thus; and Tydeus' son again:
Your false reproaches aggravate my pain
Too great already: in my heart I feel
Its venom'd sting, more sharp than pointed steel.
No bribe persuades, or promise from the foe,
My oath to vi'late, and the war forego:
In vain for this were all the precious store,
Which trading Zidon wafts from shore to shore;
With all that rich Iberia yet contains,
Safe and unrifled in her golden veins.
The source from which my miseries arise,
The cause, which to the host my aid denies,
With truth I shall relate; and hope to claim
Your friendly sympathy, for groundless blame.
In yonder walls a captive maid remains,
To me more dear than all the world contains;
Fairer she is than nymph was ever fair;
Pallas in stature, and majestic air;
As Venus soft, with Cynthia's sprightly grace,
When on Taigetus she leads the chase,
Or Erymanthus; while in fix'd amaze,
At awful distance heard, the satyrs gaze.
With oaths divine our plighted faith we bound;
Hymen had soon our mutual wishes crown'd;
When, call'd to arms, against the Theban tow'rs,
From Calydon I led my martial pow'rs.
Her female form in martial arms conceal'd,
With me she brav'd the terrors of the field:
Unknown and unrewarded, from my side
No toil could drive her, and no shock divide.
But now proud Thebes injuriously detains
The lovely virgin, lock'd in hostile chains;
Doom'd, and reserv'd to perish, for my sake,
If of your counsels, I, or works, partake;
Till twenty mornings in the east shall rise,
And twenty ev'nings gild the western skies.
See then the cause which holds me, and confines
My arm, to aid you, though my heart inclines;
Love mix'd with pity, whose restraints I feel
Than adamant more strong, and links of steel.
The hero thus. Laertes' son reply'd:
Oft have I heard what now is verify'd;
That still when passion reigns without controul,
Its sway confounds and darkens all the soul.
If Thebes, by perjury, the gods provok'd,
The vengeance slighted, by themselves invok'd;
Assaulted us, secure, with hostile arms,
And mix'd our pious rites with dire alarms:
With better faith, by faithless Creon sway'd,
Will they at last restore the captive maid?
When from their battlements and lofty spires,
They see their champaign shine with hostile fires;
And, pitch'd around them, hosts of armed foes,
With strict embrace, their straiten'd walls enclose:
The gods they scorn as impotent and vain:
What will they do, when you alone remain?
Our princes fall'n, the vulgar warriors fled,
Shall to your tent the captive fair be led?
Or rather must you see her matchless charms
Reserv'd to bless some hapless rival's arms;
While rage and jealousy divide your breast,
No present friend to pity, or assist?
Now rather rise: and, ere it is too late,
Rescue our armies from impending fate.
The captive maid uninjur'd you'll regain;
Force oft obtains what justice asks in vain.
With success thus your wishes shall be crown'd,
Which trust in Thebes would frustrate and con-
found.
Ulysses thus: his weighty words inclin'd,
Long tortur'd with suspense, the hero's mind;
As settling winds the moving deep controul,
And teach the wav'ring billows how to roll:
Straight from his seat th' Ætolian warrior rose;
His mighty limbs the martial greaves enclose;
His breast and thighs in polish'd steel he dress'd;
A plumed helmet next his temples press'd:
From the broad baldric, round his shoulders flung,
His shining sword and starry faulchion hung:
The spear he last assum'd, and pond'rous shield,
With martial grace, and issu'd to the field:
To mingle in the fight, with eager haste
He rush'd, nor call'd his warriors as he past.
Ulysses these conven'd; his prudent care
Their ranks dispos'd, and led them to the war.
Afar distinguish'd by his armour bright,
With shouts Tydides rous'd the ling'ring fight;
Through all the host his martial voice resounds,
And ev'ry heart with kindling ardour bounds;
As when the sun ascends, with gladsome ray,
To light the weary trav'ller on his way;
Or cheer the mariner by tempest toss'd
Amidst the dangers of some per'lous coast:
So to his wishing friends Tydides came;
Their danger such before, their joy the same.
Phericles saw; and, springing from the throng,
Call'd the bold Thebans, as he rush'd along:
Ye gen'rous youths! whom fair Bœotia breeds,
The nurse of valour and heroic deeds:

Let not, though oft renew'd, theſe tedious toils
Your martial ardour quench, and damp your ſouls.
Tydides comes; and leads, in armour bright,
His native bands, impatient for the fight:
Myſelf the firſt the hero's arm ſhall try,
And teach you how to conquer, or to die:
We ſtrive not now, as when, in days of peace,
Some prince's hymeneal rites to grace,
In liſted fields bedew'd with fragrant oil,
In combat feign'd, the mimic warriors toil;
Alike the victors, and the vanquiſh'd fare,
And genial feaſts, to both, conclude the war:
We now muſt conquer: or it ſtands decreed
That Thebes ſhall periſh, and her people bleed.
No hopes of peace remain; nor can we find
New gods to witneſs, or new oaths to bind,
The firſt infring'd: and therefore muſt prepare
To ſtand or periſh by the lot of war:
Then let us all undaunted brave our fate:
To ſtop is doubtful, deſp'rate to retreat.
The hero thus; and to the battle led:
Like Mars, he ſeem'd, in radiant armour clad,
Tow'ring ſublime: behind his ample ſhield
He mov'd to meet Tydides on the field:
As when at noon, deſcending to the rills,
Two herds encounter, from the neighbouring hills:
Before the reſt, the rival bulls prepare,
With awful prelude, for th' approaching war;
With deſp'rate horns they plough the ſmoking ground;
Their hideous roar the hollow caves reſound;
Heav'd o'er their backs the ſtreaming ſand aſcends;
Their ſtern encounter both the herds ſuſpends:
So met the chiefs; and ſuch amazement quell'd
The reſt, and in ſuſpenſe the combat held.
Tydides firſt his weighty weapon threw,
Wide of the mark with erring force it flew.
Phericles! thine ſucceeds with happier aim,
Full to the centre of the ſhield it came:
But ſlightly join'd, unequal to the ſtroke,
Short from the ſteel, the ſtaff in ſplinters broke.
With grief Tydides ſaw his aim deceiv'd;
From off the field a pond'rous rock he heav'd;
With figures rude of antique ſculpture grac'd,
It mark'd the reliques of a man deceas'd;
Puſh'd at his foe the weighty maſs he flung;
Thund'ring it fell; the Theban helmet rung:
Deep with the brain the dinted ſteel it mix'd,
And lifeleſs, on the ground, the warrior fix'd.
Aw'd by his fall, the Theban bands retire;
As flocks defenceleſs ſhun a lion's ire;
At once they yield, unable to withſtand
The wide deſtruction of Tydides' hand.
Diſorder ſoon, the ſcene of war confounds,
And ſhouts of triumph mix with dying ſounds.
Creon perceiv'd, where ruling on the right
In equal poiſe he held the ſcales of fight,
Blaſpheming heav'n, he impiouſly reſign'd,
To ſtern diſpair, his unſubmitting mind.
Yet, vers'd in all the various turns of fate,
The briſk aſſault to rule, or ſafe retreat,
He drew his firm battalions from the foe,
In martial order, regularly ſlow.
The Argive leaders, thund'ring in the rear,
Still forwards on the yielding ſquadrons bear:
The ſtrife with unabated fury burns,
They ſtop, they combat, and retreat by turns;
As the grim lion ſourly leaves the plains,
By dogs compell'd, and bands of armed ſwains;
Indignant to his woody haunts he goes,
And with retorted glare reſtrains his foes.
Meanwhile Tydides, near the Cadmean gate,
Urg'd with inceſſant toil the work of fate;
Towards the walls, an undiſtinguiſh'd throng,
The victors and the vanquiſh'd, ruſh'd along.
Acceſs to both the guarded wall denies;
From ev'ry tow'r, a ſtorm of jav'lins flies;
Thick as the hail deſcends, when Boreas flings
The rattling tempeſt from his airy wings:
So thick the jav'lins fell, and pointed ſpears;
Behind them cloſe, another hoſt appears,
In order'd columns rang'd, by Creon led:
Ulyſſes ſaw; and thus to Diomed:
Bold as you are, avoid theſe guarded tow'rs:
From looſe purſuit recal your ſcatter'd pow'rs:
See Creon comes; his thick embattled train,
In phalanx join'd, approaches from the plain.
Here if we ſtay th' unequal fight to prove,
The tow'rs and ramparts threaten from above
With darts and ſtones; while to th' invading foe,
In order looſe, our ſcatter'd ranks we ſhow;
Nor by your matchleſs valour hope, in vain,
Such odds to conquer, and the fight maintain;
Againſt an army ſingle force muſt loſe;
Immod'rate courage ſtill like folly ſhows.
See where into the field yon turret calls,
Drawn to a point the long-extended walls:
There force your way, and ſpeedily regain
The ſpace, and ſafety of the open plain.
Ulyſſes thus; and by his prudence ſway'd,
The martial ſon of Tydeus ſtrait obey'd.
Thrice to the height the hero rais'd his voice,
Loud as the ſilver trumpet's martial noiſe,
The ſignal of retreat; his warriors heard,
And round their chief in order'd ranks appear'd,
Drawn from the mingled tumult of the plain;
As, ſever'd on the floor, the golden grain
Swells to a heap; while, whirling through the ſkies,
The duſty chaff in thick diſorder flies;
Tydides leads; between the guarded tow'rs
And hoſtile ranks, he draws his martial pow'rs
Towards the plain; as mariners, with oar
And ſail, avoid ſome promontory's ſhore;
When caught between the ocean and the land,
A ſudden tempeſt bears them on the ſtrand;
The ſtem oppoſing to its boiſt'rous ſway,
They ſhun the cape and ſtretch into the bay:
So 'ſcap'd Tydides. Cover'd by their tow'rs,
In ſafety ſtood retir'd the Theban pow'rs,
For from above an iron tempeſt rain'd,
And the incurſions of the foe reſtrain'd.

BOOK IX.

And now the king of men his army calls,
Back from the danger of th' impending walls;
They quit the combat, and in order long
The field poſſeſs, a phalanx deep and ſtrong.
Rank following rank, the Theban ſquadrons move
Still to the rampart, and the tow'rs above:
Creon himſelf, unwilling, quits the field,
Enrag'd, defeated, and conſtrain'd to yield,
'Gainſt all his foes his indignation burns,
But firſt on Diomed its fury turns.
He call'd a vulgar warrior from the crowd,
A villain dark, and try'd in works of blood,
Erembus nam'd, of huge gigantic ſize,
With cloudy features mark'd, and downcaſt eyes;
Cold and inactive ſtill in combat found,
Nor wont to kindle at the trumpet's ſound;
But bold in villany when pow'r commands;
A weapon fitted for a tyrant's hands.
And thus the wrathful monarch: take this ſword,
A ſign, to all my ſervants, from their lord;
And hither bring the fair Ætolian's head;
I, who command you, will reward the deed:
But let not pity or remorſe prevail;
Your own ſhall anſwer, if in aught you fail.
He ſaid; the murd'rer, practis'd to obey,
The royal ſword receiv'd, and took his way
Straight to the palace, where the captive fair,
Of hope bereft, and yielding to deſpair,
Lamenting ſat. Their mutual griefs to blend,
The queen and all the royal maids attend.
And thus the queen: fair ſtranger! ſhall your grief
All hopes reject of comfort and relief?
Your woes I've meaſur'd, all your ſorrows known;
And find them light when balanc'd with my own.
In one ſad day my valiant ſire I mourn'd;
My brothers ſlain; my native walls o'erturn'd;
Myſelf a captive deſtin'd to fulfil,
In ſervile drudgery, a maſter's will;
Yet to a fall ſo low, the gods decreed
This envy'd height of greatneſs to ſucceed.
The pow'rs above, for purpoſes unknown,
Oft raiſe the fall'n, and bring the lofty down;
Elude the vigilance of all our care:
Our ſureſt hopes deceive, and mock deſpair.
Let no deſponding thoughts your mind poſſeſs,
To baniſh hope, the med'cine of diſtreſs:
For mine ſhort days your freedom will reſtore,
And break the bondage which you thus deplore.
But I, alas! unhappy ſtill, muſt mourn,
Joys once poſſeſs'd, which never can return;
Four valiant ſons, who perith'd on the plain
In this dire ſtrife, a fifth on Oeta ſlain:
Theſe ſhall return to bleſs my eyes no more;
The grave's dark manſion knows not to reſtore,
For time, which bids ſo oft the ſolar ray
Repeat, with light renew'd, th' ethereal way,
And from the ſoil, by heat and vernal winds,
To ſecond life the latent plant unbinds,
Again to flouriſh, nurs'd by wholeſome dews,
Never to mortal man his life renews.
Theſe griefs are ſure; but others ſtill I fear;
A royal huſband loſt, and bondage near;
Myſelf, my daughters, dragg'd by hoſtile hands;
Our dignity exchang'd for ſervile bands:
All this the gods may purpoſe and fulfil;
And we with patience muſt endure their will.
As thus Laodice her ſorrow try'd
With ſympathy to ſooth; the maid reply'd:
Great queen! on whom the ſov'reign pow'rs beſtow
A gen'rous heart to feel another's woe;
Let ſtill untouch'd through life your honours laſt,
With happier days to come for ſorrows paſt!
Yet ſtrive not thus a hopeleſs wretch to cheer,
Whom ſure conjecture leads the worſt to fear.
Shall Diomed a public cauſe forego,
His faithful friends betray, and truſt a foe?
By treachery beheld the hoſt o'erthrown,
Renounce the public intereſt and his own?
Shall kings and armies, in the balance laid,
Avail not to outweigh a ſingle maid?
One, whom his fury falſely did reprove
For crimes unknown, whoſe only crime was love:
No, ſure ere this he triumphs in the field;
Your armies to his matchleſs valour yield:
And ſoon ſubmitting to the fatal blow,
This head muſt gratify a vanquiſh'd foe.
If ſymbols e'er the ſecret fates explain,
If viſions do not always warn in vain,
If dreams do ever true prognoſtics prove,
And dreams, the ſages ſay, deſcend from Jove,
My fate approaches: late at dead of night:
My veins yet freeze with horror and affright!
I thought that, all forſaken and alone,
Penſive I wander'd far through ways unknown,
A gloomy twilight, neither night nor day
Frown'd on my ſteps, and ſadden'd all the way:
Long dreary vales ſaw on ev'ry ſide,
And caverns ſinking deep, with entrance wide;
On ragged cliffs the blaſted foreſts hung;
Her baleful note the boding ſcreech-owl ſung.
At laſt, with many a weary ſtep, I found
This melancholy country's utmoſt bound,
An ocean vaſt: upon a cliff I ſtood,
And ſaw, beneath me far, the ebbing flood;
No iſlands roſe the dull expanſe to grace,
And nought was ſeen through all the boundleſs ſpace,
But low-brow'd clouds, which on the billows frown'd,
And, in a night of ſhade, the proſpect drown'd.
The winds, which ſeem'd around the cliffs to blow,
With doleful cadence, utter'd ſounds of woe,
Waſting, from ev'ry cave and dreary den,
The wail of infants mix'd with groans of men:
Amaz'd, on ev'ry ſide my eyes I turn,
And ſee depending from the craggy bourn

Wretches unnumber'd; ſome the mould'ring ſoil,
Some graſp'd the ſlipp'ry rock, with fruitleſs toil;
Some hung ſuſpended by the roots, which paſs
Through crannies of the cliffs, or wither'd graſs.
Still from the ſteep they plung'd into the main;
As from the eyes deſcends the trickling rain.
Amaz'd I turn'd, and ſtrove in vain to fly;
Thickets oppos'd, and precipices high
To ſtop my flight: and, from the airy ſteep,
A tempeſt ſnatch'd, and hurl'd me to the deep.
The ſudden violence my ſlumber broke;
The waves I ſeem'd to touch, and ſtraight awoke.
With ſleep the viſion fled; but, in my mind
Imprinted deep, its image left behind.
For had the frightful ſcene which fancy drew,
And what I ſeem'd to ſuffer, all been true;
Had fate appear'd, in blackeſt colours dreſs'd,
No deeper had its horrors been impreſs'd.
When thus the gods by certain ſymbols warn,
And ſure, from dreams, their purpoſes we learn,
No blame I merit, that to fear reſign'd,
Fate's dread approach ſits heavy on my mind.
Caſſandra thus; Laodice again:
Futurity, in dreams, we ſeek in vain;
For oft, from thoughts diſturb'd, ſuch phantoms riſe,
As fogs from marſhes climb, to blot the ſkies:
With a dark veil, the cheerful face of day
They ſadden, and eclipſe the ſolar ray;
But ſoon in dews and ſoft-deſcending rains,
Fall to refreſh the mountains and the plains.
For Diomed's offence you ne'er can bleed;
Favour, your ſex and innocence will plead,
Ev'n, with the worſt; nor will a gen'rous foe
His rage, in cruelty and baſeneſs ſhow.
Now to the tow'rs I haſte, to view from far
The danger, or ſucceſs of this day's war.
Let Clymene with me the walls aſcend;
The reſt at home domeſtic cares attend.
She ended thus; and from her ſeat aroſe;
The royal maid attends her, as ſhe goes
Towards the weſtern gate; where full to view
Expos'd, the armies and the camp ſhe knew.
And now appear'd within the lofty gate,
By Creon ſent, the meſſenger of fate.
His ſhining blade, for execution bar'd,
And aſpect dark, his purpoſe ſtraight declar'd.
Alarm'd, at once the royal virgins riſe,
And, ſcatt'ring, fill the dome with female cries:
But, bolder from deſpair, Caſſandra ſtaid,
And to th' aſſaſſin thus, undaunted, ſaid:
Approach! divide this neck with deathful ſteel,
A tyrant's vaſſal no remorſe ſhould feel.
O Diomed! let this example prove,
In man, that ſtubborn honour conquers love:
With weight ſuperior, great ambition draws
The ſcale for glory, and a public cauſe.
I blame thee not for this; nor will impeach
A great example, which I could not reach:
For had whole armies, in the balance laid,
And kings and mighty ſtates with thee been weigh'd,
And I the judge appointed to decree,
They all had periſhed to ranſom thee.
Caſſandra thus; and for the blow prepar'd,
With both her hands her ſhining neck ſhe bar'd,
And round her head a purple garment roll'd,
With leaves of ſilver mark'd, and flow'rs of gold.
Rais'd for the ſtroke, the glitt'ring faulchion hung,
And ſwift deſcending, bore the head along.
A tide of gore, diffus'd in purple ſtreams,
Daſhes the wall, and o'er the pavement ſwims.
Prone to the ground the headleſs trunk reclines,
And life, in long convulſive throbs, reſigns.
Now on the open plain before the walls,
The king of men the chiefs to council calls.
And Diomed, with ſecret griefs oppreſs'd,
Impatient, thus the public ear addreſs'd:
Confed'rate kings! and thou, whoſe ſov'reign hand
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command!
What holds us, and reſtrains our martial pow'rs;
While haughty Thebes inſults us from her tow'rs?
In vain we conquer thus, and bleed in vain;
If victory but yields the empty plain.
Behind his walls, perfidious Creon lies,
And ſafely meditates a new ſurpriſe:
When on the urn our pious tears we pour;
Or mirth diſarms us, and the genial hour;
No; let us rather, now when fortune calls,
With bold aſſault, attempt to mount the walls;
Myſelf the firſt a choſen band ſhall lead,
Where yon low rampart ſinks into the mead:
There will I gain the battlements, and lay,
For others to ſucceed, an open way,
If bars of ſteel have force their works to tear,
Or, from their hinges heav'd the gates, can bear:
Tydides thus. His counſel to oppoſe,
The leader of the Cretan warriors roſe:
Confed'rate kings! and thou, whoſe ſov'reign hand
Sways the dread ſceptre of ſupreme command!
Let not Tydides now, with martial rage,
In meaſures hot and raſh, the hoſt engage;
To ſober reaſon ſtill let paſſion yield,
Nor here admit the ardour of the field:
If Thebes could thus with one aſſault be won,
Her armies vanquiſh'd, and her walls o'erthrown;
Could this one ſingle day reward our toil,
So long endur'd, with victory and ſpoil:
No ſoldier in the ranks, no leader here,
Would ſhun the fight, or counſel to forbear.
But if for victory, a foul defeat,
With all the ſhame and danger of retreat,
Should be the iſſue, which the wiſe muſt dread,
To ſtop is better, ſure, than to proceed.
On yonder walls, and lofty turrets ſtand,
Not ſav'd from ſhameful flight, a heartleſs band,
Who, deſp'rate of their ſtate, would ſoon forego
Their laſt defences, and admit a foe;
But who, from fight recall'd, without diſmay,
A ſafe retreat maintain'd, in firm array.
Secure they combat from protecting walls;
Thrown from above each weapon heavier falls;
Againſt ſuch odds, can we the fight maintain,
And with a foe found equal on the plain?
Though we deſiſt, no leader will oppoſe
That thus the fruits of victory we loſe;
When, pent within their battlements and tow'rs,
In narrow ſpace, we hold the Theban pow'rs:
For oftner, than by arms, are hoſts o'erthrown
By dearth and ſickneſs, in a ſtraiten'd town.
He who can only wield the ſword and ſpear,
Knows leſs than half the inſtruments of war.

Heart-gnawing hunger, enemy to life,
Wide-wasting peſtilence, and civil ſtrife,
By want inflam'd, to all our weapons claim
Superior force, and ſtrike with ſurer aim:
With theſe, whoever arm'd to combat goes,
Inſtructed how to turn them on his foes,
Shall ſee them ſoon laid proſtrate on the ground,
His aims accompliſh'd, and his wiſhes crown'd.
Our warriors, therefore, let us ſtraight recal,
Nor, by aſſault, attempt to force the wall;
But with a rampart, to the gates oppos'd,
Beſiege, in narrow ſpace, our foes enclos'd.
The hero thus; and, eager to reply,
Tydides roſe: when on a turret high
Creon appear'd: Caſſandra's head, diſplay'd
Upon a lance's point, he held, and ſaid:
Ye Argive warriors! view the ſign; and know,
That Creon never fails to quit a foe.
This bloody trophy mark'd; and if it brings
Grief and deſpair to any of the kings,
Let him revenge it on the man who broke
His faith, and dar'd my fury to provoke.
He ended thus. Tydides, as he heard,
With rage diſtracted, and deſpair, appear'd.
Long on the tow'r he fix'd his burning eyes:
The reſt were mute with wonder and ſurpriſe;
But, to the council turning, thus at laſt:
If any favour claim my merits paſt;
If, by a preſent benefit, ye'd bind
To future ſervices a grateful mind;
Let what I urge, in council, now prevail,
With hoſtile arms yon rampart to aſſail:
Elſe, with my native bands, alone I'll try
The combat, fix'd to conquer or to die.
The hero thus. Ulyſſes thus expreſs'd
The prudent dictates of his generous breaſt:
Princes! ſhall dire contention ſtill preſide
In all our councils, and the kings divide?
Sure, of the various ills that can diſtreſs
United armies, and prevent ſucceſs,
Diſcord is chief: where'er the fury ſtrays,
She parts the ſevers, and the whole betrays.
Now let Tydides lead his native pow'rs
To combat, and aſſault the Theban tow'rs;
The reſt, on various parts their forces ſhow,
By mock approaches to diſtract the foe.
If he prevails, to victory he leads;
And ſafe behind him all the hoſt ſucceeds:
If Jove forbids and all-decreeing fate,
The field is open, and a ſafe retreat.
Ulyſſes thus. The princes all aſſent;
Straight from the council through the hoſt they went,
Review'd its order, and in front diſpos'd
The ſlingers, and the rear with bowmen clos'd;
Arming the reſt with all that could avail,
The tow'rs and battlements to ſap or ſcale.
Tydides firſt his martial ſquadrons leads;
Ulyſſes, with his native band, ſucceeds.
Upon them, as they came, the Thebans pour
A ſtorm of jav'lins, ſhot from ev'ry tow'r;
As from the naked heights the feather'd kind,
By bitter ſhow'rs compell'd, and wint'ry wind,
In clouds aſſembled, from ſome mountain's head,
To ſhelter crowd, and dive into the ſhade;
Such and ſo thick the winged weapons flew,
And many warriors wounded, many ſlew.
Now on their ranks, by forceful engines thrown,
Springs, from the twiſted rope, the pond'rous ſtone,
With wide deſtruction through the hoſt to roll,
To mix diſorder and confound the whole.
Intrepid ſtill th' Ætolian chief proceeds;
And ſtill Ulyſſes follows as he leads.
They reach'd the wall. Tydides, with a bound,
Twice ſtrove in vain to mount it from the ground.
Twice fled the foe; as, to the boiſt'rous ſway
Of ſome proud billow, mariners give way;
Which, rous'd by tempeſts, 'gainſt a veſſel bends
Its force, and, mounting o'er the deck, aſcends:
Again he roſe: the third attempt prevail'd;
But, crumbling in his graſp, the rampart fail'd:
For thunder there its fury had impreſs'd,
And loos'd a ſhatter'd fragment from the reſt.
Supine upon the earth the hero falls,
Mix'd with the ſmoke and ruin of the walls.
By diſappointment chaſi'd, and fierce from pain,
Unable, now the rampart to regain,
He turn'd, and ſaw his native bands afar,
By fear reſtrain'd, and ling'ring in the war.
From Creon ſtraight and Thebes, his anger turns,
And 'gainſt his friends, with equal fury, burns;
As when, from ſnows diſſolv'd, or ſudden rains,
A torrent ſwells and roars along the plains;
If, riſing to oppoſe its angry tide,
In full career, it meets a mountain's ſide;
In foaming eddies, backwards to its ſource,
It wheels, and rages with inverted courſe;
So turn'd at once, the fury, in his breaſt,
Againſt Ulyſſes, thus itſelf expreſs'd:
Author accurs'd, and ſource of all my woes!
Friend more pernicious than the worſt of foes!
By thy ſuggeſtions from my purpoſe ſway'd,
I ſlew Caſſandra, and myſelf betray'd;
Hence, lodg'd within this tortur'd breaſt, remains
A fury, to inflict eternal pains.
I need not follow, with vindictive ſpear,
A traitor abſent, while a worſe is near;
Creon but acted what you well foreknew,
When me unwilling to the fight you drew.
To you the firſt my vengeance ſhall proceed,
And then on Creon and myſelf ſucceed:
Such ſacrifice Caſſandra's ghoſt demands,
And ſuch I'll offer with determin'd hands.
Thus as he ſpoke, Ulyſſes pond'ring ſtood,
Whether by art to ſooth his furious mood,
Or, with a ſudden hand, his lance to throw,
Preventing, ere it fell, the threaten'd blow.
But, gliding from above, the martial maid
Between them ſtood, in majeſty diſplay'd;
Her radiant eyes with indignation burn'd,
On Diomed their piercing light ſhe turn'd:
And frowning thus: Thy frantic rage reſtrain;
Elſe by dread Styx I ſwear, nor ſwear in vain,
That proof ſhall teach you whether mortal might
This arm invincible can match in fight.
Is't not enough that he, whoſe hoary hairs
Still watch'd your welfare with a father's cares,
Who dar'd, with zeal and courage, to withſtand
Your fatal phrenzy, periſh'd by your hand?
That, ſlighting ev'ry tie which princes know,
You leagu'd in ſecret with a public foe?
And, from your faith by fond affection ſway'd,
The kings, the army, and yourſelf betray'd?

Yet, ſtill unaw'd, from ſuch atrocious deeds,
To more and worſe your deſp'rate rage proceeds,
And dooms to periſh, by a mad decree,
The chief who ſav'd alike the hoſt and thee.
Had Thebes prevail'd, and one deciſive hour
The victory had fix'd beyond thy pow'r;
Theſe limbs, ere now, had captive fetters worn,
To infamy condemn'd, and hoſtile ſcorn;
While fair Caſſandra, with her virgin charms,
A prize decreed, had bleſt ſome rival's arms.
Did not the worth of mighty Tydeus plead,
Approv'd when living, and rever'd when dead,
For favour to his guilty ſon, and ſtand
A rampart to oppoſe my vengeful hand;
You ſoon had found how mad it is to wage
War with the gods, and tempt immortal rage.
This Thebes ſhall know, ere to the ocean's ſtreams
The ſun again withdraws his ſetting beams;
For now the gods conſent, in vengeance juſt,
For all her crimes, to mix her with the duſt.
The goddeſs thus; and turning to the field,
Her deity in Mentor's form conceal'd:
With courage new each warrior's heart inſpires,
And wakes again, in all their martial fires.
Conſcious of wrong, and ſpeechleſs from ſurpriſe,
Tydides ſtood, nor dar'd to lift his eyes,
Of fate regardleſs; though from ev'ry tow'r,
Stones, darts, and arrows fell, a mingled ſhow'r:
For awe divine ſubdu'd him, and the ſhame
Which virtue ſuffers from the touch of blame.
But to Ulyſſes turning, thus at laſt:
Prince! can thy gen'rous love forget the paſt;
And all remembrance baniſh from thy mind,
Of what my fury and deſpair deſign'd?
If you forgive me, ſtraight our pow'rs recal
Who ſhun the fight, while I attempt the wall.
Some preſent god inſpires me; for I feel
My heart exulting knock the plated ſteel:
In briſker rounds the vital ſpirit flies,
And ev'ry limb with double force ſupplies.
Tydides thus. Ulyſſes thus again
Shall heav'n forgive offences, man retain;
Though born to err, by jarring paſſions toſs'd?
The beſt, in good, no ſteadineſs can boaſt:
No malice, therefore, in my heart ſhall live;
To ſin is human; human to forgive.
But do not now your ſingle force oppoſe
To lofty ramparts and an hoſt of foes;
Let me at leaſt, attending at your ſide,
Partake the danger, and the toil divide:
For ſee our pow'rs advancing to the ſtorm!
Pallas excites them in a mortal form.
Let us, to mount the rampart, ſtraight proceed;
They of themſelves will follow as we lead.
Ulyſſes thus; and, ſpringing from the ground,
Both chiefs at once aſcend the lofty mound.
Before him each his ſhining buckler bears
Gainſt flying darts, and thick portended ſpears.
Now, on the bulwark's level top they ſtand,
And charge on ev'ry ſide the hoſtile band:
There many warriors in cloſe fight they ſlew,
And many headlong from the rampart threw.
Pallas her fav'rite champions ſtill inſpires,
Their nerves confirms, and wakes their martial fires.
With courſe divided, on the foe they fall,
And bare between them leave a length of wall;
As fire, when kindled on ſome mountain's head,
Where runs, in long extent, the woodland ſhade,
Conſumes the middle foreſt, and extends
Its parted progreſs to the diſtant ends:
So fought the leaders, while their ſcatter'd pow'rs,
In phalanx join'd, approach'd the Theban tow'rs;
With hands and heads againſt the rampart lean'd,
The firſt, upon their ſhields, the reſt ſuſtain'd:
Rank above rank, the living ſtructure grows,
As ſettling bees the pendent heap compoſe,
Which to ſome cavern's roof united clings,
Woven thick with complicated feet and wings:
Thus mutually ſuſtain'd, the warriors bend;
While o'er their heads the order'd ranks aſcend.
And now the martial goddeſs with delight,
Plac'd on a turret's top, ſurvey'd the fight.
Thrice to the height ſhe rais'd her awful voice;
The tow'rs and bulwarks trembled at the noiſe:
Both warring hoſts alike the ſignal hear;
To this the cauſe of hope, to that, of fear.
And Theſeus thus addreſs'd his martial train:
Here ſhall we wage a diſtant war in vain,
When now, Tydides, from the conquer'd tow'rs
Deſcending, on the town his warriors pours?
Your glory, if ye would aſſert, nor yield
At once the praiſe of many a well-fought field;
Aſcend theſe lofty battlements, and claim
With thoſe who conquer, now an equal fame.
The monarch thus; and to the combat leads;
With emulation fir'd, the hoſt proceeds;
Under a ſhow'r of falling darts they go,
Climb the ſteep ramparts, and aſſault the foe;
As winds outrageous, from the ocean wide,
Againſt ſome mole impel the ſtormy tide,
Whoſe rocky arms, oppoſed to the deep,
From tempeſts ſafe the anchoring veſſel keep;
Wave heap'd on wave, the ſtormy deluge tow'rs,
And o'er it, with reſiſtleſs fury, pours:
Such ſeem'd the fight, the Theban hoſt o'erthrown,
The wall deſerts, and mingles with the town.
Creon in vain the deſp'rate rout withſtands,
With ſharp reproaches and vindictive hands;
His rage they ſhun not, nor his threat'nings hear,
From ſtunning clamours deaf, and blind from fear.
And thus the monarch with uplifted eyes,
And both his hands extended to the ſkies:
Ye pow'rs ſupreme, whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
Againſt your counſels, vain it is to ſtrive,
Which only ruin nations or retrieve.
Here in your ſight, with patience, I reſign
That envy'd royalty which once was mine;
Renounce the cares that wait upon a crown,
And make my laſt attention all my own.
Seven virgin daughters in my houſe remain,
Who muſt not live to ſwell a victor's train;
Nor ſhall my wretched queen, in triumph borne,
Be lifted to the eye of public ſcorn:
One common fate our miſeries ſhall end,
And, with the duſt of Thebes, our aſhes blend.
His fix'd decree the monarch thus expreſs'd
One half the fates confirm'd, deny'd the reſt:

For now surrounded by the hostile crowd
His captive queen an humble suppliant stood.
Tydides found her as she left the walls;
Before the hero to the ground she falls; [press'd,
With trembling hands, his mighty knees she
And, supplicating, thus with tears address'd:
Illustrious chief! for sure your gallant mien
No less proclaims you, spare a wretched queen;
One whom the gods with endless hate pursue,
To griefs already sumless adding new;
O spare a helpless wretch, who humbly bends,
And for protection on thy might depends!
As supplicating thus her suit she press'd,
Ulysses heard, and thus the chief address'd:
See how th' immortals, by a just decree,
Cassandra's fall avenge, and honour thee!
See, at thy feet, the wife of Ceron laid,
A victim offer'd for the injur'd maid.'
Let her the first your just resentment feel;
By heav'n presented to your vengeful steel.
Ulysses thus With sighs the hero said:
Enough is offer'd to Cassandra's shade;
With wide destruction, wasting sword and fire,
To plague the authors of her fall, conspire.
Yet all in vain. No sacrifice recalls
The parted ghost from Pluto's gloomy walls.
Too long, alas! has lawless fury rul'd,
To reason deaf, by no reflection cool'd:
While I unhappy, by its dictates sway'd,
My guardian murder'd, and the host betray'd,
No victim, therefore, to my rage I'll pay;
Nor ever follow as it points the way.
The son of Tydeus thus; and to his tent,
From insults safe, the royal matron sent.
Himself again the course of conquest led
Till Thebes was overthrown, and Creon bled.

A DREAM.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

I.

One ev'ning as by pleasant Forth I stray'd,
In pensive mood, and meditated still
On poets' learned toil, with scorn repaid
By envy's bitter spite, and want of skill;
A cave I found, which open'd in a hill.
The floor was sand, with various shells yblended,
Through which, in slow meanders, crept a rill;
The roof, by nature's cunning slight suspended:
Thither my steps I turn'd, and there my journey ended.

II.

Upon the ground my listless limbs I laid,
Lull'd by the murmur of the passing stream:
Then sleep, soft stealing, did my eyes invade;
And waking thought, soon ended in a dream.
Transported to a region I did seem,
Which with Thessalian Tempe might compare;
Of verdant shade compos'd, and wat'ry gleam:
Not even Valdarna, thought so passing fair,
Might match this pleasant land, in all perfections rare.

III.

One, like a hoary palmer, near a brook,
Under an arbour, seated did appear;
A shepherd swain, attending, held a hook,
And seem'd to read therein that he mote hear.
From curiosity I stepped near;
But ere I reach'd the place where they did sit,
The whisp'ring breezes wafted to my ear
The sound of rhymes which I myself had writ:
Rhymes much, alas, too mean, for such a judge unfit.

IV.

For him he seem'd who sung Achilles' rage,
In lofty numbers that shall never die,
And wise Ulysses' tedious pilgrimage,
So long the sport of sharp adversity:
The praises of his merit, fame on high,
With her shrill trump, for ever loud doth sound;
With him no bard for excellence can vie,
Of all that late or ancient e'er were found;
So much he doth surpass ev'n bards the most renown'd.

V.

The shepherd swain invited me to come
Up to the arbour where they seated were;
For Homer call'd me: much I fear'd the doom
Which such a judge seem'd ready to declare.
As I approach'd, with mickle dread and care,
He thus address'd me: Sir, the cause explain
Why all your story here is told so bare?
Few circumstances mix'd of various grain;
Such, surely, much enrich and raise a poet's strain.

VI.

Certes, quoth I, the critics are the cause
Of this, and many other mischiefs more;
Who tie the Muses to such rigid laws,
That all their songs are frivolous and poor.
They cannot now, as oft they did before,
Ere pow'rful prejudice had clipt their wings,
Nature's domain with boundless flight explore,
And traffic freely in her precious things:
Each bard now fears the rod, and trembles while he sings.

VII.

Though Shakspeare, still disdaining narrow rules,
His bosom fill'd with Nature's sacred fire,
Broke all the cobweb limits fix'd by fools,
And left the world to blame him and admire.
Yet his reward few mortals would desire;
For, of his learned toil, the only meed
That ever could fire he did acquire,
Is that our dull, degenerate, age of lead,
Says that he wrote by chance, and that he scarce could read.

VIII.

I ween, quoth he, that poets are to blame
When they submit to critics' tyranny:
For learned wights there is no greater shame,
That blindly with their dictates to comply.
Who ever taught the eagle how to fly,
Whose wit did e'er his airy tract define,
When with free wing he claims his native sky,
Say, will he steer his course by rule and line?
Certes, he'd scorn the bounds that would his flight confine.

IX.

Not that the Muses' art is void of rules:
Many there are, I wot, and stricter far,
Than those which pedants dictate from the schools,
Who wage with wit and taste eternal war:
For foggy ignorance their sight doth mar;
Nor can their low conception ever reach
To what dame Nature, crown'd with many a star,
Explains to such as know her learned speech;
But few can comprehend the lessons she doth teach.

X.

As many as the stars that gild the sky,
As many as the flow'rs that paint the ground,
In number like the insect tribes that fly,
The various forms of beauty still are found;
That with strict limits no man may them bound,
And say that this, and this alone, is right:
Experience soon such rashness would confound,
And make its folly obvious to the light;
For such presumption sure becomes not mortal wight.

XI.

Therefore each bard should freely entertain
The hints which pleasing fancy gives at will;
Nor curb her sallies with too strict a rein,
Nature subjecting to her hand-maid skill:
And you yourself in this have done but ill;
With many more, who have not comprehended
That genius, crampt, will rarely mount the hill,
Whose forked summit with the clouds is blended:
Therefore, when next you write, let this defect be mended.

XII.

But, like a friend, who candidly reproves
For faults and errors which he doth espy,
Each vice he freely marks; yet always loves
To mingle favour with severity.
Certes, quoth he, I cannot well deny,
That you in many things may hope to please:
You force a barbarous northern tongue to ply,
And bend it to your purposes with ease;
Though rough as Albion's rocks, and hoarser than her seas.

XIII.

Nor are your tales, I wot, so loosely yok'd,
As those which Colin Clout * did tell before;
Nor with description crowded so, and chok'd,
Which, thinly spread, will always please the more.
Colin, I wot, was rich in Nature's store;
More rich than you, had more than he could use:
But mad Orlando † taught him had his lore;
Whose flights, at random, oft misled his muse:
To follow such a guide, few prudent men would choose.

XIV.

Me you have follow'd: Nature was my guide;
To this the merit of your verse is owing:
And know for certain, let it check your pride,
That all you boast of is of my bestowing.
The flow'rs I see, through all your garden blowing,
Are mine; most part, at least: I might demand,
Might claim them, as a crop of my own sowing,
And leave but few, thin scatter'd o'er the land:
A claim so just, I wot, you could not well withstand.

XV.

Certes, quoth I, that justice were full hard,
Which me alone would sentence to restore;
When many a learned sage, and many a bard,
Are equally your debtors, or much more.
Let Tityrus * himself produce his store,
Take what is thine, but little will remain:
Little, I wot, and that indebted sore
To Ascra's bard †, and Arethusa's swain ‡;
And others too beside; who lent him many a strain.

XVI.

Nor could the modern bards afford to pay,
Whose songs exalt the champions of the Cross;
Take from each hoard thy sterling gold away,
And little will remain but worthless dross.
Not bards alone could ill support the loss;
But sages too, whose theft suspicion shunn'd:
Ev'n that sly Greek, §, who steals and hides so close,
Were half a bankrupt, if he should refund,
While these are all forborn, shall I alone be dunn'd.

XVII.

He smil'd; and from his wrath, which well could spare
Such boon, the wreath with which his locks were clad,
Pluck'd a few leaves to hide my temples bare;
The present I receiv'd with heart full glad.
Henceforth, quoth I, I never will be sad;
For now I shall obtain my share of fame:
Nor will licentious wit, or envy bad,
With bitter taunts, my verses dare to blame:
This garland shall protect them, and exalt my name.

XVIII.

But dreams are short; for as I thought to lay
My limbs, at ease, upon the flow'ry ground,
And drink, with greedy ear, what he might say,
As murm'ring waters sweet, or music's sound,
My sleep departed; and I, waking, found
Myself again by Fortha's pleasant stream.
Homewards I stepp'd, in meditation drown'd,
Reflecting on the meaning of my dream;
Which let each wight interpret as him best doth seem.

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* *Spenser.*
† *Arioste, so called from his hero.*

* *Virgil.* † *Hesiod.* ‡ *Theocritus.*
§ *Plato, reckoned by Longinus one of the greatest imitators of Homer.*

FABLES.

TO THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

MY LORD,

It is undoubtedly an uneasy situation to lie under great obligations, without being able to make suitable returns: all that can be done in this case, is, to acknowledge the debt, which (though it does not entitle to an acquittance) is looked upon as a kind of compensation, being all that gratitude has in its power.

This is in a peculiar manner my situation with respect to your Lordship. What you have done for me with the most uncommon favour and condescension, is what I shall never be able to repay; and, therefore, have used the freedom to recommend the following performance to your protection, that I might have an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations in the most public manner.

It is evident, that the world will hardly allow my gratitude upon this occasion to be disinterested. Your distinguished rank, the additional honours derived from the lustre of your ancestors, your own uncommon abilities, equally adapted to the service of your country in peace and in war, are circumstances sufficient to make any author ambitious of your Lordship's patronage. But I must do myself the justice to insist, it is upon the account of distinctions less splendid, though far more interesting (those, I mean, by which you are distinguished as the friend of human nature, the guide and patron of unexperienced youth, and the father of the poor), that I am zealous of subscribing myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble, and

Most devoted Servant,

WILLIAM WILKIE.

FABLE I.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Ye deep philosophers who can
Explain that various creature, man,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good; admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse;
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply.
Without a name reprove and warn:
Here none are hurt, and all may learn;
This too, must fail, the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows it makes out.

There was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:

At trifles oft ſhe'd ſcold and fret,
Then in a corner take a ſeat,
And ſourly moping all the day
Diſdain alike to work or play.
Papa all ſofter arts had try'd,
And ſharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every courſe
He took ſtill made her worſe and worſe.
'Tis ſtrange to think how female wit,
So oft ſhould make a lucky hit,
When man with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, ſounder ſenſe,
Will err, and meaſures falſe purſue—
'Tis very ſtrange I own, but true—
Mama obſerv'd the riſing laſs,
By ſtealth retiring to the glaſs,
To practiſe little airs unſeen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep deſign ſhe laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall againſt the ſeat
Which Jeſſy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glaſs was ſtraight ſuſpended,
That it might ſhow her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when ſhe ſtorm'd;
And warn her as ſhe priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty,
All this the looking-glaſs atchiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid who ſpurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
So when all other means had fail'd
The ſilent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, fable to the human kind
Preſents an image of the mind,
It is a mirror where we ſpy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of courſe thoſe faults to mend
Which but to mention would offend.

FABLE II.

THE KITE AND THE ROOKS.

You ſay 'tis vain in verſe or proſe
To tell what ev'ry body knows,
And ſtretch invention to expreſs
Plain truths which all men will confeſs;
Go on the argument to mend,
Prove that to know is to attend,
And that we ever keep in ſight
What reaſon tells us once is right;
Till this is done you muſt excuſe
The zeal and freedom of my muſe
In hinting to the human-kind,
What few deny but fewer mind:
There is a folly which we blame,
'Tis ſtrange that it ſhould want a name,
For ſure no other finds a place
So often in the human race,
I mean the tendency to ſpy
Our neighbour's faults with ſharpen'd eye,
And make his lighteſt failings known,
Without attending to our own.
The prude in daily uſe to vex
With groundleſs cenſure half the ſex,
Of rigid virtue honour nice,
And much a foe to every vice,
Tells lies without remorſe and ſhame,
Yet never thinks herſelf to blame.
A ſcriv'ner, though afraid to kill,
Yet ſcruples not to forge a will;
Abhors the ſoldier's bloody feats,
While he as freely damns all cheats:
The reaſon's plain, 'tis not his way
To lie, to cozen and betray.
But tell me if to take by force,
Is not as bad at leaſt, or worſe.
The pimp who owns it as his trade
To potch for letchers, and be paid,
Thinks himſelf honeſt in his ſtation,
But rails at rogues that ſell the nation
Nor would he ſtoop in any caſe,
And ſtain his honour for a place.
To mark this error of mankind
The tale which follows is deſign'd.
A flight of rooks one harveſt morn
Had ſtopt upon a field of corn,
Juſt when a kite as authors ſay,
Was paſſing on the wing that way:
His honeſt heart was fill'd with pain,
To ſee the farmer loſe his grain,
So lighting gently on a ſhock
He thus the foragers beſpoke:
" Believe me, Sirs, your much to blame,
'Tis ſtrange that neither fear nor ſhame
Can keep you from your uſual way
Of ſtealth, and pilf'ring every day.
No ſooner has the induſtrious ſwain
His field turn'd up and ſow'd the grain,
But ye come flocking on the wing,
Prepar'd to ſnatch it ere it ſpring:
And after all his toil and care
Leave every furrow ſpoil'd and bare:
If ought eſcapes your greedy bills,
Which nurs'd by ſummer grows and fills,
'Tis ſtill your prey: and though ye know
No rook did ever till or ſow,
Ye boldly reap, without regard
To juſtice, induſtry's reward,
And uſe it freely as your own,
Though men and cattle ſhou'd get none.
I never did in any caſe
Deſcend to practices ſo baſe.
Though ſtung with hunger's ſharpeſt pain
I ſtill have ſcorn'd to touch a grain,
Ev'n when I had it in my pow'r
To do't with ſafety every hour:
For, truſt me, nought that can be gain'd
Is worth a character unſtain'd."
Thus with a face auſterely grave
Harangu'd the hypocrite and knave;
And anſwering from amidſt the flock
A rook with indignation ſpoke.
" What has been ſaid is ſtrictly true,
Yet comes not decently from you;
For ſure it indicates a mind
From ſelfiſh paſſions more than blind,
To miſs your greater crimes, and quote
Our lighter failings thus by rote.

I muſt confeſs we wrong the ſwain
Too oft by pilf'ring of his grain:
But is our guilt like yours, I pray,
Who rob and murder every day?
No harmleſs bird can mount the ſkies
But you attack him as he flies;
And when at eve he lights to reſt,
You ſtoop and ſnatch him from his neſt.
The huſbandman who ſeems to ſhare
So large a portion from your care,
Say, is he ever off his guard,
While you are hov'ring o'er the yard?
He knows too well your uſual tricks
Your ancient ſpite to tender chicks,
And that you like a felon watch,
For ſomething to ſurpriſe and ſnatch."
At this rebuke ſo juſt, the kite
Surpris'd, abaſh'd, and ſilenc'd quite,
And prov'd a villain to his face,
Straight ſoar'd aloft and left the place.

FABLE III.

THE MUSE AND THE SHEPHERD.

LET every bard who ſeeks applauſe
Be true to virtue and her cauſe,
Nor ever try to raiſe his fame
By praiſing that which merits blame;
The vain attempt he needs muſt rue,
For diſappointment will enſue.
Virtue with her ſuperior charms
Exalts the poet's ſoul and warms,
His taſte refines, his genius fires,
Like Phœbus and the nine inſpires;
While vice though ſeemingly approv'd
Is coldly flatter'd, never lov'd.
Palemon once a ſtory told,
Which by conjecture muſt be old:
I have a kind of half conviction
That at the beſt 'tis but a fiction;
But taken right and underſtood.
The moral certainly is good.
A ſhepherd ſwain was wont to ſing
The infant beauties of the ſpring,
The bloom of ſummer, winter hoar;
The autumn rich in various ſtore;
And prais'd in numbers ſtrong and clear
The Ruler of the changeful year.
To human themes he'd next deſcend,
The ſhepherd's harmleſs life commend,
And prove him happier than the great
With all their pageantry and ſtate;
Who oft for pleaſure and for wealth,
Exchange their innocence and health;
The Muſes liſten'd to his lays;
And crown'd him as he ſung with bays.
Euterpe, goddeſs of the lyre,
A harp beſtow'd with golden wire:
And oft wou'd teach him how to ſing,
Or touch with art the trembling ſtring.
His fame o'er all the mountains flew,
And to his cot the ſhepherds drew;
They heard his muſic with delight,
Whole ſummer days from morn to night:
Nor did they ever think him long,
Such was the magic of his ſong:
Some rural preſent each prepar'd,
His ſkill to honour and reward;
A flute, a ſheep-hook or a lamb,
Or kidling follow'd by its dam:
For bards it ſeems in earlier days,
Got ſomething more than empty praiſe.
All this continued for a while,
But ſoon our ſongſter chang'd his ſtyle,
Infected with the common itch,
His gains to double and grow rich:
Or fondly ſeeking new applauſe,
Or this or t'other was the cauſe;
One thing is certain that his rhimes
Grew more obſequious to the times,
Leſs ſtiff and formal, alter'd quite
To what a courtier calls polite.
Whoe'er grew rich, by right or wrong,
Became the hero of a ſong:
No nymph or ſhepherdeſs could wed,
But he muſt ſing the nuptial bed,
And ſtill was ready to recite
The ſecret tranſports of the night,
In ſtrains too luſcious for the ear
Of ſober chaſtity to bear.
Aſtoniſh'd at a change ſo great,
No more the ſhepherds ſought his ſeat,
But in their place a horned crowd
Of ſatyrs flock'd from every wood,
Drawn by the magic of his lay,
To dance, to frolic, ſport, and play.
The goddeſs of the lyre diſdain'd
To ſee her ſacred gift profan'd,
And gliding ſwiftly to the place,
With indignation in her face,
The trembling ſhepherd thus addreſs'd,
In awful majeſty conſeſs'd.
"Thou wretched fool, that harp reſign,
For know it is no longer thine;
It was not given you to inſpire
A herd like this with looſe deſire,
Nor to aſſiſt that venal praiſe
Which vice may purchaſe, if it pays:
Such offices my lyre diſgrace;
Here take this bagpipe in its place.
'Tis fitter far, believe it true,
Both for theſe miſcreants and you."
The ſwain diſmay'd, without a word,
Submitted, and the harp reſtor'd.

FABLE IV.

THE GRASHOPPER AND THE GLOWWORM.

WHEN ignorance poſſeſs'd the ſchools,
And reign'd by Ariſtotle's rules,
Ere Verulam, like dawning light,
Roſe to diſpel the Gothic night:
A man was taught to ſhut his eyes,
And grow abſtracted to be wiſe.
Nature's broad volume fairly ſpread,
Where all true ſcience might be read,
The wiſdom of th' Eternal Mind,
Declar'd and publiſh'd to mankind,

Was quite neglected, for the whims
Of mortals and their airy dreams:
By narrow principles and few,
By hafty maxims, oft untrue,
By words and phrafes ill-defin'd,
Evafive truth they hop'd to bind;
Which ftill efcap'd them, and the elves
At laft caught nothing but themfelves.
Nor is this folly modern quite,
'Tis ancient too; the Stagyrite
Improv'd at firft, and taught his fchool
By rules of art to play the fool.
Ev'n Plato, from example bad,
Would oft turn fophift, and run mad:
Makes Socrates himfelf difcourfe
Like Clarke and Leibnitz, oft-times worfe;
'Bout quirks and fubtilties contending,
Beyond all human comprehending.
From fome ftrange bias men purfue
Falfe knowledge ftill in place of true,
Build airy fyftems of their own,
This moment rais'd, the next pull'd down;
While few attempt to catch thofe rays
Of truth which nature ftill difplays
Throughout the univerfal plan,
From mofs and mufhrooms up to man.
This fure were better, but we hate
To borrow when we can create;
And therefore ftupidly prefer
Our own conceits, by which we err,
To all the wifdom to be gain'd
From nature and her laws explain'd.

One ev'ning, when the fun was fet,
A grafhopper and glowworm met
Upon a hillock in a dale,
As Mab the fairy tells the tale.
Vain and conceited of his fpark,
Which brighten'd as the night grew dark,
The fhining reptile fwell'd with pride
To fee his rays on every fide,
Mark'd by a circle on the ground
Of livid light, fome inches round.

Quoth he, if glowworms never fhone,
To light the earth when day is gone,
In fpite of all the ftars that burn,
Primeval darknefs would return:
They're lefs and dimmer, one may fee,
Befides much farther off than we;
And therefore through a long defcent
Their light is fcatter'd quite and fpent:
While ours, compacter and at hand,
Keeps night and darknefs at a ftand,
Diffus'd around in many a ray,
Whofe brightnefs emulates the day.

This pafs'd and more without difpute,
The patient grafhopper was mute:
But foon the caft began to glow
With light appearing from below,
And level from the ocean's ftreams
The moon emerging fhot her beams,
To gild the mountains and the woods,
And fhake and glitter on the floods.
The glowworm, when he found his light
Grow pale, and faint, and vanifh quite,
Before the moon's prevailing ray,
Began his envy to difplay.

That globe, quoth he, which feems fo fair,
Which brightens all the earth and air,
And fends its beams fo far abroad,
Is nought, believe me, but a clod;
A thing, which, if the fun were gone,
Has no more light in't than a ftone,
Subfifting merely by fupplies
From Phœbus in the nether fkies:
My light, indeed, I muft confefs,
On fome occafions will be lefs;
But fpite itfelf will hardly fay
I'm debtor for a fingle ray;
'Tis all my own, and on the fcore
Of merit mounts to ten times more
Than any planet can demand
For light difpens'd at fecond hand.

To hear the paltry infect boaft
The grafhopper all patience loft.

Quoth he, my friend, it may be fo,
The moon with borrow'd light may glow;
That your faint glimm'ring is your own,
I think is queftion'd yet by none:
But fure the office to collect
The folar brightnefs and reflect,
To catch thofe rays that would be fpent
Quite ufelefs in the firmament,
And turn them downwards on the fhade
Which abfence of the fun has made,
Amounts to more, in point of merit,
Than all your tribe did e'er inherit:
Oft by that planet's friendly ray
The midnight traveller finds his way;
Safe by the favour of his beams
'Midft precipices, lakes, and ftreams;
While you miflead him, and your light,
Seen like a cottage lamp by night,
With hopes to find a fafe retreat,
Allures and tempts him to his fate:
As this is fo, I needs muft call
The merit of your light but fmall:
You need not boaft on't though your own;
'Tis light, indeed, but worfe than none;
Unlike to what the moon fupplies,
Which you call borrow'd, and defpife.

FABLE V.

THE APE, THE PARROT, AND THE JACKDAW.

I HOLD it rafh at any time
To deal with fools difpos'd to rhime;
Diffuafive arguments provoke
Their utmoft rage as foon as fpoke;
Encourage them, and for a day
Or two you're fafe, by giving way:
But when they find themfelves betray'd,
On you at laft the blame is laid.
They hate and fcorn you as a traitor,
The common lot of thofe who flatter:
But can a fcribbler, Sir, be fhunn'd?
What will you do when teaz'd and dunn'd?
When watch'd, and caught, and clofely prefs'd,
When complimented and addreft:
When Bavius greets you with a bow,
"Sir, pleafe to read a line or two."
If you approve, and fay they're clever,
"You make me happy, Sir, for ever."

What can be done? the caſe is plain,
No methods of eſcape remain:
You're fairly noos'd, and muſt conſent
To bear, what nothing can prevent,
A coxcomb's anger; and your fate
Will be to ſuffer ſoon or late.
An ape, that was the ſole delight
Of an old woman day and night,
Indulg'd at table and in bed,
Attended like a child, and fed:
Who knew each trick, and twenty more
Than ever monkey play'd before,
At laſt grew frantic, and would try,
In ſpite of nature's laws, to fly.
Oft from the window would he view
The paſſing ſwallows as they flew,
Obſerve them fluttering round the walls,
Or gliding o'er the ſmooth canals:
He too muſt fly, and cope with theſe:
For this and nothing elſe would pleaſe:
Oft thinking from the window's height,
Three ſtories down to take his flight:
He ſtill was ſomething loth to venture,
As tending ſtrongly to the centre:
And knowing that the leaſt miſtake
Might coſt a limb, perhaps his neck:
The caſe you'll own was ſometning nice;
He thought it beſt to aſk advice;
And to the parrot ſtraight applying,
Allow'd to be a judge of flying,
He thus began: "You'll think me rude,
Forgive me if I do intrude,
For you alone my doubts can clear
In ſomething that concerns me near:
Do you imagine, if I try,
That I ſhall e'er attain to fly?
The project's whimſical no doubt,
But, ere you cenſure, hear me out:
That liberty's our greateſt bleſſing
You'll grant me without farther preſſing;
To live confin'd, 'tis plain and clear
Is ſomething very hard to bear:
This you muſt know, who for an age
Have been kept priſ'ner in a cage,
Deny'd the privilege to ſoar
With boundleſs freedom as before.
I have, 'tis true, much greater ſcope
Than you, my friend, can ever hope;
I traverſe all the houſe, and play
My tricks and gambols every day:
Oft with my miſtreſs in a chair
I ride abroad to take the air:
Make viſits with her, walk at large,
A maid or footman's conſtant charge.
Yet this is nothing, for I find
Myſelf ſtill hamper'd and confin'd;
A grov'ling thing: I fain would riſe
Above the earth, and mount the ſkies:
The meaneſt birds, and inſects too,
This feat with greateſt eaſe can do.
To that gay creature turn about
That's beating on the pane without!
Ten days ago, perhaps but five,
A worm, it ſcarcely ſeem'd alive:
By threads ſuſpended, tough and ſmall,
Midſt duſty cobwebs on a wall;
Now dreſs'd in all the diff'rent dyes
That vary in the ev'ning ſkies,
He ſoars at large, and on the wing
Enjoys with freedom all the ſpring;
Skims the freſh lakes, and riſing ſees
Beneath him far the loftieſt trees:
And when he reſts, he makes his bow'r
The cup of ſome delicious flow'r.
Shall creatur's ſo obſcurely bred,
On mere corruption nurs'd and fed,
A glorious privilege obtain,
Which I can never hope to gain?
Shall I, like man's imperial race
In manners, cuſtoms, ſhape, and face,
Expert in all ingenious tricks,
To tumble, dance, and leap o'er ſticks;
Who know to ſooth and coax my betters,
And match a beau, at leaſt in letters;
Shall I deſpair, and never try
(What meaneſt inſects can) to fly?
Say, mayn't I without dread or care
At once commit me to the air,
And not fall down and break my bones
Upon thoſe hard and flinty ſtones?
Say, if to ſtir my limbs before
Will make me glide along or ſoar?
All things they ſay are learn'd by trying:
No doubt it is the ſame with flying.
I wait your judgment with reſpect,
And ſhall proceed as you direct.
Poor poll, with gen'rous pity mov'd,
The ape's fond raſhneſs thus reprov'd:
For, though inſtructed by mankind,
Her tongue to candour ſtill inclin'd.
My friend, the privilege to riſe
Above the earth, and mount the ſkies,
Is glorious ſure, and 'tis my fate
To feel the want on't with regret;
A priſ'ner to a cage confin'd,
Though wing'd and of the flying kind.
With you the caſe is not the ſame,
You're quite terreſtrial by your frame,
And ſhould be perfectly content
With your peculiar element:
You have no wings, I pray reflect,
To lift you and your courſe direct;
Thoſe arms of yours will never do,
Not twenty in the place of two;
They ne'er can lift you from the ground,
For broad and long, they're thick and round,
And therefore if you chooſe the way,
To leap the window, as you ſay,
'Tis certain that you'll be the jeſt
Of every inſect, bird, and beaſt;
When you lie batter'd by your fall
Juſt at the bottom of the wall.
Be prudent then, improve the pow'rs
Which nature gives in place of ours.
You'll find them readly conduce
At once to pleaſure and to uſe.
But airy whims and crotchets lead
To certain loſs, and ne'er ſucceed;
As folks, though inly vex'd and teaz'd,
Will oft ſeem ſatisfy'd and pleas'd.
The ape approv'd of every word
At this time utter'd by the bird:

But nothing in opinion chang'd,
Thought only how to be reveng'd.
It happen'd when the day was fair,
That Poll was set to take the air,
Just where the Monkey oft sat poring
About experiments in soaring:
Dissembling his contempt and rage,
He stept up softly to the cage,
And with a sly malicious grin,
Accosted thus the bird within.
You say, I am not form'd for flight;
In this you certainly are right:
'Tis very plain upon reflection,
But to yourself there's no objection,
Since flying is the very trade
For which the winged race is made;
And therefore for our mutual sport,
I'll make you fly, you can't be hurt.
With that he slyly slipt the string
Which held the cage up by the ring,
In vain the Parrot begg'd and pray'd,
No word was minded that she said:
Down went the cage, and on the ground
Bruis'd and half-dead poor Poll was found.
Pug who for some time had attended
To that alone which now was ended,
Again had leisure to pursue
The project he had first in view.
Quoth he, a person, if he's wise
Will only with his friends advise,
They know his temper and his parts,
And have his interest near their hearts.
In matters which he should forbear,
They'll hold him back with prudent care,
But never from an envious spirit
Forbid him to display his merit;
Or judging wrong from spleen and hate
Mis talents slight or underrate;
I acted sure with small reflection
In asking counsel and direction
From a sly minion whom I know
To be my rival and my foe:
One who will constantly endeavour
To hurt me in our lady's favour,
And watch and plot to keep me down,
From obvious interests of her own:
But on the top of that old tow'r
An honest Daw has made his bow'r;
A faithful friend whom one may trust,
My debtor too for many a crust;
Which in the window oft I lay,
For him to come and take away:
From gratitude no doubt he'll give
Such counsel as I may receive;
Well back'd with reasons strong and plain
To push me forward or restrain.
One morning when the Daw appear'd,
The project was propos'd and heard:
And though the bird was much surpris'd
To find friend Pug so ill advis'd,
He rather chose that he should try
At his own proper risk to fly,
Than hazard, in a case so nice,
To shock him by too free advice.
Quoth he, I'm certain that you'll find
The project answer to your mind;
Without suspicion, dread or care,
At once commit you to the air;
You'll soar aloft, or, if you please,
Proceed straight forwards at your ease:
The whole depends on resolution,
Which you possess from constitution;
And if you follow as I lead,
'Tis past a doubt you must succeed.
So saying, from the turret's height,
The Jackdaw shot with downward flight,
And on the edge of a canal,
Some fifty paces from the wall,
'Lighted, obsequious to attend
The Monkey when he should descend:
But he, although he had believ'd
The flatterer and was deceiv'd,
Felt some misgivings at his heart
In ventring on so new an art:
But yet at last 'tween hope and fear
Himself he trusted to the air,
But far'd like him whom poets mention
With Dedalus's old invention:
Directly downwards on his head
He fell, and lay an hour for dead.
The various creatures in the place
Had diff'rent thoughts upon the case,
From some his fate compassion drew,
But those I must confess were few:
The rest esteem'd him rightly serv'd,
And in the manner he deserv'd,
For playing tricks beyond his sphere,
Nor thought the punishment severe.
They gather'd round him as he lay,
And jeer'd him when he limp'd away.
Pug disappointed thus and hurt,
And grown besides the public sport,
Found all his different passions change
At once to fury and revenge:
The Daw 'twas useless to pursue,
His helpless brood as next in view,
With unrelenting paws he seiz'd,
One's neck he wrung, another squeez'd,
Till of the number four or five,
No single bird was left alive.
Thus counsellors, in all regards
Though different, meet with like rewards:
The story shows the certain fate
Of every mortal soon or late,
Whose evil genius for his crimes
Connects with any fop that rhimes.

FABLE VI.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

Declare, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition sort and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possest
Of talents far above the rest.
Descend to instances and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood
With fishes to explore the flood,

Man only acts of every creature,
In oppoſition to his nature.
The happineſs of human-kind
Conſiſts in rectitude of mind,
A will ſubdu'd to reaſon's ſway,
And paſſions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from ſelfiſhneſs and art;
Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wiſdom never ſad nor ſour:
In theſe conſiſt our proper bliſs;
Elſe Plato reaſons much amiſs:
But fooliſh mortals ſtill purſue
Falſe happineſs in place of true;
Ambition ſerves us for a guide,
Or luſt, or avarice, or pride;
While reaſon no aſſent can gain,
And revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives in ev'ry ſtage,
From infancy itſelf to age,
A happineſs we toil to find,
Which ſtill avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vaniſh'd, loſt and gone.
You'll aſk me why I thus rehearſe,
All Epictetus in my verſe,
And if I fondly hope to pleaſe
With dry reflections, ſuch as theſe,
So trite, ſo hackny'd, and ſo ſtale?
I'll take the hint and tell a tale.
One ev'ning as a ſimple ſwain
His flock attended on the plain,
The ſhining bow he chanc'd to ſpy,
Which warns us when a ſhow'r is nigh;
With brighteſt rays it ſeem'd to glow,
Its diſtance eighty yards or ſo.
This bumpkin had it ſeems been told
The ſtory of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Juſt where the rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a ſudden itch
To ſeize the goblet and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But ſit indulging by the fire,
Midſt eaſe and plenty, like a 'ſquire:
He mark'd the very ſpot of land
On which the rainbow ſeem'd to ſtand,
And ſtepping forwards at his leiſure
Expected to have found the treaſure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and ſlipt away,
As ſeeming his approach to ſhun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it ſtill withdrew
As nimbly as he could purſue;
At laſt through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy rock and thorny brake,
It led the eaſy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vaniſh'd in his ſight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

FABLE VII.

CELIA AND HER MIRROR.

As there are various ſorts of minds,
So friendſhips are of diff'rent kinds:
Some, conſtant when the object's near,
Soon vaniſh if it diſappear.
Another ſort, with equal flame,
In abſence will be ſtill the ſame:
Some folks a trifle will provoke,
Their weak attachment ſoon is broke;
Some great offences only move
To change in friendſhip or in love.
Affection when it has its ſource
In things that ſhift and change of courſe,
As theſe diminiſh and decay,
Muſt likewiſe fade and melt away.
But when 'tis of a nobler kind,
Inſpir'd by rectitude of mind,
Whatever accident arrives,
It lives, and death itſelf ſurvives;
Thoſe different kinds reduc'd to two,
Falſe friendſhip may be call'd and true.
In Celia's drawing-room of late
Some female friends were met to chat;
Where after much diſcourſe had paſt,
A portrait grew the theme at laſt:
'Twas Celia's you muſt underſtand,
And by a celebrated hand.
Says one, that picture ſure muſt ſtrike,
In all reſpects it is ſo like:
Your very features, ſhape and air
Expreſs'd, believe me, to a hair:
The price I'm ſure could not be ſmall—
Juſt fifty guineas frame and all—
That Mirror there is wond'rous fine
I own the bauble coſt me nine;
I'm fairly cheated you may ſwear,
For never was a thing ſo dear:
Dear—quoth the Looking-glaſs—and ſpoke,
Madam, it would a ſaint provoke:
Muſt that ſame gaudy thing be own'd
A pennyworth at fifty pound;
While I at nine am reckon'd dear,
'Tis what I never thought to hear.
Let both our merits now be try'd,
This fair aſſembly ſhall decide;
And I will prove it to your face,
That you are partial in the caſe.
I give a likeneſs far more true
Than any artiſt ever drew:
And what is vaſtly more, expreſs
Your whole variety of dreſs:
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
I watch each change and paint it right;
Beſides I'm miſtreſs of the art,
Which conquers and ſecures a heart,
I teach you how to uſe thoſe arms,
That vary and aſſiſt your charms,
And in the triumphs of the fair,
Claim half the merit for my ſhare:
So when the truth is fairly told,
I'm worth at leaſt my weight in gold:
But that vain thing of which you ſpeak
Becomes quite uſeleſs in a week.
For, though it had no other vice,
'Tis out of faſhion in a trice,
The cap is chang'd, the cloak, the gown;
It muſt no longer ſtay in town?
But goes in courſe to hide a wall
With others in our country-hall.
The Mirror thus:—the nymph reply'd,
Your merit cannot be deny'd;

The portrait too, I muſt confeſs,
In ſome reſpects has vaſtly leſs.
But you yourſelf will freely grant
That it has virtues which you want.
'Tis certain that you can expreſs
My ſhape, my features, and my dreſs,
Not juſt as well, but better too
Than Kneller once or Ramſay now.
But that ſame image in your heart
Which thus excels the painter's art,
The ſhorteſt abſence can deface,
And put a monkey's in its place:
That other which the canvaſs bears,
Unchang'd and conſtant, laſts for years,
Would keep its luſtre and its bloom
Though it were here and I at Rome.
When age and ſickneſs ſhall invade
Thoſe youthful charms and make them fade,
You'll ſoon perceive it, and reveal
What partial friendſhip ſhould conceal:
You'll tell me, in your uſual way,
Of furrow'd cheeks and locks grown gray;
Your gen'rous rival, not ſo cold,
Will ne'er ſuggeſt that I am old;
Nor mark when time and ſlow diſeaſe
Has ſtol'n the graces won't pleaſe;
But keep my image to be ſeen
In the full bloſſom of ſixteen:
Beſtowing freely all the praiſe
I merited in better days.
You will (when I am turn'd to duſt,
For beauties die, as all things muſt,
And you remember but by ſeeing)
Forget that e'er I had a being;
But in that picture I ſhall live,
My charms ſhall death itſelf ſurvive,
And figur'd by the pencil there
Tell that your miſtreſs once was fair.
Weigh each advantage and defect,
The portrait merits moſt reſpect:
Your qualities would recommend
A ſervant rather than a friend;
But ſervice ſure in ev'ry caſe,
To friendſhip yields the higher place.

FABLE VIII.

THE FISHERMEN.

Imitated from Theocritus.

By all the ſages 'tis confeſt
That hope when moderate is beſt:
But when indulg'd beyond due meaſure
It yields a vain deceitful pleaſure,
Which cheats the ſimple, and betrays
To miſchief in a thouſand ways;
Juſt hope aſſiſts in all our toils,
The wheels of induſtry it oils;
In great attempts the boſom fires,
And zeal and conſtancy inſpires.
Falſe hope, like a deceitful dream,
Reſts on ſome viſionary ſcheme,
And keeps us idle to our loſs,
Enchanted with our hands acroſs.
A tale an ancient bard has told
Of two poor fiſhermen of old,
Their names were (leſt I ſhould forget
And put the reader in a pet,
Leſt critics too ſhould make a pother)
The one Aſphelio, Gripus t' other.
The men were very poor, their trade
Could ſcarce afford them daily bread:
Though ply'd with induſtry and care
Through the whole ſeaſon, foul and fair,
Upon a rock their cottage ſtood,
On all ſides bounded by the flood:
It was a miſerable ſeat,
Like cold and hunger's worſt retreat:
And yet it ſerv'd them both for life,
As neither could maintain a wife;
Two walls were rock, and two were ſand,
Ramm'd up with ſtakes and made to ſtand.
A roof hung threat'ning o'er their heads
Of boards half-rotten, thatch'd with reeds.
And as no thief e'er touch their ſtore,
A hurdle ſerv'd them for a door.
Their beds were leaves; againſt the wall
A ſail hung drying, yard and all.
On one ſide lay an old patch'd wherry,
Like Charon's on the Stygian ferry:
On t' other, baſkets and a net,
With ſea-weed foul and always wet.
Theſe ſorry inſtruments of trade
Were all the furniture they had:
For they had neither ſpit nor pot,
Unleſs my author has forgot.
Once ſome few hours ere break of day,
As in their hut our fiſhers lay,
The one awak'd, and wak'd his neighbour,
That both might ply their daily labour;
For cold and hunger are confeſt
No friends to indolence or reſt.
Friend, quoth the drowſy ſwain, and ſwore,
What you have done has hurt me more
Than all your ſervice can repay
For years to come by night and day;
You've broke—the thought on't makes me mad—
The fineſt dream that e'er I had.
Quoth Gripus: friend your ſpeech would prove
You mad indeed, or elſe in love;
For dreams ſhould weigh but light with thoſe
Who feel the want of food and clothes:
I gueſs, though ſimple and untaught,
You dream'd about a lucky draught,
Or money found by chance: they ſay
That "hungry foxes dream of prey."
You're wond'rous ſhrewd, upon my troth,
Aſphelio cry'd, and right in both:
My dream had gold in't, as you ſaid,
And fiſhing too, our conſtant trade;
And ſince your gueſs has hit ſo near,
In ſhort, the whole on't you ſhall hear.
"Upon the ſhore I ſeem'd to ſtand,
My rod and tackle in my hand;
The baited hook full oft I threw,
But ſtill in vain, I nothing drew:
A fiſh at laſt appear'd to bite,
The cork div'd quickly out of ſight,
And ſoon the dipping rod I found
With ſomething weighty bent half round:
Quoth I, good luck has come at laſt,
I've ſurely made a happy caſt:
This fiſh, when in the market ſold,
In place of braſs will ſell for gold:
To bring it ſafe within my reach,
I drew it ſoftly to the beach:

But long ere it had come so near
The water gleam'd with something clear;
Each passing billow caught the blaze,
And glitt'ring, shone with golden rays.
Of hope and expectation full
Impatient, yet afraid to pull,
To shore I slowly brought my prize,
A golden fish of largest size:
'Twas metal all from head to tail,
Quite stiff and glitt'ring ev'ry scale.
Thought I, my fortune now is made;
'Tis time to quit the fishing trade,
And chouse some other, where the gains
Are sure, and come for half the pains.
Like creatures of amphibious nature
One hour on land, and three on water;
We live 'midst danger, toil, and care,
Yet never have a groat to spare;
While others not expos'd to harm,
Grow rich though always dry and warm;
This treasure will suffice, and more,
To place me handsomely on shore,
In some snug manor; now a swain,
My steers shall turn the furrow'd plain,
While on a mountain's grassy side
My flocks are past'ring far and wide:
Beside all this, I'll have a seat
Convenient, elegant, and neat,
A house not over great nor small,
Three rooms, a kitchen, and a hall.
The offices contriv'd with care,
And fitted to complete a square;
A garden well laid out; a wife,
To double all the joys of life;
With children prattling at my knees,
Such trifles as are sure to please.
Those gay designs, and twenty more,
I in my dream was running o'er,
While you, as if you ow'd me spite,
Broke in and put them all to flight,
Blew the whole vision into air,
And left me waking in despair.
Of late we have been poorly fed,
Last night went supperless to bed:
Yet, if I had it in my pow'r
My dream to lengthen for an hour,
The pleasure mounts to such a sum,
I'd fast for fifty yet to come.
Therefore to bid me rise is vain,
I'll wink and try to dream again.
If this, quoth Gripus, is the way
You choose, I've nothing more to say;
'Tis plain that dreams of wealth will serve
A person who resolves to starve;
But sure to hug a fancy'd case,
That never did nor can take place,
And for the pleasures it can give
Neglect the trade by which we live,
Is madness in its greatest height,
Or I mistake the matter quite:
Leave such vain fancies to the great,
For folly suits a large estate:
The rich may safely deal in dreams,
Romantic hopes and airy schemes;
But you and I, upon my word,
Such pastime cannot well afford;
And therefore if you would be wise,
Take my advice, for once, and rise.

FABLE IX.

CUPID AND THE SHEPHERD.

Who sets his heart on things below
But little happiness shall know;
For every object he pursues
Will vex, deceive him, and abuse:
While he on hopes and wishes rise
To endless bliss above the skies,
A true felicity shall gain,
With freedom from both care and pain.
He seeks what yields him peace and rest,
Both when in prospect and possest.
A swain whose flock had gone astray,
Was wand'ring far out of his way
Through deserts wild, and chanc'd to see
A stripling leaning on a tree,
In all things like the human kind,
But that upon his back behind
Two wings were from his shoulders spread
Of gold and azure, ting'd with red;
Their colour like the ev'ning sky:
A golden quiver grac'd his thigh:
His bow unbended in his hand
He held, and wrote with on the sand;
As one whom anxious cares pursue,
In musing oft is wont to do.
He started still with sudden fear,
As if some danger had been near,
And turn'd on every side to view
A flight of birds that round him flew,
Whose presence seem'd to make him sad,
For all were ominous and bad;
The hawk was there, the type of spite,
The jealous owl that shuns the light,
The raven, whose prophetic bill
Denounces woe and mischief still;
The vulture hungry to devour,
Though gorg'd and glutted ev'ry hour;
With these confus'd an ugly crew
Of harpies, bats, and dragons flew,
With talons arm'd, and teeth, and stings,
The air was darken'd with their wings.
The swain, though frighten'd, yet drew near,
Compassion rose in place of fear,
He to the winged youth began,
"Say, are you mortal and of man,
Or something of celestial birth,
From heaven descended to the earth?
I am not of terrestrial kind,
Quoth Cupid, nor to earth confin'd:
Heav'n is my true and proper sphere,
My rest and happiness are there:
Through all the boundless realms of light
The phœnix waits upon my flight,
With other birds whose names are known
In that delightful place alone.
But when to earth my course I bend,
At once they leave me and ascend;
And for companions in their stead,
Those winged monsters there succeed,
Who hov'ring round me night and day,
Expect and claim me as their prey.
Sir, quoth the shepherd, if you'll try,
Your arrows soon will wake them fly;
Or if they brave them and resist,
My sling is ready to assist.

Incapable of wounds and pain,
Reply'd the winged youth again,
Theſe foes our weapons will defy;
Immortal made, they never die;
But live to haunt me every where,
While I remain within their ſphere.
Sir, quoth the ſwain, might I adviſe,
You ſtraight ſhould get above the ſkies:
It ſeems indeed your only way,
For nothing here is worth your ſtay;
Beſide, when foes like theſe moleſt,
You'll find but little peace or reſt.

FABLE X.

THE SWAN AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

Each candidate for public fame
Engages in a deſp'rate game:
His labour he will find but loſt,
Or leſs than half repaid at moſt:
To prove this point I ſhall not chooſe
The arguments which Stoics uſe;
That human life is but a dream,
And few things in it what they ſeem;
That praiſe is vain and little worth,
An empty bauble, and ſo forth.
I'll offer one, but of a kind
Not half ſo ſubtle and refin'd;
Which, when the reſt are out of ſight,
May ſometimes chance to have its weight.
The man who ſets his merits high,
To glitter in the public eye,
Should have defects but very ſmall,
Or ſtrictly ſpeaking, none at all:
For that ſucceſs which ſpreads his fame,
Provokes each envious tongue to blame,
And makes his faults and failings known
Where'er his better parts are ſhown.
Upon a time, as poets ſing,
The birds all waited on their king,
His hymeneal rites to grace;
A flow'ry meadow was the place;
They all were frolickſome and gay
Amidſt the pleaſures of the day,
And ere the feſtival was cloſ'd,
A match at ſinging was propoſ'd;
The queen herſelf a wreath prepar'd,
To be the conqueror's reward;
With ſtore of pinks and daiſies in it,
And many a ſongſter try'd to win it;
But all the judges ſoon confeſt
The ſwan ſuperior to the reſt;
He got the garland from the bride,
With honour and applauſe beſide:
A tattling gooſe, with envy ſtung,
Although herſelf ſhe ne'er had ſung,
Took this occaſion to reveal
What ſwans ſeem ſtudious to conceal,
And, ſkill'd in ſatire's artful ways,
Invective introduc'd with praiſe.
The ſwan, quoth ſhe, upon my word,
Deſerves applauſe from ev'ry bird:
By proof his charming voice you know,
His feathers ſoft and white as ſnow;
And if you ſaw him when he ſwims
Majeſtic on the ſilver ſtreams,
He'd ſeem complete in all reſpects:
But nothing is without defects;
For that is true, which few would think,
His legs and feet are black as ink—
As black as ink—if this be true,
To me 'tis wonderful and new,
The ſov'reign of the birds reply'd;
But ſoon the truth on't ſhall be try'd.
Sir, ſhow your limbs, and for my ſake,
Confute at once this foul miſtake,
For I'll maintain, and I am right,
That, like your feathers, they are white.
Sir, quoth the ſwan, it would be vain
For me a falſehood to maintain;
My legs are black, and proof will ſhow
Beyond diſpute that they are ſo:
But if I had not got a prize
Which glitters much in ſome folk's eyes,
Not half the birds had ever known
What truth now forces me to own.

FABLE XI.

THE LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

To the Poets.

'Tis not the point in works of art
With care to furniſh every part,
That each to high perfection rais'd,
May draw attention and be prais'd,
An object by itſelf reſpected,
Though all the others were neglected;
Not maſters only this can do,
But many a vulgar artiſt too:
We know diſtinguiſh'd merit moſt,
When in the whole the parts are loſt,
When nothing riſes up to ſhine,
Or draw us from the chief deſign,
When one united full effect
Is felt, before we can reflect
And mark the cauſes that conſpire
To charm and force us to admire.
This is indeed a maſter's part,
The very ſummit of his art;
And, therefore, when ye ſhall rehearſe
To friends for trial of your verſe,
Mark their behaviour and their way,
As much, at leaſt, as what they ſay;
If they ſeem'd pleas'd, and yet are mute,
The poem's good beyond diſpute;
But when they babble all the while,
Now praiſe the ſenſe, and now the ſtyle,
'Tis plain that ſomething muſt be wrong,
This too weak or that too ſtrong.
The art is wanting which conveys
Impreſſions in myſterious ways,
And makes us from a whole receive
What no divided parts can give:
Fine writing, therefore, ſeems of courſe,
Leſs fit to pleaſe at firſt than worſe.
A language fitted to the ſenſe
Will hardly paſs for eloquence.
One feels its force, before he ſees
The charm which gives it pow'r to pleaſe,
And ere inſtructed to admire,
Will read and read, and never tire.
But when the ſtyle is of a kind
Which ſoars and leaves the ſenſe behind,
'Tis ſomething by itſelf, and draws
From vulgar judges dull applauſe;

They'll yawn, and tell you as you read,
"Thofe lines are mighty fine indeed;"
But never will your works perufe
At any time, if they can chooſe.
'Tis not the thing which men call wit,
Nor characters, though truly hit,
Nor flowing numbers ſoft or ſtrong,
That bears the raptur'd ſoul along;
'Tis ſomething of a diff'rent kind,
'Tis all thoſe ſkilfully combin'd,
To make what critics call a whole,
Which raviſhes and charms the ſoul.
Alexis by fair Celia's ſcorn
To grief abandon'd and forlorn,
Had fought in ſolitude to cover
His anguiſh, like a hopeleſs lover:
With his fond paſſion to debate,
Gay Strephon ſought his rural ſeat,
And found him with the ſhepherds plac'd
Far in a ſolitary waſte.—
My friend, quoth he, you're much to blame;
This fooliſh ſoftneſs quit for ſhame;
Nor fondly doat upon a woman,
Whoſe charms are nothing more than common.
That Celia's handſome I agree,
But Clara's handſomer than ſhe:
Euanthe's wit, which all commend,
Does Celia's certainly tranſcend:
Nor can you find the leaſt pretence
With Phebe's to compare her ſenſe;
With better taſte Belinda dreſſes,
With truer ſtep the floor ſhe preſſes;
And for behaviour ſoft and kind,
Meliſſa leaves her far behind:
What witchcraft then can fix the chain
Which makes you ſuffer her diſdain,
And not attempt the manly part
To ſet at liberty your heart?
Make but one ſtruggle, and you'll ſee
That in a moment you'll be free.
This Strephon urg'd, and ten times more,
From topics often touch'd before:
In vain his eloquence he try'd;
Alexis, ſighing, thus reply'd:
If Clara's handſome and a toaſt,
'Tis all the merit ſhe can boaſt:
Some fame Euanthe's wit has gain'd,
Becauſe by prudence not reſtrain'd.
Phebe I own is wondrous wiſe,
She never acts but in diſguiſe:
Belinda's merit all conſeſs
Who know the myſtery of dreſs:
But poor Meliſſa on the ſcore
Of mere good-nature pleaſes more:
In thoſe the reigning charm appears
Alone, to draw our eyes and ears,
No other riſes by its ſide
And ſhines, attention to divide;
Thus ſeen alone it ſtrikes the eye,
As ſomething exquiſite and high:
But in my Celia you will find
Perfection of another kind;
Each charm ſo artfully expreſt
As ſtill to mingle with the reſt:
Averſe and ſhunning to be known,
An object by itſelf alone,
But thus combin'd they make a ſpell
Whoſe force no human tongue can tell;
A pow'rful magic which my breaſt
Will ne'er be able to reſiſt:
For as ſhe ſlights me or complies,
Her conſtant lover lives or dies.

FABLE XII.

THE RAKE AND THE HERMIT.

A youth, a pupil of the town,
Philoſopher and atheiſt grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whoſe hoſpitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ler and his ſteed,
For both ſufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
Hunger the firſt attention claims;
Upon the coals a raſher flames,
Dry cruſts, and liquor ſomething ſtale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ler as he ſat
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what ſtraits
Of folly govern ſome folk's brains!
What makes you chooſe this wild abode?
You'll ſay, 'tis to converſe with God:
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim:
You never ſaw or ſpoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And ſay it rules us every hour;
To me all nature ſeems confuſion,
And ſuch weak fancies mere deluſion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be ſuch a thing as night;
Which, when the ſun has left the ſkies,
Puts all things in a deep diſguiſe?
If then a trav'ler chance to ſtray
The leaſt ſtep from the public way,
He's ſoon in endleſs mazes loſt,
As I have found it to my coſt.
Beſides, the gloom which nature wears
Affiſts imaginary fears
Of ghoſts and goblins from the waves
Of ſulph'rous lakes, and yawning graves;
All ſprung from ſuperſtitious ſeed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith ſuggeſts when reaſon fails:
And reaſon nothing underſtands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
Theſe ſubtle eſſences, like wind,
Which ſome have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie
Which ſays men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wiſely leaves them out:
Suggeſting what is worth our care,
To take things preſent as they are,
Our wiſeſt courſe: the reſt is folly,
The fruit of ſpleen and melancholy.—
Sir, quoth the hermit, I agree
That reaſon ſtill our guide ſhould be:
And will admit her as the teſt,
Of what is true, and what is beſt:
But reaſon ſure would bluſh for ſhame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are ſublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of folly:

Reaſon with meaſur'd ſteps and ſlow,
To things above from things below
Aſcends, and guides us through her ſphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmoſt frontier ſtands,
And reaſon puts her in her hands,
But not till her commiſſion giv'n
Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
'Tis ſtrange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Should miſs a god in viewing nature:
Whoſe high perfections are diſplay'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces loſt,
When found again, we ſee them moſt;
The night itſelf which you would blame
As ſomething wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to inveſt
Her weary children, when at reſt:
Like that which mothers draw to keep
The light off from a child aſleep.
Beſide, the fears which darkneſs breeds
At leaſt augments in vulgar heads,
Are far from uſeleſs, when the mind
Is narrow and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Juſt rais'd againſt his neighbour's life;
And in defence of virtue's cauſe
Aſſiſt each ſanction of the laws.
But ſouls ſerene, where wiſdom dwells,
And ſuperſtitious dread expells,
The ſilent majeſty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight:
With ſaints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating pow'r;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the ſphere of mortal things:
Walk forth and tread thoſe dewy plains
Where night in awful ſilence reigns;
The ſky's ſerene, the air is ſtill,
The woods ſtand liſt'ning on each hill,
To catch the ſounds that ſink and ſwell
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
While foxes howl and beetles hum,
Sounds which make ſilence ſtill more dumb:
And try if folly raſh and rude
Dares on the ſacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
Attempt to quote thoſe lights by name,
Which ſhine ſo thick and ſpread ſo far;
Conceive a ſun in every ſtar,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets ſhoot athwart the whole.
From ſyſtem ſtill to ſyſtem ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And ſhaking from their flaming hair
The things moſt needed every where.
Explore this glorious ſcene, and ſay
That night diſcovers leſs than day;
That 'tis quite uſeleſs, and aſſign
That chance diſpoſes, not deſign:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad or elſe a dunce.
For reaſon, though 'tis far from ſtrong,
Will ſoon find out that nothing's wrong,
From ſigns and evidences clear,
Of wiſe contrivance every where.

The hermit ended; and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At leaſt he yielded, and confeſt
That all was order'd for the beſt.

FABLE XIII.

PHOEBUS AND THE SHEPHERD.

I CANNOT think but more or leſs
True merit always gains ſucceſs;
That envy, prejudice, and ſpite,
Will never ſink a genius quite.
Experience ſhows beyond a doubt,
That worth, though clouded, will ſhine out.
The ſecond name for epic ſong,
Firſt claſſic of the Engliſh tongue,
Great Milton, when he firſt appear'd,
Was ill receiv'd and coldly heard:
In vain did faction damn thoſe lays,
Which all poſterity ſhall praiſe:
Is Dryden or his works forgot,
For all that Buckingham has wrote?
The peer's ſharp ſatire, charg'd with ſenſe,
Give's pleaſure at no one's expence:
The bard and critic both inſpir'd
By Phœbus, ſhall be ſtill admir'd:
'Tis true that cenſure, right or wrong,
May hurt at firſt the nobleſt ſong,
And for a while defeat the claim
Which any writer has to fame:
A mere book-merchant with his tools
Can ſway with eaſe the herd of fools:
Who on a moderate computation
Are ten to one in every nation—
Your ſtyle is ſtiff—your periods halt—
In every line appears a fault—
The plot and incidents ill-ſorted—
No ſingle character ſupported—
Your ſimiles will ſcarce apply;
The whole miſhapen, dark, and dry.
All this will paſs, and gain its end
On the beſt poem e'er was penn'd:
But when the firſt affaults are o'er,
When fops and witlings prate no more,
And when your works are quite forgot
By all who praiſe or blame by rote:
Without ſelf-intereſt, ſpleen, or hate,
The men of ſenſe decide your fate:
Their judgment ſtands, and what they ſay
Gains greater credit ev'ry day;
Till groundleſs prejudices paſt,
True merit has its due at laſt.
The hackney ſcribblers of the town,
Who were the firſt to write you down,
Their malice chang'd to admiration,
Promote your growing reputation,
And to exceſs of praiſe proceed;
But this ſcarce happens till you're dead,
When fame for genius, wit, and ſkill,
Can do you neither good nor ill;
Yet, if you would not be forgot,
They'll help to keep your name afloat.

An aged ſwain that us'd to feed
His flock upon a mountain's head,
Drew crowds of ſhepherds from each hill,
To hear and profit by his ſkill;
For ev'ry ſimple of the rock,
That can offend or cure a flock,

He us'd to mark, and knew its pow'r
In ſtem and ſuliage, root and flow'r.
Beſide all this, he could foretel
Both rain and ſunſhine paſſing well;
By deep ſagacity he'd find,
The future ſhiftings of the wind;
And gueſs moſt ſhrewdly ev'ry year
If mutton would be cheap or dear.
To tell his ſkill in ev'ry art,
Of which he underſtood a part,
His ſage advice was wrapt in tales,
Which oft perſuade when reaſon fails;
To do him juſtice every where,
Would take more time than I can ſpare,
And therefore now ſhall only touch
Upon a fact which authors vouch;
That Phœbus oft would condeſcend
To treat this ſhepherd like a friend:
Oft when the ſolar chariot paſt,
Provided he was not in haſte,
He'd leave his ſteeds to take freſh breath,
And crop the herbage of the heath;
While with the ſwain a turn or two
He'd take, as landlords uſe to do,
When ſick of finer folks in town,
They find amuſement in a clown.
One morning when the god alighted,
His winged ſteeds look'd wild and frighted;
The whip it ſeems had not been idle,
One's traces broke, another's bridle:
All four were ſwitch'd in every part,
Like common jades that draw a cart,
Whoſe ſides and haunches all along
Show the juſt meaſure of the thong.
Why, what's the matter, quoth the ſwain,
My lord, it gives your ſervant pain;
Sure ſome offence is in the caſe,
I read it plainly in your face.----
Offence, quoth Phœbus, vex'd and heated;
'Tis one indeed and oft repeated:
Since firſt I drove through heav'n's high-way,
That's before yeſterday, you'll ſay,
The envious clouds in league with night
Conſpire to intercept my light;
Rank vapours breath'd from putrid lakes,
The ſteams of common ſew'rs and jakes,
Which under ground ſhould be confin'd,
Nor ſuffer'd to pollute the wind;
Eſcap'd in air by various ways,
Extinguiſh or divert my rays.
Oft in the morning, when my ſteeds
Above the ocean lift their heads,
And when I hope to ſee my beams
Far glittering on the woods and ſtreams;
A ridge of lazy clouds that ſleep
Upon the ſurface of the deep,
Receive at once, and wrap me round
In fogs extinguiſh'd half and drown'd.
But mark my purpoſe, and by Styx
I'm not ſoon alter'd when I fix;
If things are ſuffer'd at this paſs,
I'll fairly turn my nags to graſs:
No more this idle round I'll dance,
But let all nature take its chance.
If, quoth the ſhepherd, it were fit
To argue with the god of wit,
I could a circumſtance ſuggeſt
That would alleviate things at leaſt.
That clouds oppoſe your riſing light
Full oft, and lengthen out the night,
Is plain; but ſoon they diſappear,
And leave the ſky ſerene and clear;
We ne'er expect a finer day,
Than when the morning has been gray;
Beſides, thoſe vapours which confine
You iſſuing from your eaſtern ſhrine,
By heat ſublim'd, and thinly ſpread,
Streak all the ev'ning ſky with red:
And when your radiant orb in vain
Would glow beneath the weſtern main,
And not a ray could reach our eyes,
Unleſs reflected from the ſkies,
Thoſe wat'ry mirrors ſend your light
In ſtreams amidſt the ſhades of night:
Thus length'ning out your reign much more
Than they had ſhorten'd it before.
As this is ſo, I muſt maintain
You've little reaſon to complain:
For when the matter's underſtood,
The ill ſcenes balanc'd by the good;
The only diſ'rence in the caſe
Is that the miſchief firſt takes place,
The compenſation when you're gone
Is rather ſomewhat late, I own:
But ſince 'tis ſo, you'll own 'tis fit
To make the beſt on't, and ſubmit.

FABLE XIV.

THE BREEZE AND THE TEMPEST.

THAT nation boaſts a happy fate,
Whoſe prince is good, as well as great;
Calm peace at home with plenty reigns,
The law its proper courſe obtains;
Abroad the public is reſpected,
And all its int'reſts are protected:
But when his genius, weak or ſtrong,
Is by ambition pointed wrong,
When private greatneſs has poſſeſs'd,
In place of public good, his breaſt,
'Tis certain, and I'll prove it true,
That ev'ry miſchief muſt enſue.
On ſome pretence a war is made,
The citizen muſt change his trade;
His ſteers the huſbandman unyokes,
The ſhepherd too muſt quit his flocks,
His harmleſs life and honeſt gain,
To rob, to murder, and be ſlain:
The fields, once fruitful, yield no more
Their yearly produce as before:
Each uſeful plant neglected dies,
While idle weeds licentious riſe
Unnumber'd, to uſurp the land
Where yellow harveſts us'd to ſtand.
Lean famine ſoon in courſe ſucceeds;
Diſeaſes follow as ſhe leads.
No infant bands at cloſe of day
In ev'ry village ſport and play.
The ſtreets are throng'd with orphans crying
For want of bread, and widows crying;
Fierce rapine walks abroad unchain'd,
By civil order not reſtrain'd:
Without regard to right and wrong,
The weak are injur'd by the ſtrong.

The hungry mouth but rarely taſtes
The fatt'ning food which riot waſtes;
All ties of conſcience loſe their force,
Ev'n ſacred oaths grow words of courſe.
By what ſtrange cauſe are kings inclin'd
To heap ſuch miſchief on mankind?
What pow'rful arguments controul
The native dictates of the ſoul?
The love of glory and a name
Loud-ſounded by the trump of fame:
Nor ſhall they miſs their end, unleſs
Their guilty projects want ſucceſs.
Let one poſſeſs'd of ſov'reign ſway
Invade, and murder, and betray,
Let war and rapine fierce be hurl'd
Through half the nations of the world;
And prove ſucceſsful in a courſe
Of bad deſigns, and actions worſe,
At once a demigod he grows,
And incens'd both in verſe and proſe,
Becomes the idol of mankind;
Though to what's good he's weak and blind;
Approv'd, applauded, and reſpected,
While better rulers are neglected.

Where Shott's airy tops divide
Fair Lothian from the vale of Clyde,
A tempeſt from the eaſt and north
Fraught with the vapours of the Forth,
In paſſing to the Iriſh ſeas,
Once chanc'd to meet the weſtern breeze.
The tempeſt hail'd him with a roar,
"Make haſte and clear the way before;
No paltry zephyr muſt pretend
To ſtand before me, or contend:
Begone, or in a whirlwind toſt
Your weak exiſtence will be loſt."
The tempeſt thus:—The breeze reply'd
"If both our merits ſhould be try'd,
Impartial juſtice would decree
That you ſhould yield the way to me."
At this the tempeſt rav'd and ſtorm'd,
Grew black and ten times more deform'd.
What qualities, quoth he, of thine,
Vain flatt'ring wind, can equal mine?
Breath'd from ſome river, lake or bog,
Your riſe at firſt is in a fog;
And creeping ſlowly o'er the meads
Scarce ſtir the willows or the reeds;
While thoſe that feel you hardly know
The certain point from which you blow.
From earth's deep womb, the child of fire,
Fierce, active, vigorous, like my ſire,
I ruſh to light; the mountains quake
With dread, and all their foreſts ſhake:
The globe itſelf convuls'd and torn,
Feels pangs unuſual when I'm born:
Now free in air with ſov'reign ſway,
I rule, and all the clouds obey:
From eaſt to weſt my pow'r extends,
Where day begins, and where it ends:
And from Bootes downwards far,
Athwart the track of ev'ry ſtar.
Through me the polar deep diſdains
To ſleep in winter's froſty chains;
But rous'd to rage indignant heaves
Huge rocks of ice upon its waves:
While dread tornados liſt on high
The broad Atlantic to the ſky.
I rule the elemental roar,
And ſtrew with ſhipwrecks ev'ry ſhore:
Nor leſs at land my pow'r is known
From Zembla to the burning zone.
I bring Tartarian froſts to kill
The bloom of ſummer; when I will
Wide deſolation doth appear
To mingle and confound the year:
From cloudy Atlas wrapt in night,
On Barka's ſultry plains I light,
And make at once the deſert riſe
In duſty whirlwinds to the ſkies;
In vain the traveller turns his fleed,
And ſhuns me with his utmoſt ſpeed;
I overtake him as he flies,
O'erblown he ſtruggles, pants, and dies.
Where ſome proud city lifts in air
Its ſpires, I make a deſart bare;
And when I chooſe, for paſtimes ſake,
Can with a mountain ſhift a lake;
The Nile himſelf, at my command,
Oft hides his head beneath the ſand,
And 'midſt dry deſarts blown and toſt,
For many a ſultry league is loſt.
All this I do with perfect eaſe,
And can repeat whene'er I pleaſe:
What merit makes you then pretend
With me to argue and contend,
When all you boaſt of force or ſkill
Is ſcarce enough to turn a mill,
Or help the ſwain to clear his corn,
The ſervile taſks for which you're born?
Sir, quoth the breeze, if force alone
Muſt paſs for merit, I have none;
At leaſt I'll readily confeſs
That your's is greater, mine is leſs.
But merit rightly underſtood
Conſiſts alone in doing good;
And therefore you yourſelf muſt ſee
That preference is due to me:
I cannot boaſt to rule the ſkies
Like you, and make the ocean riſe,
Nor e'er with ſhipwreck's ſtrew the ſhore,
For wives and orphans to deplore.
Mine is the happier taſk, to pleaſe
The mariner, and ſmooth the ſeas,
And waft him ſafe from foreign harms
To bleſs his conſort's longing arms.
With you I boaſt not to confound
The ſeaſons in their annual round,
And mar that harmony in nature
That comforts ev'ry living creature.
But oft from warmer climes I bring
Soft airs to introduce the ſpring;
With genial heat unlock the ſoil,
And urge the ploughman to his toil:
I bid the op'ning blooms unfold
Their ſtreaks of purple, blue, and gold,
And waft their fragrance to impart
That new delight to ev'ry heart,
Which makes the ſhepherd all day long
To carol ſweet his vernal ſong:
The ſummer's ſultry heat to cool,
From ev'ry river, lake and pool,

I skim fresh airs. The tawny swain,
Who turns at noon the furrow'd plain,
Refresh'd and trusting in my aid,
His task pursues and scorns the shade:
And ev'n on Afric's sultry coast,
Where such immense exploits you boast,
I blow to cool the panting flocks
'Midst desarts brown and sun-burnt rocks,
And health and vigour oft supply
To such as languish, faint and die:
Those humbler offices you nam'd,
To own I'll never be asham'd,
With twenty others that conduce
To public good or private use,
The meanest of them far outweighs
The whole amount of all your praise;
If to give happiness and joy,
Excels the talent to destroy.
The tempest, that till now had lent
Attention to the argument,
Again began (his patience lost)
To rage, to threaten, huff and boast:
Since reasons fail'd, resolv'd in course
The question to decide by force,
And his weak opposite to brave—
The breeze retreated to a cave
To shelter, till the raging blast
Had spent its fury and was past.

FABLE XV.

THE CROW AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

Containing an useful hint to the Critics.

In ancient times, tradition says,
When birds like men would strive for praise;
The bullfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
With all that chant from tree or bush,
Would often meet in song to vie;
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
A knavish crow, it seems, had got
The nack to criticise by rote:
He understood each learned phrase,
As well as critics now-a-days:
Some say, he learn'd them from an owl,
By list'ning where he taught a school.
'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,
Had learn'd so well to play his part,
With nonsense couch'd in terms of art,
As to be own'd by all at last
Director of the public taste.
Then puff'd with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticis'd;
What he approv'd not, was despis'd:
But one false step in evil hour
For ever stript him of his pow'r.
Once when the birds assembled sat,
All list'ning to his formal chat;
By instinct nice he chanc'd to find
A cloud approaching in the wind,
And ravens hardly can refrain
From croaking when they think of rain;
His wonted song he sung: the blunder
Amaz'd and fear'd them worse than thunder;
For no one thought so harsh a note
Could ever sound from any throat:
They all at first with mute surprise
Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes:
But scorn succeeding soon took place,
And might be read in ev'ry face.
All this the raven saw with pain,
And strove his credit to regain.
Quoth he, The solo which ye heard
In public should not have appear'd:
The trifle of an idle hour,
To please my mistress once when sour:
My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
Might chance the melody to wrong,
But, try'd by rules, you'll find the grounds
Most perfect and harmonious sounds.
He reason'd thus; but to his trouble,
At every word the laugh grew double:
At last o'ercome with shame and spite,
He flew away quite out of sight.

FABLE XVI.

THE HARE AND THE PARTAN (*a*).

The chief design of this fable is to give a true specimen of the Scotch dialect, where it may be supposed to be most perfect, namely, in Mid-Lothian, the seat of the capital. The style is precisely that of the vulgar Scotch; and that the matter might be suitable to it, I chose for the subject a little story adapted to the ideas of peasants. It is a tale commonly told in Scotland among the country people; and may be looked upon as of the kind of those *Aniles Fabellæ*, in which *Horace* observes his country neighbours were accustomed to convey their rustic philosophy.

A CANNY man (*b*) will scarce provoke
Ae (*c*) creature livin, for a joke;
For be they weak or be they strang (*d*)
A jibe (*e*) leaves after it a stang (*f*)
To mak them think on't; and a laird (*g*)
May find a beggar sae prepair'd,
Wi pawks (*h*) and wiles, whar pith (*i*) is wantin,
As soon will mak him rue his tauntin.
Ye hae my moral, if am able
All fit it nicely wi a fable.

(*a*) *A crab.*

(*b*) *A canny man signifies nearly the same thing as a prudent man: but when the Scotch say that a person is* not *canny, they mean not that they are imprudent, but mischievous and dangerous. If the term* not canny *is applied to persons without being explained, it charges them with sorcery and witchcraft.*

(*c*) *One.*

(*d*) *The Scotch always turn* o *in the syllable* ong, *into* a. *In place of* long, *they say* lang; *in place of* tongs, tangs, *as here* strang, *for* strong.

(*e*) *A satirical jest.*

(*f*) *Sting.*

(*g*) *A gentleman of an estate in land.*

(*h*) *Stratagems.*

(*i*) *Strength.*

A hare, ae morning, chanc'd to ſee
A partan creepin on a lee (*k*),
A fiſhwife (*l*) wha was early oot
Had drapt (*m*) the creature thereaboot:
Mawkin (*n*) bumbas'd (*o*) and frighted ſair (*p*)
To ſee a thing but hide and hair (*q*),
Which if it ſtur'd not might be ta'en (*r*)
For naething ither than a ſtane (*s*),
A ſquunt-wife (*t*) wambling (*u*), ſair beſet
Wi gerſe and raſhes (*w*) like a net,
Firſt thought to rin (*x*) for't; for bi kind
A hare's nae fetcher (*y*), ye maun mind (*z*).
But ſeeing that wi (*a*) aw its ſtrength
It ſcarce could creep a tether length (*b*),
The hare grew baulder (*c*) and cam near,
Turn'd playſome, and forgat her fear.
Quoth Mawkin, Was there ere in nature
Sae feckleſs (*d*) and ſae poor a creature?
It ſcarcely kens (*e*), or am miſtaen
The way to gang (*f*) or ſtand its lane (*g*).

(*k*) *A piece of ground let run into graſs for paſture.*

(*l*) *A woman that ſells fiſh. It is to be obſerved, that the Scotch always uſe the word wife where the Engliſh would uſe the word woman.*

(*m*) *Dropt.*

(*n*) *A cant name for a Hare, like that of Reynard for a Fox, or Grimalkin for a Cat, &c.*

(*o*) *Aſtoniſh'd.*

(*p*) *Sore. I ſhall obſerve, once for all, that the Scotch avoid the vowels* o *and* u; *and have in innumerable inſtances ſupplied their places with* a *and* e, *or diphthongs in which theſe letters are predominant.*

(*q*) *Without hide and hair.*

(*r*) *Taken.*

(*s*) *Nothing other than a ſtone.*

(*t*) *Obliquely or aſquat.*

(*u*) *A feeble motion like that of a worm or ſerpent.*

(*w*) *Graſs and ruſhes. The vowel* e *which comes in place of* a, *is by a metatheſis put between the conſonants* g *and* r, *to ſoften the ſound.*

(*x*) *Run.*

(*y*) *Fighter.*

(*z*) *You muſt remember.*

(*a*) *With all.*

(*b*) *The length of a rope uſed to confine cattle when they paſture, to a particular ſpot.*

(*c*) *Bolder.*

(*d*) *Feeble.* Feckful *and* feckleſs *ſignify ſtrong and weak, I ſuppoſe from the verb to* effect.

(*e*) *Knows, or I am in a miſtake.*

(*f*) *Go.*

(*g*) *Alone, or without aſſiſtance.*

See how it ſteitters (*h*); all be bund (*i*)
To rin a mile of up-hill grund
Before it gets a rig-braid frae (*k*)
The place its in, though doon the brae (*l*).
Mawkin wi this began to friſk,
And thinkin (*m*) there was little riſk,
Clapt baith her feet on Partan's back,
And turn'd him awald (*n*) in a crack.
To ſee the creature ſprawl, her ſport
Grew twice as good, yet prov'd but ſhort.
For parting wi her fit (*o*), in play,
Juſt whar the partan's nippers lay,
He gript it faſt, which made her ſqueel,
And think ſhe bourded (*p*) wi the deil.
She ſtrave to rin, and made a fiſtle:
The tither catch'd a tough bur thriſtle (*q*);
Which held them baith, till o'er a dyke
A herd cam ſtending (*r*) wi his tyke (*s*),
And fell'd poor mawkin, fairly ruein
Whan forc'd to drink of her ain brewin (*t*).

(*h*) *Walks in a weak ſtumbling way.*

(*i*) *I will be bound.*

(*k*) *The breadth of a ridge from. In Scotland about four fathoms.*

(*l*) *An aſcent or deſcent. It is worth obſerving, that the Scotch when they mention a riſing ground with reſpect to the whole of it, they call it a* knau, *if ſmall, and a* hill, *if great; but if they reſpect only one ſide of either, they call it a* brae, *which is probably a corruption of the Engliſh word* brow, *according to the analogy I mentioned before.*

(*m*) *Thinking. When polyſyllables terminate in* ing, *the Scotch almoſt always neglect the* g, *which ſoftens the ſound.*

(*n*) *Topſy-turvy.*

(*o*) *Foot.*

(*p*) *To* bourd *with any perſon is to attack him in the way of jeſt.*

(*q*) *Thiſtle. The Scotch, though they commonly affect ſoft ſounds, and throw out conſonants and take in vowels, in order to obtain them, yet in ſome caſes, of which this is an example, they do the very reverſe; and bring in ſuperfluous conſonants to roughen the ſound, when ſuch ſounds are more agreeable to the roughneſs of the thing repreſented.*

(*r*) *Leaping.*

(*s*) *Dog.*

(*t*) *Brewing.* "*To drink of one's own brewing,*" *is a proverbial expreſſion, for ſuffering the effects of one's own miſconduct. The Engliſh ſay,* "*As they bake, ſo let them brew.*"

A DIALOGUE.

THE AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

HERE take your papers.—Have you look'd them o'er?
Yes, half a dozen times, I think, or more.
And will they pass?—They'll serve but for a day;
Few books can now do more: You know the way;
A trifle's puff'd till one edition's sold,
In half a week at most a book grows old.
The penny turn'd's the only point in view;
So ev'ry thing will pass if 'tis but new.—
By what you say I easily can guess
You rank me with the drudges for the press;
Who from their garrets show'r Pindarics down,
Or plaintive elegies to lull the town.
You take me wrong: I only meant to say,
That ev'ry book that's new will have its day;
The best no more: for books are seldom read:
The world's grown dull, and publishing a trade.
Were this not so, could Ossian's deathless strains,
Of high heroic times the sole remains,
Strains which display perfections to our view,
Which polish'd Greece and Italy ne'er knew,
With modern epics share one common lot,
This day applauded, and the next forgot?
Enough of this; to put the question plain,
Will men of sense and taste approve my strain?
Will my old-fashion'd sense and comic ease
With better judges have a chance to please?
The question's plain, but hard to be resolv'd;
One little less important can be solv'd:
The men of sense and taste believe it true,
Will ne'er to living authors give their due.
They're candidates for fame in diff'rent ways;
One writes romances, and another plays,
A third prescribes you rules for writing well,
Yet bursts with envy if you should excel.
Through all fame's walks, the college and the court,
The field of combat and the field of sport;
The stage, the pulpit, senate-house and bar,
Merit with merit lives at constant war.
All who can judge, affect not public fame;
Of those that do the paths are not the same:
A grave historian hardly needs to fear
The rival glory of a sonneteer:
The deep philosopher who turns mankind
Quite inside outwards, and dissects the mind,
Would look but whimsical and strangely out,
To grudge some quack his treatise on the gout.—
Hold, hold, my friend, all this I know, and more;
An ancient bard * has told us long before;
And by examples easily decided,
That folks of the same trades are most divided.
But folks of diff'rent trades that hunt for fame,
Are constant rivals, and their ends the same.

* *Hesiod.*

It needs no proof, you'll readily confess,
That merit envies merit more or less:
The passion rules alike in those who share
Of public reputation, or despair.
Varrus has knowledge, humour, taste and sense,
Could purchase laurels at a small expence;
But wise and learn'd, and eloquent in vain,
He sleeps at ease in pleasure's silken chain:
Will Varrus help you to the muse's crown,
Which, but for indolence might be his own?
Timon with art and industry aspires
To fame; the world applauds him, and admires:
Timon has sense, and will not blame a line,
He knows is good, from envy or design:
Some general praise he'll carelessly express,
Which just amounts to none, and sometimes less:
But if his penetrating sense should spy
Such beauties as escape a vulgar eye,
So finely couch'd, their value to enhance,
That all are pleas'd, yet think they're pleas'd by chance;
Rather than blab such secrets to the throng,
He'd lose a finger, or bite off his tongue.
Narcissus is a beau, but not an ass,
He likes your works, but most his looking-glass;
Will he to serve you quit his favourite care,
Turn a book-pedant and offend the fair?
Clelia to taste and judgment may pretend
She will not blame your verse, nor dares commend:
A modest virgin always shuns dispute;
Soft Strephon likes you not, and she is mute.
Stern Aristarchus, who expects renown
From ancient merit rais'd, and new knock'd down,
For faults in every syllable will pry,
Whate'er he finds is good he'll pass it by.
Hold, hold, enough! All act from private ends;
Authors and wits were ever slipp'ry friends:
But say, will vulgar readers like my lays?
When such approve a work, they always praise.
To speak my sentiments, your tales I fear
Are but ill suited to a vulgar ear.
Will city readers, us'd to better sport,
The politics and scandals of a court,
Well vouch'd from Grub-street, on your pages pore,
For what they ne'er can know, or knew before?
Many have thought, and I among the rest,
That fables are but useless things at best:
Plain words without a metaphor may serve
To tell us that the poor must work or starve.
We need no stories of a cock and bull
To prove that graceless scribblers must be dull.
That hope deceives; that never to excel,
'Gainst spite and envy is the only spell.—
All this, without an emblem, I suppose
Might pass for sterling truth in verse or prose.—

Sir, take a ſeat, my anſwer will be long;
Yet weigh the reaſons and you'll find them ſtrong.
At firſt * when ſavage men in queſt of food,
Like lions, wolves and tigers, rang'd the wood,
They had but juſt what ſimple nature craves,
Their garments ſkins of beaſts, their houſes caves.
When prey abounded, from its bleeding dam
Pity would ſpare a kidling or a lamb,
Which, with their children nurs'd and fed at home,
Soon grew domeſtic and forgot to roam:
From ſuch beginnings flocks and herds were ſeen
To ſpread and thicken on the woodland green:
With property, injuſtice ſoon began,
And they that prey'd on beaſts now prey'd on man.
Communities were fram'd, and laws to bind
In ſocial intercourſe the human kind.
Theſe things were new, they had not got their names,
And right and wrong were yet uncommon themes:
The ruſtic ſenator, untaught to draw
Concluſion in morality or law,
Of every term of art and ſcience bare,
Wanted plain words his ſentence to declare;
Much more at length to manage a diſpute,
To clear, enforce, illuſtrate, and confute;
Fable was then found out, 'tis worth your heeding,
And anſwer'd all the purpoſes of pleading.
It won the head with unſuſpected art,
And touch'd the ſecret ſprings that move the heart:
With this premis'd, I add, that men delight
To have their firſt condition ſtill in ſight.
Long ſince the ſires of Brunſwick's line forſook
The hunter's bow, and dropp'd the ſhepherd's crook:
Yet, 'midſt the charms of royalty, their race
Still loves the foreſt, and frequents the chaſe.
The high-born maid, whoſe gay apartments ſhine
With the rich produce of each Indian mine,
Sighs for the open fields, the paſt'ral hook,
To ſleep delightful near a warbling brook;
And loves to read the ancient tales that tell
How queens themſelves fetch'd water from the well.
If this is true, and all affect the ways
Of patriarchal life in former days,
Fable muſt pleaſe the ſtupid, the refin'd,
Wiſdom's firſt dreſs to court the op'ning mind.
You reaſon well, could nature hold her courſe,
Where vice exerts her tyranny by force:
Are natural pleaſures ſuited to a taſte,
Where nature's laws are alter'd and defac'd?
The healthful ſwain who treads the dewy mead,
Enjoys the muſic warbl'd o'er his head:
Feels gladneſs at his heart while he inhales
The fragrance wafted in the balmy gales.
Not ſo Silenus from his night's debauch,
Fatigu'd and ſick, he looks upon his watch
With rheumy eyes and forehead aching ſore,
And ſtaggers home to bed to belch and ſnore;

For ſuch a wretch in vain the morning glows,
For him in vain the vernal zephyr blows:
Groſs pleaſures are his taſte, his life a chain
Of feveriſh joys, of laſſitude and pain.
Truſt not to nature in ſuch times as theſe,
When all is off the hinge, can nature pleaſe?
Diſcard all uſeleſs ſcruples, be not nice;
Like ſome folks laugh at virtue, flatter vice,
Boldly attack the mitre or the crown;
Religion ſhakes already, puſh it down:
Do every thing to pleaſe?—You ſhake your head:
Why then 'tis certain that you'll ne'er ſucceed:
Diſmiſs your muſe, and take your full repoſe;
What none will read 'tis uſeleſs to compoſe.—
A good advice! to follow it is hard.—
Quote one example, name me but a bard
Who ever hop'd Parnaſſus' heights to climb,
That dropp'd his muſe, till ſhe deſerted him.
A cold is caught, this med'cine can expel,
The doſe is thrice repeated, and you're well.
In man's whole frame there is no crack or flaw
But yields to Bath, to Briſtol, or to Spa:
No drug poetic frenzy can reſtrain,
Ev'n hellebore itſelf is try'd in vain:
'Tis quite incurable by human ſkill;
And though it does but little good or ill,
Yet ſtill it meets the edge of reformation,
Like the chief vice and nuiſance of the nation.
The formal quack, who kills his man each day,
Paſſes uncenſur'd, and receives his pay.
Old Aulus, nodding 'midſt the lawyers ſtrife,
Wakes to decide on property and life.
Yet not a ſoul will blame him, and inſiſt
That he ſhould judge to purpoſe, or deſiſt.
At this addreſs how would the courtiers laugh!
My lord, you're always blundering: quit your ſtaff:
You've loſt ſome reputation, and 'tis beſt
To ſhift before you grow a public jeſt.
This none will think of, though 'tis more a crime
To mangle ſtate-affairs, than murder rhyme.
The quack, you'll ſay, has reaſon for his killing,
He cannot eat unleſs he earns his ſhilling.
The worn-out lawyer clambers to the bench
That he may live at eaſe, and keep his wench;
The courtier-toils for ſomething higher far,
And hopes for wealth, new titles and a ſtar;
While moon-ſtruck poets in a wild-gooſe chaſe
Purſue contempt, and begg'ry, and diſgrace.
Be't ſo: I claim'd by precedent and rule
A free-born Briton's right, to play the fool:
My reſolution's fix'd, my courſe I'll hold,
In ſpite of all your arguments when told:
Whether I'm well and up, or keep my bed,
Am warm and full, or neither cloth'd nor fed,
Whether my fortune's kind, or in a pet
Am baniſh'd by the laws, or fled for debt;
Whether in Newgate, Bedlam, or the Mint,
I'll write as long as publiſhers will print.
Unhappy lad, who will not ſpend your time
To better purpoſe than in uſeleſs rhyme:
Of but one remedy your caſe admits,
The king is gracious, and a friend to wits;
Pray write for him, nor think your labour loſt,
Your verſe may gain a penſion or a poſt.

* *The author ſpeaks of thoſe only, who, upon the diſperſion of mankind, fell into perfect barbariſm, and emerged from it again in the way which he deſcribes, and not of thoſe who had laws and arts from the beginning by divine tradition.*

May Heav'n forbid that this auſpicious reign
Should furniſh matter for a poet's ſtrain.
The praiſe of conduct ſteady, wiſe, and good,
In proſe is beſt expreſs'd and underſtood.
Nor are thoſe ſov'reigns bleſſings to their age
Whoſe deeds are ſung, whoſe actions grace the ſtage.
A peaceful river, whoſe ſoft current feeds
The conſtant verdure of a thouſand meads,
Whoſe ſhaded banks afford a ſafe retreat
From winter's blaſts and ſummer's ſultry heat,
From whoſe pure wave the thirſty peaſant drains
Thoſe tides of health that flow within his veins,
Paſſes unnotic'd; while the torrent ſtrong
Which bears the ſhepherds and their flocks along,
Arm'd with the vengeance of the angry ſkies,
Is view'd with admiration and ſurpriſe;
Employs the painter's hand, the poet's quill,
And riſes to renown by doing ill.
Verſe form'd for falſehood makes ambition ſhine,
Dubs it immortal, and almoſt divine;
But qualities which fiction ne'er can raiſe
It always leſſens when it ſtrives to praiſe.
Then take your way, 'tis folly to contend
With thoſe who know their faults, but will not mend.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Containing

AGRICULTURE,	EPISTLES,
MELPOMENE,	SONGS,
ART OF PREACHING,	TALES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth,
The Muſe, diſdaining idle themes, attempts
To ſing———————
O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might theſe his rural notes, to future time
Boaſt of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Roſe to their tuneful melody. But ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muſe,
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome,
A ſtranger to the fair Caſtalian ſprings,
Whence happier poets inſpiration draw,
And the ſweet magic of perſuaſive ſong,
The weak preſumption, the fond hope expires.

AGRICULTURE, CANTO I. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF DODSLEY.

Robert Dodsley was born at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in 1703. The humble situation and circumstances of his parents precluded him from the advantages of a liberal education; and his first setting out in life was in the station of a footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, in which his good conduct and abilities soon brought him into notice.

In this humble sphere of life he wrote several poems, which excited so much attention, that he was encouraged to publish them under the title of *The Muse in Livery*. The collection is very little known; but it was printed in 12mo. had a very handsome list of subscribers prefixed to it, and was dedicated to Mrs. Lowther.

He was for some time footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope; and it is greatly to his honour, that he was not unwilling that his low station in the family of that epicure should be recollected, when he had raised himself to competency and affluence.

"When Lord Lyttleton's "Dialogues of the Dead" came out," says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure and Dartineuf, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, "I knew Dartineuf well, for I was once his footman."

What contributed still more to his reputation, was his writing a dramatic piece, called *The Toy-Shop*, built on Randolph's celebrated comedy, called "The Muses Looking-Glass," 4to, 1638; which being shown in manuscript to Pope, he was so well pleased with the delicacy of its satire, and the simplicity of its design, that he took the author under his protection; and though he had no connection with the theatres, procured him such an interest as ensured its being immediately brought on the stage.

It was acted at Covent Garden theatre, in 1735, with very great success, and when printed, was received with much applause by the public. The hint of it is taken from Randolph's play; but he has so perfectly modernized it, that he has made it perfectly his own, and rendered it one of the justest, and at the same time the best natured rebukes that fashionable absurdity perhaps ever met with. It contains many lively, pointed, and satirical strokes on the vices and follies of the age; the characters are distinct and appropriate; and though it is better calculated for the closet than the stage, it is still received with no small applause.

Pope's warm and zealous patronage of Dodsley is noticed in a malignant epistle from Curll, to that celebrated poet, in 1737.

> 'Tis kind a *Livery Muse* to aid,
> Who scribbles farces to augment his trade.
> When you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
> The devil's in it, if the plot should fail.

The world has long been ruled by an opinion which is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities; that it is not easy for a man to be a wit without mortgaging his estate; and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

It was Dodsley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his understanding is no impediment to improving his fortune, and that it is very possible for a man to be an author, without neglecting business.

The pecuniary advantages which Dodsley had derived from his first publication, and from the success of his *Toy-Shop*, were applied by him to a very wise and useful purpose. Instead of adopting the precarious situation of a town writer, he determined to engage in some profitable business; and the business he fixed upon was happily suited to his literary taste, and favourable to his connection with men of learning.

In 1735, he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall-Mall; and such was the effect of Pope's recommendation and assistance, and of his own good character and behaviour, that he soon obtained not only the countenance of persons of the first abilities, but also of those of the first rank; and in a few years he rose to great eminence in his profession.

His shop became the fashionable resort of persons of literature and rank; and he reckoned Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Spence, Glover, Shenstone, Dr. Johnson, and other distinguished characters, in the number of his friends.

His employment as a bookſeller did not prevent his purſuing the bent of his genius as an author. In 1737, he brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane theatre, a farce called *The King, and the Miller of Manſfield*, which met with very great ſucceſs. The plot of the piece is founded on a traditional ſtory in the reign of Henry II.; of this ſtory he has made a very pleaſing uſe, and wrought it out into a truly dramatic concluſion. The dialogue is natural, yet elegant; the ſatire poignant, yet genteel; the ſentiments are ſuch as do honour to both his head and heart; and the cataſtrophe, though ſimple, yet affecting and perfectly juſt. The ſcene lies in and near the *Miller's* houſe in Sherwood Foreſt, near Nottingham; and he had probably an additional pleaſure in the choice of his ſubject from the connection of it with his native place.

O native *Sherwood!* happy were thy bard,
Might theſe his rural notes to future times,
Boaſt of tall groves that nodding o'er thy plain,
Roſe to their tuneful melody.——

The year following, his *Sir John Cockle at Court*, a farce, was acted at Drury-Lane. It is a ſequel to the *King and Miller of Manſfield*, in which, the miller newly made a knight, comes up to London with his family, to pay his compliments to the king. It is not, however, equal in merit to the firſt part; for though the king's diſguiſing himſelf, in order to put *Sir John's* integrity to the teſt, and the latter's reſiſting every temptation, not only of bribery, but of flattery, is ingenious, and gives an opportunity for many admirable ſtrokes of ſatire, yet there is a ſimplicity and fitneſs for the drama in the turn of the former production, which it is ſcarcely poſſible to come up to in the circumſtances that ariſe from the conduct of *Sir John Cockle at Court*.

The *Miller of Manſfield*, and its *ſequel*, exhibitis an intereſting contraſt between the unadorned ſolidity of country manners, and the ſplendid vices of a court; the blunt honeſty of a miller, and the ſlender importance of a monarch without his attendants, in a ſequeſtrated ſpot, and in midnight darkneſs. It has ſeveral pleaſing ſongs, which from ſome of them continuing ſtill to be popular, muſt have merit.

His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, which, according to Mr. Victor, was acted at Drury-Lane, in 1739-40, but Mr. Reed ſays in 1741, but without much ſucceſs. It is on the ſame ſtory with Day's comedy of "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," 4to, 1659.

In 1744, he publiſhed *A Collection of Plays, by old Authors*, in 12 vols. 12mo., which was a valuable acquiſition to the literary world. It has been highly improved in the ſecond edition, publiſhed by Mr. Reed, in 1780; in which, beſides an excellent preface, and very uſeful notes, ſome plays before inſerted are rejected, and others of greater merit are introduced in their room.

In 1745, he produced a dramatic piece, called *Rex et Pontifex*, 8vo., being an attempt to introduce upon the ſtage a new ſpecies of pantomime. It does not, however, appear to have been repreſented at any of our theatres.

In 1746, he publiſhed *The Muſeum*, or *Literary and Hiſtorical Regiſter*, in 3 vols. 8vo, to which Dr. Johnſon, and other men of genius, were contributors.

In 1748, he collected his ſeveral dramatic pieces, which had been ſeparately printed, and publiſhed them in one volume 8vo., under the modeſt title of *Trifles*.

On the occaſion of the ſigning the treaty of peace, at Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a maſque, which was ſet to muſic by Dr. Arne, and performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in 1748-9.

In 1749, he publiſhed that eminently uſeful ſchool-book, *The Preceptor*, in 2 vols. 8vo. The deſign of this work was framed by Dodſley, and the execution of it was accompliſhed by ſeveral of the diſtinguiſhed writers of the age.

In 1750, he publiſhed a ſmall work, which, for a ſhort time had a very great celebrity, under the title of *The Economy of Human Life, tranſlated from an Indian manuſcript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an account of the manner in which the ſaid manuſcript was diſcovered, in a Letter from an Engliſh Gentleman now reſiding in China, to the Earl of * * **. Beſides the apocryphal introduction of this work into the world, it derived a temporary popularity from its being univerſally aſcribed to the Earl of Cheſterfield. This ſuppoſition was ſtrengthened by a letter

that had been addreſſed to his Lordſhip, by Mrs. Tereſa Conſtantia Philips, in which ſhe had complimented him on being author of "The Whole Duty of Man." She had probably heard an account of the Earl's letters to his ſon. However this may have been, the power of *literary faſhion* procured *The Economy of Human Life* a rapidity and extenſiveneſs of ſale, and a height of applauſe which it would not have obtained if it had been known to be the production of a bookſeller. The work, upon the whole, is not without a conſiderable ſhare of merit. The ſubjects are well choſen, the advice is good, the ſtyle is ſuccinct and frequently nervous; but it is deficient in that ſtrength and energy, that vividneſs of imagination, and that luminouſneſs of metaphor, which pervade thoſe parts of ſcripture that were intended to be imitated, and which occur in the genuine oriental writings.

The popularity of Dodſley's performance produced a number of imitations: "The ſecond part of the Economy of Human Life," "Appendix," "The Economy of a Winter Day," "The Economy of Female Life," "The Economy of the Sexes," "Complete Economy for the Female Sex," 1751, and "The Economy of the Mind," 1767.

In 1752, he obliged the lovers of poetry, by the publication of *A Collection of Poems, by Eminent Hands*. vol. 1ſt, 2d, and 3d, 12mo. Several of his own little pieces are inſerted at the cloſe of the 3d volume. The 4th volume of this elegant and valuable miſcellany appeared in 1755, and the 5th and 6th volumes, which completed the collection, in 1758. The pieces of which it conſiſts are not all equally valuable; but perhaps a more excellent miſcellany is not to be found in any language. By this collection he performed a very acceptable ſervice to the cauſe of genius and taſte, as it has been the means of preſerving ſeveral productions of merit, which might otherwiſe have ſunk into oblivion. A judicious ſelection of pieces omitted by Dodſley, was given to the world by the editor of "A collection of the moſt eſteemed pieces of poetry that have appeared for ſeveral years: with variety of originals, by the late Moſes Mendez, Eſq., and other contributors to Dodſley's collection. To which this is deſigned as a ſupplement," printed for Richardſon and Urquhart, in 1 vol. 12mo, 1767, 1770. The world is indebted for a more extenſive ſupplement to Dodſley, to the valuable "Collections" of Mr. Pearch, in 4 vols, 12mo. 1768, 1770; and of Mr. Nichols, with biographical and hiſtorical notes, in 8 vols, 1780, 1782. The collection printed for Urquhart and Richardſon is commonly, but erroneouſly aſcribed to Mendez, who died in 1758. His imitations of Spenſer, and other poems, are highly deſerving of republication, and were originally recommended by the preſent writer to be inſerted in this collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The ſubject of his next publication was *Public Virtue*, a didactic poem, which was intended to be compriſed in three books, including *1ſt, Agriculture, 2d, Commerce, 3d, Arts;* of this truly uſeful and valuable undertaking, the firſt book on *Agriculture*, was publiſhed in 1754, 4to., and was all that was accompliſhed by Dodſley. It is probable that the reception and ſale of the poem did not encourage him to complete his deſign.

In 1758, he publiſhed *Melpomene; or, the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode*, 4to. This ode was eagerly read on its firſt appearance, and is juſtly regarded as one of the happieſt efforts of his muſe.

His next publication was *The Annual Regiſter, or a View of the Hiſtory, Politics, and Literature of the year* 1758; a very valuable work, which has been continued to the preſent time.

The ſame year his *Cleone*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Covent Garden; and met with very great ſucceſs. An imperfect hint towards the fable of this tragedy was taken from the "Legend of St. Genevieve," written originally in French, and tranſlated into Engliſh in the laſt century, by Sir William Lower. The firſt ſketch of it, conſiſting then of three acts only, was ſhown to Pope two or three years before his death, who informed Dodſley, that in his very early youth he had attempted a tragedy on the ſame ſubject, which he afterwards deſtroyed, and he adviſed him to extend his plan to five acts. It was firſt offered to Garrick, but he refuſed it; principally, as it ſhould ſeem, becauſe it contained no character in which he could have figured himſelf. To prevent its ſucceſs, he appeared in a new part on the firſt night of its appearance. This ſcheme had no effect; for the play roſe above all oppoſition, and had a long and crowded run; the character of *Cleone* received every poſſible advantage from the exquiſite performance of Mrs. Bellamy, whoſe peculiar merit, in this part, contributed, in a great degree, to promote the run of the piece. The prologue was written by Mr. Melmoth, and the epilogue by Mr. Shenſtone.

The intrinſic merit of *Cleone*, as a moral and intereſting drama, is univerſally acknowledged. "When I heard you read it," ſaid Dr. Johnſon to Mr. Langton, as reported by Mr. Boſwell, "I thought higher of its power of language. When I read it myſelf, I was more ſenſible of its pathetic effect. If Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Dodſley himſelf, upon this being repeated to him, ſaid, "It was too much."

It will not, indeed, ſtand in competition with the tragedies of Otway or Southerne; but it is not, upon the whole, inferior to any that have been brought upon either ſtage for the laſt fifty years, except "Douglas." It is equally free from the bombaſt and rant of a "Barbaroſſa," and from the flowery whine and romantic ſoftneſs of "Philoclea;" but at the ſame time it wants the majeſty of diction, and high reach of thought, eſſential to the dignity of a perfect tragedy. The plot is too thin; the ſcenes are too barren of incidents, at leaſt of important ones), and the language, in general, too much, though not altogether deſtitute of poetry. It contains, however, ſome happy expreſſions and ſtriking ſentiments. The circumſtance of *Siffroy's* giving his friend directions concerning his wife, has ſome degree of ſimilarity to Poſthumus's orders in "Cymbeline." In the two laſt acts, he appears to the greateſt advantage: *Cleone's* madneſs, in particular, over her murdered infant, being highly pathetic.

This tragedy has lately been revived by Mrs. Siddons; but ſo ſtrong were the feelings which her exquiſite performance of *Cleone* excited on the firſt night of acting, that the houſe was thin on the ſecond night, and the play was dropped.

In 1760, he publiſhed his laſt ſeparate work, the *Select Fables of Æſop, and other Fabuliſts, in three books, with the Life of Æſop, and an Eſſay on Fable*, 8vo. This work added greatly to his reputation. It is indeed a claſſical performance, both in regard to the elegant ſimplicity of the ſtyle, and the propriety of the ſentiments and characters. The firſt book contains ancient, the ſecond modern, and the third original fables; the ſtories in the third book are wholly invented by Dodſley and his friends. *The Life of Æſop*, by M. Mezeriac, is the only Life of Æſop that is conſiſtent with common ſenſe; that of Planudes being a ridiculous medley of abſurd traditions, or equally abſurd inventions. The *Eſſay* conſiders the fable regularly; firſt, with relation to the moral; ſecondly, the actions and incidents; thirdly, the perſons, character, and ſentiments; and, laſtly, the language. This is one of the firſt pieces of criticiſm, in which rules are delivered for this ſpecies of compoſition drawn from nature, and by which theſe ſmall and pleaſing kind of productions that were thought to have little other ſtandard than the fancy, are brought under the juriſdiction of the judgment. Dodſley has been ſo eminently ſucceſsful in his deſign, that the propriety of his remarks cannot be diſputed, except only in a ſingle inſtance; in which, alluding to the well-known fable of the "Fox and the Grapes," he ſays, "a fox ſhould not be ſaid to long for grapes;" becauſe the appetite is not conſiſtent with its known character. It is not ſo in the eaſt. Dr. Haſſelquiſt, in his "Travels," obſerves, that the fox is an animal common in Paleſtine; and that it deſtroys the vines, unleſs it is ſtrictly watched. Solomon alſo ſays, in "Canticles" ii. 15. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that ſpoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Before he committed the *Eſſay* to the preſs, he ſubjected it to the reviſal of his literary friends, and eſpecially of Shenſtone.

In 1761, he publiſhed a collection of *Fugitive Pieces*, by Spence, Cooper, Lord Whitworth, Mr. Burke, Mr. Clubbe, Dr. Lancaſter, Dr. Hill, and other elegant writers, in 2 vols, 8vo.

In 1763, he publiſhed the works of his amiable and ingenious friend Shenſtone, in 2 vols, 12mo; to which he prefixed a ſhort account of his life and writings, and added a deſcription of the Leaſowes.

His "*Deſcription of Perſefield*," in a letter to Shenſtone, is preſerved in Hull's "Select Letter," between the Ducheſs of Somerſet, Lady Luxborough, Mr. Whiſtler, Miſs Dolman, Shenſtone, Dodſley, &c in 2 vols, 1778.

In the courſe of his profeſſion, Dodſley acquired a very handſome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the active part of buſineſs, which devolved on his brother and partner, Mr. James Dodſley, the preſent reſpectable bookſeller in Pall-Mall. During the latter years of his life he was much troubled with the gout, to which, at length, he fell a martyr, while he was upon a viſit to his friend Spence, at Durham, Sept. 5. 1764, in the ſixty-firſt year of his age. Spence paid the laſt kind office

to his remains. He was buried in the Abbey church-yard of Durham, and the following inſcription was engraved on his tomb-ſtone.

If you have any reſpect
For uncommon induſtry and merit,
Regard this place
In which are depoſited, the remains of
Mr. Robert Dodsley;
Who, as an author, raiſed himſelf
Much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was ſcarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and converſation.
He left this life for a better,
Sept. 25. 1764,
In the 61ſt year of his age.

A ſecond volume of his *Miſcellanies* was publiſhed in 8vo, 1772. The volume contains *Cleone*, *Melpomene*, *Agriculture*, and the *Economy of Human Life*. The editions of the *Economy of Human Life* are too numerous to be ſpecified. His *Agriculture*, *Melpomene*, and other poems, are now, for the firſt time received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

His character was very amiable and reſpectable. As a tradeſman, he preſerved the greateſt integrity; as a writer, the moſt becoming humility. Mindful of the early encouragement which his own talents met with, he was ever ready to give the ſame opportunity of advancement to thoſe of others; and on many occaſions he was not only the publiſher, but the patron of genius. There was no circumſtance by which he was more diſtinguiſhed, than by the grateful remembrance which he retained, and always expreſſed towards the memory of thoſe to whom he owed the obligation of being firſt taken notice of in life. Modeſt, ſenſible, and humane; he retained the virtues which firſt brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth ſufficient to ſatisfy every wiſh which could ariſe from the poſſeſſion of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius, and acquired the eſteem and reſpect of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happineſs to paſs the greateſt part of his life in an intimacy with men of the brighteſt abilities, whoſe names will be revered by poſterity; by moſt of whom he was loved as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his writings.

As an author, he is entitled to conſiderable praiſe. His works are recommended by an eaſe and elegance, which are ſometimes more pleaſing than a more laboured and ornamented manner of writing. His proſe is familiar, and yet chaſte. His *Eſſay on Fable* will be a durable monument of his ingenuity. In his dramas he has always kept in view the one great principle, *delectando pariterque monendo*, ſome general moral is conſtantly conveyed in each of his plans, and particular inſtructions are diſplayed in the particular ſtrokes of ſatire. The dialogue, at the ſame time, is eaſy; the plots ſimple; and the cataſtrophe intereſting and pathetic. In verſe, his compoſitions ſufficiently ſhow what genius alone, unaſſiſted by learning, is capable of executing. His ſubjects are well choſen and entertaining; the diction is chaſte and elegant; the ſentiments, if not ſublime, are manly and pleaſing; and the numbers, if not exquiſitely poliſhed, are eaſy and flowing.

Of his poetical productions, his *Agriculture*, a Georgic in three cantos, is the moſt conſiderable. The ſubject is ſuch as muſt be grateful and entertaining to every Briton; and though, in the execution, there are imperfections impoſſible to be overlooked by a critical eye, yet there are a number of beauties in it deſerving of applauſe; and thoſe who may have reaſon to condemn the poet, will find ample cauſe to commend the patriot. Indeed, to write a truly excellent Georgic, is one of the greateſt efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to ſucceed in this ſpecies of poetry, requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, exquiſiteneſs of taſte, and power of harmony. The general economy of this Georgic is judicious: it contains ſeveral exalted ſentiments; and the deſcriptions are often delicate and well expreſſed. But, at the ſame time, the diction is frequently too proſaic, many of the epithets are inadequate, and in ſome places, ſufficient attention is not paid to the powers of the verſification.

In the *firſt* canto, after having generally propoſed his intention, addreſſed it to the Prince of Wales, and invoked the *Genius of Britain*, he proceeds to conſider huſbandry as the ſource of wealth and plenty; and therefore recommends it to landlords not to oppreſs the farmer, and to the farmer that he ſhould be frugal, temperate, and induſtrious. After giving an account of the inſtruments of huſbandry, he deſcribes a country ſtatute, and introduces the epiſode of *Patty*, the fair milk-maid. The next objects offered to view are the farmer's poultry, kine, hogs, &c. with their enemies, the kite, the fox, the badger, and ſuch other animals as prey upon the produce of the farm, or impede the induſtrious labours of the huſbandman; and we are ſhown how the cultivation of the former, and the deſtruction of the latter contribute alternately to provide him with buſineſs or amuſement: whence we are led to contemplate the happineſs of a rural life; to which ſucceeds an addreſs to the great to engage them in the ſtudy of agriculture. An allegorical explanation of nature's operations on the vegetable world, with a philoſophical ſyſtem, built on the experimental foundation laid by Dr. Hales, concludes the canto. The addreſs to the *Genius of Britain* is pleaſing, and the deſcription of the *Fair Milk-maid* is exquiſitely beautiful.

The *ſecond* canto begins with inſtructions for meliorating ſoils, according to their diverſity, whether they conſiſt of ſand, loam, or clay. Mr. Tull's principles and practice are particularly taken notice of, and thoſe of the Middleſex gardeners. Directions are alſo given for various manures, and other methods are pointed out for the improvement and encloſure of lands; the reſpective uſes of the ſeveral foreſt trees are diſtinguiſhed; the advantages ariſing from plantations pointed out; and rules are preſented for their ſucceſsful cultivation. To theſe ſucceed ſome obſervations on gardening, wherein the taſte for ſtrait lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, imported from Holland at the Revolution, is exploded. Theſe are ſucceeded by a few compliments to ſome modern gardens, Chiſwick, Richmond, Oatlands, Eſher, Woburn, and Hagley; a deſcription of thoſe of *Epicurus*, and a celebration of his morals. The apoſtrophe to the *Genius of Gardens* is happily introduced; and the deſcription of the *Gardens of Epicurus* is rich and luxuriant.

In the *third* canto are deſcribed hay-making, harveſt, and the harveſt-home; a method is preſcribed for preventing the hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Other vegetable, foſſil, and mineral productions peculiar to England are praiſed. From the culture and produce of the earth, we have a tranſition to the breeding and management of ſheep, cows, and horſes; of the latter there are deſcriptions according to their reſpective uſes; whether for draught, the road, the field, the race, or for war. The portraits of the two laſt, which are eminently beautiful, conclude the poem.

Of his other poems, his *Melpomene* may be conſidered as the greateſt effort of his poetical genius. It cannot indeed vie in ſublimity and enthuſiaſm with the lyric compoſitions of Dryden, Akenſide, Collins, Gray, and Maſon. It has a more moderate degree of elevation, and poetic fire. It is animated without being rhapſodical, and joins ardent ſentiment and pictureſque deſcription, to correctneſs, harmony, and happy expreſſion. His picture of *Deſpair*, in the *Region of Terror*, is finely drawn, and only inferior to that of Spenſer. The portrait of *Rage* is equally happy in the deſigning, and the expreſſion. In the *Region of Pity*, the image of a beautiful maid expiring on the corſe of a brave lover, who has been killed in vindicating her honour, is affectingly picturesque. That of a too credulous and injured beauty, is equally ſtriking and beautiful, and pregnant with a neceſſary moral caution.

Of his *Art of Preaching*, in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," the rules are well adapted, and exemplified, and the verſification is ſmooth and elegant. His *Songs*, in point of tenderneſs, delicacy, and ſimplicity, are not inferior to any compoſition of that kind in the Engliſh language.

Moſt of his ſmaller pieces may be read with pleaſure. His juſt retort on Burnet, for calling Prior in his "Hiſtory of his Own Times," *one Prior*, is probably remembered by moſt readers of poetry.

AGRICULTURE: A POEM.

PREFACE.

If the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry, worthy the public attention, it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is farther confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistance of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest (the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry), his prospects of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these, and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public, without the approbation of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan *. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion, and must submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would, in case of success, have increased his reputation, he hopes, if he hath failed, they will soften his disgrace.

* *The author's original design was to have written a poem, intituled, "Public Virtue," in three books; 1st, Agriculture; 2d, Commerce; 3d, Arts. The first book was all he ever executed.*

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The proposition. Address to the Prince of Wales. Invocation to the genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords, not to oppress the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milk-maid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the great, to study agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth,
Of social commerce, of the nobler arts,
Which polish and adorn the life of man;
Objects demanding the supreme regard
Of that exalted monarch, who sustains
The sceptre of command o'er Britain's sons;
The muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing. O thou, Britannia's rising hope!
The favourite of her wishes! Thou, O prince!
On whom her fondest expectations wait,
Accept the verse: and, to the humblest voice
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear.
Genius of Britain! pure intelligence!
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,
With influential energy benign
To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;
O! wake the breast of her aspiring son,
Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
The glorious track her monarchs should pursue.
From cultivation, from the useful toils
Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious youth!
To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,
And, with a spirit congenial to your birth,
Regard his various labours through the year:
So shall the labourer smile, and you improve
The happy country you are born to rule.
The year declining, now hath left the fields
Divested of their honours: the strong glebe
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
Surveys the country round, solicitous
To fix his habitation on a soil
Propitious to his hopes and to his cares.
O ye, whom fortune in her silken robe
Enwraps benign; whom plenty's bounteous hand

Hath favour'd with diſtinction! O look down,
With ſmiles indulgent, on his new deſigns!
Aſſiſt his uſeful works, facilitate
His honeſt aims; nor in exaction's gripe [toils
Enthral th' endeavouring ſwain. Think not his
Were meant alone to foſter you in eaſe
And pamper'd indolence; nor grudge the meed,
Which Heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
The labouring hand of uſeful induſtry.
Be yours the joy to propagate content;
With bounteous Heaven co-operate, and reward
The poor man's toil, whence all your riches ſpring.
As in a garden, the enlivening air
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from thoſe fair flowers
Which by its influence riſe; ſo in his breaſt
Benevolent, who gives the ſwains to thrive,
Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.

But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful ſoil
Gives labour hope; where ſheltering ſhades ariſe,
Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow;
Where arable and paſture duly mix;
Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the muſe,
And catch the moral leſſons of her ſong.
Be frugal and be bleſt; frugality
Will give thee competence; thy gains are ſmall,
Too ſmall to bear profuſion's waſteful hand.
Make temperance thy companion; ſo ſhall health
Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
To every uſeful work. And if to theſe
Thou happily ſhalt join one virtue more,
The love of induſtry, the glowing joy
Felt from each new improvement; then fair peace,
With modeſt neatneſs in her decent garb,
Shall walk around thy dwelling; while the great,
Tir'd with the vaſt fatigue of indolence,
Fill'd with diſeaſe by luxury and ſloth,
Impatient curſe the dilatory day,
And look with envy on thy happier ſtate.

Prepar'd with theſe plain virtues, now the ſwain
With courage enters on his rural works.
Firſt he provides the needful implements.
Of theſe, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
Hence bread to man, who heretofore on maſt
Fed with his fellow brute in woods and wilds,
Himſelf uncultur'd as the ſoil he trod.
The ſpiked harrow next, to break the clods,
And ſpread the ſurface of the new-plough'd field:
Nor is the roller's friendly aid unſought.
Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
T' encounter all the numerous hoſt of weeds,
Which riſe malignant, menacing his hopes.
The ſweeping ſcythe's keen edge he whets for graſs,
And turns the crooked ſickle for his corn.
The fork to ſpread, the gathering rake to ſave,
With providential care he treaſures up.
His ſtrong capacious wain, the dull flow'ox
Drags on, deep loaden, grinding the rough ruts;
While with his lighter team, the ſprightly horſe
Moves to the muſic of his tinkling bells.
Nor will his foreſight lack the whirling flail,
Whoſe battering ſtrokes force from the looſen'd ſheaves
Their hidden ſtores profuſe; which now demand
The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
With blaſts ſucceſſive, waſting far away
The worthleſs chaff, to clear the golden grain.

And now compell'd to hire aſſiſtant ſtrength,
Away he haſtens to ſome neighbouring town,
Where willing ſervitude, for mutual wants
Of hind and farmer, holds her * annual feaſt.
'Tis here the toiling hand of induſtry
Employment ſeeks. The ſkilful ploughman, lord
And leader of the ruſtic band; who claims
His boy attendant, conſcious of his worth
And dignity ſuperior; boaſting ſkill
To guide with ſteadineſs the ſliding ſhare,
To ſcatter with an equal hand the ſeed,
And with a maſter ſcythe to head the train,
When the ripe meadow aſks the mower's hand.
Here too, the thraſher, brandiſhing his flail,
Beſpeaks a maſter, whoſe full barns demand
A labouring arm, now ready to give up
Their treaſure, and exchange their hoarded grain
For heaps of gold, the meed of honeſt toil.
The ſun-burnt ſhepherd too, his ſlouching hat
Diſtinguiſh'd well with fleecy locks, expects
Obſervance; ſkill'd in wool, and leſſon'd deep
In all diſeaſes of the bleating flock.
Mix'd with the ruſtic throng, ſee ruddy maids,
Some taught with dext'rous hand to twirl the wheel,
Or ſtroak the ſwelling udder; ſome expert
To raiſe from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf;
To maſh the melted barley, and extract
Its flavour'd ſtrength; or, with a houſewife's care,
To keep the decent habitation neat.
But now let looſe to revelry and ſport,
In clamorous mirth indelicate and rude, [voke
The boiſterous ſwains, and hoyden nymphs, pro-
Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike
Is every ſwain, nor every ſylvan maid;
As Verulam the pleaſing tale records.
When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,
Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
Of Patty, the fair milk-maid? Beautiful
As an Arcadian nymph; upon her brow
Sat virgin modeſty, while in her eyes
Young ſenſibility began to play
With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
On either ſide her face in careleſs curls,
Shading the tender bluſhes in her cheek.
Her breath was ſweeter than the morning gale,
Stolen from the roſe or violet's dewy leaves.
Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
Through lips of living coral. When ſhe ſpoke,
Her features wore intelligence; her words
Were ſoft, with ſuch a ſmile accompany'd,
As lighted in her face reſiſtleſs charms.
Her poliſh'd neck roſe rounding from her breaſt
With pleaſing elegance:—That lovely breaſt!—
Ah! fancy, dwell not there, leſt gay deſire,
Who, ſmiling, hovers o'er th' enchanting place,
Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous ecſtaſy.
Her ſhape was moulded by the hand of eaſe,
Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
While grace, following her ſteps, with ſecret art
Stole into all her motions. Thus ſhe walk'd
In ſweet ſimplicity; a ſnow-white pail

* *This is called in the country a ſtatute, and is held annually at moſt market-towns in England, where ſervants of all kinds reſort in queſt of places and employment.*

Hung on her arm, the ſymbol of her ſkill
In that fair province of the rural ſtate,
The dairy; ſource of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choiceſt vintage boaſts.
How great the power of beauty! The rude ſwains
Grew civil at her ſight; and gaping crowds,
Wrapt in aſtoniſhment, with tranſport gaze,
Whiſpering her praiſes in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne through the grove,
With quick vibration ſhakes the trembling leaves,
And huſhing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a ſpreading whiſper through the crowd.
Young Thyrſis hearing, turn'd aſide his head,
And ſoon the pleaſing wonder caught his eye.
Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
Thyrſis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had ſeen no virgin he could wiſh to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye,
With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
No reſt the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his ſtruggling heart: her beauteous form,
Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleaſing anguiſh torture him. In vain
He ſtrives to tear her image from his breaſt;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his reſolves,
And binding all his ſoul a ſlave to love.
Ah! little did he know, alas! the while
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
Long, long for him had heav'd the ſecret ſigh.
For him ſhe dreſt, for him the pleaſing arts
She ſtudy'd, and for him ſhe wiſh'd to live.
But her low fortunes, nurſing ſad deſpair,
Check'd the young hope; nor durſt her modeſt eyes
Indulge the ſmalleſt glances of her flame,
Leſt curious malice, like a watchful ſpy,
Should catch the ſecret, and with taunts reveal.
Judge then the ſweet ſurpriſe, when ſhe at length
Beheld him, all irreſolute, approach;
And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
Breathe theſe ſoft words into her liſtening ear.
" O Patty! deareſt maid, whoſe beauteous form
" Dwells in my breaſt, and charms my ſoul to love,
" Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
" Which from this hour devotes itſelf to thee:
" Wealth has no reliſh, life can give no joy,
" If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
Ah! who the ſudden tumult can deſcribe
Of ſtruggling paſſions riſing in her breaſt?
Hope, fear, confuſion, modeſty, and love,
Oppreſs her labouring ſoul:—She ſtrove to ſpeak,
But the faint accents dy'd upon her tongue:
Her fears prevented utterance.—At length
" Can Thyrſis mock my poverty? Can he
" Be ſo unkind? O no! yet I, alas,
" Too humble even to hope"—No more ſhe ſaid;
But gently, as if half unwilling, ſtole
Her hand from his; and, with ſweet modeſty,
Caſting a look of diffidence and fear,
To hide her bluſhes, ſilently withdrew.
But Thyrſis read, with rapture in her eyes,
The language of her ſoul. He follow'd, woo'd,
And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
Soon call her miſtreſs; ſoon their milky ſtreams
Coagulated, riſe in circling piles
Of harden'd curd; and all the dairies round,
To her ſweet butter yield ſuperior praiſe.
But turn, my muſe, nor let th' alluring form
Of beauty lead too far thy devious ſteps.
See where the farmer, with a maſter's eye,
Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
In ſov'reign independence. At a word,
His feathery ſubjects in obedience flock
Around his feeding hand, who in return
Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
And o'er his couch their downy plumage ſpread.
The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
A glittering pageant to the mid-day ſun:
In the ſtiff awkwardneſs of fooliſh pride,
The ſwelling turkey apes his ſtately ſtep,
And calls the briſtling feathers round his head.
There the loud herald of the morning ſtruts
Before his cackling dames, the paſſive ſlaves
Of his promiſcuous pleaſure. O'er the pond,
See the gray gander, with his female train,
Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,
Rejoicing on the ſurface clap their wings;
Whilſt wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
The gloſſy pigeons chaſe their ſportive loves,
Or in ſoft cooings tell their amorous tale.
Here ſtacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
Promiſe the future market large ſupplies:
While with an eye of triumph he ſurveys
His piles of wood, and laughs at winter's frown.
In ſilent rumination, ſee the kine,
Beneath the walnut's ſhade, patiently wait
To pour into his pails their milky ſtores.
While pent from miſchief, far from ſight remov'd,
The briſtly herd, within their fatt'ning ſtyes,
Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
The gaily blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
And broad-leav'd cabbage for the ploughman's feaſt.
Theſe his amuſements, his employments theſe;
Which ſtill ariſing in ſucceſſive change,
Give to each vary'd hour a new delight.
Peace and contentment with their guardian wings
Encloſe his nightly ſlumbers. Roſy health,
When the gay lark's ſweet matin wakes the morn,
Treads in his dewy footſteps round the field;
And cheerfulneſs attends his cloſing day.
No racking jealouſy, nor ſullen hate,
Nor fear, nor envy, diſcompoſe his breaſt.
His only enemies the prowling fox,
Whoſe nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
The hardy badger; the rapacious kite,
With eye malignant on the little brood,
Sailing around portentous; the rank ſtote
Thirſting, ah, ſavage thirſt! for harmleſs blood;
The corn devouring partridge; timorous hare;
Th' amphibious otter bold; the weaſel ſly,
Pilfering the yolk from its encloſing ſhell;
And moles, a dirty undermining race.
Theſe all his foes, and theſe, alas, compar'd
With man to man, an inoffenſive train.
'Gainſt theſe, aſſiſted by th' entangling net,
Th' exploſive thunder of the levell'd tube,
Or toils unweary'd of his ſocial friend
The faithful dog, he wages rural war,
And health and pleaſure in the ſportive field
Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.

O happy he! happieſt of mortal men!
Who far remov'd from ſlavery as from pride,
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
Where the lac'd beggar buſtles for a bribe,
The purchaſe of his honour; where deceit,
And fraud, and circumvention, dreſt in ſmiles,
Hold ſhameful commerce; and beneath the maſk
Of friendſhip and ſincerity, betray.
Him, nor the ſtately manſion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or ſculpture, yield to charm the eye;
Nor ſhining heaps of maſſy plate enwrought
With curious, coſtly workmanſhip, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of graſping av'rice, nor the poiſon'd ſweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his ſeat
With firmneſs on his old paternal fields,
And ſtands unſhaken. There ſweet proſpects riſe
Of meadows ſmiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The ſcenes of innocence and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreſhing groves, and murmuring ſprings,
Invite to ſacred thought, and lift the mind
From low purſuits, to meditate the God!
Turn then at length, O turn, ye ſons of wealth,
And ye who ſeek through life's bewildering maze,
To tread the paths of happineſs, O turn!
And trace her footſteps in the rural walk;
In thoſe fair ſcenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
Unfolds the map of nature, and diſplays
The matchleſs beauty of created things.
Turn to the arts, the uſeful pleaſing arts
Of cultivation; and thoſe fields improve
Your erring fathers have too long deſpis'd.
Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,
That nobleſt ſcience, which in ancient time
The mind of ſages and of kings employ'd,
Solicitous to learn the ways of God,
And read his work in agriculture's ſchool.
Then hear the muſe, now entering, hand in hand
With ſweet philoſophy, the ſecret bowers
Of deep myſterious nature; there t' explore
The cauſes of fecundity, and how
The various elements, earth, water, air,
And fire united; the enlivening ray
Diurnal, the prolific dews of night;
With all the rolling ſeaſons of the year;
In vegetation's work their power combine.
Whither, O whither doſt thou lead my ſteps,
Divine philoſophy? What ſcenes are theſe,
Which ſtrike my wondering ſenſes? Lo! enthron'd
Upon a ſolid rock great nature ſits;
Her eyes to heaven directed, as from thence
Receiving inſpiration. Round her head
A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
Her ſecret footſteps from the eyes of men.
Liſt! liſt! what harmony, what heavenly ſounds
Enchant my raviſh'd ear? 'tis ancient * Pan,
Who on his ſeven-fold pipe, to the rapt ſoul
Conveys the fancy'd muſic of the ſpheres.
See by his ſtrains the elements inſpir'd,
Join in myſterious work; their motions led
By † active fire, in windings intricate,
But not perplex'd, nor vague. And who are they?
What pair obeying in alternate rounds
The tuneful melody? majeſtic one,
And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
In ſhadowy ſilence, borne on raven wings,
Which, waving to the meaſur'd ſounds, beat time.
A veil obſcures her face; a ſable ſtole,
Bedeck'd with ſparkling gems, conceals her form;
As wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.
The other, rais'd on ſwan-like ſpreading plumes,
Glides gaily on; a milk-white robe inveſts
His frame tranſparent; in his azure eyes
Dwells brightneſs; while around his radiant head,
A ſhining glory paints his flying robe,
With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.
Proceeding now, in more majeſtic ſteps,
The varying ſeaſons join the myſtic train.
In all the blooming hues of florid youth,
Gay ſpring advances ſmiling: on her head
A flow'ry chaplet, mix'd with verdant buds,
Sheds aromatic fragrance through the air;
While little zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
Summer ſucceeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
Of ripening harveſt; in her hand ſhe bears
A ſhining ſickle; on her glowing cheek
The fervent heat paints deep a roſy bluſh:
Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,
Flows looſely from her boſom, and reveals
To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
The bluſhing fruits, which Summer's ſultry breath
Had mellow'd to her hand. A cluſtering wreath
Of purple grapes, half hid with ſpreading leaves,
Adorns her brow. Her dew-beſprinkled locks
Begin to fall, her bending ſhoulders ſink,
And active vigour leaves her ſober ſteps.
Winter creeps on, ſhrivell'd with chilling cold;
Bald his white crown, upon his ſilver beard
Shines the hoar-froſt, and icicles depend.
Rigid and ſtern his melancholy face;
Shivering he walks, his joints benumb'd and ſtiff;
And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.
And now, great nature pointing to the train
Her heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
In meaſur'd figures, and myſterious rounds,
To weave the mazy dance; while to the ſound
Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddeſs join'd

* *Mythologiſts have thought the univerſal nature of things to be ſignified by this god; and that his pipe, compoſed of ſeven reeds, was the ſymbol of the ſeven planets, which they ſay make the harmony of the ſpheres.*

† *According to Dr. Boerhave, and the other modern philoſophers, all the motion in nature ariſes from fire; and taking that away, all things would become fixed and immoveable: fluids would become ſolid; a man would harden into a ſtatue; and the very air would coalesce into a firm and rigid maſs.*

Her voice harmonious; and the liſtening muſe,
Admiring, caught the wonders of her * theme.
" To God, ſupreme Creator! great and good!
" All-wiſe, Almighty Parent of the world!
" In choral ſymphonies of praiſe and love,
" Let all the powers of nature raiſe the ſong!"
' The wat'ry ſigns forſaking, ſee, the ſun,
' Great father of the vegetable tribes,
' Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray.
' When now the genial warmth earth's yielding
' breaſt
' Unfolds. Her latent ſalts, ſulphureous oils,
' And air, and water mix'd; attract, repel,
' And raiſe prolific ferment. Lo! at length
' The vital principle begins to wake:
' Th' emulgent fibres, ſtretching round the root,
' Seek their terreſtrial nurture; which convey'd
' In limpid currents through th' aſcending tubes,
' And ſtrain'd and filter'd in their ſecret cells;
' To its own nature every different plant
' Aſſimilating, changes. Awful Heaven!
' How wond'rous is thy work, to thee! to thee!
' Myſterious power belongs! ſummer's fierce heat
' Increaſing, rarifies the ductile juice.
' See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd,
' Th' elaſtic air impells the riſing ſap.
' Swift through the ſtem, through every branch-
' ing arm,
' And ſmaller ſhoot, the vivid moiſture flows,
' Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:
' Whence, as ordain'd th' expiring air flows out
' In copious exhalations; and from whence
' Its nobleſt principles the plant inhales.
' See! ſee! the ſhooting verdure ſpreads around!
' Ye ſons of men, with rapture view the ſcene!
' On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,
' Cloth'd in ſoft mingling ſhades from light to
' dark,
' The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
' The hawthorn's whitening buſh, Pomona's
' blooms,
' And Flora's pencil o'er th' enamell'd green,
' The varying ſcenes enrich. Hence every gale
' Breathes odours, every zephyr from his wings
' Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from
' ſhrubs,
' Borne from the yellow cowſlip, violet blue,
' From deep carnations, from the bluſhing roſe,
' From every flower and aromatic herb
' In grateful mixtures. Hence ambroſial fruits
' Yield their delicious flavours. The ſweet grape,
' The mulberry's cooling juice, the luſcious
' plumb,
' The healthful apple, the diſſolving peach,
' And thy rich nectar many flavour'd pine.
' Theſe are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man!
' Theſe, theſe, to thee the gracious gifts of
' Heav'n,
' A world of beauty, wonder, and delight.'
" To God, ſupreme Creator! great and good!
" All-wiſe, Almighty Parent of the world!
" In choral ſymphonies of praiſe and love,
" Let all the powers of nature cloſe the ſtrain."

* *The philoſophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his Vegetable Statics.*

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of different ſoils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middleſex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening and the gardens of Epicurus.

DESCENDING now from theſe ſuperior themes,
O muſe, in notes familiar, teach the ſwain
The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different culture each requires.
The naturaliſt, to ſand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying ſoils, which clothe
The boſom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, looſe, admits the genial ray
With freedom, and with greedineſs imbibes
The falling moiſture: hence the embryo ſeeds,
Lodg'd in its fiery womb, puſh into life
With early haſte, and hurry'd to their prime,
(Their vital juices ſpent) too ſoon decay.
Correct this error of the ardent ſoil,
With cool manure: let ſtiff coheſive clay
Give the looſe glebe conſiſtence and firm ſtrength.
So ſhall thy labouring ſteers, when harveſt calls,
Bending their patient ſhoulders to the yoke,
Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.
Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay?
Deſpair not, nor repine: the ſtubborn ſoil
Shall yield to cultivation, and reward
The hand of diligence. Here give the plough
No reſt. Break, pound the clods, and with warm
dungs
Relieve the ſteril coldneſs of the ground,
Chill'd with obſtructed water. Add to theſe
The ſharpeſt ſand, to open and unbind
The cloſe-cohering maſs; ſo ſhall new pores
Admit the ſolar beam's enlivening heat,
The nitrous particles of air receive,
And yield a paſſage to the ſoaking rain.
Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
And hence the fibrous roots in queſt of food,
Find unobſtructed entrance, room to ſpread,
And richer juices feed the ſwelling ſhoots:
So the ſtrong field ſhall to the reaper's hand
Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.
But bleſt with eaſe, in plenty ſhall he live,
Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wiſh,
Hath plac'd upon a loamy ſoil. He views
All products of the teeming earth ariſe
In plenteous crops, nor ſcarce the needful aid
Of culture deigns to aſk. Him, nor the fears
Of ſcorching heat, nor deluges of rain
Alarm. His kindly fields ſuſtain all change
Of ſeaſons, and ſupport a healthy ſeed,
In vigour through the perils of the year.
But new improvemets curious wouldſt thou
learn,
Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's * ſon,

* *The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkſhire, in his Horſe-hoeing Huſbandry; or, an Eſſay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage.*

Whose precepts drawn from sage experience, claim
Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
First let the young Agricolist be taught:
Then how to sow, and raise the embryo seeds
Of every different species, Nitre, fire,
Air, water, earth, their various powers combine
In vegetation; but the genuine food
Of every plant is earth: hence their increase,
Their strength and substance. Nitre first prepares
And separates the concreted parts; which then,
The wat'ry vehicle assumes, and through
Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtle air,
Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.
Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then
By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung,
Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
For due reception of the fibrous roots:
But from the streams of ordure, from the stench
Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes
Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring?
Or grateful, or salubrious food to man?
As well might virgin innocence preserve
Her purity from taint, amid the stews.
Defile not then the freshness of thy field
With dungs polluting touch; but let the plough,
The hoe, the harrow, and the roller lend
Their better powers, to fructify the soil;
Turn it to catch the sun's prolific ray,
Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
And every influence of indulgent Heaven.
These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
And toil's unceasing hand full well supply
The dunghill's sordid and extraneous aid.
Thus taught the Shalborne swain; who first with skill
Led through the fields the many-coulter'd plough;
Who first his seed committed to the ground.
Shed from the drill by slow revolving wheels,
In just proportion and in even rows;
Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval,
To introduce with ease, while yet the grain
Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
His * new machine, form'd to exterminate
The weedy race (intruders who devour,
But nothing pay), to pulverize the soil,
Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,
And to its last perfection raise the crop.
He taught, alas! but practis'd ill the lore
Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth
Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,
His own philosophy disgracing, brought
Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.
Then, banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth;
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease.
Him sordidness and penury surround,
Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild;
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
From labour sees. Accumulated filth
Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door
A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands
In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,
To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
Spring up uncheck'd: the nettle and the dock,
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.
Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!
Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain;
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;
Strange madness, then, and death in hideous form.
Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
Ah, why so near the path of innocents,
Should spring their bane? But thou alone art wise.
Thus hath the faithful muse his lore pursu'd,
Who, trusting to the culture of his plough,
Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not
To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith;
Experience to experience oft oppos'd,
Leaves truth uncertain. See what various crops,
In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields
On Thames' prolific bank. On culture's hand
Alone, do these Horticulists rely?
Or do they owe to London's rich manure
Those products which its crowded markets fill?
Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,
Have spread the glory of their garden's wide,
A theme of wonder to the distant swain.
Hence the piazza'd * square, where erst, embow-[er'd
In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks
Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease;
Now boasts, from industry's rough hand supply'd,
Each various esculent the teeming earth
In every changing season can produce.
Join then with culture the prolific strength
Of such manure as best inclines to aid
Thy failing glebe. Let oily marl impart
Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling † tan
Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds,
Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot,
From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil
Their nit'rous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
From its black sediment; and from the street
Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
Of ‡ unripe weeds, afford a cool manure.
From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
Its smelly sands convey a warm compost,
From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught:
This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
Through chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.

* *The bee-plough.*

* *Covent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.*

† *The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hotbeds, particularly for raising pine-apples; and is called by the gardeners, Tan.*

‡ *If weeds are suffered to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.*

But if nor oily marl, nor crumbling tan,
Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled ſtreet,
Nor weed, nor ocean's ſand, can lend its aid;
Then, farmer, raiſe immediate from their ſeeds,
The juicy ſtalks of largely-ſpreading pulſe,
Beans, buck-wheat, ſpurry, or the climbing vetch;
Theſe early reapt and bury'd in the ſoil,
Enrich the parent womb from whence they ſprung.
Or ſow the bulbous turnip; this ſhall yield
Sweet paſture to the flocks, or lowing herds,
And well prepare thy land for future crops.
Yet not alone to raiſe, but to ſecure
Thy products from invaſion, and divide
For various uſe th' appropriated fields,
Diſdain not thus to learn. For this, the ſloe,
The furze, the holly, to thy hand preſent
Their branches, and their different merits boaſt.
But from the nurs'ry then with care ſelect
Quick hawthorn ſetts, well rooted, ſmooth, and ſtrait:
Then low as ſinks thy ditch on either ſide,
Let riſe in height the ſloping bank: there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richeſt mold.
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend
Thy infant ſhoots from depredation deep,
At proper diſtance drive ſtiff oaken ſtakes;
Which, interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Fruſtrate the nibbling flock, or bronzing herd.
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
Or choke, by covering from the vital air,
The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening ſhoots,
Soon ſhall they riſe, and to thy field afford
A beauteous, ſtrong, impenetrable fence.
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thruſh,
Here, by ſecurity invited, build
Their little neſts, and all thy labours cheer
With melody: the hand of lovely May
Here ſtrews her ſweeteſt bloſſoms; and if mixt
With ſtocks of knotted crabs, ingrafted fruits,
When autumn crowns the year, ſhall ſmile around.
But from low ſhrubs, if thy ambition riſe
To cultivate the larger tree, attend.
From ſeeds, or ſuckers, layers, or ſetts, ariſe
Their various tribes: for now exploded ſtands
The vulgar fable of ſpontaneous birth,
To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,
In fancy's eye beholds his future race
Rejoicing in the ſhades their grandſire gave;
Or he whoſe patriot views extend to raiſe,
In diſtant ages, Britain's naval power;
Muſt firſt prepare, inclining to the ſouth,
A ſhelter'd nurſery; well from weeds, from ſhrubs,
Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,
From cattle fenc'd, and every peeling tooth.
Then from the ſummit of the faireſt tree
His ſeed ſelected ripe, and ſow'd in rills
On nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen froſts that pierce,
Or vermin who devour. The wint'ry months
In embryo cloſe the future foreſt lies,
And waits for germination: but in ſpring,
When their green heads firſt riſe above the earth,
And aſk thy foſtering hand; then to their roots
The light ſoil gently move, and ſtrew around
Old leaves, or litter'd ſtraw, to ſcreen from heat
The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
This friendly office; whoſe falſe kindneſs chokes,
Or ſtarves the nurſlings they pretend to ſhade.
When now four ſummers have beheld their youth
Attended in the nurſery, then tranſplant,
The ſoil, prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is deſtin'd to uprear its leafy head.
Avoid the error of impatience. He
Who, eager to enjoy the cooling ſhade
His hands ſhall raiſe, removes at vaſt expence
Tall trees; with envy and regret ſhall ſee
His neighbour's infant plants ſoon, ſoon outſtrip
The tardy loiterers of his dwindling copſe.
But if thy emulation's generous pride
Would boaſt the largeſt timber ſtrait and ſtrong!
Thick let the ſeedling in their native beds
Stand unremov'd; ſo ſhall each lateral branch,
Obſtructed, ſend its nouriſhment to raiſe
The towering ſtem: and they whoſe vigorous health
Exalts above the reſt their lofty heads,
Aſpiring ſtill, ſhall ſpread their powerful arms,
While the weak puny race, obſcur'd below,
Sickening, die off, and leave their victors room.
Nor ſmall the praiſe the ſkilful planter claims
From his befriended country. Various arts
Borrow from him materials. The ſoft beech,
And cloſe-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,
And with a thouſand implements ſupply
Mechanic ſkill. Their beauteous veins the yew
And phyllerea lend, to ſurface o'er
The cabinet. Smooth linden beſt obeys
The carver's chiſſel; beſt his curious work
Diſplays in all its niceſt touches. Birch—
Ah, why ſhould birch ſupply the chair? ſince oft
Its cruel twigs compel the ſmarting youth
To dread the hateful ſeat. Tough-bending aſh
Gives to the humble ſwain his uſeful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
To weave our baſkets the ſoft oſier lends
His pliant twigs: Staves that nor ſhrink nor ſwell,
The cooper's cloſe-wrought caſk to cheſnut owes.
The ſweet-leav'd walnut's undulated grain,
Poliſh'd with care, adds to the workman's art
Its varying beauties. The tall towering elm,
Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in ſecret ſtreams
Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave;
Or from its height when humbled to the ground,
Conveys the pride of mortal man to duſt.
And laſt the oak, king of Britannia's woods,
And guardian of her iſle! whoſe ſons robuſt,
The beſt ſupporters of incumbent weight,
Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
Of ſtrength immenſe: or in the bounding deep
The looſe foundations lay of floating walls,
Impregnably ſecure. But ſunk, but fallen
From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!
Beneath whoſe lofty venerable boughs
The druid erſt his ſolemn rites perform'd,
And taught to diſtant realms his ſacred lore,
Where are your beauties fled? where but to ſerve
Your thankleſs country, who unbluſhing ſees
Her naked foreſts longing for your ſhade.
The taſk, the glorious taſk, for thee remains,
O prince belov'd! for thee more nobly born
Than for thyſelf alone, the patriot work

Yet unattempted waits. O let not paſs
The fair occaſion to remoteſt time
Thy name with praiſe, with honour to tranſmit!
So ſhall thy country's riſing fleets, to thee
Owe future triumphs; ſo her naval ſtrength,
Supported from within, ſhall fix thy claim
To ocean's ſovereignty; and to thy ports,
In every climate of the peopled earth,
Bear commerce; fearleſs, unreſiſted, ſafe.
Let then the great ambition fire thy breaſt,
For this, thy native land; replace the loſt
Inhabitants of her deſerted plains.
Let Thame once more on Windſor's lofty hills
Survey young foreſts planted by thy hand.
Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold
The * Spaniard's terror riſe renew'd. And Trent,
From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey
The bulwarks of her country to the main.

O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might theſe his rural notes, to future time
Boaſt of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Roſe to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muſe
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
A ſtranger to the fair Caſtalian ſprings,
Whence happier poets inſpiration draw,
And the ſweet magic of perſuaſive ſong,
The weak preſumption, the fond hope expires.
Yet ſure ſome ſacred impulſe ſtirs my breaſt!
I feel, I feel, an heavenly gueſt within!
And all-obedient to the ruling God,
The pleaſing talk which he inſpires, purſue.

And hence, diſdaining low and trivial things;
Why ſhould I tell of him whoſe obvious art,
To drain the low damp meadow, ſloping ſinks
A hollow trench, which arch'd at half its depth,
Cover'd with filtering bruſh-wood, furze or broom,
And ſurfac'd o'er with earth; in ſecret ſtreams
Draws its collected moiſture from the glebe?
Or why of him, who o'er his ſandy fields,
Too dry to bear the ſun's meridian beam,
Calls from the neighbouring hills obſequious ſprings,
Which led in winding currents through the mead,
Cool the hot ſoil, refreſh the thirſty plain,
While wither'd plants reviving ſmile around?
But ſing, O muſe! the ſwain, the happy ſwain,
Whom taſte and nature leading o'er his fields,
Conduct to every rural beauty. See!
Before his footſteps winds the waving walk,
Here gently riſing, there deſcending ſlow
Through the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
Where flowers beſprinkled paint the ſhelving bank,
And weeping willows bend, to kiſs the ſtream.
Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
Beneath the hawthorn's ſecret ſhade reclines:
Where purple violets hang their baſhful heads,
Where yellow cowſlips, and the bluſhing pink,
Their mingled ſweets, and lovely hues combine.
Here, ſhelter'd from the north, his ripening fruits
Diſplay their ſweet temptations from the wall,
Or from the gay eſpalier: while below,
His various eſculents, from glowing beds,
Give the fair promiſe of delicious feaſts.

There from his forming hand new ſcenes ariſe,
The fair creation of his fancy's eye.
Lo! boſom'd in the ſolemn ſhady grove,
Whoſe reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
He views the moſs-grown temple's ruin'd tower,
Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluſter'd leaves;
The manſion ſeeming of ſome rural god,
Whom nature's choriſters, in untaught hymns
Of wild yet ſweeteſt harmony, adore.
From the bold brow of that aſpiring ſteep,
Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
Their downward ſhadows in the graſſy wave,
What pleaſing landſcapes ſpread before his eye!
Of ſcatter'd villages, and winding ſtreams,
And meadows green, and woods, and diſtant ſpires,
Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
To prop the canopy of Heav'n. Now loſt
Amidſt a glooming wilderneſs of ſhrubs,
The golden orange, arbute ever green,
The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,
Fair * opulus, to ſpring, to autumn dear,
And the ſweet ſhades of varying verdure, caught
From ſoft Acacia's gently-waving branch,
Heedleſs he wanders: while the grateful ſcents
Of ſweet-briar, roſes, honeyſuckles wild,
Regale the ſmell; and to th' enchanted eye
Mezereon's purple, lauruſtinus' white,
And pale laburnum's pendent flowers diſplay
Their different beauties. O'er the ſmooth-ſhorn graſs
His lingering footſteps leiſurely proceed,
In meditation deep:—When, hark! the ſound
Of diſtant water ſteals upon his ear;
And ſudden opens to his pauſing eye
The rapid rough caſcade, from the rude rock
Down daſhing in a ſtream of lucid foam:
Then glides away, meandring o'er the lawn,
A liquid ſurface; ſhining ſeen a'far,
At intervals, beneath the ſhadowy trees;
Till loſt and bury'd in the diſtant grove.
Wrapt into ſacred muſing, he reclines
Beneath the covert of embowering ſhades;
And, painting to his mind the buſtling ſcenes
Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.

Genius of gardens! nature's faireſt child!
Thou who, inſpir'd by the directing mind
Of Heaven, did'ſt plan the ſcenes of Paradiſe!
Thou at whoſe bidding roſe th' Heſperian bowers
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
Caſtalian ſprings, and all th' enchanting groves
Of Tempe's vale: O where haſt thou been hid?
For ages where have ſtray'd thy ſteps unknown?
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the ſhore
Of Britain's beauteous iſle; where verdant plains,
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join,
To aid thy pencil, favour thy deſigns,
And give thy varying landſcapes every charm.
Drive then † Batavia's monſters from our ſhades;

* *The officers on board the Spaniſh fleet, in* 1588, *called the Invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not ſubdue the iſland, at leaſt to deſtroy the foreſt of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.*

* *The golden roſe.*

† *The taſte for ſtrait lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.*

Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,
Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.
Banish the regular deformity
Of plans by line and compass, rules abhorr'd
In nature's free plantations; and restore
Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
The calm serene recess of thoughtful man,
In meditation's silent sacred hour.
And lo! the progress of thy steps appears
In fair improvements scatter'd round the land,
Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:
There thy first favourite, in the happy shade
To nature introduc'd, the goddess woo'd,
And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
The calm retreat, where weary'd majesty,
Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace,
Steals a few moments to indulge his own.
On Oatland's brow, where grandeur sits enthron'd,
Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale
Of Esher, where the Mole glides lingering, loth
To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.
In * Woburn's ornamented fields, where gay
Variety, where mingled lights and shades,
Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects break,
With sweet surprise, upon the wandering eye.
On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
Where through romantic scenes of hanging woods,
And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,
Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand
Its master, who, inspir'd with all thy art,
Adds beauties to what nature plann'd so fair.
Hail sweet retirement! Wisdom's peaceful seat!
Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
Th' †Athenian sage his happy followers taught,
That pleasure sprang from virtue. Gracious Heaven!
How worthy thy divine beneficence,
This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,
Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,
O might I hear, through time's long tract convey'd,
The moral lessons taught beneath your shades!
And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
Such the divine enchantment of the muse,
I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.
" The end of life is happiness; the means
" That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.
" From the vain phantoms or delusive fear,
" Or strong desire's intemp'rance, spring the woes
" Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons,
" From error's darkening clouds, from groundless fear
" Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill,
" Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude
" Establish in your breasts her stedfast throne;
" So shall the stings of evil fix no wound:
" Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,
" Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,
" Shake the just purpose of your steady souls.
" The golden curb of temp'rance next prepare,
" To rein th' impetuous sallies of desire.
" He who the kindling sparks of anger checks,
" Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament
" Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
" Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;
" Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,
" Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm
" When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns
" From lewd temptation smiling in the eye
" Of wantonness hath burst the golden bands
" Of future anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
" From early feebleness, and dire disease.
" Who let the griping hand of av'rice pinch
" To narrow selfishness the social heart;
" Excludes fair friendship, charity, and love,
" From their divine exertions in his breast.
" And see, my friends, this garden's little bound,
" So small the wants of nature, well supplies
" Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,
" Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the stream
" The hand of moderation fills a cup,
" To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,
" Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd
" With turbid violence, the veins distends.
" Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words.
" Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,
" Enjoy the * heavenly Venus of these shades,
" Celestial pleasure; tranquil and secure,
" From pain, disease, and anxious troubles free.

* *Mr. Southcote's.*

† *Epicurus, who, on account of teaching in his garden, was called the Garden Philosopher; and his disciples the Philosophers of the Garden.*

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-home. The praises of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fuller's-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer's herbs. Esculents. Medicinals. Transitions from the cultivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle, and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-shearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of horses. The draught-horse—road-horse—hunter—race-horse—and war-horse. Concluding with an address to the Prince to prefer the arts of peace to those of war.

While thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
Calls forth the labouring hinds. In slanting rows,
With still-approaching step, and level'd stroke
The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
Lays low the slender grass; emblem of man,
Falling beneath the ruthless hand of time.
Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.
Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,

* *He placed in his garden a statue of the Venus Celestis, which probably he might intend should be symbolical of his doctrine.*

They toſs the withering herbage. Light it flies,
Borne on the wings of zephyr; whoſe ſoft gale,
Now while th' aſcending ſun's bright beam exhales
The grateful ſweetneſs of the new-mown hay,
Breathing refreſhment, fans the toiling ſwain.
And ſoon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Reſound with merriment. The ſimple jeſt,
The village tale of ſcandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpoliſh'd wit, raiſe ſudden burſts
Of laughter from beneath the ſpreading oak,
Where thrown at eaſe, and ſhelter'd from the ſun,
The plain repaſt and wholeſome bev'rage cheer
Their ſpirits. Light as air they ſpring, renew'd,
To ſocial labour: ſoon the ponderous wain
Moves ſlowly onwards with its fragrant load,
And ſwells the barn capacious: or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
The magazines of plenty, to enſure
From winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.
But do the threat'ning clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
Ere the ſun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moiſture from the fading graſs?
Or hath the burſting ſhower thy labours drench'd
With ſudden inundation? Ah, with care
Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,
Or on the riſing rick. The ſmother'd damps,
Fermenting, glow within; and latent ſparks
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,
Till, wide and wider ſpreading, they admit
The fatal blaſt, which inſtantly conſumes,
In flames reſiſtleſs, thy collected ſtore.
This dire diſaſter to avoid, prepare
A hollow baſket, or the concave round
Of ſome capacious veſſel; to its ſides
Affix a triple cord: then let the ſwains,
Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,
Place the obtruſive barrier; raiſing ſtill
As they advance, by its united bands,
The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midſt
An empty ſpace the cooling air draws in,
And from the flame, or from offenſive taints
Pernicious to thy cattle, ſaves their food.
And now the ruler of the golden day,
From the fierce Lion glows with heat intenſe;
While Ceres in the ripening field looks down
In ſmiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,
The end of all his toil, and its reward,
The farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! attend
His fervent prayer: reſtrain the tempeſt's rage,
The dreadful blight diſarm; nor in one blaſt
The products of the labouring year deſtroy!
Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now
In ready ranks th' impatient reapers ſtand,
Arm'd with the ſcythe or ſickle;—echoes ſhrill
Of winding horns, the ſhouts and hallowings loud
Of huntſmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
Float in the gale melodious, but invade
His frighted ſenſe with dread. Near and more near
Th' unwelcome ſounds approach; and ſudden o'er
His fence the tall ſtag bounds: in cloſe purſuit
The hunter train, on many a noble ſteed,
Undaunted follow; while the eager pack
Burſt unreſiſted through the yielding hedge.
In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims:
The ruin of his crop in vain laments:
Deaf to his cries, they traverſe the ripe field
In cruel exultation; trampling down
Beneath their feet, in one ſhort moment's ſport,
The peace, the comfort of his future year.
Unfeeling wealth! ah, when wilt thou forbear
Thy inſults, thy injuſtice to the poor?
When taſte the bliſs of nurſing in thy breaſt
The ſweet ſenſations of humanity?
Yet all are not deſtroyers: ſome unſpoil'd
By fortune, ſtill preſerve a feeling heart.
And ſee the yellow fields, with labour rs ſpread,
Reſign their treaſures to the reaper's hand.
Here ſtands in comely order on the plain,
And cluſter'd ſheafs, the king of golden corn,
Unbearded wheat, ſupport of human life:
There riſes in round heaps the maltſter's hope,
Grain which the reaper's care ſolicits beſt
By tempting promiſes of potent beer,
The joy, the meed of thirſt-creating toil:
The poor man's * clammy fare the ſickle reaps;
The ſteed's light provender obeys the ſcythe.
Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
The mid-day ſun; the laughing hinds rejoice:
Their maſter's heart is open'd, and his eye
Looks with indulgence on the gleaning poor,
At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands gay,
Nods the laſt load along the ſhouting field.
Now to the God of harveſt in a ſong
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,
With joy unfeign'd: while to his raviſh'd ear
The gratulations of aſſiſting ſwains,
Are muſic. His exulting ſoul expands:
He preſſes every aiding hand; he bids
The plenteous feaſt, beneath ſome ſpreading tree,
Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
The copious bowl, unmeaſur'd, unreſtrain'd,
A free libation to th' immortal gods,
Who crown with plenty the proliſic ſoil.
Hail, favour'd iſland! happy region, hail!
Whoſe temperate ſkies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe; bleſſing thy ſons
With various products, to the life of man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choiceſt gift,
The taſteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd ſong, Silurian bard;
Affording to the ſwains, in ſparkling cups,
Delicious bev'rage. Thine, on Cantium's hills,
The flow'ry hop, whoſe tendrils climbing round
The tall aſpiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft, in pendant cluſters; which in malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preſerves the potent draught. Thine to the plant,
To whoſe tough ſtringy ſtalks thy num'rous fleets
Owe their ſtrong cordage: with her ſiſter ſtem,
Her fairer ſiſter, whence Minerva's† tribe,
T' enfold in ſoftneſs beauty's lovely limbs,
Preſent their woven texture: and from whence,
A ſecond birth, grows the papyrean‡ leaf,
A tablet firm, on which the painter bard

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* *Rye, of which is made a coarſe clammy kind of bread, uſed by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapneſs.*

† *Minerva is ſaid to have invented the art of weaving.*

‡ *The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently uſed for writing upon; from whence is derived the preſent name of our material called Paper.*

Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.
With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.
Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine,
Thy fossil treasures rise. Thy blazing hearths,
From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores
Of fuel boast. The oil-imbibing * earth,
The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies
All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide;
With lime, its close concomitant. The hills,
The barren hills of Derby's wildest peak,
In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,
From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,
In safety clothe. Devona's ancient mines,
Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons
To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou
Thine honour'd † name deriv'st. Nor want'st thou
Of that all-useful metal, the support [store
Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence arise
In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat
Melts the hard mass; which flows an iron stream,
On sandy beds below: and stiffening there,
A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.
But the glad muse, from subterranean caves
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
What numerous products still remain unsung.
With fish abound thy streams; thy sheltering woods
To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains
The cloven-footed race, in various herds,
Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds
Blow on thy beauteous bosom; and her fruits
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.
Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st
The yellow-staining weed, ‡ luteola;
The ‖ glastum brown, with which thy naked sons
In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd;
Nor the rich § rubia does thine hand withhold.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
To health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this, the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,
And flowers and seeds, with various flavours tempt
Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.
Nor hath the god of physic and of day
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head
Of fragrant lavendar, enlivening mint,
Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep
With powers carminative. In every brake
Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,
To aid digestion's sickly powers, refine.
The smooth * althæa its balsamic wave
Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root
Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled sons.
† Hypericum, beneath each shelt'ring bush,
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.
Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts
Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
Of panting asthma find a sure relief.
The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind.
Lo, from the baum's exhilarating leaf,
The moping fiend, black melancholy, flies;
And burning febris, with its lenient flood
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow [boast
From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st
The ‡ blessed thistle, whose rejective power
Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee
The rose, the violet their emolient leaves
On every bush, on every bank, display.
These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
The copious blessings, which thy envy'd sons
Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.
Nor dread the ravage of destructive war;
Nor black contagion's pestilential breath;
Nor rending earth's convulsions,—fields, flocks, towns,
Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws;
Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth,

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* *Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great a use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.*

† *The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion, that the Phœnicians, coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the Land or country of Tin; which being softened by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirmed by the Grecians calling the isles of Sicily, Cassiterides, which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phœnician.* RAPIN.

‡ *Weld, commonly called Dyer's Wood.*

‖ *Woad.*

§ *Madder, which is used by the dyers for making the most solid and richest red; and as Mortimer observes, was thought so valuable in King Charles the First's time, that it was made a patent commodity. But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says, he hath been informed, of near thirty thousand pounds a-year.*

* *Marsh-mallows.*

† *St. John's-wort.*

‡ *Carduus, called by physical writers, Carduus Benedictus.*

Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
Of its enormous, unrelisted gripe.
But further now in vegetation's paths, [crops,
Through cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving
The weary'd muse forbears to wind her walk.
To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,
And let the listening hinds instructed hear
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.
Lo! on the other side yon slanting hill,
Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits
The shepherd swain, and patient by his side
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks
Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant slope,
A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.
Mark his maternal care. The tender race,
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
Afraid, he shelters from the rising sun,
Beneath the mountain's western side; and when
The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks
Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest food
Of fallow fields he leads, and nightly folds,
T' enrich th' exhausted soil: defending safe [fox,
From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling
Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye
Studious explores the latent ills which prey
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust
Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off
In smothered crowds. Diseases numerous
Assault the harmless race: but the chief fiend
Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,
And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
In patches lost; if the dejected eye
Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums
Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,
Panting and short, emits a sickly stench;
Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock;
The best expedient to restore that health
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,
Deny their aid: he speedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mix'd,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
Injected, stops the dangerous malady.
Refulgent summer now his hot domain
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the sun
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears,
The woolly people in full clothing sweat:
When the smooth current of a limpid brook
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
The frighted innocents, their whitening robes
In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,
On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline
Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dews
Perspiring soft, again through all the fleece
Diffuse their oily tameness. Then the swain
Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down
The patient creature lays; diverting soon
Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.
O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
More precious, more important is the fleece!
This, this the solid base on which the sons
Of commerce build, exalted to the sky, [power!
The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and
Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
To earth descending in a radiant cloud,
Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil.
To ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;
There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
Rais'd on her pearly car, fair commerce rode
Sublime, the goddess of the wat'ry world,
On every coast, and every clime ador'd.
High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore
The power benign. Invited by the fleece,
From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw
What mighty honours to her name should rise,
She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds,
Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place
The muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
Which here commenc'd, to time's remotest age,
Shall bear the glory of the British sail.
Cautious and fearful, some in early spring
Recruit their flocks; as then the wint'ry storms
The tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,
In fruitful autumn flocks the bleating field
With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires
Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.
Yet not too early in the genial sport
Invite the modest ewe; let Michael's feast
Commemorate the deed; lest the cold hand
Of winter pinch too hard the new-yean'd lamb.
How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
When fixing on the sire to raise his flock!
His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys!
His body large and deep, his buttocks broad
Give indication of internal strength;
Be short his legs, yet active; small his head;
So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,
And less the hazard of the teeming ewe!
Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
Thick, shining, white, his fleece; his hazel eye
Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, it horns
You choose, not strait, but curving round and round
On either side his head. These the sole arms
His inoffensive mildness bears; not made
For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and pours
Into his heart new courage, these he aims,
With meditated fury at his foe.
In glowing colours, here the tempted muse
Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,
The rival rams, opposing front to front,
Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight.

But as deterr'd by the superior bard,
Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
My feebler combatants appall'd retreat.
At leisure now, O let me once again,
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.
The lowing kine, see, at their 'custom'd hour,
Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
Exhaust the swelling udder. Vessels large
And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness clean'd.
Meanwhile, in decent order rang'd appear,
The milky treasure, strain'd through filtering lawn,
Intended to receive. At early day,
Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:
There from the surface of expanded bowls
She skims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich consistence; nor disdains,
Though soft her hand, though delicate her frame,
To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
The country-housewife's humble name and praise.
Continu'd agitation separates soon
The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes,
And artful, soon they coalesce: at length,
Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
Into a smooth-glaz'd vessel, deep and wide,
She gathers the loose fragments to an heap;
Which in the cleansing wave well wrought, and press'd
To one consistent golden mass, receives
The sprinkled seasoning, and of parts, or pounds,
The fair impression, the neat shape assumes.
Is cheese her care? Warm from the teat she pours
The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,
From the dry'd stomach drawn of suckling calf,
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,
The green whey rises separate. Happy swains!
O how I envy ye the luscious draught,
The soft salubrious beverage! To a vat,
The size and fashion which her taste approves,
She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese;
And the strong press establishes its form.
But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
The jelly'd cream, or custard, daintiest food,
Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub,
For Thyrsis she prepares; who from the field
Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,
Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,
Meantime, and cheerful smiles, his welcome speak:
Down to their frugal board contentment sits,
And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
Engage their fond regard, and closer tie
The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,
Variety, which idlers to their aid
Call in, to make the length of lazy life
Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,
Her children and her dairy, well divide
Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes
Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives
Each busy season of the rolling year,
To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horse,
And fit for various use his strength of speed.
Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,
Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire;
Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
The burden'd carriage; or to drudge beneath
A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.
Yet, straining in th' enormous ears which crowd
Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
What noble beasts are seen? sweating beneath
Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!
See ye not every sinew, every nerve
Stretch'd even to bursting? Villains!—but the muse
Quick from the savage ruffians turns her eye,
Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind,
And cool though spritely, to the travell'd road
He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
Active, and persevering, uncompell'd,
The tedious length of many a beaten mile.
But not alone to these inferior tribes
Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed.
Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,
Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs:
Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart
Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;
And all impatient for the well-known sport,
Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
Pursues with voluntary speed the chase.
See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
Nor headlong steeps deter the vigorous steed:
Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,
He mingles with the train, stops as they stop,
Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.
Easy in motion, perfect in his form,
His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
He the fleet courser too, exulting shows,
And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
His lively head, and glowing in his eye
True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
With ease the ambient air. His body firm
And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs
Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.
His limbs, though slender, brac'd with sinewy strength,
Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race
All emulous, he hears the clashing whips;
He feels the animating shouts; exerts
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal,
But, lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,
His warrior steed appears. What comely pride,
What dignity, what grace, attend on all
His motions? See! exulting in his strength,
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow

Courage enthroned ſits, and animates
His fearleſs eye. He bends his arched creſt,
His mane looſe-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
Clothing his cheſt with fury. Proud, he ſnorts,
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
Diſdainful ſeems to tread the ſordid earth.
Yet hears he and obeys his maſter's voice,
All gentleneſs: and feels, with conſcious pride,
His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand.
But when the battle's martial ſounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The ruſhing onſet; when thick ſmoke, when fire
Burſts thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
Then all inſpir'd he kindles into flame!
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, ſeems
Impatient to expreſs his ſwelling joys
Unutterable. On danger's brink he ſtands,
And mocks at fear. Then ſpringing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confuſion. Terror flies
Before his dreadful front; and in his rear
Deſtruction marks her bloody progreſs. Such,
Such was the ſteed thou, Cumberland, beſtrod'ſt,
When black rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
Rome and her papal tyranny ſubdu'd,
On great Culloden's memorable field.
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the throne
Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering ſteel
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd.
And ſuch, O prince! great patron of my theme,
Should e'er inſidious France again preſume
On Europe's freedom, ſuch, though all averſe
To ſlaughtering war, thy country ſhall preſent
To bear her hero to the martial plain,
Arm'd with the ſword of juſtice. Other cauſe
Ne'er ſhall ambition's ſophiſtry perſuade
Thine honour to eſpouſe. Britannia's peace;
Her ſacred rights; her juſt, her equal laws;
Theſe, theſe alone, to cheriſh or defend,
Shall raiſe thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the Britiſh lion's rage.
But milder ſtars on thy illuſtrious birth
Their kindeſt influence ſhed. Beneath the ſmile
Of thy indulgence, the protected arts
Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd ſail
Fair commerce ſpreading to remoteſt climes;
And plenty riſing from th' encourag'd plough;
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.

MELPOMENE:

OR THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whoſe command
The ſwelling tides of mighty paſſion riſe;
Melpomene, ſupport my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy ſuppliant in his bold empriſe;
From the gay ſcenes of pride
Do thou his footſteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where nurſt of yore,
Young Shakſpeare, fancy's child, was taught his various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the ſource,
To few reveal'd, whence human ſorrows charm:
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror ſhake us, or compaſſion warm,
As different ſtrains controul
The movements of the ſoul;
Adjuſt its paſſions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a ſhadowy grove,
'Mid broken rocks where daſhing currents play;
Dear to the penſive pleaſures, dear to love,
And Damon's muſe, that breathes her melting lay,
His ardent prayer was made:
When, lo! the ſecret ſhade,
As conſcious of ſome heavenly preſence, ſhook---
Strength, firmneſs, reaſon, all---my aſtoniſh'd ſoul forſook.

Ah! whither goddeſs! whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic ſhore?
Theſe panics whence? and why my boſom torn
With ſudden terrors never felt before?
Darkneſs enwraps me round,
While from the vaſt profound
Emerging ſpectres dreadful ſhapes aſſume,
And gleaming on my ſight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whoſe fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whoſe boiſterous fury blows a ſtorm ſo high,
As with its thunder ſhakes his labouring frame.
What can ſuch rage provoke?
His words their paſſage choke:
His eager ſteps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddeſs! whence that fearful ſhriek
Of conſternation? as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on ſome guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood ſhrunk diſmay'd:
Ah ſee! beſmear'd with gore
Revenge ſtands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whoſe retorted eyes
In vain for pity call---the wretched victim dies.

Not long the ſpace---abandon'd to deſpair,
With eyes aghaſt, or hopeleſs fix'd on earth,
This ſlave of paſſion rends his ſcatter'd hair,
Beats his ſad breaſt, and execrates his birth:
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And ſees, or fancies, all the fiends below
Beckoning his frighted ſoul to realms of endleſs woe.

Before my wondering ſenſe new phantoms dance,
And ſtamp their horrid ſhapes upon my brain---
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes aſcaunce,
Feeds all in ſecret on his boſom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate aſſail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conſcious pride and ſhame with rage conſpire,
And urge the latent ſpark to flames of torturing fire.

The ſtorm proceeds—his changeful viſage trace:
From rage to madneſs every feature breaks.
A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful ſtare diſtraction ſpeaks.
His ſtraw-inveſted head
Proclaims all reaſon fled;
And not a tear bedews theſe vacant eyes---
But ſongs and ſhouts ſucceed, and laughter-mingled ſighs.

Yet, yet again!---a murder's hand appears
Graſping a pointed dagger ſtain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkeſt clouds
The dreary miſcreant ſhrouds
His felon ſtep---as 'twere to darkneſs given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow ſound? [hair?
Why with ſtrange horror ſtarts my briſtling
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghoſt ſlow-riſing ſteals on air.
To where a mangled corſe
Expos'd without remorſe
Lies ſhroudleſs, unentomb'd, he points the way---
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

" Was it for this, he cries, with kindly ſhower
" Of daily gifts the traitor I careſs'd?
" For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
" And lodg'd my royal ſecrets in his breaſt?
" O kindneſs ill repay'd!
" To bare the murdering blade
" Againſt my life!---may Heav'n his guilt ex-
" plore, [reſtore."
" And to my ſuffering race their ſplendid rights

He ſaid, and ſtalk'd away.---Ah goddeſs! ceaſe
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
Theſe horrid phantoms ſhake the throne of peace,
And reaſon calls her boaſted powers in vain:
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops diſband,
And gentler ſhapes, and ſofter ſcenes diſcloſe,
To melt the feeling heart, yet ſooth its tendereſt woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.---With hideous ſound,
Her ebon gates of darkneſs open flew;
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;
The train of terror vaniſhes from view.
More mild enchantments riſe;
New ſcenes ſalute my eyes,
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the plain, [plain.
And turtles coo around, and nightingales com-

And every myrtle bower and cypreſs grove,
And every ſolemn temple teems with life;
Here glows the ſcene with fond but hapleſs love,
There, with the deeper woes of human ſtrife.
In groups around the lawn,
By freſh diſaſters drawn,
The ſad ſpectators ſeem tranſfix'd in woe;
And pitying ſighs are heard, and heart-felt ſorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears ſhe bathes a lover dead,
In brave aſſertion of her honour ſlain.
Her boſom heaves with ſighs;
To Heaven ſhe lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppreſt,
Sinks on the lifeleſs corſe, and dies upon his breaſt.

How ſtrong the bands of friendſhip? yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the formoſt in her ſacred claſs,
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound!
What could ſuch fury move!
Ah what, but ill-ſtar'd love?
The ſame fair object each fond heart enthralls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapleſs victim falls.

Can ought ſo deeply ſway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female truſt in love?
Then, what relief ſhall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who ſhould her plaints remove?
By fair, but falſe pretence,
She loſt her innocence;
And that ſweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Claſp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aſpire?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form ſo graceful even in mean attire,
Sway'd once a ſceptre, once ſuſtain'd a crown.
From filial rage and ſtrife,
To ſcreen his cloſing life,
He quits his throne, a father's ſorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd---but lo! the penſive queen
Appears confeſt before my dazzled ſight,
Grace in her ſteps, and ſoftneſs in her mien,
The face of ſorrow mingled with delight.
Not ſuch her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cauſe, her zeal aſpires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into ſilence, my rapt ſoul attends --
The power, with eyes complacent, ſaw my fear;
And, as with grace ineffable ſhe bends,
Theſe accents vibrate on my liſtening ear.
" Aſpiring ſon of art,
" Know, though thy feeling heart
" Glow with theſe wonders to thy fancy ſhown;
" Still may the Delian god thy powerleſs toils diſ-
" own.

" A thouſand tender ſcenes of ſoft diſtreſs
" May ſwell thy breaſt with ſympathetic woes;
" A thouſand ſuch dread forms on fancy preſs,
" As from my dreary realms of darkneſs roſe;
" Whence Shakſpeare's chilling fears,
" Whence Otway's melting tears---
" That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
" The types of every theme that ſuits the tragic ſtrain,

" But doſt thou worſhip nature night and morn,
" And all due honour to her precepts pay?
" Canſt thou the lure of affectation ſcorn
" Pleas'd in the ſimpler paths of truth to
" ſtray?
" Haſt thou the graces fair
" Invok'd with ardent prayer?
" 'Tis they attire, as nature muſt impart,
" The ſentiment ſublime, the language of the
" heart.

" Then, if creative genius pour his ray,
" Warm with inſpiring influence on thy
" breaſt;
" Taſte, judgment, fancy, if thou canſt diſplay,
" And the deep ſource of paſſion ſtand con-
" feſt:
" Then may the liſtening train,
" Affected, feel thy ſtrain;
" Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;
" Change with the varying ſcenes, and every
" ſcene approve."

Humbled before her ſight, and bending low,
I kiſs'd the borders of her crimſon veſt;
Eager to ſpeak, I felt my boſom glow,
But fear upon my lip her ſeal impreſt.
While awe-ſtruck thus I ſtood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The form celeſtial, fading on my ſight,
Diſſolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

THE ART OF PREACHING.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

Should ſome ſtrange poet in his piece affect
Pope's nervous ſtyle, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd,
Prink Milton's true ſublime with Cowley's wit,
And garniſh Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit,
Would you not laugh? Truſt me, that prieſt's as bad,
Who in a ſtyle now grave, now raving mad,
Gives the wild whims of dreaming ſchoolmen vent,
Whilſt drowſy congregations nod aſſent.
Painters and prieſts, 'tis true, great licence claim,
And by bold ſtrokes have often roſe to fame:
But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
Serve only to make fools and children ſtare;
And in religion's name, if prieſts diſpenſe
Flat contradictions to all common ſenſe,
Though gaping bigots wonder and believe,
The wiſe 'tis not ſo eaſy to deceive.
Some take a text ſublime, and fraught with ſenſe,
But quickly fall into impertinence.
On trifles eloquent, with great delight
They flouriſh out on ſome ſtrange myſtic rite;
Clear up the darkneſs of ſome uſeleſs text,
Or make ſome crabbed paſſage more perplex'd:
But to ſubdue the paſſions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties they neglect.
Moſt preachers err (except the wiſer few),
Thinking eſtabliſh'd doctrines therefore true:
Others, too fond of novelty and ſchemes,
Amuſe the world with airy idle dreams:
Thus too much faith, or too preſuming wit,
Are rocks where bigots, or freethinkers ſplit.
The very meaneſt dabbler at Whitehall
Can rail at Papiſts, or poor Quakers maul;
But when of ſome great truth he aims to preach,
Alas! he finds it far beyond his reach.
Young deacons try your ſtrength, and ſtrive to find
A ſubject ſuited to your turn of mind;
Method and words are eaſily your own,
Or, ſhould they fail you—ſteal from Tillotſon.
Much of its beauty, uſefulneſs, and force,
Depends on rightly timing a diſcourſe.
Before the L---ds or C---mm---ns——far from nice,
Say boldly—Brib'ry is a dirty vice—
But quickly check yourſelf—and with a ſneer—
Of which this honourable houſe is clear.
Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,
To bring forth hidden truths, and make them known.
Yet in all new opinions have a care,
Truth is too ſtrong for ſome weak minds to bear:
And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?
Let them from Scripture plainly be deriv'd.
Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
For innovations, yet approve the ſame
In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are theſe
Call'd wiſe reformers, thoſe mad ſectaries?

Ver. 1.
Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſim lem——
Ver. 9.
——Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas——
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia——
Ver. 17.
Incœptis gravibus plerumque et magna profeſſis—

Ver. 25.
Maxima pars vatum——
Decipimur ſpecie recti——
Ver. 27.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum ſilvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
Ver. 29.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
Ver. 31.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungue
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis ſumma, quia ponere totum
Neſciet——
Ver. 35.
Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus——
Ver. 39.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Fleraque differat; et præſens in tempus omittat—
Ver. 45.
In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſque ſerendis——
Ver. 49.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta.
Ver. 51.
——Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque?——

'Tis moſt unjuſt: Men always had a right,
And ever will, to think, to ſpeak, to write
Their various minds; yet ſacred ought to be
The public peace, as private liberty.
Opinions are like leaves, which every year
Now flouriſh green, now fall and diſappear.
Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes;
And kneeling princes kiſs'd his ſacred toes;
Now he may damn, or curſe, or what he will,
There's not a prince in Chriſtendom will kneel.
Reaſon now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and ſickening error droop:
She the ſole judge, the rule, the gracious light,
Kind Heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.
States to embroil, and faction to diſplay
In wild harangues, Sacheverel ſhow'd the way.
The fun'ral ſermon, when it firſt began,
Was us'd to weep the loſs of ſome good man;
Now any wretch, for one ſmall piece of gold,
Shall have fine praiſes from the pulpit ſold:
But whence this cuſtom roſe, who can decide?
From prieſtly av'rice, or from human pride?
Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
Are noble ſubjects, and the pulpit grace:
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.
Why was he honour'd with the name of prieſt,
And greateſt made, unworthy to be leaſt?
Whoſe zeal was fury, whoſe devotion pride,
Power his great god, and intereſt his ſole guide.
To touch the paſſions, let your ſtyle be plain;
The praiſe of virtue aſks a higher ſtrain:
Yet ſometimes the pathetic may receive
The utmoſt force that eloquence can give;
As ſometimes, in eulogiums, 'tis the art,
With plain ſimplicity to win the heart.
'Tis not enough that what you ſay is true,
To make us feel it, you muſt feel it too: [part
Show yourſelf warm'd, and that will warmth im-
To every hearer's ſympathizing heart.

Does generous Foſter virtue's laws enforce?
All give attention to the warm diſcourſe:
But who a cold, dull, lifeleſs, drawling keeps,
One half his audience laughs, the other ſleeps.
In cenſuring vice, be earneſt and ſevere,
In ſtating dubious points, conciſe and clear;
Anger requires ſtern looks and threat'ning ſtyle;
But paint the charms of virtue with a ſmile.
Theſe different changes common ſenſe will teach,
And we expect them from you if you preach;
For ſhould your manner differ from your theme,
Or in quite different ſubjects be the ſame,
Deſpis'd and laugh'd at, you may travel down,
And hide ſuch talents in ſome country town.
It much concerns a preacher firſt to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn.
Amongſt the citizens be grave and ſlow;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;
The Temple Church aſks Sherlock's ſenſe and ſkill;
Beyond the Tow'r—no matter—what you will.
In facts or notions drawn from ſacred writ,
Be orthodox, nor caval to ſhow wit:
Let Adam loſe a rib to gain a wife;
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life;
Let Moſes work ſtrange wonders with his rod,
And let the ſun ſtand ſtill at Joſhua's nod,
Let Solomom be wiſe, and Samſon ſtrong,
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's aſs a tongue.
But if your daring genius is ſo bold
To teach new doctrines, or to cenſure old,
With care proceed; you tread a dangerous path;
Error eſtabliſh'd, grows eſtabliſh'd faith.
'Tis eaſier much, and much the ſafer rule,
To teach in pulpit what you learn'd at ſchool;
With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,
If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn ſleeves.
Some loudly bluſter, and conſign to hell
All who dare doubt one word or ſyllable
Of what they call the faith; and which extends
To whims and trifles without uſe or ends:
Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
T' enlarge the path to heaven, than to confine:
Inſiſt alone on uſeful points, or plain;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.
If you expect or hope that we ſhould ſtay
Your whole diſcourſe, nor ſtrive to ſlink away,

Ver. 55.
——— Licuit, ſemperque licebit,
Signatum præſente nota procudere nomen.
Ver. 59.
Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos——
Ver. 69.
Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, et triſtia bella,
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.
Ver. 71.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.
Ver. 77.
Muſa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum——
Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Ver. 81.
Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, poëta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire——quam diſcere malo?
Ver. 85.
Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult——
Interdum tamen et vocem comædia tollit;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.
Ver. 91.
Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poëmata——
——— male ſi mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Ver. 99.
——— Triſtia mœſtum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, laſciva; ſeverum, ſeria dictu
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum:——
Ver. 109.
Intererit multum Davuſne loquator an heros——
Ver. 115.
Famam ſequere——
Ver. 123.
Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ commitis, et audes
Perſonam formare novam;——
——————tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus——
Ver. 131.
Nec ſic incipies, ut ſcriptor Cyclicus olim——
Ver. 135.
Quanto rectiùs hic——
Ver. 139.
Tu, quid ego et populis mecum deſideret, audi.

Some common faults there are you must avoid,
To every age and circumstance ally'd.
A pert young student just from college brought,
With many little pedantries is fraught:
Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit,
Quotes scraps of Greek instead of sacred writ;
Or, deep immers'd in politic debate,
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.
These trifles with maturer age forgot,
Now some good benefice employs his thought;
He seeks a patron, and will soon incline
To all his notions, civil or divine;
Studies his principles both night and day, [pray.
And, as that Scripture guides, must preach and
Av'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind
Begins to grow right reverendly inclin'd.
Power and preferment still so sweetly call,
The voice of Heaven is never heard at all:
Set but a tempting bishoprick in view,
He's strictly orthodox, and loyal too;
With equal zeal defends the church and state,
And infidels and rebels share his hate.
Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand,
Some still obscure, though thousands have explain'd:
Those influence more which reason can conceive,
Than such as we through faith alone believe;
In those we judge, in these you may deceive:
But what too deep in mystery is thrown,
The wisest preachers choose to let alone.
How Adam's fault affects all human kind;
How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd;
How certain prescience checks not future will;
And why Almighty goodness suffers ill:
Such points as these lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.
If pastors more than thrice five minutes preach,
Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.
Never presume the name of God to bring
As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.
Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise
Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.

In songs of wonder celebrate his name,
Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame:
Or thence descending view this globe below,
And praise the source of every bliss we know.
In ancient times, when Heaven was to be prais'd,
Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd,
And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd:
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,
The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd;
Majestic organs then were taught to blow,
And plain religion grew a raree-show:
Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.
Mysterious turnpikes block up heaven's highway,
And, for a ticket, we our reason pay.
These superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;
Religion and its priests, by every fool
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the * coat, but tore the fringe away.
Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.
Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind:
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to man.
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,
His country's love in every breast to plant;
Yours every social virtue to improve,
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content:
When such the man, how amiable the priest;
Of all mankind the worthiest and the best.
Tickllish the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various tempers of mankind.
Some love you should the crabbed points explain,
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and some the beaten path,
Morals please some, and others points of faith;
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whose discourses truth and virtue join:

Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque.
Sustuli donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores——
Ver. 143.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer——
Ver. 149.
Converte studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes et amicitias——
Ver. 155.
Multa senem circumveniunt——
Ver. 163.
Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.—— [em;
——in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguQuodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Ver. 176.
Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula.——
Ver. 178.
Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit:
Ver. 180.
Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat.——

Ver. 186.
Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; sed tenuis simplexque.——
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem.
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari genius festis impune diebus;
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Ver. 198.
Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit——
Ver. 204.
Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis.
Ver. 218.
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celli præterunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.——

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* *Vide Martin in the Tale of a Tub.*

These are the sermons which will ever live,
By these our Tonsons and our Knaptons thrive;
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they sell,
Let Barrow's Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.
Preachers should either make us good or wise,
Him that does neither, who but must despise?
If all your rules are useful, short, and plain,
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain?
But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say.
But priests are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none should be severe:
All are not masters of the same good sense,
Nor blest with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true: and errors with an honest mind,
Will meet with easy pardon from mankind;
But who persists in wrong with stubborn pride,
Him all must censure, many will deride.
Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,
Can see its beauties, or can feel its force;
With equal pleasure some attentive sit,
To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.
What then? because your audience most are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?
Or since the pulpit is a sacred place,
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you presume to tell a thousand lies?
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.
In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to see
One word of sense, I prize the rarity:
But if in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotson,
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,
I grieve to see it; but 'tis no surprise,
The greatest men are not at all times wise.
Sermons, like plays, some please us at the ear,
But never will a serious reading bear;
Some in the closet edify enough,
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill-preaching spoil
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's style;
Whilst others by the force of eloquence,
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common sense.
In every science, they that hope to rise,
Set great examples still before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can;
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Chesselden;
But all will preach, without the least pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.

Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,
A priest may grow right-reverend without.
Preachers and preaching were at first design'd
For common benefit to all mankind.
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd:
Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the priests and all their line
Were honour'd with the title of divine.
But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith:
'Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.
Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,
Virtue or learning? what they ask's a jest:
We daily see dull loads of reverend fat,
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who like Herring or like Hoadly shine,
Must with great learning real virtue join.
He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,
To no small excellence directs his aim.
On every noted preacher he must wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when complete in style, and eloquence,
Must then crown all with learning and good sense.
But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,
And never preach one sermon of their own;
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.
As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,
Where empty boasts of much superior sense,
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;
So the great H---nley hires for half-a-crown,
A quack advertisement to tell the town
Of some strange point to be disputed on:
Where all who love the science of debate,
May hear themselves, or other coxcombs prate.
When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They first of his capacities inquire.

Ver. 230.
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ——
Ver. 236.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus——
Ver. 244.
Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex.——
Ver. 254.
Sic mihi, qui multum ceſſat, ſit Cœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum riſu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.
Ver. 260.
Ut picture, poëſis erit: quæ, ſi propiùs ſtes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, ſi longius abſtes.
Ver. 268.
Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis——
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?

Ver. 276.
——Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligne——
——Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit——
——Poſt hos——
——Animos in triſtia bella
Verſibus exacuit.
Ver. 288.
Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt.
Ver. 294.
Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit facitque puer; ſudavit et alſit——
Ver. 304.
Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas---
Ver. 313.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitia dignus.——

If ſtoutly qualify'd to drink and ſmoke,
If not too nice to hear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jeſt,
This is a chaplain to his lordſhip's taſte.
If bards to Pope indifferent verſes ſhow,
He is too honeſt not to tell them ſo.
This is obſcure, he cries, and this too rough,
Theſe trifling, or ſuperfluous; ſtrike them off.
How uſeful every word from ſuch a friend!
But parſons are too proud, their works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend:
Think them too ſacred to be criticis'd,
And rather chooſe to let them be deſpis'd.
He that is wiſe will not preſume to laugh
At prieſts, or church-affairs; it is not ſafe.
Think there exiſts, and let it check your ſport,
That dreadful monſter call'd a ſpiritual court.
Into whoſe cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call;
Clerks, proctors, prieſts, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches ſticking, till they've ſuck'd you dry.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
The ſage's wiſdom, and the poet's fire:
In whom at once, the great and good commend
The fine companion, and the uſeful friend:---
'Twas thus the muſe her eager flight began,
Ardent to ſing the poet and the man.
But truth in verſe is clad too like a lie,
And you, at leaſt, would think it flattery;
Hating the thought, I check my forward ſtrain,
I change my ſtyle, and thus begin again.
As when ſome ſtudent firſt with curious eye,
Through nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reaſon ſeeming faults ſurpriſe,
He aſks if this be juſt? if that be wiſe?
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue in diſtreſs,
And vice unpuniſh'd, with ſtrange thoughts oppreſs:
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind is open'd, fair is all he ſees;
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are juſt and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and deſign,
And the whole ſcheme acknowledg'd all divine.
So when at firſt I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to purſue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This falſe, that ill-expreſt, this thought not good
And all was wrong which I miſunderſtood.
But reading more attentive, ſoon I found,
The diction nervous, and the doctrine ſound.
Saw man, a part of that ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul."
Saw in the ſcale of things his middle ſtate,
And all his pow'rs adapted juſt to that.
Saw reaſon, paſſion, weakneſs, how of uſe,
How all to good, to happineſs conduce;
Saw my own weakneſs, thy ſuperior power,
And ſtill the more I read, admire the more.
This ſimile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming ſome deſign or plan,
To aid my muſe, and guide her wand'ring lay,
When ſudden to my mind came honeſt Gay,
For form or method I no more contend,
But ſtrive to copy that ingenious friend *:
Like him to catch my thoughts juſt as they roſe---
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.
Where are ye now——ye critics, ſhall I ſay?
Or owls who ſicken at this god of day?
What! mighty ſcribblers, will you let him go
Uncenſur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd ſo?
Step forth, ſome great diſtinguiſh'd daring dunce,
Write but one page, you ſilence him at once:
Write without fear; you will, you muſt ſucceed;
He cannot anſwer——for he will not read.
Here paus'd the muſe---alas! the jade is bit,
She fain would copy Gay, but wants his wit.
She paus'd, indeed---broke off as he had done,
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.
Ye wits and fools; ye libertines and ſaints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.
Firſt, you who oft, with wiſdom too refin'd,
Can cenſure and direct th' Eternal Mind,
Ingenious wits, who modeſtly pretend
This bungling frame, the univerſe, to mend;
How can you bear, in your great reaſon's ſpight,
To hear him prove, "Whatever is, is right?"
Alas! how eaſy to confute the ſong!
If all is right, how came your heads ſo wrong?
And come, ye ſolemn fools, a numerous band,
Who read, and read, but never underſtand,
Pronounce it nonſenſe---Can't you prove it too?
Good faith, my friends, it may be ſo---to you.
Come too, ye libertines, who luſt for power,
Or wealth, or fame, or greatneſs, or a whore;
All who true ſenſual happineſs adhere to,
And laugh him out of this old-faſhion'd virtue;
Virtue, where he has whimſically plac'd
Your only bliſs---How odd is ſome mens taſte!
And come, ye rigid ſaints, with looks demure,
Who boaſt yourſelves right holy, juſt, and pure;
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,
Which give your proud hypocriſy the lie:
Which own the beſt have failings, not a few;
And prove the worſt, ſometimes, as good as you.
What! ſhall he taint ſuch perfect ſouls with ill?
Shall ſots not place their bliſs in what they will?
Nor fools be fools? nor wits ſublime deſcend
In charity to heaven its works to mend?
Laughs he at theſe?---'tis monſtrous. To be plain,
I'd have ye write---he can but laugh again.
Here lifting up my head, ſurpris'd I ſee
Cloſe at my elbow, flattering vanity.

Ver. 319.
Vir bonus et prudens verſus reprehendet inertes---
——ambitioſa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget.
Ver. 328.
Ut, mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque poëtam,
Qui ſapiunt:——
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura autem niſi plena cruoris hirudo.

* *In his firſt epiſtle.*

From her ſoft whiſpers ſoon I found it came,
That I ſuppos'd myſelf not one of them.
Alas! how eaſily ourſelves we ſooth!
I fear, in juſtice, he muſt laugh at both.
For vanity abaſh'd, up to my ear
Steps honeſt truth, and theſe ſharp words I hear;
" Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
" Alike to Pope ſuch cenſure and ſuch praiſe,
" Nor that can ſink, nor this exalt his name,
" Who owes to virtue and himſelf his fame."

ON GOOD AND ILL-NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

In virtue's cauſe to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praiſe the virtues of the few,
And boldly cenſure the degenerate crew.
To ſcorn, with equal juſtice, to deride
The poor man's worth, or ſooth the great one's pride;
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, ſome there are ſo odd to think ſo ſtill.
Old-faſhion'd ſouls! your men of modern taſte,
Are with new virtue, new politeneſs grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honeſt face,
For ſmiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and ſharpers compliment each other.
To ſuch extent good-nature now is ſpread,
To be ſincere is monſtrouſly ill-bred:
An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
And complaiſance goes round from rogue to rogue.
If this be good—'tis glorioufly true,
The moſt ill-natur'd man alive is you.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHESY.

When dark oblivion, in her ſable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, ſubmitting to the ſtroke
Of time, ſhall fall amongſt forgotten things:

Then (for the muſe that diſtant day can ſee)
On Thames's bank the ſtranger ſhall arrive,
With curious wiſh thy ſacred grott to ſee,
Thy ſacred grott ſhall with thy name ſurvive.

Grateful poſterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin ſhall repair:
Some good old man, to each inquiring ſage,
Pointing the place, ſhall cry, 'I he bard liv'd there,

Whoſe ſong was muſic to the liſtening ear,
Yet taught audacious vice and folly ſhame;
Eaſy his manners, but his life ſevere;
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

Sequeſter'd from the fool and coxcomb wit,
Beneath this ſilent roof the muſe he found;
'Twas here he ſlept inſpir'd, or ſat and writ,
Here with his friends the ſocial glaſs went round.

With awful veneration ſhall they trace
The ſteps which thou ſo long before haſt trod;
With reverend wonder view the ſolemn place,
From whence thy genius ſoar'd to nature's God.

Then, ſome ſmall gem, or moſs, or ſhining oar,
Departing, each ſhall pilfer, in fond hope
To pleaſe their friends, on every diſtant ſhore,
Boaſting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Come, ye whoſe ſouls harmonious ſounds inſpire,
Friends to the muſe, and judges of her ſong;
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,
Soar as he ſoars, ſublimely rapt along;
Mourn, mourn your loſs: he's gone who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

Who now ſhall dare to lift the ſacred rod,
Truth's faithful guard, where vice eſcapes the law?
Who now, high ſoaring to the throne of God,
In nature's moral cauſe his pen ſhall draw?
Let none pretend; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

Vice now ſecure her bluſhleſs front ſhall raiſe,
And all her triumph be through Britain horne;
Whoſe worthleſs ſons from guilt ſhall purchaſe praiſe,
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to ſcorn;
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

Ye tuneleſs bards now tire each venal quill,
And from the public gather idle pence;
Ye taſteleſs peers, now build and plant your fill,
Though ſplendour borrows not one ray from ſenſe;
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

But come, ye choſen, ye ſelected few,
Ye next in genius, as in friendſhip, join'd,
The ſocial virtues of his heart who knew,
And ſtated all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to charm the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

And, O great ſhade! permit thy humbleſt friend
His ſigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
Thy honour'd memory; and condeſcend
To hear, well-pleas'd, the weak, yet well-meant lay,
Lamenting thus: he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

Whence comes it, L——, that ev'ry fool,
In reaſon's ſpite, in ſpite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
And all the blind deluded world diſdains
Himſelf the only perſon bleſt with ſight,
And his opinion the great rule of right?
'Tis ſtrange from folly this conceit ſhould riſe,
That want of ſenſe ſhould make us think we're wiſe:

Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
And who can least confute, will most contend.
I love the man, I love him from my soul,
Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims controul;
With learning blest, with solid reason fraught,
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:
Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;
Hears every reason, every passion hides,
Debates with calmness, and with care decides;
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
Not victory, but truth, his sole pursuit.
But these are very rare. How happy he
Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee!
Each social hour is spent in joys sublime,
Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb;
Through reason's paths in search of truth proceed,
And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;
'Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,
The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight.
How far from this the furious noisy crew,
Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
And strength of argument from strength of lungs,
Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,
And think they conquer, when they but confound.
Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,
And drives his argument through both your ears;
And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—tongue.
In all disputes he bravely wins the day;
No wonder—for he hears not what you say.
But though to tire the ear's sufficient curse,
To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.
Plato, a formal sage, debates with care,
A strong opponent, take him up who dare.
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.
If he asserts, though what no man can doubt,
He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out.
This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so; [know,
And therefore, therefore—that, and that, you,
Circles no angles have; a square has four:
A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.
The sum of Plato's wond'rous wisdom is,
This is not that, and, therefore, that not this.
Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
The first for every trifle will contend;
But this has no opinions to defend.
In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose;
The man's impos'd on by his very nose;
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought;
Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird,
He cannot tell, upon his honest word.
'Tis strange to plain a point's so hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.
Another class of disputants there are,
More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.
These are your wanderers, who from the point
Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.
Vagarious, and confute him if you can,
Will hold debate with any mortal man.
He roves from Genesis to Revelations,
And quite confounds you with divine quotations.
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
And by that knowledge lost the tree of life;
He contradicts you, and, in half an hour,
Most plainly proves—Pope Joan, the scarlet whore.
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;
Most of them true, but so together tost
Without connection, that their sense is lost.
But, leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
Another clan alarms us; face about:
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,
And with great names and numbers strike us dumb.
With these an error ven'rable appears,
For having been believ'd three thousand years.
Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,
And strength of argument's no strength at all.
But on, my muse, though multitudes oppose us,
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:
Nor fear, though ancient sages are subjoin'd;
A lie's a lie, though told by all mankind.
'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?
Plato and Aristotle were but men.
I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,
And therefore no sufficient guides for me.
An error, though by half the world espous'd,
Is still an error, and may be oppos'd;
And truth, though much from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.
How foolish then will look your mighty wise,
Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain lies!
But on, my muse, another tribe demands
Thy censure yet: nor should they 'scape thy hands.
These are the passionate, who in dispute
Demand submission, monarchs absolute.
Sole judges in their own conceit, of wit,
They damn all those for fools that won't submit.
Sir Testy (thwart Sir Testy if you dare)
Swears there's inhabitants in every star.
If you presume to say this mayn't be true,
You lie, Sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.
What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;
But men are so perverse they will not hear.
With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;
In Young no wit, no hun our smiles in Gay;
Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page;
And Thomson's liberty corrupts the age.
This to deny, if any dare presume,
Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy, fill the room.
Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,
Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,
And entertains 'em with a roast sirloin:
Of this he knew Sir Testy could not eat,
And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.
The rest begin—sir Testy, pray fall to—
You love roast beef, Sir, come—I know you do.
"Excuse me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat."
How, Sir! not love roast beef! the king of meat!
"'Tis true indeed." Indeed it is not true;
I love it, Sir, and you must love it too.

"I can't, upon my word." Then you're a fool,
And don't know what's good eating, by my ſoul.
Not love roaſt beef!---come, come, ſirs, fill his plate,
I'll make him love it---Sir, G--- d--- ye, eat.
Sir Teſty finding what it was they meant,
Roſe in a paſſion, and away he went.

RELIGION.

A SIMILE.

I'm often drawn to make a ſtop,
And gaze upon a picture-ſhop.
There have I ſeen (as who that tarries
Has not the ſame)? a head that varies;
And as in diff'rent views expos'd,
A diff'rent figure is diſclos'd.
This way a fool's head is expreſs'd,
Whoſe very count'nance is a jeſt;
Such as were formerly at court,
Kept to make wiſer people ſport.
Turn it another way, you'll have
A face ridiculouſly grave,
Something betwixt the fool and knave.
Again, but alter the poſition,
You're frighted with the apparition:
A hideous threatening Gorgon head
Appears, enough to fright the dead.
But place it in its proper light,
A lovely face accoſts the ſight;
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,
We own the whole a beauteous creature.
Thus true religion fares. For when
By ſilly, or deſigning men,
In falſe or fooliſh lights 'tis plac'd,
'Tis made a bugbear, or a jeſt.
Here, by a ſet of men, 'tis thought
A ſcheme, by politicians wrought,
To ſtrengthen and enforce the law,
And keep the vulgar more in awe:
And theſe, to ſhow ſublimer parts,
Caſt all religion from their hearts;
Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
Of prieſts, and politician's fools.
Some view it in another light,
Leſs wicked, but as fooliſh quite:
And theſe are ſuch as blindly place it
In ſuperſtitions that diſgrace it;
And think the eſſence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries;
In points of faith and ſpeculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.
With theſe it is a heinous crime
To cough or ſpit in ſermon time:
'Tis worſe to whiſtle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday:
To dine without firſt ſaying grace, is
Enough to loſe in heaven their places;
But goodneſs, honeſty, and virtue,
Are what they've not the leaſt regard to.
Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view!
Think it conſiſts in ſtrange ſeverities;
In faſtings, weepings, and auſterities.
Falſe notions their weak minds poſſeſs,
Of faith, and grace, and holineſs:
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities;
They think, unleſs they're pure and ſpotleſs,
All their endeavours will be bootleſs;
And dreadful furies *in æternum*,
In unconſuming fires will burn 'em.
But O, how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To theſe it ſhines divinely bright,
No clouds obſcure its native light;
Truth ſtamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

PAIN AND PATIENCE:

AN ODE.

To ſcourge the riot and intemperate luſt,
Or check the ſelf-ſufficient pride of man,
Offended Heaven ſent forth, in vengeance juſt,
The dire inexorable fury, pain;
Beneath whoſe griping hand, when ſhe aſſails,
The firmeſt ſpirits ſink, the ſtrongeſt reaſoning fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound receſs,
Her courts ſhe holds; and to the ſons of men
Sends out the miniſters of dire diſtreſs:
Repentance, ſhame, deſpair, each acts her part,
Whets the vindictive ſteel, and aggravates the ſmart.

He, whoſe luxurious palate daily rang'd
Earth, air, and ocean, to ſupply his board;
And to high-reliſh'd poiſons madly chang'd
The wholeſome gifts of nature's bounteous lord;
Shall find ſick nauſeous ſurfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd pall'd ſtomach lothe the daintieſt food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorſe enſues, and agony of ſoul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaſeleſs pain:
Gout, fever, ſtone, to madneſs heighten grief;
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief;

He whoſe hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to ſeek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, ſhall in his face deſcry
The mark indelible of foul diſgrace:
Ulcers obſcene corrode his aching bones;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt ſighs and groans.

The wild extravagant, whoſe thoughtleſs hand,
With laviſh taſteleſs pride, commits expence,
Ruin'd, perceives his waining age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies paſt,
Preſenting hollow want, fit ſucceſſor to waſte.

He too, whoſe high preſuming health defies
Th' almighty hand of Heaven to pull him down;
Who ſlights the care and caution of the wiſe,
Nor fears hot ſummer's rage, nor winter's frown:

Some trifling ail ſhall ſeize this mighty man;
Blaſt all his boaſted ſtrength, rack every nerve with pain.

Thus nature's God inflicts, by nature's law,
On every crime its proper puniſhment;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by phyſical prevent:
In wrath ſtill gracious; claiming ſtill our praiſe,
Ev'n in thoſe very groans our chaſtiſements ſhall raiſe.

But leſt the feeble heart of ſuffering man
Too low ſhould ſink beneath the keen diſtreſs;
Leſt fell deſpair, in league with cruel pain,
Should drive him deſperate in their wild exceſs;
Kind hope her daughter patience ſent from high,
To eaſe the labouring breaſt, and wipe the trickling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm patience, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whoſe firm breath,
And ſtrong perſuaſive eloquence prevail
Againſt the rage of pain, the fear of death:
Come, lenient beauty, ſpread thy healing wing,
And ſmooth my reſtleſs couch, whilſt I thy praiſes ſing.

In all this toilſome round of weary life,
Where dullneſs teazes, or pert noiſe aſſails;
Where trifling follies end in ſerious ſtrife,
And money purchaſes where merit fails;
What honeſt ſpirit would not riſe in rage,
If patience lent not aid his paſſion to aſſuage?

No ſtate of life but muſt to patience bow:
The tradeſman muſt have patience for his bill;
He muſt have patience who to law will go;
And ſhould he loſe his right, more patience
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a ſtrife, [ſtill;
How oft, how long muſt man have patience with his wife?

But Heav'n grant patience to the wretched wight,
Whom pills, and draughts, and boluſſes aſſail!
Which he muſt ſwallow down with all his might; [rits fail.
Ev'n then, when health, and ſtrength, and ſpi-
Dear doctors, find ſome gentler ways to kill;
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of bill.

When the dull, prating loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her theme,
Till loſt and puzzled, ſhe all theme forgets;
Yet ſtill talks on with unabating ſpeed;
Good gods! who hears her out, muſt patience have indeed.

So when ſome grave, deep-learned, ſound divine
Aſcends the pulpit, and unfolds his text:
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every ſentence more and more perplex'd;
Yet ſtill he blunders on the ſame blind courſe,
Teaching his weary'd hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a ſmile?
Then, with a whiſper'd promiſe in his ear,
Wait its accompliſhment a long, long while;
Yet through the bounds of patience if he burſt,
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accompliſh'd firſt.

O patience! guardian of the temper'd breaſt,
Againſt the inſolence of pride and power;
Againſt the wit's keen ſneer, the fool's dull jeſt;
Againſt the boaſter's lie, told o'er and o'er;
To thee this tributary lay I bring, [ſing.
By whoſe firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I

KITTY.

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH a cool ſhade, by the ſide of a ſtream,
Thus breath'd a fond ſhepherd, his Kitty his theme:
Thy beauties comparing, my deareſt, ſaid he,
There's nothing in nature ſo lovely as thee.

Though diſtance divides us, I view thy dear face
And wander in tranſport o'er every grace;
Now, now I behold thee, ſweet-ſmiling and pretty,
O gods! you've made nothing ſo fair as my Kitty!

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilſt in ſoft rapture I gaze on thy charms,
The beautiful objects which round me ariſe,
Shall yield to thoſe beauties that live in thine eyes.

Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and bloſſoms on every thorn;
But look on my Kitty!---there ſweetly does blow,
A ſpring of more beauties than Flora can ſhow.

See, ſee how that roſe there adorns the gay buſh,
And proud of its colour, would vie with her bluſh.
Vain boaſter! thy beauties ſhall quickly decay,
She bluſhes---and ſee how it withers away.

Obſerve that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteneſs unrivall'd, now droop and look pale;
It ſickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in ſubmiſſion to you.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool ſhade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are leſs grateful and ſweet than the heavenly air
That breathes from her lips when ſhe whiſpers---my dear.

I hear the gay lark, as ſhe mounts in the ſkies,
How ſweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go!
I have muſic enough while my Kitty's below.

With pleaſure I watch the induſtrious bee,
Extracting her ſweets from each flower and tree:
Ah fools! thus to labour to keep you alive;
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each other's boſom we lie.

It glads me to ſee how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled, and cheriſh'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are leſs pretty, my deareſt, than thee;
Their dams are leſs fond, nor ſo tender as me.

As I gaze on the river that ſmoothly glides by,
Thus even and ſweet is her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and ſerene,
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are ſeen.

Here various flowers ſtill paint the gay ſcene,
And as ſome fade and die, others bud and look green;
The charms of my Kitty are conſtant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing ſo bright;
And darkneſs approaches to hinder my ſight:
To bed I will haſten, and there all her charms,
In ſofter ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

COLIN'S KISSES.

SONG I.

THE TUTOR.

COME, my faireſt, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliſs;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll inſtruct thee how to kiſs.
Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that bluſh and downcaſt eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waiſt;
And whilſt I devour thy charms,
Let me cloſely be embrac'd:
Then when ſoft ideas riſe,
And the gay deſires grow ſtrong;
Let them ſparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breaſt with rapture cling,
Look with tranſport on my face,
Kiſs me, preſs me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.
Every tender name of love,
In ſoft whiſpers let me hear;
And let ſpeaking nature prove
Every ecſtaſy ſincere.

SONG II.

THE IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I ſaw as ſhe tipt o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, ſoft, artleſs, and kind:
Fond love in her eyes, wit and ſenſe in her mien,
And warmneſs with modeſty join'd:
Tranſported with ſudden amazement I ſtood,
Faſt rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate ſhape, eaſy motion I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
What raptures muſt dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feaſt, on her breaſt I could die,
O Fanny, how ſweet are thy charms!
Whilſt thus in idea my paſſion I fed,
Soft tranſport my ſenſes invade,
Young Damon ſtepp'd up, with the ſubſtance he fled,
And left me to kiſs the dear ſhade.

SONG III.

THE FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,
Lovely ruby lips to mine;
To the bee the flow'ry field
Such a banquet does not yield;
Not the dewy morning roſe
So much ſweetneſs does encloſe;
Not the gods ſuch nectar ſip,
As Colin from thy balmy lip:
Kiſs me then, with rapture kiſs,
We'll ſurpaſs the gods in bliſs.

SONG IV.

THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a moſſy bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Chloe lay repoſing,
O'er her breaſt each am'rous wind
Wanton play'd, its ſweets diſcloſing:
Tempted with the ſwelling charms,
Colin, happy ſwain, drew nigh her,
Softly ſtole into her arms,
Laid his ſcrip and ſheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breaſt
His delighted fingers roving;
To her lips his lips he preſt,
In the ecſtaſy of loving:
Chloe, waken'd with his kiſs,
Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
Cry'd, true lovers ſhare the bliſs?
Why then, Colin, would you ſteal it?

SONG V.

THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms:
Let me taſte again thy charms;
Kiſs me, preſs me to thy breaſt,
In raptures not to be expreſt.

Let me claſp thy lovely waiſt;
Throw thy arms around my neck;
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing ſhall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleaſure glowing;
Lips with lips together growing;
Eyes with tears of gladneſs flowing;
Eyes, and lips, and hearts ſhall ſhow,
Th' exceſs of joy that meeting lovers know.

SONG VI.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiſs before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we ſever, my fond heart
Till we meet ſhall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not ſo, my love,
Let me kiſs that falling tear,

Though my body muſt remove,
All my ſoul will ſtill be here.

All my ſoul, and all my heart,
And every wiſh ſhall pant for you;
One kind kiſs then e'er we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

SONG VII.

THE BORROWED KISS.

See I languiſh, ſee I faint,
I muſt borrow, beg, or ſteal;
Can you ſee a ſoul in want,
And no kind compaſſion feel?
Give, or lend, or let me take
One ſweet kiſs, I aſk no more;
One ſweet kiſs, for pity's ſake,
I'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a ſmile,
Kind, compaſſionate, and ſweet,
Colin 'tis a ſin to ſteal,
And for me to give's not meet:
But I'll lend a kiſs or twain,
To poor Colin in diſtreſs;
Not that I'd be paid again,
Colin, I mean nothing leſs.

SONG VIII.

THE KISS REPAID.

Chloe, by that borrow'd kiſs,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas ſo ſweet, ſo fraught with bliſs,
Thouſands will not pay that one.

Leſt the debt ſhould break your heart,
Roguiſh Chloe ſmiling cries,
Come, a hundred then in part,
For the preſent ſhall ſuffice.

SONG IX.

THE SECRET KISS.

At the ſilent evening hour,
Two fond lovers in a bower
Sought their mutual bliſs;
Though her heart was juſt relenting,
Though her eyes ſeem'd juſt conſenting,
Yet ſhe fear'd to kiſs.

Since this ſecret ſhade, he cry'd,
Will thoſe roſy bluſhes hide,
Why will you reſiſt?
When no tell-tale ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Who would not be kiſs'd?

Molly hearing what he ſaid,
Bluſhing lifted up her head,
Her breaſt ſoft wiſhes fill;
Since, ſhe cry'd no ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiſs——or what you will.

SONG X.

THE RAPTURE.

Whilst on thy dear boſom lying,
Cælia, who can ſpeak my bliſs?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiſs?
Every look with love inſpires me,
Every touch my boſom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.

Thoſe dear eyes, how ſoft they languiſh!
Feel my heart with rapture beat!
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When the tranſport is ſo ſweet.
Look not ſo divinely on me,
Cælia, I ſhall die with bliſs;
Yet, yet turn thoſe eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

SONG XI.

THE RECONCILING KISS.

Why that ſadneſs on thy brow?
Why that ſtarting cryſtal tear?
Deareſt Polly, let me know,
For thy grief I cannot bear.
Polly with a ſigh reply'd,
What need I the cauſe impart?
Did you not this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin, melting as ſhe ſpoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms:
O my dear! that tender look,
Every paſſion quite diſarms:
By this dear relenting kiſs,
I'd no anger in my thought;
Come, my love, by this, and this,
Let our quarrel be forgot.

As when ſudden ſtormy rain,
Every drooping flowret ſpoils;
When the ſun ſhines out again,
All the face of nature ſmiles:
Polly, ſo reviv'd and cheer'd
By her Colin's kind embrace,
Her declining head uprear'd,
Sweetly ſmiling in his face.

SONG XII.

THE MUTUAL KISS.

Cælia, by thoſe ſmiling graces,
Which my panting boſom warm;
By the heaven of thy embraces,
By thy wond'rous power to charm;
By thoſe ſoft bewitching glances,
Which my inmoſt boſom move;
By thoſe lips, whoſe kiſs entrances,
Thee, and thee alone I love.

By thy godlike art of loving,
Cælia, with a bluſh, replies;
By thy heavenly power of moving,
All my ſoul to ſympathize!
By thy eager fond careſſes,
By thoſe arms around me thrown;
By that look, which truth expreſſes,
My found heart is all thy own.

Thus with glowing inclination,
They indulge the tender bliſs;
And to bind the laſting paſſion,
Seal it with a mutual kiſs.

Close, in fond embraces, lying,
They together seem to grow;
Such supreme delight enjoying,
As true lovers only know.

THE WIFE: A FRAGMENT.

The virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion, call'd a wife;
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.
Hail, lovely woman! nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous hea-
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given! [ven,
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,
Alternative, joyless nights and lonesome days:
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from nature's tendereſt ties,
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given:
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does fortune smile? How grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown? The fair with softening art,
Will sooth our woes, or bear a willing part.
" But are all women of the soothing kind?
" In choosing wives no hazard shall we find?
" Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate mo-
" And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?" [lest?
Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain,
Good without show, and lovely without stain;
Warm without lewdness; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
Such is Fidelia, fairest, fondest wife;
Observe the picture, for I draw from life.
Near that sam'd hill, from whose enchanting brow
Such various scenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers among,
Fidelia dwelt: fair as the fairest scene
Of smiling nature, when the sky's serene.
Full sixteen Summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease expressed.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

ROME'S PARDON: A TALE.

" If Rome can pardon sins, as Romans hold;
" And if those pardons may be bought and sold,
" It were no sin t' adore and worship gold."
ROCHESTER.

It happen'd on a certain time,
Two seigniors, who had spent the prime
Of youth in every wickedness,
Came to his Holiness to confess;
Of which, the one had riches store,
The other (wicked wretch!) was poor.
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to heaven a nearer way
Than those who all their life-time pray:
Which may effected be they hope,
By buying pardon of the Pope.
So calling fresh to mind their sins,
The rich offender thus begins.
" Most holy father, I have been,
" I must confess, in many a sin.
" All laws divine I've thought a joke;
" All human laws for interest broke.
" And to increase my ill-got store,
" Thought it no crime t' oppress the poor;
" To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
" Or any thing to gain my ends.
" But now grown old, and near to die,
" I do repent me heartily
" Of all my vile offences past,
" And in particular the last,
" By which I wickedly beguil'd
" A dead friend's son, my guardian child,
" Of all his dear paternal store,
" Which was ten thousand pounds or more;
" Who since is starv'd to death by want,
" And now sincerely I repent:
" Which that your Holiness may see,
" One half the sum I've brought with me,
" And thus I cast it at your feet,
" Dispose of it as you think meet,
" To pious uses, or your own,
" I hope 'twill all my faults atone.
" Friend," quoth the Pope, " I'm glad to
" see
" Such true repentance wrought in thee;
" But as your sins are very great,
" You have but half repented yet:
" Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
" Unless the whole which thus you've gain'd,
" To pious uses be ordain'd.
" All!" cry'd the man, " I thought that half
" Had been a pretty price enough."
" Nay," quoth the Pope, " sir, if you hum
" And haw at parting with the sum,
" Go, keep it, do; and damn your soul;
" I tell you, I must have the whole.
" 'Tis not a little thing procures
" A pardon for such sins as yours."
Well---rather than be doom'd to go,
To dwell with everlasting woe,
One would give any thing, you know:
So th' other half was thrown down to't,
And then he soon obtain'd his suit;
A pardon for his sins was given,
And home he went assur'd of heaven.
And now the poor man bends his knee;
" Most holy father, pardon me,
" A poor and humble penitent
" Who all my substance vilely spent,
" In every wanton, youthful pleasure;
" But now I suffer out of measure;
" With dire diseases being fraught
" And eke so poor not worth a groat."

" Poor! quoth the Pope, then ceaſe your ſuit,
" Indeed you may as well be mute;
" Forbear your now too late contrition,
" You're in a reprobate condition.
" What! ſpend your wealth, and from the whole
" Not ſave one ſouſe to ſave your ſoul?
" O, you're a ſinner, and a hard one,
" I wonder you can aſk a pardon:
" Friend, they're not bad, unleſs you buy 'em,
" You're therefore damn'd, as ſure as I am---
" Vicegerent to the king of heaven:
" No, no, ſuch ſins can't be forgiven.
" I cannot ſave you if I would,
" Nor would I do it if I could."
Home goes the man in deep deſpair,
And died ſoon after he came there;
And went, 'tis ſaid, to hell: but ſure
He was not damn'd for being poor!
But long he had not been below,
Before he ſaw his friend come too;
At this he was in great ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely could believe his eyes:
" What, friend, ſaid he, are you come too?
" I thought the Pope had pardon'd you.
" Yes, quoth the man, I thought ſo too;
" But I was by the Pope trepann'd---
" The devil could not read his hand."

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK,

AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

FORGIVE me, Duck, that ſuch a muſe as mine,
Brings her weak aid to the ſupport of thine;
In lines, which if the world ſhould chance to ſee,
They'd find I pleaded for myſelf---in thee.
Yet ſome indulgence ſure they ought to ſhow
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you;
Unſkill'd in art, unexercis'd to ſing;
I've juſt but taſted the Pierian ſpring:
But though my ſtock of learning yet is low;
Though yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,
I fain would hope it won't be always ſo.
The morning ſun emits a ſtronger ray,
Still as he riſes tow'rds meridian day:
Large hills at firſt obſtruct the oblique beam,
And dark'ning ſhadows ſhoot along the gleam;
Impending miſts yet hover in the air,
And diſtant objects undiſtinct appear.
But as he riſes in the eaſtern ſky,
The ſhadows ſhrink, the conquer'd vapours fly;
Objects their proper forms and colours gain;
In all her various beauties ſhines th' enlighten'd plain.
So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ign'rance ſhade at firſt his brain?
A gleam of reaſon by degrees appears,
Which brightens and increaſes with his years;
And as the rays of thought gain ſtrength in youth,
Dark miſts of error melt and brighten into truth.
Thus aſking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue ſo.
On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
Our tender muſes, learning how to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow ſublime.
The Iliad ſcarce was Homer's firſt eſſay;
Virgil wrote not his Æneid in a day:
Nor is't impoſſible a time might be,
When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a pantry nor a barn:
Yet they, as well as we, by ſlow degrees
Muſt reach perfection, and to write with eaſe.
Have you not ſeen? Yes, oft you muſt have ſeen
When vernal ſuns adorn the woods with green,
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,
The tim'rous young, juſt ventur'd from the neſt,
Firſt in low buſhes hop, and often reſt;
From twig to twig, their tender wings they try,
Yet only flutter when they ſeem to fly.
But as their ſtrength and feathers more increaſe,
Short flights they take, and fly with greater eaſe:
Experienc'd ſoon, they boldly venture higher,
Forſake the hedge, to lofty trees aſpire;
Tranſported thence, with ſtrong and ſteady wing
They mount the ſkies, and ſoar aloft, and ſing.
So you and I, juſt naked from the ſhell,
In chirping notes our future ſinging tell;
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or ſkill,
Hop round the baſis of Parnaſſus' hill:
Our flights are low, and want of art and ſtrength,
Forbids to carry us to the wiſh'd-for length.
But fledg'd, and cheriſh'd with a kindly ſpring,
We'll mount the ſummit, and melodious ſing.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lie the remains of Caroline,
Queen conſort of Great Britain,
Whoſe virtues
Her friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd;
Now dead, her foes confeſs and admire.
Her ambition aſpired to wiſdom,
And attain'd it;
To knowledge,
And it fill'd her mind.
Patroneſs of the wiſe,
And a friend of the good,
She look'd, and modeſt merit rais'd its head;
She ſmil'd, and weeping woe grew glad.
Religion, plain and ſimple,
Dignify'd her mind,
Deſpiſing forms and uſeleſs pageantry.
Morals, clear and refin'd,
Dwelt in her heart,
And guided all her actions.
Virtue the lov'd, beneath her ſmile it flouriſh'd;
She frown'd on vice, and it was put to ſhame.
In fine,
Her life was a public bleſſing;
Her death is an univerſal loſs.
O reader! if thou doubteſt of theſe things,
Aſk the cries of the fatherleſs, they ſhall tell thee,
And the tears of the widow ſhall confirm their truth:
The ſons of wiſdom ſhall teſtify of her,
And the daughters of virtue bear her witneſs;
The voice of the nation ſhall applaud her,
And the heart of the king ſhall ſigh her praiſe.

TO RICHES.

Humbly Inſcribed to the Right Hon. ——

To ſuccour all whom grief or care oppreſs,
To raiſe neglected merit from diſtreſs,

The dying arts t' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is riches' grand prerogative.
Theſe all the wiſe and good with joy purſue,
And thouſands feel, and bleſs their power in you.
But ſtay, my muſe, nor raſhly urge thy theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verſe is praiſe. Conſider——very few
Can juſtly ſay one ſingle line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his juſt credentials, duke or lord:
An honeſt line prefer to a polite,
So ſhall thy praiſe no conſcious bluſh excite.
But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H——r;
So praiſe than ſatire aſks a nicer touch;
But finiſh'd well, there's nothing charms ſo much.
A ſhining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilſt it pleaſes, wins the heart.
Mecænas firſt the noble liſt ſhall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the firſt place.
O dear to every muſe! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! ſupporter of deſert!
Is there a man, though poor, deſpis'd, oppreſt,
Yet whoſe ſuperior genius ſhines confeſt;
Whether the uſeful arts his ſoul inſpire,
Or the politer muſe's ſacred fire,
Learning and arts t' encourage and extend?
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.
Wealth thus beſtow'd, returns in laſting fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.
Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who ſhows to want a kind regard.
Carus, though bleſt with plenty, eaſe, and health,
His every want ſupply'd from boundleſs wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his ſoul o'erflows
To ſee, or hear, or think on others woes.
Is there a wretch with pinching want oppreſt?
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breaſt.
Does any languiſh under dire diſeaſe?
Carus preſcribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has ſad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And ſome expiring family undone?
Carus repairs, and makes the loſs his own.
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His ſoul in pity melts into his eyes:
O manly tenderneſs! good-natur'd grief,
To feel, to ſympathize, and give relief.
Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at intereſt in the bank of heaven.
But where's th' advantage then, will Corvus ſay,
If wealth is only lent to give away?
Corvus, were that the ſole prerogative,
How great, how godlike is the power to give!
Thou canſt not feel it: True, 'tis too divine
For ſuch a ſelfiſh narrow ſoul as thine.
Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,
To cheerful hoſpitality inclin'd;
His ponds with fiſh, with fowl his woods are ſtor'd,
Inviting plenty ſmiles upon his board:
Eaſy and free, his friends his fortune ſhare,
Ev'n travelling ſtrangers find a welcome there;
Neighbours, domeſtics, all enjoy their parts,
He in return poſſeſſes all their hearts.
Who, fooliſh Corvus, who but thee will ſay,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?
Is then the noble privilege to give,
The ſole advantage we from wealth receive!
Whilſt others wants or merits we ſupply,
Have we ourſelves no title to enjoy?
Doubtleſs you have. A thouſand different ways
Wealth may be ſelf-enjoy'd, and all with praiſe.
Whom truth and reaſon guides, or genius fires,
Never need fear indulging his deſires.
But ſhou'd pretending coxcombs, from this rule,
Plead equal privilege to play the fool?
The muſe forbids. She only gives to ſenſe
The dangerous province to contrive expence.
Marcus in ſumptuous buildings takes delight,
His houſe, his gardens charm the raviſh'd ſight:
With beauty uſe, with grandeur neatneſs joins,
And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis coſtly: True, but who can blame th' expence [ſenſe?"
" Where ſplendour borrows all her rays from
Sylvio retirement loves; ſmooth cryſtal floods,
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods
Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear,
With rapture fills his ſoul, and charms his ear.
In ſhady walks, in groves, in ſecret bowers,
Plann'd by himſelf, he ſpends the peaceful hours:
Here ſerious thought purſues her thread ſerene,
No interrupting follies intervene;
Propitious ſilence aids th' attentive mind,
The God of nature in his works to find.
If this t' enjoy affords him moſt delight,
Who ſays that Sylvio is not in the right?
Publius in curious paintings wealth conſumes,
The beſt, the fineſt hands adorn his rooms;
Various deſigns, from each enliven'd wall, [all.
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and ſomething charms in
Here well-drawn landſkips to the mind convey
A ſmiling country, or a ſtormy ſea;
Towns, houſes, trees, diverſify the plain,
And ſhips in danger fright us from the main.
There the paſt actions of illuſtrious men,
In ſtrong deſcription charm the world agen:
Love, anger, grief, in different ſcenes are wrought,
All its juſt paſſions animates the draught.
But ſee new charms break in a flood of day,
See loves and graces on the canvaſs play;
Beauty's imagin'd ſmiles our boſom warm,
And light and ſhade retains the power to charm.
Who cenſures Publius, or condemns his coſt,
Muſt wiſh the noble art of painting loſt.
Whilſt Publius thus his taſte in painting ſhows,
Critus admires her ſiſter art, the muſe.
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau
Teach in his breaſt poetic warmth to glow.
From theſe inſtructed, and from theſe inſpir'd,
Critus for taſte and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,
And from his ſentence draw their hopes and fears.
Hail, judge impartial! noble critic hail!
In this thy day, good writing muſt prevail:
Our bards from you will hence be what they ſhou'd,
Pleaſe and improve us, make us wiſe and good.
Thus bleſs'd with wealth, his genius each purſues,
In building, planting, painting, or the muſe.

O envy'd power!---But you'll object and say,
How few employ it in this envy'd way?
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?
No: But they give him power, if once he wou'd:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.
It is for gold the lawless villain spoils!
'Tis for the fame the honest lab'rer toils.
Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:
Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppress,
But some, whom Heaven reward, delight to bless!
Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

THE PETITION.

The various suppliants which address
Their pray'rs to Heaven on bended knees,
All hope alike for happiness,
Yet each petition disagrees.
Fancy, not judgment, constitutes their bliss;
The wise, no doubt, will say the same of this.

Ye gods, if you remember right,
Some eighteen years ago,
A form was made divinely bright,
And sent for us t' aspire below
I first distinguish'd her from all the rest,
And hope you'll therefore think my title best.

I ask not heaps of shining gold,
No, if the gods vouchsafe
My longing arms may her infold,
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!
Riches at best can hardly give content;
But having her, what is there I can want?

I ask not, with a pompous train
Of honours, all th' world t' outbrave;
The title I wou'd wish to gain,
Is,---Her most fav'rite slave:
To bow to her, a greater bliss wou'd be
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power supreme,
Let meaner souls aspire;
To gain the sov'reignty from them
I stoop not to desire:
Give me to reign sole monarch in her breast,
Let petty princes for the world contest.

Let libertines, who take delight
In riot and excess,
Thus waste the day, thus spend the night,
Whilst I to joys sublimer press:
Clasp'd in her snowy arms such bliss I'd prove,
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In short, I ask you not to live
A tedious length of days;
Old age can little pleasure give,
When health and strength decays:
Let but what time I have be spent with her's,
Each moment will be worth a thousand years.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Hence, hence all dull cares,
All quarrels and jars,
Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
Content, love, and joy,
Shall their powers employ,
To bless the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride.
Anger shall ne'er presume
To come within this room;
No doubt nor anxious fear,
Nor jealous thought shall enter here.
Ill-nature, ill manners, contention, and pride,
Shall never, shall never the union divide.
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters!
Love commencing,
Joys dispensing;
Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling;
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming;
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures!

THE ADVICE.

Dost thou, my friend, desire to rise
To honour, wealth, and dignities?
Virtue's paths, though trod by few,
With constant steps do thou pursue.
For as the coward-soul admires
That courage which the brave inspires;
And his own quarrels to defend,
Gladly makes such a one his friend;
So in a world which rogues infest,
How is an honest man caress'd!
The villains from each other fly,
And on his virtue safe rely.

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

Ye fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case.
Nor think that I am joking;
When she wou'd, he cannot comply,
When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
With fondly-folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With rising flames young Strephon burns,
And fain, wou'd fain be doing:
But Chloe now, asleep or sick,
Has no great relish for the trick,
And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel and disast'rous case,
When in the critical embrace

That only one is burning!
Dear Doctors, ſet this matter right,
Give Strephon ſpirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

A LADY'S SALUTATION

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair ſcene; welcome, thou-lov'd retreat,
From the vain hurry of the buſtling great.
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrap'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.
My ſoul while nature's beauties feaſt mine eyes,
To nature's God contemplative ſhall riſe.
What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
Which waſte our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements? what your fancy'd joys?
Dreſs, equipage, and ſhow, and pomp, and noiſe.
Alas! how taſteleſs theſe, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleaſures of this rural ſcene?
Come then ye ſhades, beneath your bending arms
Encloſe the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then ye bowers receive your joyful gueſt,
Glad to retire, and in retirement bleſt;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry ſweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling ſongs repeat,
And O deſcend to ſweeten all the reſt,
Soft ſmiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue dreſt;
Content unenvious, eaſe with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair ſcene with me to dwell,
All noiſe and noneſenſe, pomp and ſhow farewell.
And ſee! O ſee! the heav'n-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happineſs is here.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

A SONG.

BENEATH the myrtle's ſecret ſhade,
When Delia bleſt my eyes;
At firſt I view'd the lovely maid
In ſilent ſoft ſurpriſe.
With trembling voice, and anxious mind,
I ſoftly whiſper'd love;
She bluſh'd a ſmile ſo ſweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove.
Her lovely yielding form I preſt,
Sweet maddening kiſſes ſtole;
And ſoon her ſwimming eyes confeſt
The wiſhes of her ſoul:
In wild tumultuous bliſs, I cry,
O Delia, now be kind!
She preſs'd me cloſe, and with a ſigh,
To melting joys reſign'd.

SONG.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a miſt of lies:
Seeing falſe, or ſeeing double,
Who wou'd truſt to ſuch weak eyes?
Yet preſuming on his ſenſes,
On he goes moſt wond'rous wiſe:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences
Loſt in error, lives and dies.

AN EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by the word "one Prior," in the ſecond volume of Biſhop Burnet's Hiſtory.

ONE Prior! and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' hiſtorian can claim!
No; Prior's verſe poſterity ſhall quote,
When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

AN EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reaſon can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?

There are no women, he reply'd:
She quick returns the jeſt——
Women there are but I'm afraid
They cannot find a prieſt.

THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jeſter in their courts admit?
They're grown ſuch ſtately ſolemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jeſter lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind do beh'nd their backs
Supply the honeſt jeſter's place.

VERSES

On the Author's firſt arrival at the Leaſowes, 1754.

" How ſhall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
" The ſource of this enchantment? Dwells it in
" The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
" O'er the tranſlucent waters? Sure, unſeen,
" Some favouring power directs the happy lines
" That ſketch theſe beauties; ſwells the riſing
" hills,
" And ſcoopes the dales, to nature's fineſt forms,
" Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
" By line or compaſs, yet ſupremely fair."
So ſpake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm: From diſtant plains
He fought his friend's abode; nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the ſwain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he purſu'd his way:
" What is it gilds the verdure of theſe meads
" With hues more bright than fancy paints the
" flowers
" Of Paradiſe? What Naiad's guiding hand
" Leads through the broider'd vale, theſe lucid
" rills,
" That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
" Along their banks; and through the vocal
" ſhades,
" Improve the muſic of the woodland choir?
" What penſive dryad rais'd yon ſolemn grove,
" Where minds contemplative, at cloſe of day
" Retiring, muſe, o'er nature's various works,

" Her wonders venerate, or her ſweets enjoy—
" What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
" Preſiding, ſcatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
" In beauteous wildneſs, yon fair-ſpreading trees;
" And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
" And herds and bleating flocks, domeſtic fowl,
" And thoſe that ſwim the lake, ſees riſing round
" More pleaſing landſcapes than in Tempe's vale
" Peneus water'd. Yes, ſome ſylvan god
" Spreads wide the varied proſpect; waves the woods,
" Lifts the proud hills, and clears the ſhining lakes;
" While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The burſtling torrent tumbles down the ſteep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild interrupted, croſs'd with rocks and roots,
" And interwoven trees till, ſoon abſorb'd,
" An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
" So vaniſh human glories! ſuch the pomp
" Of ſwelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
" Who fret and ſtrut their hour upon the ſtage
" Of buſy life, and then are heard no more!
" Yes 'tis enchantment all—And ſee, the ſpells,
" The powerful incantations, magic verſe,
" Inſcrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn——
" Spells!—Incantations! ah, my tuneful friend!
" Thine are the numbers! thine the wond'rous work!——
" Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
" And lightly weigh all ſorcery, but thine.
" No naiad's leading ſtep conducts the rill;
" Nor ſylvan god preſiding ſkirts the lawn
" In beauteous wildneſs with fair ſpreading trees;
" Nor magic wand has circumſcrib'd the ſcene,
" 'Tis thine own taſte, thy genius that preſides,
" Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
" More potent ſpells than they."—No more the ſwain,
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the ſocial dome.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Containing

ON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,	FABLES,
HOP-GARDEN,	SONGS,
HILLIAD,	EPIGRAMS,
JUDGMENT OF MIDAS,	IMITATIONS,
ODES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——I dare to raiſe the ſounding ſtring,
The Poet of my God.——————

ON THE IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, April 11. 1722. The family of which he was deſcended had been long eſtabliſhed in the county of Durham. His grandfather married a Miſs Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, "the Apoſtle of the North." His father was ſteward of the eſtates in Kent, of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington, and was poſſeſſed of an eſtate of 300 l. a-year, in the neighbourhood of Shipbourne. Having been intended for holy orders, he had a better taſte for literature than is commonly found in country gentlemen; a taſte which he tranſmitted to his ſon.

In the beginning of his life he was of a very delicate conſtitution, having been born earlier than the natural period; and his body being too feeble to permit his indulging freely in childiſh amuſements, his mind had leiſure to exerciſe and expand its powers.

He diſcovered a very early taſte for poetry; and proved when he was only four years old, by an extemporary effuſion, that even then he had a reliſh for verſe, and an ear for numbers.

He received the rudiments of his education at Maidſtone ſchool, from which he was removed when he was eleven years old, on the death of his father, which happened at that time, and ſent by his mother to Durham, that he might have the advantages of a good ſchool, change of air, to ſtrengthen a weakly frame, and the notice and protection of his father's relations.

He did not continue without diſtinction at Durham ſchool, the maſter of which, at that time, was the Rev. Mr. Dongworth, an Etonian, and a man of eminent learning and abilities. His addiction to metre was then ſuch, that ſeveral of his ſchool-fellows have confeſſed their obligations to him for their firſt ſucceſsful eſſays in Latin verſification.

The *Ode to Ethelinda*, was written at the age of thirteen; and the Latin tranſlation of the ballad, when *Fanny Blooming Fair*, at ſixteen.

As his father had been ſteward to Lord Barnard, he was very cordially received at Raby Caſtle, when abſent, during the holidays, from ſchool. In this noble family he was introduced to the acquaintance of the late Ducheſs of Cleveland, who diſcerned and patronized his talents. She allowed him forty pounds a-year, till her death. In the *Ode to Lord Barnard*, he alludes beautifully to his literary habits, and to the ſplendour of his connections at this early period of his life.

Can I forget fair *Raby's* towers,
How awful and how great!—
Where me, even me, an infant bard,
Cleveland and *Hope* indulgent heard, &c.

He was removed from Durham ſchool to the univerſity of Cambridge, when he was ſeventeen; being admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30. 1739.

Though the favourite ſtudies of this ſeat of learning were not congenial with his mind, yet his claſſical attainments, and poetical powers were ſo eminent, as to attract the notice of perſons not very ſtrongly prejudiced in favour of ſuch accompliſhments. Such was the fame of his genius, and ſuch the vivacity of his diſpoſition, that his company was very earneſtly ſolicited; and to ſuppreſs or withhold our talents, when the diſplay of them is repaid by admiration, is commonly too great an effort for human prudence.

While he was the pride of Cambridge, and the chief poetical ornament of that univerſity, he ruined himſelf by returning the tavern-treats of ſtrangers, who had invited him as a wit, and an extraordinary perſonage, in order to boaſt of his acquaintance.

This ſocial ſpirit of retaliation quickly involved him in habits and expences, of which he felt the conſequences during the reſt of his life.

His allowance from home was ſcanty; for as his father had died ſuddenly, and in embaraſſed circumſtances, his mother had been compelled to ſell the largeſt part of the family eſtate at conſiderable loſs.

His chief dependence was the aſſiſtance he derived from his college, and from the Ducheſs of Cleveland's bounty. Many diſtinguiſhed characters now living, were, notwithſtanding of his intimate acquaintance; and it appears by the Latin invitation of his friend Mr. Saunders, of King's College, to ſupper, that he knew how to reliſh the "feaſt of reaſon."

At this early period of his life he was not more remarkable for his learning than his humour, of which many examples, like the following, are ſtill remembered by his academical acquaintance. The three beadles of the univerſity being men of unuſual bulk, he is ſaid to have characteriſed them in this extemporary ſpondiac.

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

In 1740-1, he wrote his firſt *Tripos Poem, Datur Mundorum Pluralitas*, which was ſucceeded in the following years by *Materies Gaudet vi Inertiæ*, and *Mutua Oſcitationum Propagatio fovet ipoteſt Mechanice*. Theſe verſes have more ſyſtem and deſign than is generally found in the compoſitions of young academics; and it is ſome argument of their being well approved, that they were all thought worthy of a tranſlation into Engliſh by Fawkes, the ingenious tranſlator of "Theocritus," "Anacreon," "Bion," "Moſchus" "Muſæus," and "Apollonius Rhodius."

He was encouraged by the commendations of his friends to offer himſelf a candidate for an univerſity ſcholarſhip. The yearly value of theſe appointments is barely 20 l.; but the election is open to the whole univerſity, under the degree of Maſter of Arts; and as the electors are of approved learning, and fix their choice after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, the honour of obtaining a ſcholarſhip is conſiderable.

It has been ſaid, that upon this occaſion, he tranſlated Pope's "*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*;" but the conjecture is rendered improbable by the length and labour of the compoſition. But that a ſcholar equal to ſuch a work, in an impartial claſſical examination, ſhould ſurpaſs his competitors, is no matter of ſurpriſe.

His extraordinary ſucceſs in this ode, induced him to turn his mind to the tranſlation of the "Eſſay on Man;" and he ſeems to have written to Pope for his approbation; who, in his anſwer, adviſes him to undertake the "Eſſay on Criticiſm."

"I would not," Popes writes him, "give you the trouble of tranſlating the whole "Eſſay": the two firſt epiſtles are already well done; and if you try, I could wiſh it were on the laſt, which is leſs abſtracted, and more eaſily falls into poetry and common place. I believe the "Eſſay on Criticiſm" will, in general, be more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the generality of readers. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin tranſlation of my ode, which you ſent me, and in which, I could ſee little or nothing to alter, it is ſo exact. Believe me equally deſirous of doing you any ſervice, and afraid of engaging you in an art ſo little profitable, though ſo well deſerving, as good poetry."

It does not appear that he beſtowed any farther notice on his tranſlator, excepting that he received him once very civilly at his houſe at Twickenham; and Smart ſeems to have been induced by his ſuggeſtion, to undertake and finiſh the *Latin Tranſlation of the Eſſay on Criticiſm*; with much praiſe from the learned, but without either profit or popularity.

In 1743, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall, July 3. 1745; and took the degree of Maſter of Arts, 1747.

In 1747, he wrote a comedy, called *A Trip to Cambridge; or, the Grateful Fair*, which was acted by the ſtudents of the univerſity, in Pembroke College Hall; the parlour of which made the green-room. Of this mock-play, no remains have yet been found, but a few of the ſongs, and the *Soliloquy of the Princeſs Periwinkle*, containing his well-known ſimile of the Collier, the Barber, and the Brickduſt-man, preſerved in the *Old Woman's Magazine*. The prologue is printed in the fourth volume of the "Poetical Calendar."

About this time, he wrote ſeveral *Fables* and Eſſays, for *The Student*, or, *Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany*, a periodical work of conſiderable reputation, in which many of the wits of both the univerſities diſplayed their talents. The papers were publiſhed in 2 vols, 8vo, 1748.

In 1750, he became candidate for Mr. Seaton's reward, ariſing from the rent of his Kiſlingbury eſtate, left by him to the Univerſity of Cambridge, to be annually adjudged by the Vice-Chancellor, the Maſter of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Profeſſor for the time being, to the author, being a Maſter of Arts, of the beſt poem on "one or other of the attributes of the Supreme Being, till the ſubject is exhauſted; and afterwards on death, judgment, heaven, hell, purity of heart, &c. or whatever elſe may be judged by them to be moſt conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of virtue."

Mr. Seaton's will, dated Oct. 8. 1738, having been diſputed by his relations, a law ſuit commenced between them and the univerſity; which terminating in favour of the latter, the firſt ſubject given out was *The Eternity of the Supreme Being*, in which Smart had the preference; and for five years, four of which were in ſucceſſion, the prize was diſpoſed in his favour, for his poetical eſſays *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being*, 1750; *On the Immenſity of the Supreme Being*, 1751; *On the Omniſcience of the Supreme Being*, 1752; *On the Power of the Supreme Being*, 1753; *On the Goodneſs of the Supreme Being*, 1755. The value of the prize was then about 30 l.

In theſe poems on the Divine Attributes, confeſſedly the moſt finiſhed of his works, confidence in genius, and averſion to the labour of correction, ſometimes prevailed over better conſiderations. The poem *On the Divine Goodneſs*, which was written in London, he ſo long delayed to undertake, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and to ſend it to Cambridge, by the moſt expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the compoſitions.

The deciſions of the Cambridge judges were, almoſt in every inſtance, confirmed by the approbation of the periodical critics; they admired the vein of pious poetry, which ran through his prize poems: they were diffuſe in the praiſe of his genius, though they freely cenſured his careleſſneſs and inaccuracy; and they continued their approbation of his compoſitions, till fanaticiſm (always fatal to juſt thinking), diſtorted his ideas, and confined their applauſe to the talents of his beſter day.

Whilehe was advancing his reputation as a poet, his extravagance involving him in debt with vintners, and college cooks, occaſioned his fellowſhip to be ſequeſtered, and obliged him to leave the univeſity.

In 1757 he quitted college, and ſoon after relinquiſhed his fellowſhip, on his marriage with Miſs Anna Maria Carnan, the daughter by a former huſband of Mary, the wife of the late Mr. John Newbery, "ie philanthropic bookſeller, in St. Paul's church-yard."

As he ad relinquiſhed his fellowſhip without engaging in any of the profeſſions, he ſeems to have truſted fc his future maintenance to his powers as an author. But he had either over-rated his own abilis and perſeverance, or the favour of the public.

ThoughMr. Newbery, to whom he was now allied, was himſelf a man of genius, and a liberal patron of pius in others, yet the difficulties that had perplexed him at Cambridge, purſued him to London; twhich the expence of a family was ſuperadded. Such was his thoughtleſſneſs, that he has oft invited company to dinner, where no means appeared of providing a meal for his family.

Subſiſtinn London as a writer for bread, his manner of life neither augmented his perſonal importance, r that of his productions. Never nice in his perſon, in his taſte, nor in his acquaintance; he ldis dignity, his time, and his peace of mind. The profits of the publications in which he engagedere diſſipated by a total neglect of economy. While the works of his more prudent contempora, Gray, and Maſon, always poliſhed at leiſure, with critical care, and ſolicitude, were received as ours, and read with reverence; his compoſitions appeared good, bad, and indifferent, before the dl tribunal of the public, "with all their imperfections on their head."

He enjoyewhile thus engaged in the metropolis, the familiar acquaintance of Dr. Johnſon, Dr. James, Dr. vkeſworth, Goldſmith, and Garrick, and indeed of moſt who were then celebrated for genius, or learning.

In 1752, he publiſhed a collection of *Poems on Several Occaſions*, in one volume, 4to; which he dedicated to the Earl of Middleſex, "not as a writer, or a ſcholar," but as "a man of Kent.' The *Hop Garden*, and *Judgment of Midas*, firſt appeared in this collection.

Having received ſome provocation from Dr. Hill, afterwards Sir John Hill, in "The Inſpector," and in a paper called "The Impertinent," he took a ſevere revenge in another "Dunciad," which he called after the name of his hero, *The Hilliad*. The *Firſt Book* of this mock-epic, with *notes variorum*, was publiſhed in 1753, 4to; and was followed by an anonymous performance, called "The Smartiad, a ſatire occaſioned by the Hilliad," folio, 1753.

In his quarrel with Dr. Hill, he could obtain no fame, though he greatly augmented the ridicule of that extraordinary perſonage; but time ſettles the diſputes of authors and men of talents, in the moſt upright manner. Dr. Hill ſeems to have been inſenſible to the learning and genius of Smart; and Smart only ſaw Dr. Hill in the light of a quack, and a coxcomb: but poſterity not only allows the originality, the invention, and the poetical talents of Smart, but alſo regards Dr. Hill as an able botaniſt; and though his noſtrums and panaceas are now exploded, his voluminous works in natural hiſtory have advanced towards fame, with nearly as much rapidity as his empirical productions have deſcended towards oblivion.

To the *Old Woman's Magazine*, publiſhed about this time, Mr. Newbery and himſelf were the chief, if not the only contributors. He tranſlated alſo for Mr. Newbery, *The Works of Horace into Engliſh Proſe*, in 2 vols, 12mo, 1756; a talk which he has very ably executed, but of that kind which will never be praiſed in proportion to the labour. By few and appoſite terms, he has expreſſed the ſentiments of Horace, in an idiom, not placed very near the Roman, in the table of grammatical affinities. Of an author not among the leaſt difficult, he is at once an accurate, and an elegant tranſlator. He ſhows the humbleſt attention to the language of the original, and an abſolute command over his own.

In 1756, he entered into an engagement with Gardener the bookſeller, to furniſh papers monthly, in conjunction with Mr. Rolt, a town writer, for *The Univerſal Viſitor*. Smart and his coadjutor were to divide one-third of the profits of the work; they, on their part, ſigning an agreement, "not to write for ninety-nine years to come in any other publication." Never, ſurely, did rapacious avarice dictate a more unreaſonable bargain, or ſubmiſſive poverty place itſelf in a more humiliating ſituation.

"I wrote for ſome months in *The Viſitor*," ſays Dr. Johnſon, as reported by Mr. Boſwell, "for poor Smart, while he was mad; not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would ſoon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in *The Viſitor* no longer."

All the eſſays in *The Univerſal Viſitor*, marked with two aſteriſms, have been aſcribed to Dr. Johnſon; but Mr. Boſwell is confident, from internal evidence, that of theſe, neither "The Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," nor an "Eſſay on Architecture," were written by him.

He was likewiſe engaged with Mr. Rolt, in a theatrical enterpriſe at the Hay-Mark theatre, called *Mother Midnight's Entertainment*. This was firſt undertaken at the expence of Mr. Newbery, and was afterwards carried on with ſome degree of ſucceſs.

In 1756, he publiſhed *A Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illneſs*, which he dedicated to Dr. James. "If it be meritorious," ſays the dedication, "to have invented medicines for the cure of diſtempers, either overlooked or diſregarded by all your predeceſſors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man who wrote the "Medicinal Dictionary," and invented the "Fever Powder."

Though his fortune, as well as conſtitution, required the utmoſt care, he was equally negligent in the management of both; and his various and repeated embaraſſments, acting upon imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which at laſt were attended with paroxyſms ſo violent and continued, as to render confinement neceſſary.

"My poor friend Smart," ſays Dr. Johnſon, as reported by Mr. Boſwell, "ſhowed diſturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and ſaying his prayers in the ſtreet, or in other unu-

ſual place." Talking of his confinement to Dr. Burney, " it ſeems," he obſerved, " as if his mind had ceaſed to ſtruggle with the diſeaſe; for he grows fat upon it." Upon Dr. Burney ſuggeſting, " that, perhaps, it may be from want of exerciſe," he added, " he has partly as much exerciſe as he uſed to have; for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he uſed for exerciſe to walk to the ale-houſe; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be ſhut up. His infirmities were not noxious to ſociety. He inſiſted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit. Smart as any one elſe. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no paſſion for it."

In this melancholy ſtate, his family (for he had now two children), muſt have been much embaraſſed in their circumſtances, but for the kind friendſhip and aſſiſtance of Mr. Newbery.

Many other of his friends were likewiſe forward in their ſervices; particularly Dr. Johnſon and Sir John Huſſey Delaval, Bart. the preſent Lord Delaval, to whom he was private tutor in college; and who ſhowed him, upon various occaſions, particular inſtances of his regard.

It was at the requeſt of Sir John, that he wrote a *Prologue and Epilogue to the Tragedy of Othello*, acted at Drury-Lane, *by ſeveral perſons of quality*, 1751; the parts of Iago and Othello being filled by Sir John, and his brother Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

Mrs. Smart ſeems to have made an attempt at this period, to ſettle in Dublin, with a view to provide for her family, by engaging in buſineſs; probably without ſucceſs. " I wiſh," Dr. Johnſon writes her, " it was in my power to make Ireland pleaſe you better; and whatever is in my power, you may always command. I ſhall be glad to hear from you the hiſtory of your management, whether you have a houſe or a ſhop, and what companions you have found."

After an interval of little more than two years, he appeared to be pretty well reſtored; and was accordingly ſet at liberty; but his mind had received a ſhock, from which it never entirely recovered. He took a pleaſant lodging in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park; conducting his affairs, for ſome time, with ſufficient prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary compoſitions, and partly by the generoſity of his friends, receiving, among other benefactions, fifty pounds a-year from the Treaſury.

Of the ſtate of his mind, and of his modes of life at this period, Dr. Hawkeſworth gives the following account, in a letter to Mrs. Hunter, one of his ſiſters.

" I have, ſince my being in town, called on my old friend, and ſeen him. He received me with an ardour of kindneſs natural to the ſenſibility of his temper; and all were ſoon ſeated together by his fire-ſide. I perceived upon his table a quarto book, in which he had been writing, a prayer-book, and a Horace. After the firſt compliments, I ſaid I had been at Margate, had ſeen his mother and his ſiſter, who expreſſed great kindneſs for him, and made me promiſe to come and ſee him. To this he made no reply; nor did he make any inquiry after thoſe I mentioned. He did not even mention the place, nor aſk me any queſtion about it, or what carried me thither. After ſome pauſe, and ſome indifferent chat, I returned to the ſubject, and ſaid, that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to ſee him in Kent. To this he replied very quick, " I cannot afford to be idle." I ſaid he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town; at which he only ſhook his head, and I entirely changed the ſubject. Upon my aſking him when we ſhould ſee the *Pſalms*, he ſaid they were going to preſs immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had completed a tranſlation of *Phædrus*, in verſe, for Dodſley, at a certain price; and that he is now buſy in tranſlating all *Horace* into verſe; which he ſometimes thinks of publiſhing on his own account, and ſometimes of contracting for it with a bookſeller. I adviſed him to the latter; and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain. He told me, his principal motive for tranſlating *Horace* into verſe, was to ſuperſede the proſe tranſlation, which he did for Newbery; which, he ſaid, would hurt his memory. He intends, however, to review that tranſlation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical verſion; which he propoſes to print in quarto, with the Latin, both in verſe and proſe, on the oppoſite page. He told me he once had thoughts of publiſhing it by ſubſcription; but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again; and had been perſuaded to publiſh it in numbers; which, though I rather diſſuaded him, ſeemed at laſt to be the prevailing bent of his mind. He read me ſome of it: it is very clever; and his own poetical fire ſparkles in it very frequently; yet, upon the whole, it will ſcarcely take place of Francis's;

and therefore, if it is not adopted as a ſchool book, which, perhaps, may be the caſe, it was ſold to little account. Upon mentioning his proſe tranſlation, I ſaw his countenance kindle; and, ſnatching up the book, "what," ſays he, "do you think I had for this?" I ſaid I could not tell. "Why," ſays he with great indignation, "thirteen pounds." I expreſſed very great aſtoniſhment, which he ſeemed to think he ſhould increaſe, by adding—"but I gave a receipt for a hundred." My aſtoniſhment was now over; and I found that he received only thirteen pounds, becauſe the reſt had been advanced for his family. This was a tender point; and I found means immediately to divert him from it. He is with very decent people, in a houſe moſt delightfully ſituated, with a terras that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the King's Library; and if I had not been particularly engaged, I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and it is by no means conſidered in any light, that his company as a gentleman, a ſcholar, and a genius, is leſs deſirable."

In 1759, Garrick made him an offer of a free benefit at Drury-Lane theatre, which his friends did not permit him to refuſe. Upon this occaſion, Garrick's farce of "The Guardian" was acted for the firſt time, in which he himſelf performed the principal character.

In 1763, he publiſhed *A Song to David*, written during his confinement; when he was denied the uſe of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainſcot."

The ſame year he publiſhed two ſmall quarto pamphlets, intituled, *Poems*, and *Poems on Several Occaſions*; and, the year following, *Hannah, an Oratorio*, 4to; and an *Ode to the Earl of Northumberland, on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with ſome other pieces*, 4to.

In 1765, he publiſhed *A New verſion of the Pſalms*, 4to, and *A Poetical Tranſlation of the Fables of Phædrus*, 12mo, which were followed by *The Parables, in familiar verſe*, 12mo. 1768.

In the courſe of a few years, his economy forſook him, and he was confined for debt in the King's-Bench priſon; the rules of which he afterwards obtained, by the kindneſs of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Carnan. He appears to have been in extreme diſtreſs, by a letter of his to the Rev. Mr. Jackſon, not long before his death. "Being upon the recovery from a fit of illneſs, and *having nothing to eat*, I beg you to lend me *two or three ſhillings*, which (God willing) I will return, with many thanks, in two or three days."

At length, after ſuffering the accumulated miſeries of poverty, diſeaſe, and inſanity, he died of a diſorder in his liver, May 21. 1771, in the 49th year of his age; leaving behind him two daughters, who, with his widow, are ſettled at Reading, in Berkſhire; and by their prudent management of a buſineſs transferred to them by Mr. Newbery, are in good circumſtances.

A ſelect collection of his *Poems, conſiſting of his Prize Poems, Odes, Sonnets, and Fables, Latin and Engliſh Tranſlations, together with many original Compoſitions, not included in the Quarto Edition, to which is prefixed an Account of his Life*, &c. was printed at Reading, by Smart and Cowſlade, in 2 vols. 12mo, 1791. Beſides the *Poetical Tranſlations*, which he publiſhed in his life-time, and the *Works of Horace in Engliſh Metre*, which "he propoſed to print in 4to.;" the pieces omitted in this edition of his works, are chiefly the *Song to David*, and ſome pieces in the two ſmall 4to. pamphlets, which were written after his confinement, and bear, for the moſt part, melancholy proofs of the recent eſtrangement of his mind.

Among the pieces not included in the 4to. edition, or publiſhed ſeparately, are, *An Ode on a Young Lady's Birth-day; Imitation of Horace on taking a Bachelor's Degree; Ode on St. Cecilia's Day; Reaſon and Imagination, a Fable; New Verſion of the 148th Pſalm; Ode to Lord Barnard; Ode to Lady Harriot; the Sweets of Evening; Ode to a Virginia Nightingale; Epigram from Martial; On a Lady throwing Snow Balls at her Lover*, from Petronius Aſcanius; and *Sixteen Fables*, chiefly written for *The Student*, and the *Old Woman's Magazine*.

It is not eaſy to account for the works of Smart not being included in the collection of the "Works of the Engliſh Poets," whoſe lives were written by Dr. Johnſon, who had a friendſhip for him. Dr. Johnſon, however, frequently declared, that the choice of poets, for whoſe works he had agreed to write biographical prefaces, was not his own; and yet, as he condeſcended to aſk a place for Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts, poor Smart had an equal claim to his notice, from piety, and from genius; but, perhaps the copy-right of his ſcattered productions could not be eaſily

ſettled. Even his beſt pieces, though admirable, have not often been honoured with a place in favourite *Collections of Poems*. He was too poor an author to beſtow, and perhaps he had no ambition to ſhare in the triumph of thoſe who, for the moſt part, write pieces more for their own diverſion, than for that of the public. His way of living, from hand to mouth, depending always on the product of his deſultory pen, appropriated to no regular nor profitable purpoſe, and on the liberality of his friends, was not likely to procure for him that public reſpect from his contemporaries, which ſweetens a man's life, however uſeleſs it may be to his works after his death.

The works of Smart, reprinted from the edition 1791, with ſome additions and corrections, are now received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. The *Song to David* is highly worthy of republication; and was recommended by the preſent writer to be inſerted in this edition; but a copy could not be obtained for that purpoſe. The ſlight defects, and ſingularities of this neglected performance, are amply compenſated, by a grandeur, a majeſty of thought, and a happineſs of expreſſion, in ſeveral of the ſtanzas.

The character of this unfortunate poet, compounded like that of all human beings, of good qualities and of defects, may be eaſily collected from this account of his life. Of his domeſtic manners, and petty habits, a few peculiarities remain to be mentioned.

Though he was a very diligent ſtudent while he was at Cambridge, he was alſo extremely fond of exerciſe, and of walking in particular; at which times it was his cuſtom to purſue his meditations. A fellow ſtudent remembers a path worn by his conſtant treading on the pavement, under the cloiſters of his college. Like Milton and Gray, he had his moments propitious to invention; and has been frequently known to riſe ſuddenly from his bed, that he might fix by writing thoſe delightful ideas which floated before his fancy in the viſions of the night.

His piety was exemplary, and fervent. In compoſing his religious poems, he was frequently ſo impreſſed with the ſentiments of devotion, as to write particular paſſages on his knees.

He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to exceſs; ſo as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmoſt want himſelf. He was alſo particularly engaging in converſation, when his firſt ſhineſs was worn away, which he had in common with literary men; but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken to introduce his wife to Lord Darlington, he had no ſooner mentioned her name to his Lordſhip, than he retreated ſuddenly, as if ſtricken with a panic, from the room, and from the houſe, leaving her to follow overwhelmed with confuſion.

During the far greater part of his life, he was wholly inattentive to economy; and by this negligence loſt his fortune, and then his credit. The civilities ſhown him by perſons greatly his ſuperiors in rank and character, either induced him to expect mines of wealth from the exertion of his talents, or encouraged him to think himſelf exempted from attention to common obligations.

But his chief fault, from which moſt of his other faults proceeded, was his deviations from the rules of ſobriety; of which the early uſe of cordials, in the infirm ſtate of his childhood and his youth, might, perhaps, be one cauſe, and is the only extenuation.

As a poet, his genius has never been queſtioned by thoſe who cenſured his careleſſneſs, and commiſerated the unhappy vacillation of his mind. He is ſometimes not only greatly irregular, but irregularly great. His errors are thoſe of a bold and daring ſpirit, which bravely hazards what a vulgar mind could never ſuggeſt. Shakſpeare and Milton are ſometimes wild and irregular; and it ſeems as if originality alone could try experiments. Accuracy is timid, and ſeeks for authority. Fowls of feeble wing ſeldom quit the ground, though at full liberty; while the eagle, unreſtrained, ſoars into unknown regions.

He is a various, an original, but unequal writer. Every ſpecies of poetry, not even excepting the epic, has been attempted by him, and moſt of them with eminent ſucceſs.

His *fine poems* on the Divine Attributes, are written with the ſublimeſt energies of religion, and the true enthuſiaſm of poetry; and if he had written nothing elſe, theſe compoſitions alone would have given him a very diſtinguiſhed rank among the writers of verſe. Their faults, though numerous, are amply compenſated by their beauties. Some of their defects may be fairly aſcribed to redundance of genius, and impatience of labour; others to fanaticiſm, generated, perhaps, by the grandeur of the ſubject; on which he ſtrained his faculties, in trying to penetrate "beyond the reach of

human ken,"—but he never could mount "to the height of his great argument." Dr. Johnſon, in ſpeaking of ſacred poetry, in his life of Waller, has admirably ſaid, that "whatever is great, deſirable, or tremendous, is compriſed in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved." Upon the whole, however, his prize poems are more accurate than the generality of his performances; which may be attributed to the deference he might feel from thoſe perſons who were to adjudge the prizes which he obtained.

Of his *Odes* it may be ſaid, in general, that they are ſpirited and poetical. It will be difficult to find any other quality equally applicable to compoſitions very different from each other; and in many of which oppoſite characters occaſionally predominate. He has followed the example of Horace, rather than that of the Grecian models; and of him he is, for the moſt part, a judicious imitator. Some of the ſhorter pieces are beautiful, and nearly perfect; but inſtances of an improper aſſociation of the grave and the ludicrous, ſometimes occur; and he debaſes, by an impure admixture, what otherwiſe would have been gold of the ſtandard value. The *Ode to Idleneſs* poſſeſſes the elegance of *Sappho*; and that to *Ethelinda*, the ſprightlineſs of *Anacreon*. The *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, inferior only to the great model by Dryden, is dignified throughout, and breathes the true ſpirit of poetry. The *Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from Sickneſs*, is pious, animated, and pathetic. The *Ode on Good-Nature* is full of elegance, and that on *Ill-Nature* full of force. The *Morning Piece* is uniformly beautiful; the deſcription of *Labour* is eminently happy.

> Strong Labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
> He ſtoutly ſtrode over the dale, &c.

The lines were miſprinted in the 4to edition.

> Strong Labour *got up with his pipe in his mouth*,
> And ſtoutly, &c.

The correction was advertiſed immediately after the publication of the firſt edition; but the blunder has been retained in the edition 1791. The poet did not mean to inſinuate, that *Labour* had ſlept with his pipe in his mouth, which muſt have been the caſe, if he got up with it in that ſituation. In the *Night-Piece*, the images of *Night*, and her attendants, *Stillneſs* and *Silence*, are highly painted. The *Noon-Piece* is beautifully deſcriptive. The imitation of Horace, *On taking a Bachelor's Degree*, is ſpirited and pleaſant. The *Ode on the Birth-Day of a Beautiful Young Lady*, is highly poetical: its chief blemiſh is the too frequent and affected uſe of alliteration. It was written on Miſs Harriot Pratt of Durham, in Norfolk, a lady for whom Smart had entertained a long and unſucceſsful paſſion; who was the ſubject alſo of the *crambo ballad*, and other verſes among his poems. Of the reſt, the odes *On an Eagle confined in a Cage; To Lord Barnard; To Lady Harriot; To the Earl of Northumberland; To a Virginia Nightingale; The Sweets of Evening; New Verſion of the CXLVIIIth Pſalm*, deſerve particular commendation.

On the *Hop-Garden* much commendation cannot juſtly be conferred; and the praiſe which is withheld from the poetry, will not be very cheerfully laviſhed on the inſtructions. But the roughneſs and the want of dignity in the blank verſe, and the want of previous information on the art of which he treats, are to be aſcribed, not to want of genius, but to want of diligence and care; for he never had patience nor application ſufficient to bring a long work to any degree of perfection. There are, however, a great many truly poetical ſtrokes in this Georgic, and whole pages that abound with beauty.

His mock heroic poem, the *Hilliad*, may afford entertainment to thoſe who care little about the hero of the poem, or the ſubject of the quarrel. Compoſitions of this claſs, as they gratify malignity, are uſually read with avidity on their firſt appearance; but, without uncommon merit, they quickly ſink into oblivion. The ſpirit and loftineſs of ſome of the lines, the happy imitations of the "Dunciad," and the wit and humour of the notes, deſerve great praiſe; but the abuſe is coarſe, and the ſcurrility is a diſgrace to the republic of letters.

His *Judgment of Midas*, a maſque, or dramatic paſtoral, is a claſſical and elegant performance. It is executed throughout in a maſterly manner. It has none of thoſe glaring inaccuracies which diſgrace ſome of his other pieces. The deſcription of *Midas* following *Pan*, is full of poetry, as well as ſpirit. The addreſs of *Tmolus* to the inanimate things about him, on the approach of the gods,

has great dignity and propriety, as well as beauty. The firſt ſtanza of the ſong to *Pan* has great ſoftneſs and great elegance. But dramatic paſtorals, even if the generally intereſting topic of love be ſuperadded, will not greatly entertain without their proper embelliſhments, acting and muſic.

His *Fables* rank with the moſt agreeable metrical compoſitions of that kind in our language. His verſification is leſs poliſhed, and his apologues, in general, are perhaps leſs correct than thoſe of Gay or Moore; but in originality, in wit, and in humour, the preference ſeems due to Smart. They unite the grace and eaſe of Prior with the humour of Swift; and to theſe is ſuperadded a very conſiderable portion of poetical ſpirit. The introductory lines of almoſt all the fables are ſingularly ingenious and happy; and in the courſe of each, the ſecond line of moſt couplets generally preſents us with an independent new idea. The beſt and moſt ſerious of theſe playful compoſitions is, doubtleſs, *Care and Generoſity*. It is one of the moſt beautiful allegories that has ever been imagined. The *Bag-Wig and the Tobacco Pipe*, *Madam and the Magpie*, *Reaſon and Imagination*, *The Herald and the Huſbandman*, deſerve particular commendation. *The Citizen and the Red Lion of Brentford*, may be thought to tranſgreſs the limits of mythological probability; but a dialogue between a man and a painted board, may be forgiven for its humour. *The Brocaded Gown and Linen Rag*, contains liberal praiſes of his poetical contemporaries, Akenſide, Collins, Gray, and Maſon. *The Pig* is a very exact and beautiful tranſlation of the ſame ſtory in Phædrus. If in any inſtances the modern is ſurpaſſed by the moſt charming fabuliſt of antiquity, for which, perhaps, the Roman is not a little indebted to the ſuperior force and conciſeneſs of the language in which he wrote, in others the original is undoubtedly rivalled, if not excelled, and obtains at laſt a doubtful victory.

His *Ballads*, and *Epigrams*, &c. like his other productions, bear the ſtamp of originality, of wit, and of pleaſantry. The *Force of Innocence* is more ſerious, and is an elegant application of the *Integer Vitæ* of Horace, to female virtue. *Sweet William*, *The Laſs with the Golden Locks*, *The Deciſion*, *Lovely Harriot*, a crambo ballad, *Jenny Gray*, are generally known and admired. The epigrams of *The Phyſician and the Monkey*, *Apollo and Daphne*, are ſprightly and elegant, and the imitations of *Martial* and *Petronius Arbanius* have conſiderable merit. In the *Horatian Canons of Friendſhip*, the ſentiments of Horace, Lib. 1. Sat. 3. are ſucceſsfully accommodated to recent facts and familiar images.

Though Smart, if placed like his friend Garrick in the picture, between Tragedy and Comedy, would more incline to the laughter-loving dame than the goddeſs of tears; ſome of his ſerious pieces, beſides thoſe on religious ſubjects, manifeſt and excite feeling in an eminent degree. The little poem *On the Death of Mr. Newbery*, *after a lingering illneſs*, muſt touch every reader of ſenſibility. In the *Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Reynolds*, *at St. Peter's*, *in the Iſle of Thanet*, the thoughts and the words in which they are clothed ſeem to breathe the true ſpirit of poetical pathos.

In the firſt rank of the elegant writers of Latin, among our Engliſh poets, Jonſon, May, Craſhaw, Cowley, Milton, Marvell, Addiſon, Gray, Warton, &c. Smart ſtands very high. His tranſlation of Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, is at once elegant and appropriate. He equals his original in the ſublimeſt paſſages, except only the third ſtanza; and to the ballad and epigrammatic ſtanzas gives dignity and grace. The vulgar lines which deſcribe the power of *Styx* over the enthralled *Eurydice*, and the ſuperior power of muſic and of love, are tranſlated with truth and beauty. It has been objected, and with ſome reaſon, to Smart's tranſlation, that it exhibits a variety of metres unauthoriſed by any ſingle example among the Latin poets. But had he, too timid to purſue the rapid flights and wild genius of his original, confined himſelf to the regular recurrence of the Roman ſtanza, his imitation would not have been exact, and probably would not have been intereſting. The opinion of the public has fully juſtified the choice of Smart.

In his verſion of Pope's *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, he is a very diligent imitator of the epiſtolary ſtyle of Horace; and we ſhall find him carefully following the footſteps of his maſter, where we might otherwiſe have been diſpoſed to ſuſpect the purity of his language. To the labours of Smart thoſe perſons chiefly are indebted, who, being unacquainted with the Engliſh tongue, wiſh to ſee Pope's juſt rules of taſte, embelliſhed indeed with his powers of poetry, though appearing with leſs gloſs and luſtre through the medium of tranſlation. In the famous lines intended as an echo to the ſenſe, he has laboured through a very painful taſk, with conſiderable dexterity; and in the beautiful picture of the reign of *Leo*, of *Vida*, and of the *Arts*, no foreigner need regret that he is unacquainted with Pope.

His verſion of Milton's *L' Allegro*, exhibits the exquiſite poetry and brilliant imagery of one of the firſt deſcriptive poems in the Engliſh language, in appropriate diction, and legitimate verſe. The title of the poem, perhaps, might have been more happily expreſſed in Greek, than by Ὁ Παιγνιώδης.

His tranſlation of *Fanny Blooming Fair*, is a profeſſed imitation of the manner of Vincent Bourne, and is not without a conſiderable portion of the perſpicuity of contexture, facility, fluency, delicacy, ſimplicity, and elegance, which characteriſe the compoſitions of that amiable and ingenious poet; but it is inferior to his admirable verſion of Mallet's "William and Margaret."

His *Triſtos-poems* may be juſtly conſidered as legitimate claſſical compoſitions. They are the production of a mind deeply tinctured with the excellencies of ancient literature, and attentive both to the ſubſtantial parts, and to the decorations of poetry. In boldneſs of invention, felicity of deſcription, and ſtrength and elegance of diction, they are not ſurpaſſed by the hexametric poetry of Milton and Gray. The *Temple of Dullneſs*, in particular, exhibits ſuch beauties of perſonification, as only the richeſt and moſt vivid imagination could ſupply. His perſonifications of *Stupor*, *Sophiſtica*, *Matheſis*, *Microphile* and *Atheia*, abound with the moſt poetical imagery, delivered in language that will abide the teſt of criticiſm.

THE WORKS OF SMART.

ODES.

ODE I.

IDLENESS.

GODDESS of eaſe, leave Lethe's brink,
Obſequious to the muſe and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
Oh! ſweet inſenſibility!

Siſter of peace and indolence,
Bring, muſe, bring numbers ſoft and flow,
Elaborately void of ſenſe,
And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near ſome cowſlip-painted mead,
There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora ſpread,
A ſofa of her ſofteſt flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the ſtream beneath
Still flow in uniſon with thine.

For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes
Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the ſource whence labour flows,
We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure.

For who'd ſuſtain war's toil and waſte,
Or who th' hoarſe thund'ring of the ſea,
But to be idle at the laſt,
And find a pleaſing end in thee.

ODE II.

TO ETHELINDA,

On her doing my Verſes the honour of wearing them in her boſom—Written at thirteen.

HAPPY verſes that were preſt
In fair Ethelinda's breaſt!
Happy muſe, that didſt embrace
The ſweet, the heav'nly-fragrant place!
Tell me, is the omen true,
Shall the bard arrive there too?

Oft through my eyes my ſoul has flown,
And wanton'd on that iv'ry throne:
There with ecſtatic tranſport burn'd,
And thought it was to heav'n return'd.
Tell me is the omen true,
Shall the body follow too?

When firſt at nature's early birth,
Heav'n ſent a man upon the earth,
Ev'n Eden was more fruitful found,
When Adam came to till the ground:
Shall then thoſe breaſts be fair in vain,
And only riſe to fall again?

No, no, fair nymph—for no ſuch end
Did Heav'n to thee its bounty lend;
That breaſt was ne'er deſign'd by fate,
For verſe, or things inanimate;
Then throw them from that downy bed,
And take the poet in their ſtead.

ODE III.

On an Eagle confined in a College Court.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to ſoar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether ſhroud;—
Thou ſervant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and ſwift as thought, could'ſt rove
To the bleak north's extremeſt goal;—
Thou, who magnanimous could'ſt bear
The ſovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
And ſhake thy native pole!—

Oh cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic ire,
At ſome fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire
Has plac'd thee in this ſervile cell,
Where diſcipline and dulneſs dwell,
Where genius ne'er was ſeen to roam;
Where ev'ry ſelfiſh ſoul's at reſt,
Nor ever quits the carnal breaſt,
But lurks and ſneaks at home!

Though dim'd thine eye, and elipt thy wing
So grov'ling! once ſo great!
The grief-inſpired muſe ſhall ſing
In tend'reſt lays thy fate.
What time by thee ſcholaſtic pride
Takes his preciſe pedantic ſtride,
Nor on thy mis'ry caſts a care,
The ſtream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But ſtinks, and ſtagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass!
Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Who study downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
While more than mathematic gloom,
Envelopes all around.

ODE IV.

On the sudden Death of a Clergyman.

If, like th' Orphean lyre, my song could charm,
And light to life the ashes in the urn,
Fate of his iron dart I would disarm,
Sudden as thy decease should'st thou return,
Recall'd with mandates of despotic sounds,
And arbitrary grief that will not hear of bounds.
But, ah! such wishes, artless muse, forbear;
'Tis impotence of frantic love,
Th' enthusiastic flight of wild despair,
To hope the Thracian's magic power to prove.
Alas! thy slender vein,
Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign,
Impatient of a rein,
Thou canst not in due bounds the struggling measures keep,
—But thou alas! canst weep—
Thou canst—and o'er the melancholy bier
Canst lend the sad solemnity a tear.
Hail! to that wretched corse, untenanted and cold,
And hail the peaceful shade, loos'd from its irksome hold.
Now let me say thou'rt free,
For sure thou paid'st an heavy tax for life,
While combating for thee,
Nature and mortality
Maintain a daily strife.
High on a slender thread thy vital lamp was plac'd,
Upon the mountain's bleakest brow,
To give a noble light superior was it rais'd,
But more expos'd by eminence it blaz'd;
For not a whistling wind that blew,
Nor the drop descending dew,
But half extinguish'd its fair flame—but now
See—hear the storm's tempestuous sweep—
Precipitate it falls—it falls—falls lifeless in the deep.
Cease, cease, ye weeping youth,
Sincerity's soft sighs, and all the tears of truth.
And you, his kindred throng forbear
Marble memorials to prepare,
And sculptur'd in your breasts his bust to wear.
'Twas thus when Israel's legislator dy'd,
No fragile mortal honours were supply'd,
But even a grave denied.
Better than what the pencil's daub can give,
Better than all that Phidias ever wrought,
Is this—that what he taught shall live,
And what he liv'd for ever shall be taught.

ODE V.

GOOD-NATURE.

Hail cherub of the highest heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper ev'n,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mein,
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's vip'rous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
Idiots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
That it should steal thy name and take thy place?

No—thou art active—spirit all—
Swifter than lightning, at the call
Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd defert,
And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
(As reason's luminary guides)
Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel
'Tis only for thy neighbours weal;
Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
From flatt'ry's fawning tongue, and bending knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast,
Nought is excluded little, or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms
For oh! I love thee, to my arms—
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.

ODE VI.

ON ILL-NATURE.

Offspring of folly and of pride,
To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
By pedant affectation taught and bred:
Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
Go, with thy looks of dark design,
Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.
Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day:
When to exist is but to love and sing,
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

There in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe;
Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and universal shade;
Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all th' infernal crew the worst;
The worst in genius, measure and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the den,
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croack in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
Th' ear-piercing heron, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats sit œstrum shall supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band
An herd of all thy minions are at hand,
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibolous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And proud to listen at her neighbours latch.
Next scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins, and the poet's fame,
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates her hands and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling avarice,
Then vanity and affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, ill-nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

ODE VII.

TO THE REV. AND LEARNED DR. WEBSTER,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Anger and Forgiveness.

'Twas when th' omniscient creative pow'r
Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And, delegated at th' appointed hour,
Great Moses led away his chosen band;
When Israel's host, with all their stores,
Past through the ruby tinctur'd crystal shores,
The wilderness of waters and of land.
Then persecution rag'd in heav'n's own cause,
Strict justice for the breach of nature's law's,
The legislator held the scythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

But when the King of Righteousness arose,
And on the illumin'd east serenely smil'd,
He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
Bright as the sun, but as the moon-beams mild;
From anger, fell revenge and discord free,
He bade war's hellish clangor cease,
In pastoral simplicity and peace,
And show'd to man that face, which Moses could not see.

Well hast thou Webster pictur'd Christian love,
And copied our great Master's fair design,
But livid envy would the light remove,
Or crowd thy portrait in a nook malign—
The muse shall hold it up to popular view—
Where the more candid and judicious few
Shall think the bright original they see,
The likeness nobly lost in the identity.

Oh hadst thou liv'd in better days than these
E'er to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
And to deserve is all thy empty claim.
Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
Here, where thy dignify'd inferiors sit—
Oh they are in their generations wise,
Each path of interest they have sagely trod,—
To live—to thrive—to rise—and still to rise—
Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

Behold where poor unmansion'd merit stands,
All cold and cramp'd with penury and pain;
Speechless through want, she rears th' imploring hands,
And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
While bribery and dullness, passing by,
Bid her, in sounds barbarian, starve and die.
" Away (they cry) we never saw thy name
" Or in preferment's list, or that of fame;
" Away—not here the fate thou earn'st bewail,
" Who can'st not buy a vote, nor hast a soul for sale."

Oh indignation, wherefore wert thou given,
If drowsy patience deaden all thy rage?—
Yet we must bear—such is the will of Heaven:
And, Webster, so prescribes thy candid page.
Then let us hear thee preach seraphic love,
Guide our disgusted thoughts to things above;
So our free souls, fed with divine repast,
(Unmindful of low mortals mean employ)
Shall taste the present, recollect the past,
And strongly hope for every future joy.

ODE VIII.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Descend, descend, ye sweet Aonian maids,
Leave the Parnassian shades,
The joyful Hymeneal sing,
And to a lovelier fair
Than fiction can devise, or eloquence declare,
Your vocal tributes bring.

And you, ye winged choriſters, that fly
In all the penſile gardens of the ſky,
Chant through the enamell'd grove,
Stretch from the trembling leaves your little throats,
With all the wild variety of artleſs notes,
But let each note be love.
Fragrant Flora, queen of May,
All bedight with garlands gay,
Where in the ſmooth-ſhaven green
The ſpangled cowſlips variegate the ſcene,
And the rivulet between,
Whiſpers, murmurs, ſings,
As it ſtoops, or falls, or ſprings;
There ſpread a ſofa of thy ſofteſt flowers,
There let the bridegroom ſtay,
There let him hate the light and curſe the day,
And blame the tardy hours.

But ſee the bride ſhe comes with ſilent pace,
Full of majeſty and love;
Not with a nobler grace
Look'd the imperial wife of Jove,
When erſt ineffably ſhe thone
In Venus' irreſiſtible, enchanting zone.
Phœbus, great god of verſe, the nymph obſerve,
Obſerve her well;
Then touch each ſweetly trem'lous nerve
Of thy reſounding ſhell:
Her like huntreſs-Dian paint,
Modeſt, but without reſtraint;
From Pallas take her decent pace,
With Venus ſweeten all her face,
From the zephyrs ſteal her ſighs,
From thyſelf her ſun-bright eyes;
Then baffled thou ſhalt ſee,
That as did Daphne thee,
Her charms deſcription's force ſhall fly,
And by no ſoft perſuaſive ſounds be brib'd
To come within invention's narrow eye;
But all indignant ſhun its graſp, and ſcorn to be deſcrib'd.

Now ſee the bridegroom riſe,
Oh, how impatient are his joys!
Bring zephyrs to depaint his voice,
Bring lightning for his eyes.
He leaps, he ſprings, he flies into her arms,
With joy intenſe
Feeds ev'ry ſenſe,
And ſultanates o'er all her charms.
Oh! had I Virgil's comprehenſive ſtrain,
Or ſung like Pope, without a word in vain,
Then ſhould I hope my numbers might contain,
Engaging nymph, thy boundleſs happineſs,
How arduous to expreſs!
Such may it laſt to all eternity:
And may thy lord with thee,
Like two coëval pines in Ida's grove,
That interweave their verdant arms in love,
Each mutual office cheerfully perform,
And ſhare alike the ſunſhine and the ſtorm;
And ever, as you flourith hand in hand,
Both ſhade the ſhepherd and adorn the land,
Together with each growing year ariſe,
Indiſſolubly link'd, and climb at laſt the ſkies.

ODE IX.

The Author apologizes to a Lady, for his being a little Man.

" Natura nuſquam magis, quam in minimis tota eſt." PLIN.

Ολιγον τι φιλον τε. HOM.

Yes, contumelious fair, you ſcorn
The amorous dwarf that courts you to his arms,
But ere you leave him quite forlorn,
And to ſome youth gigantic yield your charms,
Hear him—oh hear him! if you will not try,
And let your judgment check th' ambition of your eye.
Say, is it carnage makes the man?
Is to be monſtrous really to be great?
Say, is it wiſe or juſt to ſcan
Your lover's worth by quantity, or weight?
Aſk your mamma and nurſe, if it be ſo;
Nurſe and mamma, I ween, ſhall jointly anſwer, no.
The leſs the body to the view,
The ſoul (like ſprings in cloſer durance pent)
Is all exertion, ever new,
Unceaſing, unextinguiſh'd, and unſpent;
Still pouring forth executive deſire,
As bright, as briſk, and laſting, as the veſtal fire.
Does thy young boſom pant for fame?
Would'ſt thou be of poſterity the toaſt?
The poets ſhall enſure thy name,
Who magnitude of mind not body boaſt.
Laurels on bulky hards as rarely grow,
As on the ſturdy oak the virtuous miſletoe.
Look in the glaſs, ſurvey that cheek—
Where Flora has with all her roſes bluſh'd;
The ſhape ſo tender—looks ſo meek—
The breaſts made to be preſs'd, not to be cruſh'd;
Then turn to me—turn with obliging eyes,
Nor longer nature's works, in miniature, deſpiſe.
Young Ammon did the world ſubdue,
Yet had not more external man than I;
Ah, charmer! ſhould I conquer you,
With him in fame, as well as ſize, I'll vie.
Then ſcornful nymph, come forth to yonder grove,
Where I defy and challenge, all thy utmoſt love.

ODE X.

On the 26th of January, being the Birth-Day of a Young Lady.

All hail, and welcome joyous morn,
Welcome to the infant year;
Whether ſmooth calms thy face adorn,
Or low'ring clouds appear;
Though billows laſh the ſounding ſhore,
And tempeſts through the foreſts roar,
Sweet Nancy's voice ſhall ſoothe the ſound;
Though darkneſs ſhould inveſt the ſkies;
New day ſhall beam from Nancy's eyes,
And bleſs all nature round.
Let but thoſe lips their ſweets diſcloſe,
And rich perfumes exhale,
We ſhall not want the fragrant roſe
Nor miſs the ſouthern gale.
Then looſely to the winds unfold
Thoſe radiant locks of burniſh'd gold,

Or on thy boſom let them rove;
His treaſure-houſe there Cupid keeps,
And hoards up, in two ſnowy heaps,
His ſtores of choiceſt love.

This day each warmeſt wiſh be paid
To thee the muſe's pride;
I long to ſee the blooming maid
Chang'd to the bluſhing bride.
So ſhall thy pleaſure and thy praiſe
Increaſe with the increaſing days,
And preſent joys exceed the paſt;
To give and to receive delight,
Shall be thy taſk both day and night,
While day and night ſhall laſt.

ODE XI.

ON TAKING A BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

In Alluſion to Horace. Book III. Ode 30.

" Exegi monumentum æra perennius, &c.

'Tis done:—I tow'r to that degree,
And catch ſuch heav'nly fire,
That Horace ne'er could rant like me,
Nor is (*a*) King's Chapel higher.
My name in ſure recording page
(*b*) Shall time itſelf o'erpow'r,
If no rude mice with envious rage
The buttery books devour.
A * title too with added grace
My name ſhall now attend,
(*c*) Till to the church with ſilent pace
A nymph and prieſt aſcend.
Ev'n in the ſchools I now rejoice,
Where late I ſhook with fear,
Nor heed the (*d*) moderator's voice
Loud thund'ring in my ear.
Then with (*e*) Æolian flute I blow
A ſoft Italian lay,
Or where (*f*) Cam's ſcanty waters flow,
Releas'd from lectures, ſtray.
Meanwhile, friend † Banks, my merits claim
Their juſt reward from you,
For Horace bids us (*g*) challenge fame,
When once that fame's our due.
Inveſt me with a graduate's gown,
'Midſt ſhouts of all beholders,
(*h*) My head with ample ſquare cap crown,
And deck with hood my ſhoulders.

Cambridge. B. A.

(*a*) Regali ſitu pyramidum altius.—
(*b*) Quod non innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, &c.
(*c*) ——Dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.
(*d*) —— Quâ violens
Obſtrepit Auſidus.——
(*e*) —— Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxiſſe modos.
(*f*) —— Qua pauper aquæ Daunus, &c.
(*g*) —— Sume ſuperbiam
Quæſitam meritis.——
(*h*) —— Mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens——comam.

* *Bachelor.*
† *A celebrated taylor.*

ODE XII.

A MORNING PIECE;

OR, AN HYMN FOR THE HAY-MAKERS.

" Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
" Aurorum clarâ conſuetum voce vocare."

LUCRET.

Brisk Chaunticleer his mattins had begun,
And broke the ſilence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy ſun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light; [run.
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
Strong labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And ſtoutly ſtrode over the dale;
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the ſouth;
On his back hung his wallet and flail,
Behind him came health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never phyſician had liſted the latch.
Firſt of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he ſung reclining on his rake.
Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon mapple tree;
Firſt the veſtal virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her in roſy pride,
Sweet ſociety the bride;
Laſt honeſty, full ſeemly dreſt
In her cleanly home-ſpun veſt.
The abbey bells in wak'ning rounds
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious gratitude reſounds
Her morning hymn to Heav'n.
All nature wakes---the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the ſhepherd's ruſtic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol ariſe---and all is day---
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the ſun ſhines our hay-cocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And ſo fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake;
Our voices let's raiſe
In Phœbus's praiſe,
Inſpir'd by ſo glorious a theme,
Our muſical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the ſtream.

ODE XIII.

A NOON-PIECE;

OR, THE MOWERS AT DINNER.

" Jam paſtor umbras cum grege languido,
" Rivumque feſſus quærit, et horridi
" Dumeta Sylvani, caretque
" Ripa vagis taciturna ventis." HOR.

The ſun is now radiant to behold,
And vehement he ſheds his liquid rays of gold;
No cloud appears through all the wide expanſe;
And ſhort, but yet diſtinct and clear,

To the wanton whiftling air
The mimic ſhadows dance.
Fat mirth and gallantry the gay,
And romping ecſtaſy 'gin play.
Now myriads of young Cupids riſe,
And open all their joy-bright eyes,
Filling with infant prate the grove,
And liſp in ſweetly fault'ring love.
In the middle of the ring,
Mad with May, and wild of wing,
Fire-ey'd wantonneſs ſhall ſing.
By the rivulet on the ruſhes,
Beneath a canopy of buſhes,
Where the ever-faithful Tray
Guards the dumplins and the whey,
Colin Clout and Yorkſhire Will,
From the leathern bottle ſwill.
Their ſcythes upon the adverſe bank
Glitter 'mongſt th' entangled trees,
Where the hazles form a rank,
And curtſy to the courting breeze.
Ah Harriot! ſovereign miſtreſs of my heart,
Could I thee to theſe meads decoy,
New grace to each fair object ſhould impart,
And heighten ev'ry ſcene to perfect joy.
On a bank of fragrant thyme,
Beneath yon ſtately ſhadowy pine,
We'll with the well-diſguiſed hook
Cheat the tenants of the brook;
Or where my Daphne's thickeſt ſhade
Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
There read Sydney's high-wrought ſtories
Of ladies charms and heroes glories;
Thence ſir'd, the ſweet narration act,
And kiſs the fiction into fact.
Or ſatiate with nature's random ſcenes,
Let's to the garden's regulated greens,
Where taſte and elegance command
Art to lend her dædal hand,
Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
To diſcipline are reconcil'd,
And laws and order cultivate,
Quite civiliz'd into a ſtate.
From the ſun and from the ſhow'r,
Haſte we to yon boxen bow'r,
Secluded from the teazing pry
Of Argus' curioſity:
There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
The gay meridian is ſeen.
Ere decays the lamp of light,
And length'ning ſhades ſtretch out to night—
Seize, ſeize the hint—each hour improve
(This is morality in love)
Lend, lend thine hand—O let me view
Thy parting breaſts, ſweet avenue!
Then—then thy lips, the coral cell
Where all th' ambroſial kiſſes dwell!
Thus we'll each ſultry noon employ
In day-dreams of ecſtatic joy.

ODE XIV.

A NIGHT-PIECE;

OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nœniâ." HOR.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her ſilver car,
Soft ſtealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring ſtar,
And up th' aſcent of heav'n her brilliant heſt had led,
Night, with all her negro train,
Took poſſeſſion of the plain;
In an herſe ſhe rode reclin'd,
Drawn by ſcreech-owls ſlow and blind;
Cloſe to her, with printleſs feet,
Crept Stillneſs in a winding-ſheet.
Next to her deaf Silence was ſeen,
Treading on tiptoes over the green;
Softly, lightly, gently, ſhe trips,
Still holding her fingers ſeal'd to her lips.
You could not ſee a ſight,
You could not hear a ſound,
But what confeſs'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.
Beneath a myrtle's melancholy ſhade,
Sophron the wiſe was laid:
And to the anſw'ring wood theſe ſounds convey'd.
While others toil within the town,
And to fortune ſmile or frown,
Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
And married to that woman, Noiſe;
Sacred wiſdom be my care,
And faireſt virtue, wiſdom's heir.
His ſpeculations thus the ſage begun,
When, lo! the neighbouring bell
In ſolemn ſound ſtruck one:—
He ſtarts, and recollects, he was engag'd to Nell.
Then up he ſprang, nimble and light,
And rapp'd at fair Ele'nor's door,
He laid aſide virtue that night,
And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

ODE XV.

ON MISS ****.

Long, with undiſtinguiſh'd flame,
I lov'd each fair, each witty dame.
My heart the belle-aſſembly gain'd,
And all an equal ſway maintain'd.

But when you came, you ſtood confeſs'd
Sole ſultana of my breaſt;
For you eclips'd, ſupremely fair,
All the whole ſeraglio there.

In this her mien, in that her grace,
In a third I lov'd a face;
But you in ev'ry feature ſhine
Univerſally divine.

What can thoſe tumid paps excel?
Do they ſink, or do they ſwell?
While thoſe lovely wanton eyes
Sparkling meet them as they riſe.

Thus is ſilver Cynthia ſeen,
Gliſtening o'er the glaſſy green,
While attracted ſwell the waves,
Emerging from their immoſt caves.

When to ſweet ſounds your ſteps you ſuit,
And weave the minuet to the lute,
Heav'ns! how you glide!—her neck—her cheſt—
Does ſhe move, or does ſhe reſt?

As thoſe roguiſh eyes advance,
Let me catch their ſide-long glance

Soon---or they'll elude my ſight,
Quick as light'ning, and as bright.

Thus the baſhful pleiad cheats
The gazer's eye, and ſtill retreats;
Then peeps again—then ſkulks unſeen,
Veil'd behind the azure ſcreen.

Like the evening-toying dove,
Smile immenſity of love;
Be Venus in each outward part,
And wear the veſtal in your heart.

When I aſk a kiſs, or ſo—
Grant it with a begging no,
And let each roſe that decks your face
Bluſh aſſent to my embrace.

ODE XVI.

On the 5th of December, being the Birth-Day of a Beautiful Young Lady.

Hail, eldeſt of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whoſe iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year.
Huſh all the bluſt'ring blaſts that blow,
And, proudly plum'd in ſilver ſnow,
Smile gladly on this bleſt of days.
The livery'd clouds ſhall on thee wait,
And Phœbus ſhine in all his ſtate
With more than ſummer rays.

Though jocund June may juſtly boaſt
Long days and happy hours,
Though Auguſt be Pamona's hoſt,
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell June, his fire and crimſon dyes,
By Harriot's bluſh and Harriot's eyes,
Eclips'd and vanquiſh'd, fade away:
Tell Auguſt, thou canſt let him ſee
A richer, riper fruit than he,
A ſweeter flow'r than May.

ODE FOR MUSIC,

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

" Hanc Vos, Pierides feſtis cantate calendis,
" Et teſtudincâ, Phœbe ſuperbe, lyrâ
" Hoc ſolenne ſacrum multos celebretur in annos,
" Dignior eſt veſtro nulla puella choro."

Tibullus.

PREFACE.

The author of the following piece has been told, that the writing an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, after Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, would be great preſumption; which is the reaſon he detains the reader in this place to make an apology, much againſt his will; he having all due contempt for the impertinence of prefaces. In the firſt place, then, it will be a little hard (he thinks) if he ſhould be particularly marked out for cenſure, many others having written on the ſame ſubject without any ſuch imputations; but they (it may be) did not live long enough to be laughed at; or, by ſome lucky means or other, eſcaped thoſe ſhrewd remarks, which, it ſeems, are referred for him. In the ſecond place, this ſubject was not his choice, but impoſed upon him by a gentleman very eminent in the ſcience of muſic, for whom he has a great friendſhip; and who is, by his good ſenſe and humanity, as much elevated above the generality of mankind, as by his exquiſite art he is above moſt of his profeſſion. The requeſt of a friend, undoubtedly, will be ſneered at by ſome as a ſtale and antiquated apology: it is a very good one notwithſtanding, which is manifeſt even from its triteneſs; for it can never be imagined, that ſo many excellent authors, as well as bad ones, would have made uſe of it, had they not been convinced of its cogency. As for the writer of this piece, he will rejoice in being derided, not only for obliging his friends, but any honeſt man whatſoever, ſo far as may be in the power of a perſon of his mean abilities. He does not pretend to equal the very worſt parts of the two celebrated performers already extant on the ſubject; which acknowledgment alone will, with the good-natured and judicious, acquit him of preſumption; becauſe theſe pieces, however excellent upon the whole, are not without their blemiſhes. There is in them both an exact unity of deſign, which though in compoſitions of another nature a beauty, is an impropriety in the Pindaric; which ſhould conſiſt in the vehemence of ſudden and unlooked-for tranſitions: hence chiefly it derives that enthuſiaſtic fire and wildneſs, which greatly diſtinguiſh it from other ſpecies of poeſy. In the firſt ſtanza of * Dryden, and in the fifth of † Pope, there is an air, which is ſo far from being adapted to the majeſty of an ode, that it would make no conſiderable figure in a ballad. And, laſtly, they both conclude with a turn which has ſomething too epigrammatical in it. Bating theſe trifles, they are incomparably beautiful and great; neither is there to be found two moral finiſhed pieces of lyric poetry in our language, L'Allegro, and Il Penſeroſo of Milton excepted, which are the fineſt in any. Dryden's is the more ſublime and magnificent; but Pope's is the more elegant and correct; Dryden has the fire and ſpirit of Pindar, and Pope has the terſeneſs and purity of Horace. Dryden's is certainly the more elevated performance of the two, but by no means ſo much ſo as people in general will have it. There are few that will allow any ſort of compariſon to be made between them. This is in ſome meaſure owing to that prevailing, but abſurd cuſtom which has obtained from ‡ Horace's

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* Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

† Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

‡ *It ſeems to have been otherwiſe in Homer's time.*

Τὴν γὰρ ἀοιδὴν μᾶλλον ἐπικλείουσ' ἄνθρωποι
Ἥτις ἀκουόντεσσι νεωτάτη ἀμφιπίληται. *Hom. Odyſſ.* [illegible]

time even to this day, viz. of preferring authors to the bays by ſeniority. Had Mr. Pope written firſt, the mob, that judge by this rule, would have given him the preference; and the rather, becauſe in this piece he does not deſerve it.

It would not be right to conclude, without taking notice of a fine ſubject for an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, which was ſuggeſted to the author by his friend the learned and ingenious Mr. Comber, late of Jeſus' College in this univerſity; that is, David's playing to King Saul when he was troubled with the evil ſpirit. He was much pleaſed with the hint at firſt, but at length was deterred from improving it by the greatneſs of the ſubject; and, he thinks, not without reaſon. The chooſing too high ſubjects has been the ruin of many a tolerable genius. There is a good rule which Freſnoy preſcribes to the painters; which is likewiſe applicable to the poets,

Supremam in tabulis lucem capture diei
Infanus labor artificum; cum attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant: auream ſed Veſpere lucem:
Seu modicum mane albentem; ſive ætheris actam
Poſt hyemen nimbis tranſlufo ſole caducam; [tem.
Seu nebulis ſultam accipient, tonitruque ruben-

ARGUMENT.

Stanza 1, 2. Invocation of men and angels to join in the praiſe of St. Cecilia. The divine origin of muſic. Stanza 3. Art of muſic, or its miraculous power over the brute and inanimate creation, exemplified in Waller; and ſtanza 4, 5. in Arion. Stanza 6. The nature of muſic, or its power over the paſſions. Inſtances of this in its exciting pity. Stanza 7. In promoting courage and military virtue. Stanza 8. Excellency of church-muſic. Air to the memory of Mr. Purcell.—Praiſe of the organ and its inventreſs St. Cecilia.

FROM your lyre-enchanted tow'rs,
Ye muſically myſtic pow'rs,
Ye, that inform the tuneful ſpheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether ſwims,
Accordant to th' inſpiring hymns;
Hither Paradiſe remove,
Spirits of harmony and love!
Thou too, divine Urania, deign t' appear,
And with thy ſweetly-ſolemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers ſuit;
Such as ſublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd ſouls above.
Diſdainful of fantaſtic play,
Mix on your ambroſial tongue
Weight of ſenſe with ſound of ſong,
And be angelically gay.
CHORUS.
Diſdainful, &c. &c.

And Pindar would have it otherwiſe in his.

——— αινει γε Ηελλανιον
Μιν αιγον, ανθεα δ' ιμεναν
Νικαταιοις——— *Olymp. 9.*

And you, ye ſons of harmony below,
How little leſs than angels when ye ſing!
With emulation's kindling warmth ſhall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety ſhall bring.
Shall echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note the ſhepherd gave,
And ſhall not we our miſtreſs praiſe,
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther ſtill our praiſes we purſue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confeſs'd ſhe had ſuperior aid——
She did——and other rites to greater pow'rs are due.
Higher ſwell the ſound, and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the heav'n of heav'ns aſpire,
Solemn, ſacred, and ſublime:
From heav'n muſic took its riſe,
Return it to its native ſkies.
CHORUS.
Higher ſwell the ſound, &c. &c.

Muſic's a celeſtial art;
Ceaſe to wonder at its pow'r,
Though lifeleſs rocks to motion ſtart,
Though trees dance lightly from the bow'r,
Though rolling floods in ſweet ſuſpenſe
Are held, and liſten into ſenſe.
In Penhurſt's plains when Waller, ſick with love,
Has found ſome ſolitary grove,
Where the vague moon-beams pour a ſilver flood
Of trem'lous light athwart th' unſhaven wood,
Within an hoary moſs-grown cell,
He lays his careleſs limbs without reſerve,
And ſtrikes, impetuous ſtrikes each quer'lous nerve
Of his reſounding ſhell.
In all the woods, in all the plains
Around, a lively ſtillneſs reigns;
The deer approach the ſecret ſcene,
And weave their way through labyrinths green;
While Philomela learns the lay,
And anſwers from the neighbouring bay.
But Medway, melancholy mute,
Gently on his urn reclines,
And all-attentive to the lute,
In uncomplaining anguiſh pines:
The cryſtal waters weep away,
And bear the tidings to the ſea:
Neptune in the boiſterous ſeas
Spreads the placid bed of peace,
While each blaſt,
Or breathes its laſt,
Or juſt does ſigh a ſymphony, and ceaſe.
CHORUS.
Neptune, &c. &c.

Behold Arion——on the ſtern he ſtands,
Pall'd in theatrical attire,
To the mute ſtrings he moves th' enliv'ning hands,
Great in diſtreſs, and wakes the golden lyre:
While in a tender Orthian ſtrain
He thus accoſts the miſtreſs of the main:
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,
Through which your waves attracted riſe,

And actuate the hoary deep;
By the ſecret coral cell,
Where love, and joy, and Neptune dwell,
And peaceful floods in ſilence ſleep:
By the ſea-flowers that immerge
Their heads around the grotto's verge,
Depending from the ſtooping ſtem;
By each roof ſuſpended drop,
That lightly lingers on the top,
And heſitates into a gem;
By thy kindred wat'ry gods,
The lakes, the riv'lets, founts and floods,
And all the pow'rs that live unſeen
Underneath the liquid green;
Great Amphitrite (for thou canſt bind
The ſtorm and regulate the wind)
Hence waft me, fair goddeſs, oh waft me away,
Secure from the men and the monſters of prey!

CHORUS.

Great Amphitrite, &c. &c.

He ſung—The winds are charm'd to ſleep,
Soft ſtillneſs ſteals along the deep,
The tritons and the nereids ſigh
In ſoul-reflecting ſympathy,
And all the audience of waters weep.
But Amphitrite her dolphin ſends—* the ſame,
Which erſt to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd dame—
Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monſter flies,
And on his ſcales as the gilt ſun-beams play,
Ten thouſand variegated dyes
In copious ſtreams of luſtre riſe,
Riſe o'er the level main and ſignify his way—
And now the joyous bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wiſh'd-for ſhore.
Come, ye feſtive, ſocial throng,
Who ſweep the lyre, or pour the ſong,
Your nobleſt melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of joy,
Bring the ſky-aſpiring thought,
With bright expreſſion richly wrought,
And hail the muſe aſcending on her throne,
The main at length ſubdued, and all the world her own.

CHORUS.

Come, ye feſtive, &c. &c.

But o'er th' affections too ſhe claims the ſway,
Pierces the human heart, and ſteals the ſoul away;
And, as attractive ſounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile paſſions ebb and flow,
Has any nymph her faithful lover loſt,
And in the viſions of the night,
And all the day dreams of the light,
In ſorrow's tempeſt turbulently toſt—
From her cheeks the roſes die,
The radiations vaniſh from her ſun-bright eye,
And her breaſt the throne of love,
Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
To ſend th' ambroſial ſigh.

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* *Fabulantur Græci hanc perpetuam Deis virginitatem voviſſe: ſed cum a Neptuno ſollicitaretur ad Atlantem confugiſſe, ubi a Delphini perſuaſa Neptuno aſſenſit. Lillus Gyraldus.*

But let the ſkilful bard appear,
And pour the ſounds medicinal in her ear;
Sing ſome ſad, ſome plaintive ditty,
Steept in tears that endleſs flow,
Melancholy notes of pity,
Notes that mean a world of woe?
She too ſhall ſympathize, ſhe too ſhall moan,
And pitying others ſorrows ſigh away her own.

CHORUS.

Sing ſome ſad, ſome, &c. &c.

Wake, wake, the kettle-drum prolong
The ſwelling trumpet's ſilver ſong,
And let the kindred accents paſs
Through the horn's meandring braſs.
Ariſe—The patriot muſe invites to war,
And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
While harmony, terrific maid!
Appears in martial pomp array'd:
The ſword, the target, and the lance
She weilds, and as ſhe moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.
Trembles the earth, reſound the ſkies—
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp ſhe flies
With thunder in her voice and lightning in her eyes.
The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguiſhable rage,
And hearts unchill'd with fear;
Fame numbers all the choſen bands
Full in the front fair victʼry ſtands,
And triumph crowns the rear.

CHORUS.

The gallant warriors, &c. &c.

But hark, the temple's hollow'd roof reſounds,
And Purcell lives along the ſolemn ſounds—
Melliſluous, yet manly too,
He pours his ſtrains along,
As from the lion Samſon flew,
Comes ſweetneſs from the ſtrong.
Not like the ſoft Italian ſwains,
He trills the weak enervate ſtrains,
Where ſenſe and muſic are at ſtrife;
His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
With fire, with force explain the theme,
And ſings the ſubject into life.
Attend—he ſings Cæcilia—matchleſs dame!
'Tis ſhe—'tis ſhe—fond to extend her fame.

On the loud chords the notes conſpire to ſtay,
And ſweetly ſwell into a long delay,
And dwell delighted on her name.
Blow on, ye ſacred organs, blow,
In tones magnificently flow;
Such is the muſic, ſuch the lays,
Which ſuit your fair inventreſs' praiſe:
While round religious ſilence reigns.
And loitering winds expect the ſtrains.
Hail majeſtic mournful meaſure,
Source of many a penſive pleaſure!
Bleſt pledge of love to mortals giv'n,
As pattern of the reſt of heav'n!
And thou chief honour of the veil,
Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!
When death ſhall blot out every name,
And time ſhall break the trump of fame,

Angels may liſten to thy lute:
Thy pow'r ſhall laſt thy bays ſhall bloom,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and worlds conſume,
And all the tuneful ſpheres be mute.
GRAND CHORUS.
When death ſhall blot out every name, &c.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

On Recovery from a Dangerous Fit of Illneſs.

TO DOCTOR JAMES.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING made an humble offering to him, without whoſe bleſſing your ſkill, admirable as it is, would have been to no purpoſe, I think myſelf bound by all the ties of gratitude, to render my next acknowledgments to you, who, under God, reſtored me to health from as violent and dangerous a diſorder, as perhaps ever man ſurvived. And my thanks become more particularly your juſt tribute, ſince this was the third time, that your judgment and medicines reſcued me from the grave, permit me to ſay, in a manner almoſt miraculous.

If it be meritorous to have inveſtigated medicines for the cure of diſtempers, either overlooked or diſregarded by all your predeceſſors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man, who wrote the Medicinal Dictionary, and invented the Fever Powder.

Let ſuch conſiderations as theſe, arm you with conſtancy againſt the impotent attacks of thoſe whoſe intereſts interfere with that of mankind: and let it not diſpleaſe you to have thoſe for your particular enemies, who are foes to the public in general.

It is no wonder, indeed, that ſome of the retailers of medicines ſhould zealouſly oppoſe whatever might endanger their trade; but it is amazing that there ſhould be any phyſicians mercenary and mean enough to pay their court to, and ingratiate themſelves with, ſuch perſons, by the ſtrongeſt efforts to prejudice the inventor of the Fever Powder, at the expence of honour, dignity, and conſcience. Believe me, however, and let this be a part of your conſolation, that there are very few phyſicians in Britain, who were born gentlemen, and whoſe fortunes place them above ſuch ſordid dependencies, who do not think and ſpeak of you as I do.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obliged,
And moſt humble ſervant,
C. SMART.

WHEN * Iſrael's ruler on the royal bed
In anguiſh and in perturbation lay,
The down relieved not his anointed head,
And reſt gave place to horror and diſmay.
Faſt flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gaſping ſigh. [thou muſt die.
When God's own prophet thunder'd—Monarch,

And muſt I go, th' illuſtrious mourner cry'd,
I who have ſerv'd thee ſtill in faith and truth,
Whoſe ſnow-white conſcience no foul crime has dy'd
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like David, who have ſtill rever'd thy word
The ſovereign of myſelf and ſervant of the Lord.

The Judge Almighty heard his ſuppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his ſentence, and his health reſtor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples ſhone,
Shot from that heaven to which his ſighs had ſoar'd;
The * ſun retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals! What had I to plead
When death ſtood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,
When reaſon left me in the time of need,
And ſenſe was left in terror or in trance,
My ſinking ſoul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celeſtial image ſunk, defac'd, and maim'd.

I ſent back memory in heedful guiſe,
To ſearch the records of preceding years;
Home, like the † raven to the ark, ſhe flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
O ſun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly ſhade!

But who are they that bid affliction ceaſe!—
Redemption and forgiveneſs, heavenly ſounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence ſuppreſt—
She ‡ ſtruggles with the angel, conquers, and is bleſt.

Yet hold, preſumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too bold, O horrible deſpair!
In man humility's alone ſublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's Chriſt's own care—
O all-ſufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who ſhall ſlight, or who can doubt thy power?

But ſoul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reaſon takes her ſeat again—
Briſk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praiſe, to bleſs, to wonder and adore.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantic ſight;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, and light;
I come, ye fearleſs ſweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been ſhed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

All glory to th' Eternal, to the Immenſe,
All glory to th' Omniſcient and Good,
Whoſe power's uncircumſcrib'd, whoſe love's intenſe;
But yet whoſe juſtice ne'er could be withſtood.

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[a] *Hezekiah* vi. *Iſaiah* xxxviii.

* *Iſaiah*, chap. xxxvii. † *Gen.* viii. 7.
‡ *Gen.* xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Except through him—through him, who ſtands alone,
Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind t' atone!

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palſied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd ſoul,
And to the blind gave or reſtor'd the day,—
Nay more,—far more unequall'd pangs ſuſtain'd,
Till his loſt fallen flock his taintleſs blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd, ſhook, fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He, pitying, did a ſecond birth beſtow
A birth of joy—not like the firſt of tears and woe.

Ye ſtrengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-ſtrung nerves, th' enraptur'd lyre;
Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my ſoul, with pure ſeraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates break,
But to his endleſs glory work, conceive, and ſpeak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou canſt new joys e'en to the bleſt impart;
The liſt'ning angels lay their harps aſide
To hear the muſic of thy contrite heart;
And heav'n itſelf wears a more radiant face,
When charity preſents thee to the throne of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me, 'mongſt gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er Flora's flock imperial is the roſe:
Above all birds the ſov'reign eagle ſoars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great leviathan compare,
Who takes his paſtime in the mighty main?
What, like the ſun, ſhines through the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies th' ethereal plain---
Yet what are theſe to man, who bears the ſway;
For all was made for him——to ſerve and to obey.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion, hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the ſeraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, cloſe by th' Almighty's throne,
In him ſhe ſhines conteſt, who came to make her known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the paſt, the future may atone;
That I may act what thou haſt giv'n to know,
That I may live for thee and thee alone,
And juſtify thoſe ſweeteſt words from heav'n,
"That he ſhall love thee moſt † to whom thou'ſt "moſt forgiven.

* *Pind. Olym.*

† *Luke* vii. 47. 43.

ON THE

ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

A CLAUSE OF MR. SEATON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8. 1738 *.

I GIVE my Kiſſingbury eſtate to the Univerſity of Cambridge for ever: the rents of which ſhall be diſpoſed of yearly by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as he the vice-chancellor, the maſter of Clare-Hall, and the Greek profeſſor for the time being, or any two of them, ſhall agree. Which three perſons aforeſaid ſhall give out a ſubject, which ſubject ſhall for the firſt year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and ſo the ſucceeding years, till the ſubject is exhauſted; and afterwards the ſubject ſhall be either death, judgment, heaven, hell, purity of heart, &c. or whatever elſe may be judged by the vice-chancellor, maſter of Clare-Hall, and Greek profeſſor, to be moſt conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of virtue. And they ſhall yearly diſpoſe of the rent of the above eſtate to that maſter of arts, whoſe poem on the ſubject given ſhall be beſt approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in Engliſh, and to be printed; the expence of which ſhall be deducted out of the product of the eſtate, and the reſidue given as a reward for the compoſer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verſes.

We the underwritten, do aſſign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M. A. for his poem on *The Eternity of the Supreme Being*, and directed the ſaid poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

EDM. KEENE, Vice-chancellor.
J. WILCOX, Maſter of Clare-hall.
March 25. 1750.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in pow'r ſupreme
Exiſts from everlaſting, whoſe great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom,
The air, the earth, or azure main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote---
Incomprehenſible!---O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (though wild of wing they rove
Through the vaſt concave of th' ethereal round)
If to the heav'n of heavens they'd win their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're loſt,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.
May then the youthful, uninſpired bard
Preſume to hymn th' Eternal; may he ſoar

* *This clauſe of Mr. Seaton's Will is inſerted at the beginning of each of the five following Poems, in the edition of Smart's Works, but is afterwards omitted in this collection, to avoid repetition.*

Where ſeraph, and where cherubim on high
Reſound th' unceaſing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
He may, if thou, who from the witleſs babe
Ordaineſt honour, glory, ſtrength, and praiſe,
Uplift the unpinion'd muſe, and deign t' aſſiſt,
Great Poet of the univerſe, his ſong.
Before this earthly planet wound her courſe
Round light's perennial fountain, before light
Herſelf 'gan ſhine, and at th' inſpiring word
Shot to exiſtence in a blaze of day,
Before "the morning ſtars together ſang"
And hail'd thee architect of countleſs worlds,
Thou art---all-glorious, all beneficent,
All wiſdom and omnipotence thou art.
But is the era of creation fix'd
At when theſe worlds began? Could ought retard
Goodneſs, that knows no bounds, from bleſſing ever,
Or keep th' immenſe Artificer in ſloth?
Avaunt the duſt-directed crawling thought,
That Puiſſance immeaſurably vaſt,
And Bounty inconceivable could reſt
Content, exhauſted with one week of action---
No---in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thouſand times more active than the ſun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Syſtems innumerable, matchleſs all,
All ſtamp'd with thine uncounterfeited ſeal.
But yet (if ſtill to more ſtupendous heights
The muſe unblam'd her aching ſenſe may ſtrain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The beſt of beings on the nobleſt theme
Might ruminate at leiſure, ſcope immenſe
Th' eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itſelf th' omniſcient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundleſs All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidſt a choicer few,
Of ſp'rits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the univerſe,
Creation and redemption---and a while
Pauſe---with the grand preſentments of glory.
Perhaps---but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and ſelf-plum'd vanity---
O thou, whoſe ways to wonder at's diſtruſt,
Whom to deſcribe's preſumption (all we can,---
And all we may---) be glorified, be prais'd.
A day ſhall come when all this earth ſhall periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it ſhall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war againſt themſelves, and mutual rage
To make perdition triumph; it ſhall come,
When the capacious atmoſphere above
Shall in ſulphureous thunders groan and die,
And vaniſh into void; the earth beneath
Shall ſever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the deſtructive flames.---
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immenſe Atlantic roar,
In vain ye ſwell; will a few drops ſuffice
To quench the unextinguiſhable fire?
Ye mountains, on whoſe cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are leſſen'd into ſhrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heav'ns
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where:
Where Tenerif's thy ſtateclineſs to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to theſe:---No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden ſun.
Nor ſhall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek ſubmiſſion; they the debt
Of nature and of juſtice too muſt pay.
Yet I muſt weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andaluſia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion, O my country; thou muſt join,
In vain diſſever'd from the reſt, muſt join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illuſtrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye ſtars,
Though million leagues and million ſtill remote,
Shall yet ſurvive that day: Ye muſt ſubmit
Sharers, not bright ſpectators of the ſcene.
But though the earth ſhall to the centre periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; though the air
With all the elements muſt paſs away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; though the huge rocks,
That brandiſh the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales muſt to perdition yield;
Thou the gilt ſun, and ſilver-treſſed moon
With all her bright retinue, muſt be loſt;
Yet thou, great Father of the world, ſurviv'ſt
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet ſtill ſurvives
The ſoul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming ſword's intolerable blaze
I ſee; he comes! th' archangel from above.
" Ariſe ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and ariſe;
" From eaſt to weſt, from the antarctic pole
" To regions hyperborean, all ye ſons,
" Ye ſons of Adam, and ye heirs of heav'n---
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and ariſe."
'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the reſtleſs mind
Shall find itſelf at home; and like the ark
Fix'd on the mountain-top, ſhall look aloft
O'er the vague paſſage of precarious life;
And winds, and waves, and rocks, and tempeſts paſt,
Enjoy the everlaſting calm of heav'n:
'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the deathleſs ſoul
Shall juſtly know its nature and its riſe:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd ſhall give
Praiſes more worthy the eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;---and, therefore, thou,
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge thou my heart with hyſſop, leſt like Cain
I offer fruitleſs ſacrifice, with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the ador'd.
Though gratitude were bleſs'd with all the pow'rs
Her burſting heart could long for, though the ſwift,
The fiery-wing'd imagination ſoar'd
Beyond ambition's wiſh---yet all were vain
To ſpeak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet ſtill let reaſon through the eye of faith
View him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,
And adoration on her bended knee
With heav'n-directed hands confeſs his reign.

And let th' angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of heav'n, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—" For thou art holy,
" For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
" Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."

ON THE

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

A POETICAL ESSAY.

Once more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The poet of my God—Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your mattins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Preferr'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense, the orphan's might exclude.
What though th' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure heav'n's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where east nor west,
Nor south, nor blust'ring north has breath to blow;
Albeit he there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest:
Yet know that nor in presence or in pow'r
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun;
Or where the comet through space infinite
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.
Or where in heav'n above the heav'n of heav'ns
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.
Or whether on the ocean's boist'rous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief,
His only help—When thou rebuk'st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy fervant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' implanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flow'rs gay, [bottom
And shrubs, with amber, from the pearl-pav'd
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence through the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani, or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
For weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-entrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaping hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thund'ring down
In desperate cascade, with flow'rs and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there.
Hence with th' ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence he stands.
So simple! and so great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, and God himself is there
Ev'n in the bush (though not as when to Moses)
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling echo holds her peace.
Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon tow'rs,
The work of lab'ring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot that assert'st there is no God,

View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio yield
The bee his manſion, or the ant her cave—
To call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To bluſh with juſt vermillion—hence away—
Hence ye profane! for God himſelf is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace
Through all his works th' Artificer divine—
And though nor ſhining ſun, nor twinkling ſtar,
Bedeck'd the crimſon curtains of the ſky;
Though neither vegetable, beaſt, nor bird,
Were extant on the ſurface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great ſea
Slept in profound ſtagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himſelf, might find
The Deity immenſe, and in that frame
So fearfully, ſo wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and pow'r—
I ſee, and I adore—O God moſt bounteous!
O Infinite of Goodneſs and of Glory!
The knee that thou haſt ſhap'd, ſhall bend to thee,
The tongue which thou haſt tun'd, ſhall chaunt thy praiſe,
And thy own image, the immortal ſoul,
Shall conſecrate herſelf to thee for ever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

Addreſſed to the Moſt Reverend his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Arise, divine Urania, with new ſtrains
To hymn thy God, and thou, immortal fame,
Ariſe, and blow thy everlaſting trump.
All glory to th' Omniſcient, and praiſe,
And pow'r, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whoſe voice
To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, when he, and he alone,
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyſelf
A living ſacrifice before his throne:
And may th' eternal, high myſterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heav'ns
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with ſome branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bleſs my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
A ſenſeleſs embryo, then my ſoul thou knew'ſt,
Knew'ſt all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible aſcent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I roſe,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Inſenſibly to-day, thou didſt vouchſafe,
And teach me by that reaſon thou inſpir'dſt,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumſcrib'd, unſearchably profound,
And eſtimable ſolely by itſelf.
What is that ſecret pow'r, that guides the brutes,
Which ignorance calls inſtinct? 'Tis from thee,
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate inſtantaneous; 'tis thy wiſdom,
That glorious ſhines tranſparent through thy works.
Who taught the pie, or who forewarn'd the jay
To ſhun the deadly nightſhade? though the cherry
Boaſts not a gloſſier hue, nor does the plumb
Lure with more ſeeming ſweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the ſagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taſte is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reas'ner, philoſophic man,
Haſt thou ſuch prudence, thou ſuch knowledge?
—No.
Full many a race has fall'n into the ſhare
Of meretricious looks, of pleaſing ſurface,
And oft in deſert iſles the famiſh'd pilgrim
By forms of fruit, and luſcious taſte beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wiſdom on the leaden feet
Of ſlow experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.
The venerable ſage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t' inveſtigate the pow'rs
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the foſſil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er ſhall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the laſt
He ſpies a miſt, then ſhapes it into mountains,
And baſeleſs fabric from conjecture builds.
While the domeſtic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threſhold, if oppreſs'd
By ſudden ſickneſs, at his maſter's feet
Begs not that aid his ſervices might claim,
But is his own phyſician, knows the caſe,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark from afar the * feather'd matron ſcreams,
And all her brood alarms, the docile crew
Accept the ſignal one and all, expert
In th' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit;
Along the ſod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionleſs they lie; full well appriz'd
That the rapacious adverſary's near.
But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger,
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her deſtruction?
Her own prophetic ſoul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in ſome poplar ſhade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her paſſage through the pathleſs void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her ſcience is the ſcience of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the north
E'er aſcertains her courſe, nor buoy, nor beacon;
She, heav'n-taught voyager, that ſails in air,

* *The Hen Turkey.*

Courts nor coy weſt nor eeſt, but inſtant knows
What * Newton, or not ſought, or ſought in vain.
Illuſtrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vaſt genius, and the ſoaring ſoul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He meaſur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the higheſt heav'ns
He comprehended with a ſpan, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden ſcales:
Who ſhone ſupreme; who was himſelf the light,
Ere yet refraction learn'd her ſkill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.
When knowledge at her father's dread command
Reſign'd to Iſrael's king her golden key,
Oh to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon deſcanting on the brutes!
Oh how ſublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wiſdom he alone of men poſſeſs'd
In plenitude ſo rich, and ſcope ſo rare!
How did he rouſe the pamper'd ſilken ſons
Of bloated eaſe, by placing to their view
The ſage induſtrious ant, the wiſeſt inſect,
And beſt economiſt of all the field!
Though ſhe preſumes not by the ſolar orb
To meaſure times and ſeaſons, nor conſults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conſcious that December's on the march
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undiſmay'd
Receives him as a welcome gueſt, prepar'd
Againſt the churliſh winter's fierceſt blow.
For when, as yet the favourable ſun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor ſuffering ſlave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-ſought gold,
Endures ſuch trouble, ſuch fatigue, as ſhe;
While all her ſubterraneous avenues,
And ſtorm proof cells, with management moſt meet
And unexampled houſewifery, ſhe forms,
Then to the field ſhe hies, and on her back,
Burden immenſe! ſhe bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary ſtep, and many a ſtrain,
And many a grievous groan ſubdued, at length
Up the huge hill ſhe hardly heaves it home.
Nor reſts ſhe here her providence, but nips
With ſubtle tooth the grain, leſt from her garner
In miſchievous fertility it ſteal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way,
Go to the ant, thou ſluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But, if thy deaden'd ſenſe, and littlets thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive preſents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glaſs
May read himſelf a fool. The chemiſt there
May with aſtoniſhment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs and from diſcordant flow'rs
A perfect harmony of ſweets compounds.

* *The Longitude.*

Avaunt conceit, ambition take thy flight
Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh 'tis a thought of energy moſt piercing,
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irkſome image of herſelf.
Woful viciſſitude! when man, fall'n man,
Who firſt from heav'n, from gracious God himſelf,
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, muſt know by brutes
Inſtructed and reproach'd, the ſcale of being;
By ſlow degrees from lowly ſteps aſcends,
And trac'd Omniſcience upwards to its ſpring!
Yet murmur not, but praiſe—for though we ſtand
Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire tranſgreſſion, though no more
Is Paradiſe our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thouſand beauties blooms the earth
With pleaſures populous, and with riches crown'd
Still is their ſcope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their laſt exertion—ſhowr's of bleſſings
Far more than human virtue can deſerve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye ſons of men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itſelf his wiſdom
Shall deign t' allow, ſtill patiently abide,
And praiſe him more and more; nor ceaſe to chant
All glory to th' Omniſcient, and praiſe,
And pow'r, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whoſe voice
To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
And with the choiceſt ſtores the altar crown.

ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

"TREMBLE, thou earth! the anointed poet ſaid,
"At God's bright preſence, tremble, all ye moun-
"tains,
"And all ye hillocks on the ſurface bound."
Then once again, ye glorious thunders roll,
The muſe with tranſport hears ye, once again
Convulſe the ſolid continent, and ſhake,
Grand muſic of Omnipotence, the iſles.
'Tis thy terrific voice; thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; ſhe feels its force,
In every ſpring ſhe feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vaſt machine.
Behold! quakes Appenine, behold! recoils
Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their baſes at the godlike ſound.
But what is this, celeſtial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign ſupreme,
Compar'd with ſuch as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Shou'd ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the wat'ry world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible caſcade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,

When zephyr faints upon the lily's breaſt,
'Twere but the ceaſing of ſome inſtrument,
When the laſt ling'ring undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with ſounds
So mighty! ſo ſtupendous! ſo divine!
But not alone in the aërial vault
Does he the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his inteſtine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And ſhocks the central magnet.---Cities then
Totter on their foundations, ſtately columns,
Magnific walls, and heav'n-aſſaulting ſpires.
What though in haughty eminence erect
Stands the ſtrong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverſe hoſts, though many a baſtion jut
Forth from the ramparts elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human heart,
And mortal ſtrength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of ſhatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyſs. Sulphureous pyrites
Burſting abrupt from darkneſs into day,
With din outrageous and deſtructive ire
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. 'Twice have we felt,
Within Auguſta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation, but ev'n thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, are gracious ever:
Thy goodneſs infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath; O ſpare us ſtill,
Nor ſend more dire conviction: we confeſs
That thou art he, th' Almighty: we believe,
For at thy righteous power whole ſyſtems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thouſand worlds.
Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment---hark!
On th' hurricane's tempeſtuous ſweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And foreſts are no more. For conflict dreadful!
The weſt encounters eaſt, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blaſt.
The lordly lions ſhudd'ring ſeek their dens,
And fly like tim'rous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the ſolar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;---while he ſupreme
Stands ſtedfaſt in the centre of the ſtorm.
Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not leſs manifeſt, is not leſs mighty.
Survey the magnet's ſympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, inviſible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric ſphere aſſaults thy frame,
Show me the hand, that dealt it!---baffled here
By his omnipotence, philoſophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And ſtands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal ſpace
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If ſuch the operations of his power,
Which at all ſeaſons and in ev'ry place
(Rul'd by eſtabliſh'd laws and current nature)
Arreſt th' attention! who? O who ſhall tell
His acts miraculous, when his own decrees
Repeals he, or ſuſpends, when by the hand
Of Moſes or of Joſhua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic ſeers, ſuch deeds he wrought,
Before th' aſtoniſh'd ſun's all-ſeeing eye,
That faith was ſcarce a virtue. Need I ſing
The fate of Pharoah and his numerous band
Loſt in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid ſtate again?
Need I recount how Samſon's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was ſtrung t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philiſtia? ſhall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job ſuſtain'd?
---But, O ſupreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, myſtery immenſe,
Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy pow'r confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the virgin's unpolluted womb,
Shone forth the Sun of Righteouſneſs reveal'd
And on benighted reaſon pour'd the day;
Let there be peace (he ſaid) and all was calm
Amongſt the warring world---calm as the ſea,
When peace: be ſtill, ye boiſterous winds, he cry'd,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taſte
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he riſe
Victorious o'er the univerſal foe,
And death, and ſin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conqueſt is mankind,
And in ſweet ſervitude and golden bonds
Were ty'd to him for ever.---O how eaſy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecſtaſy to bear! him bleſſed Shepherd
His flocks ſhall follow through the maze of life,
And ſhades that tend to day-ſpring from on high;
And as the radiant roſes, ever fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in ſmiling ſpring, ſo ſhall it fare
With thoſe that love him---for ſweet is their ſavour,
And all eternity ſhall be their ſpring.
Then ſhall the gates and everlaſting doors,
At which the King of glory enters in,
Be to the ſaints unbarr'd: and there, where pleaſure
Boaſts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from paſſion---there we'll celebrate
With worthier numbers, him, who is, and was,
And in immortal proweſs King of kings
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

A POETICAL ESSAY.

Addreſſed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Darlington.

ORPHEUS, for * ſo the Gentiles call'd thy name,
Iſrael's ſweet Pſalmiſt, who alone could wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with muſical perſuaſion drew:
Thou who to hail and ſnow gav'ſt voice and ſound,
And mad'ſt the mute melodious!---greater yet
Was thy divineſt ſkill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art or nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil angel:---in this breaſt
Some portion of thy genuine ſpirit breathe,
And lift me from myſelf, each thought impure
Baniſh; each low idea raiſe, refine,
Enlarge, and ſanctify;---ſo ſhall the muſe
Above the ſtars aſpire, and aim to praiſe
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.
Immenſe Creator! whoſe all-powerful hand
Fram'd univerſal being, and whoſe eye
Saw like thyſelf, that all things form'd were good;
Where ſhall the tim'rous bard thy praiſe begin,
Where end the pureſt ſacrifice of ſong,
And juſt thankſgiving?---The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its viviſying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my ſoul with gratitude and thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the ſtreaky eaſt, and blithſome rouſe
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from reſt!
Hail to the freſhneſs of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Loſt were the garnet's luſtre, loſt the lily,
The tulip, and auricula's ſpotted pride;
Loſt were the peacock's plumage, to the ſight
So pleaſing in its pomp and gloſſy glow.
O thrice illuſtrious! were it not for thee
Thoſe panſies, that reclining from the bank,
View through th' immaculate, pellucid ſtream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boaſt, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The eaſtern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irkſome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladſome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praiſe of him, who, e'er he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to tranſport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thruſh,
The woodlark, and the redbreaſt jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his ſweet muſicians.---nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And through their throats coarſe ruttling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for muſic, thanks and praiſe
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man;---
But not to all,---for hark! the organs blow
Their ſwelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celeſtial feaſt
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles of the manly baſe
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the ſacred ſubject ſuit their ſong:
While in each breaſt ſweet melancholy reigns
Angelically penſive, till the joy
Improves and purifies;---the ſolemn ſcene
The ſun through ſtoried panes ſurveys with awe,
And baſhfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub gratitude;---behold her eyes!
With love and gladneſs weepingly they ſhed
Ecſtatic ſmiles; the incenſe, that her hands
Uprear, is ſweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's bloſſom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to him ſhe ſings,
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made and who preſerves, whatever dwells
In air, in ſtedfaſt earth, or fickle ſea.
O he is good, he is immenſely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Diſpenſing all his bleſſings for the beſt,
In order and in beauty:---raiſe, attend,
Atteſt, and praiſe, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, ſubmiſſive bow
To him, who made the mite; though Aſia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tow'r-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his leſs-ſtriking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault and ſeeks th' aſſiſting glaſs.
Approach and bring from Araby the bleſt
The fragrant caſſia, frankincenſe and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incenſe down.
Stoop, ſable Africa, with rev'rence ſtoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load,
T' adorn his temples, haſten with thy ſpear
Reverted, and thy truſty bow unſtrung,
While unpurſu'd the lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks and caverns wide,
Remurmur to the glorious, ſurly ſound.
And thou, fair India, whoſe immenſe domain
To counterpoiſe the hemiſphere extends,
Haſte from the weſt, and with thy fruits and flow'rs,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteouſneſs ſo fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praiſe: come with thy brilliant crown
And veſt of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, ſeat of grace
And Chriſtian excellence, his goodneſs own,
Forth from ten thouſand temples pour his praiſe;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unſheath the Spirit's flaming ſword;
Faith's ſhield, ſalvation's glory,---compaſs'd helm

---

* *See this conjecture ſtrongly ſupported by Delany, in his Life of David.*

With fortitude aſſume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breaſtplate ſpread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the ſong of charity begin
In ſtrains ſeraphic, and melodious pray'r.
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of goodneſs and of glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowlieſt minds doſt condeſcend,
" Aſſuming paſſions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealouſy to prove thy love:
" Thou, who reſign'd humility uphold,
" Ev'n as the floriſt props the drooping roſe,
" But quell tyrannic pride with peerleſs pow'r,
" Ev'n as the tempeſt rives the ſtubborn oak.
" O all-ſufficient, all beneficent,
" Thou God of goodneſs, and of glory, hear!
" Bleſs all mankind, and bring them in the end
" To heav'n, to immortality, and thee!"

THE HOP-GARDEN:

A GEORGIC. IN TWO BOOKS.

" Me quoque Parnaſſi per lubicra culmina raptat
" Laudis amor: ſtudium ſequor inſanabile vatis,
" Auſus non operam, non formidare poetæ
" Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne pro-
" cacı
" Monſtratum dignito."——*Van. Præd. Ruſt.*

BOOK I.

THE land that anſwers beſt the farmer's care,
And ſilvers to maturity the hop;
When to inhume the plants, to turn the glebe,
And wed the tendrils to th' aſpiring poles;
Under what ſign to pluck the crop, and how
To cure, and in capacious ſacks infold,
I teach in verſe Miltonian. Smile the muſe,
And meditate an honour to that land
Where firſt I breath'd, and ſtruggled into life,
Impatient, Cantium, to be call'd thy ſon.
Oh! could I emulate ſkill'd Sydney's muſe,
Thy Sydney, Cantium---he, from court retir'd,
In Penſhurſt's ſweet Elyſium ſung delight;
Sung tranſport to the ſoft-reſponding ſtreams
Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves
While ever near him, goddeſs of the green,
Fair * Pembroke ſat, and ſmil'd immenſe applauſe.
With vocal faſcination charm'd the † hours,
Unguarded left heav'n's adamantine gate,
And to his lyre, ſwift as the winged ſounds
That ſkim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
Had I ſuch pow'r, no peaſant's humble toil
Should e'er debaſe my lay; far nobler themes,
The high atchievements of thy warrior kings
Should raiſe my thoughts, and dignify my ſong.
But I, young ruſtic, dare not leave my cot,
For ſo enlarg'd a ſphere---ah! muſe beware,
Leſt the loud 'larums of the braving trump,
Leſt the deep drum ſhould drown thy tender reed,
And mar its puny joints: me, lowly ſwain,
Every unſhaven arboret, me the lawns,
Me the voluminous Medway's ſilver wave,
‡ Content inglorious, and the hopland ſhades!

Yeomen and countrymen, attend my ſong:
Whether you ſhiver in the marſhy * Weald,
Egregious ſhepherds of unnumber'd flocks,
Whoſe fleeces, poiſon'd into purple, deck
All Europe's kings; or in fair † Madum's vale
Imparadis'd, bleſt denizons! ye dwell;
Or ‡ Dorovernia's awful tow'rs ye love;
Or plough Tunbridgia's ſalutiferous hills
Induſtrious, and with draughts chalybeate heal'd,
Confeſs divine Hygeia's bliſsful ſeat;
The muſe demands your preſence, ere ſhe tune
Her monitory voice: obſerve her well,
And catch the wholeſome dictates as they fall.
'Midſt thy paternal acres, farmer, ſay,
Has gracious Heav'n beſtow'd one field, that baſks
Its loamy boſom in the mid-day ſun?
Emerging gently from the abject vale,
Nor yet obnoxious to the wind, ſecure
There ſhalt thou plant thy hop. This ſoil, perhaps,
Thou'lt ſay, will fill my garners. Be it ſo.
But Ceres, rural goddeſs, at the beſt
Meanly ſupports her vot'ry: enough for her
Will-perſuading hunger ſhe repel,
And keep the ſoul from fainting: to enlarge,
To glad the heart, to ſublimate the mind,
And wing the flagging ſpirits to the ſky,
Require th' united influence and aid
Of Bacchus, god of hops, with Ceres join'd.
'Tis he ſhall generate the buxom beer.
Then on one pedeſtal, and hand in hand,
Sculptor'd in Parian ſtone (ſo gratitude
Indites), let the divine co-partners riſe.
Stands eaſtward in thy field a wood? 'tis well.
Eſteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,
And cheriſh all its branches; though we'll grant,
Its leaves umbrageous may intercept
The morning rays, and envy ſome ſhall ſhare
Of Sol's beneficence to th' infant germ.
Yet grudge not that: when whiſtling Eurus comes,
With all his worlds of inſects in thy lands,
To hyemate, and monarchiſe o'er all
Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood
Shall ope its arms expanſive, and embrace
The ſtorm reluctant, and divert its rage.
Armies of animalcules urge their way
In vain: the ventilating trees oppoſe
Their airy march. They blacken diſtant plains.
This ſite for thy young nurſery obtain'd,
Thou haſt begun auſpicious, if the ſoil
(As ſung before), be loamy; this the hop
Loves above others; this is rich, is deep,
Is viſcous, and tenacious of the pole.
Yet maugre all its native worth, it may
Be meliorated with warmth compoſt See,
‖ Yon craggy mountain, whoſe faſtidious head
Divides the ſtar-ſet hemiſphere above,
And Cantium's plains beneath; the Apennine
Of a free Italy, whoſe chalky ſides,
With verdant ſhrubs diſſimilarly gay,
Still captivate the eye, while at his feet
The ſilver Medway glides, and in her breaſt
Views the reflected landſkip, charm'd ſhe views.

---

* *Siſter to Philip Sydney.*

† —— Πυλαι μυκον ὀρουσε ἀς ιχον Ωραι. HOM. E.

‡ Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque inglorius! *Virg. Georg.* 2.

* *Commonly, but improperly, called the Wild.*

† *Maidſtone.*

‡ *Canterbury.*

‖ *Boxley-Hill, which extends through great part of Kent.*

And murmurs louder ecſtaſy below,
Here let us reſt a while, pleas'd to behold
Th' all-beautiful horizon's wide expanſe,
Far as the cagle's ken. Here tow'ring ſpires
Firſt catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n.
The lofty elms in humble majeſty
Bend with the breeze to ſhade the ſolemn grove,
And ſpread an holy darkneſs; Ceres there
Shines in her golden veſture. Here the meads,
Enrich'd by Flora's dedal hand, with pride
Expoſe their ſpotted verdure. Now are you,
Pomona, abſent; you, 'midſt hoary leaves,
Swell the vermilion cherry; and on you trees
Suſpend the pippin's palatable gold.
There old Sylvanus, in that moſs-grown grot,
Dwells with his wood-nymphs: they, with chaplets green,
And ruſſet mantles oft bedight, aloft
From yon bent oaks, in Medway's boſom fair,
Wonder at ſilver bleak, and prickly pearch,
That ſwiftly through their floating foreſts glide,
Yet not even theſe—theſe ever-varied ſcenes
Of wealth and pleaſure can engage my eyes
T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
The thruſh, ſweet warbler, chants th' unſtudied lays,
Which Phœbus' ſelf vaulting from yonder cloud
Refulgent, with enliv'ning rays inſpires.
But neither tow'ring ſpires, nor lofty elms,
Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,
Nor orchats, nor the ruſſet-mantled nymphs,
Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance,
Nor ſweetly warbling thruſh, with half thoſe charms
Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land cloſe;
Joint work of art and nature, which reminds
The muſe, and to her theme the wand'rer calls.
Here, then, with pond'rous vehicles and teams
Thy ruſtics ſend, and from the caverns deep
Command them bring the chalk: thence to the kiln
Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.
Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand
O'er all thy lands diſſeminate; thy lands
Which firſt have felt the ſoft'ning ſpade, and drank
The ſtrength'ning vapours from nutricious marl.
This done, ſelect the choiceſt hop, t' inſert
Freſh in the opening glebe. Say then, my muſe,
Its various kinds, and from th' effete and vile,
The eligible ſeparate with care.
The nobleſt ſpecies is by Kentiſh wights
The maſter-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
Has giv'n a ſtouter ſtalk, patient of cold,
Or Phœbus ev'n in youth, his verdant blood
In briſk ſaltation circulates and flows
Indefinitely vigorous: the next
Is arid, fetid, infecund, and groſs,
Significantly ſtyl'd the Fryar: the laſt
Is call'd the Savage, who in ev'ry wood,
And ev'ry hedge, unintroduc'd, intrudes.
When ſuch the merit of the candidates,
Eaſy is the election; but, my friend,
Wouldſt thou ne'er fail, to Kent direct thy way,
Where no one ſhall be fruſtrated that ſeeks
Ought that is great or good. * Hail, Cantium, hail!

Illuſtrious parent of the fineſt fruits!
Illuſtrious parent of the beſt of men!
For thee antiquity's thrice ſacred ſprings
Placidly ſtagnant at their fountain-head,
I raſhly dare to trouble (if from thence
I ought, for thy utility can drain),
And in thy towns adopt th' Aſcræan muſe.
Hail heroes! hail invaluable gems!
Fav'rites of Heav'n! to whom the general doom
Is all remitted, who alone poſſeſs
Of Adam's ſons fair Eden—reſt ye here.
Nor ſeek an earthly good above the hop;
A good, untaſted by your ancient kings,
And to your very ſires almoſt unknown.
In thoſe bleſt days, when great Eliza reign'd
O'er the adoring nation when fair peace
O'erſpread an unſtain'd olive round the land,
Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
To lord it o'er the world; when our brave ſires
Drank valour from uncaponated beer;
The hop (before an interdicted plant,
Shun'd like fell aconite), began to hang
Its folded floſcles from the golden vine,
And bloom'd a ſhade to Cantium's ſunny ſhores
Delightſome, and in cheerful goblets laught
Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impends
To kill the dulſome day—potent to quench
The Syrian ardour, and autumnal ills
To heal with mild potations; ſweeter far
Than thoſe which erſt the ſubtile Hengiſt mix'd
T' inthral voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love
Emaſculate and wine, the toils of war
Neglected; and to dalliance vile and ſloth
Emancipated, ſaw th' encroaching Saxons
With unaffected eyes; his hand which ought
T' have ſhook the ſpear of juſtice, ſoft and ſmooth,
Play'd raviſhing diviſions on the lyre:
This Hengiſt mark'd, and (for curs'd inſolence
Soon fattens on impunity, and riſes
Briareus from a dwarf)! fair Thanet gain'd.
Nor ſtopt he here: but to immenſe attempts
Ambition, ſky aſpiring, led him on
Advent'rous. He an only daughter rear'd,
Roxena, matchleſs maid! nor rear'd in vain.
Her eagle-ey'd callidity, deceit,
And fairy-fiction, rais'd above her ſex,
And furniſh'd with a thouſand various wiles
Prepoſterous more than female; wondrous fair
She was, and docile, which her pious nurſe
Obſerv'd, and early in each female fraud
Her 'gan initiate: well ſhe knew to ſmile,
Whene'er vexation gall'd her—did ſhe weep?
'Twas not ſincere, the fountains of her eyes
Play'd artificial ſtreams, yet ſo well forc'd,
They look'd like nature; for ev'n art to her
Was natural, and contrarieties
Seem'd in Roxena congruous and allied.
Such was ſhe, when briſk Vortigern beheld,
(Ill-fated prince)! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd,
Soon ſhe perceiv'd her conqueſt; ſoon ſhe told,
With haſty joy tranſported, her old ſire.
The Saxon inly ſmil'd, and to his iſle

---

* Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virum; tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes,
Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
Virg. Georg. 2.

* *See the following ſtory, told at large in Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent.*

The willing prince invited: but firſt bade
The nymph prepare the potions; ſuch as fire
The blood's meand'ring rivulets, and depreſs
To love the ſoul. Lo! at the noon of night,
Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid---and thrice
The goddeſs ſtoop'd aſſent; forth from a cloud
She ſtoop'd, and gave the philters pow'r to charm.
Theſe in a ſplendid cup of burniſh'd gold
The lovely ſorcereſs mix'd, and to the prince
Health, peace, and joy, propin'd, but to herſelf
Mutter'd dire exorciſms and wiſh'd effect
To the love-creating draught; ſlowly ſhe bow'd
Fawning inſinuation bland, that might
Deceive Laërtes' ſon; her lucid orbs
Shed copiouſly the oblique rays; her face
Like modeſt Luna's ſhone, but not ſo pale,
And with no borrow'd luſtre; on her brow
Smil'd fallacy, while ſummoning each grace,
Kneeling ſhe gave the cup. The prince (for who,
Who could have ſpurn'd a ſuppliant ſo divine)?
Drank eager, and in ecſtaſy devour'd
Th' ambroſial perturbation; mad with love
He claſp'd her, and in Hymeneal bands
At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.
Now Hengiſt, all his ample wiſh fulfill'd,
Exulted; and from Kent th' uxorious prince
Exterminated, and uſurp'd his ſeat.
Long did he reign; but all-devouring time
Has raz'd his palace walls---perchance on them
Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled buſt,
In ſpiral twines, aſcends the ſcantile pole.—
But now to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed;
Taſks humble, but important, aſk the muſe.
Come, fair magician, ſportive fancy, come,
With wildeſt imagery: thou child of thought,
From thy aërial citadel deſcend,
And (for thou canſt) aſſiſt me. Bring with thee
Thy all-creative taliſman; with thee
The active ſpirits ideal, tow'ring flights,
That hover o'er the muſe-reſounding groves,
And all thy colourings, all thy ſhapes diſplay.
Thou, too, be here, experience, ſo ſhall I
My rules, nor in low proſe jejunely ſay,
Nor in ſmooth numbers muſically err:
But vain is fancy, and experience vain,
If thou, O Heſiod! Virgil of our land,
* Or hear'ſt thou rather, Milton, bard divine,
Whoſe greatneſs who ſhalt imitate, ſave thee?
If thou, O † Philips! fav'ring doſt not hear
Me, inexpert of verſe; with gentle hand
Uprear the unpinion'd muſe, high on the top
Of that immeaſurable mount, that far
Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'ſt
With Phœbus' ſelf thy lyre. Give me to turn
Th' unwieldy ſubject with thy graceful eaſe,
Extol its baſeneſs with thy art; but chief
Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire.
When Phœbus' looks through Aries on the ſpring,
And vernal flow'rs teem with the dulcet fruit,
Autumnal pride! delay not then thy ſets
In Tellus' facile boſom to depoſe
Timely; if thou art wiſe the bulkieſt chooſe;
To every root three joints indulge, and form
The quincunx with well-regulated hills.
Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads
Thy young plants will uplift their virgin arms,
They'll ſtretch, and, marriageable, claim the pole.
Nor fruſtrate thou their wiſhes, ſo thou may'ſt
Expect an hopeful iſſue, jolly mirth,
Siſter of taleful Momus, tuneful ſong,
And fat good-nature with her honeſt face.
But yet in the novitiate of their love,
And tenderneſs of youth ſuffice ſmall ſhoots
Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide
Poles inſurmountable as yet. 'Tis then
When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,
Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand,
They've felt; 'tis then we fell ſublimer props.
'Tis then the ſturdy woodman's ax from far
Reſounds, reſounds, and hark! with hollow groans
Down tumble the big trees, and ruſhing roll
O'er the cruſh'd crackling brake, while in his cave
Forlorn, dejected, 'midſt the weeping Dryads
Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.
The aſh or willow for thy uſe ſelect,
Or ſtorm enduring cheſnut; but the oak
Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends
Reſerve untouch'd; ſhe when by time matur'd,
Capacious of ſome Britiſh demigod,
Vernon, or Warren, ſhall with rapid wing
Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,
Fly on thy foes; they, like the parted waves,
Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way
Amaz'd and roaring from the ſight recede.—
In that ſweet month, when to the liſt'ning ſwains
Fair Philomel ſings love, and every cot
With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage meet
The tendrils bind, and to the tall pole tie,
Elſe ſoon, too ſoon their meretricious arms
Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave
Averſe the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard
Where there's no mutual tie, no ſtrong connection
Of love-conſpiring hearts, oft the young bride
Has proſtituted to her ſlaves her charms,
While the infatuated lord admires
* Freſh-butting ſprouts, and iſſue not his own.
Now turn the glebe: ſoon with correcting hand
When ſmiling June in jocund dance leads on
Long days and happy hours, from every vine
Dock the redundant branches, and once more
With the ſharp ſpade thy numerous acres till.
The ſhovel next muſt lend its aid, enlarge
The little hillocks, and craze the weeds.
This in that month its title which derives
From great Auguſtus' ever ſacred name!
Sovereign of ſcience! maſter of the muſe!
Neglected genius' firm ally! of worth
Beſt judge, and beſt rewarder, whoſe applauſe
To bards was fame and fortune! O! 'twas well,
Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes!
Ye Romans!—on time's wing you've ſtamp'd his praiſe,
And time ſhall bear it to eternity.
Now are our labours crown'd with their reward,
Now bloom the florid hops, and in the ſtream

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* At ipſe
Subtilis Veterum judex et callidus audis. HORAT.

† *Mr. John Philips, author of Cyder, a poem.*

* Mirabuntur novas frondes, et non ſua poma. VIRG.

Shine in their floating silver, while above
T' embow'ring branches culminate, and form
A walk impervious to the sun; the poles
In comely order stand; and while you cleave
With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,
In comely order still their ranks preserve,
And seem to march along th' extensive plain.
In neat arrangement thus the men of Kent,
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,
Intrepid march'd; for well they knew the cries
Of dying freedom, and Astræa's voice,
Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
Of tyranny, and William; like a god,
Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,
But on his foes frown'd agony, and death.
On his left side in bright emblazonry
His falchion burn'd; forth from his sevenfold shield
A basilisk shot adamant; his bow [crown'd
Wore clouds of fury!---on that with plumage
Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:
Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,
Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,
* Northern Aurora; she through th' azure air
Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks
Continual, while waving to the wind
O'er night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.
The trav'ller views th' unseasonable day
Astound, the prond bend lowly to the earth,
The pious matrons tremble for the world.
But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
Of Cantium's matchless sons! on they proceed,
All innocent of fear; each face express'd
Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
The well fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,
With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain
Whistled with rustic notes; but such as show'd
A heart magnanimous: the men of Kent
Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend. [lyre
'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all-quick'ning
The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel,
Enchanted dancing Hæmus, to the tune,
The lute's soft tune! the flutt'ring branches wave,
The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear,
The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
And all the mighty mountain nods applause.
The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees
The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one
That from th' oblivious streams of Lethe's pool
Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
His host an universal panic seiz'd
Prodigious, inspine; their armour shook,
And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs;
Some to the walking wilderness 'gan run
Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade
For shelter fought---Wretches! they shelter find,
Eternal shelter in the arms of death!
Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn
Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller
That wanders o'er the wint'ry waste accepts
The invitation of some spreading beech
Joyous; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays
Th' unwary visitor, while on his head
Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.
And now no longer in disguise the men
Of Kent appear; down they all drop their boughs,
And shine in brazen panoply divine.
Enough---Great William (for full well he knew
How vain would be the contest) to the sons
Of glorious Cantium gave their lives, and laws,
And liberties secure, and to the prowess
Of Cantium's sons, like Cæsar, deign'd to yield.
Cæsar and William! hail immortal worthies,
Illustrious vanquish'd! Cantium, if to them,
Posterity with all her chiefs unborn,
Ought similar, ought second has to boast.
Once more (so prophecies the muse) thy sons
Shall triumph, emulous of their sires---till then
With olive, and with hop-land garlands crown'd,
O'er all thy land reign plenty, reign fair peace.

* *Aurora Borealis, or lights in the air; a phenomenon which of late years has been very frequent here, and in all the more northern countries.*

BOOK II.

"Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisa repones,
"Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris."
VIRG. Geor. lib. 2.

At length the muse her destin'd task resumes
With joy; agen o'er all her hop-land groves
She seeks t' expatiate free of wing. Long while
For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,
Sorrowing in silence o'er th' untimely urn.
Hush then, effeminate sobs; and thou, my heart,
Rebel to grief no more---and yet a while;
A little while, indulge the friendly tears.
O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove, in vain
I seek the olive peace, around me wide
See! see! the wat'ry waste---in vain forlorn
I call the Phœnix fair sincerity;
Alas!---extinguish'd to the skies she fled,
And left no heir behind her. Where is now
Th' eternal smile of goodness? where is now
That all-extensive charity of soul,
So rich in sweetness, that the classic sounds
In elegance Augustan cloth'd, the wit
That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,
Or, if observ'd, set off that brighter gem.
How oft, and yet how seldom did it seem!
Have I enjoy'd his converse! when we met,
The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and till
Agen I saw him, how they loiter'd. Oh!
† Theophilus, thou dear departed soul, [hail
What flattering tales thou told'st me? how thou'dst
My muse, and took'st imaginary walks
All in my hopland groves; stay yet, oh stay!
Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half---
He's gone! and ought that's equal to his praise
Fame has not for me, though she prove most kind,
Howe'er this verse be sacred to thy name,
These tears, the last sad duty of a friend.
Oft I'll indulge the pleasurable pain
Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks
I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams
Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow

† *Mr. Theophilus Wheeler, of Christ Church, Cambridge.*

In ſullen ſilence ſilverly along
The weeping ſhores---or elſe accordant with
My loud laments, ſhall ever and anon
Make melancholy muſic to the ſhades,
The hopland ſhades, that on her banks expoſe
Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.
Ye ſmiling nymphs, th' inſeparable train
Of ſaffron Ceres; ye, that gameſome dance,
And ſing to jolly Autumn, while he ſtands
With his right hand poizing the ſcales of heav'n,
And while his left graſps Amalthea's horn:
Young chorus of fair bacchanals, deſcend,
And leave awhile the ſickle; yonder hill, [care.
Where ſtand the loaded hop-poles, claims your
There mighty Bacchus ſeated croſs the bin,
Waits your attendance---there he glad reviews
His paunch approaching to immenſity
Still nearer, and with pride of heart ſurveys
Obedient mortals, and the world his own.
See! from the great metropolis they ruſh,
Th' induſtrious vulgar. They, like prudent bees,
In Kent's wide garden roam, expert to crop
The flow'ry hop, and provident to work,
Er winter numb their ſunburnt hands, and winds
Engoal them, murmuring in their gloomy cells.
From theſe, ſuch as appear the reſt t' excel
In ſtrength and young agility, ſelect.
Theſe ſhall ſupport with vigour and addreſs
The bin-man's weighty office; now extract
From the ſequacious earth the pole, and now
Unmarry from the cloſely clinging vine.
O'er twice three pickers, and no more, extend
To bin-man's ſway; unleſs thy ears can bear
The crack of poles continual, and thine eyes
Behold unmov'd the hurrying peaſant tear
Thy wealth, and throw it on the thankleſs ground.
But firſt the careful planter will conſult
His quantity of acres, and his crop,
How many and how large his kilns; and then
Proportion'd to his wants the hands provide.
But yet of greater conſequence and coſt,
One thing remains unſung, a man of faith
And long experience, in whoſe thund'ring voice
Lives hoarſe authority, potent to quell
The frequent frays of the tumultuous crew.
He ſhall preſide o'er all thy hop-land ſtore,
Severe dictator! his unerring hand,
And eye inquiſitive, in heedful guiſe,
Shall to the brink the meaſure fill, and fair
On the twin regiſters the work record.
And yet I've known them own a female reign,
And gentle * Marianne's ſoft Orphean voice
Has hymn'd ſweet leſſons of humanity
To the wild brutal crew. Oft her command
Has ſav'd the pillars of the hop-land ſtate,
The lofty poles from ruin, and ſuſtain'd,
Like Anna, or Eliza, her domain,
With more than manly dignity. Oft I've ſeen,
Ev'n at her frown the boiſt'rous uproar ceaſe,
And the mad pickers, tam'd to diligence,
Cull from the bin the ſprawling ſprigs, and leaves
That ſtain the ſample, and its worth debaſe.
All things thus ſettled and prepar'd, what now
Can ſtop the planters purpoſes? unleſs
The heavens frown diſſent, and ominous winds
Howl through the concave of the troubled ſky.
And oft, alas! the long experienc'd wights
(Oh! could they too prevent them) ſtorms foreſee.
* For, as the ſtorm rides on the riſing clouds,
Fly the fleet wild-geeſe far away, or elſe
The heifer towards the zenith rears her head,
And with expanded noſtrils ſnuffs the air:
The ſwallows too their airy circuits weave,
And ſcreaming ſkim the brook; and ſen bred frogs
Forth from their hoarſe throats their old grudge
Or from her earthly coverlets the ant [recite:
Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way:
Or bends † Thaumantia's variegated bow
Athwart the cope of heav'n: or ſable crows
Obſtreperous of wing, in clouds combine:
Beſides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,
And Aſia's feather'd flocks, that in the muds
Of flow'ry edg'd Cayſter wont to prey,
Now in the ſhallows duck their ſpeckled heads,
And luſt to lave in vain, their unctious plumes
Repulſive baffle their efforts: hearken next
How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,
Invokes the rain, and croaking to herſelf,
Struts on ſome ſpacious ſolitary ſhore.
Nor want thy ſervants and thy wife at home
Signs to preſage the ſhow'r; for in the hall
Sheds Niobe her preſcient tears, and warns
Beneath thy leaden tubes to fix the vaſe,
And catch the falling dew-drops, which ſupply
Soft water and ſalubrious, far the beſt
To ſoak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.
But though bright Phœbus ſmile, and in the ſkies
The purple-rob'd ſerenity appear;
Though every cloud be fled, yet if the rage
Of Boreas, or the blaſting eaſt prevail,
The planter has enough to check his hopes,
And in due bounds confine his joys; for ſee
The ruſſian winds in their abrupt career,
Leave not a hope behind, or at the beſt
Mangle the circling vine, and intercept
The juice nutricious: fatal means, alas!
Their colour and condition to deſtroy.
Haſte then, ye peaſants; pull the poles, the hops:
Where are the bins? run, run, ye nimble maids,
Move ev'ry muſcle, ev'ry nerve extend,
To ſave our crop from ruin, and ourſelves.

---

* *The author's youngeſt ſiſter.*

* Nunquam imprudentibus imber
Obſuit. Aut illum ſurgentem villibus imis
Aëriæ fugere grues! aut bucula cœlum
Suſpiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.
Sæpius et tectis penetrabilibus extulit ova
Auguſtum formica terens iter, et bibit ingens
Arcus, et e paſtu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit denſis exercitus alis.
Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quæ Aſia circum
Dulcibus in ſtagnis rimantur pratra Cayſtri,
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et ſtudio incaſſum videas geſtire lavandi.
Tum cornix plena pluvium vocat improba voce,
Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena,
Nec nocturna quidem carpentes penſa puellæ
Neſcivere hyemem. VIRG. Georg. 1.

† *Iris.*

Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night
With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born day,
The bugle-horn inſpire, whoſe clam'rous bray
Shall rouſe from ſleep the rebel rout, and tune
To temper for the labours of the day.
Wiſely the ſeveral ſtations of the bins
By lot determine. Juſtice this, and this
Fair prudence does demand; for not without
A certain method couldſt thou rule the mob
Irrational, nor every where alike
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.
Now ſee the crew mechanic might and main
Labour with lively diligence, inſpir'd
By appetite of gain and luſt of praiſe:
What mind ſo petty, ſervile, ſo debas'd,
As not to know ambition? her great ſway
From Colin Clout to emperors ſhe exerts.
To err is human, human to be vain.
'Tis vanity, and mock deſire of fame,
That prompts the ruſtic, on the ſteeple top
Sublime, to mark the area of his ſhoe,
And in the outline to engrave his name.
With pride of heart the churchwarden ſurveys,
High o'er the bellfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
His ſtory wrote in capitals: "'twas I
"That bought the font; and I repair'd the pews."
With pride like this the emulating mob
Strive for the maſtery---who firſt may fill
The bellying bin, and cleaneſt cull the hops,
Nor ought retards, unleſs invited out
By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
Leander leads Lætitia to the ſcene
Of ſhade and fragrance---then th' exulting band
Of prickers male and female, ſeize the fair
Reluctant, and with boiſt'rous force and brute,
By cries unmov'd, they bury her i' th' bin.
Nor does the youth eſcape---him too they ſeize,
And in ſuch poſture place as beſt may ſerve
To hide his charmer's bluſhes. Then with ſhouts
They rend the echoing air, and from them both
(So cuſtom has ordain'd), a largeſs claim.
Thus much be ſung of picking-- next ſucceeds
Th' important care of curing---quit the field,
And at the kiln th' inſtructive muſe attend.
On your hair-cloth eight inches deep, nor more,
Let the green hops lie lightly; next expand
The ſmoothest ſurface with the toothy rake.
Thus far is juſt above; but more it boots
That charcoal flames burn equally below;
The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,
Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous ſkill,
The ſable prieſts of Vulcan ſhall prepare.
Conſtant and moderate let the heat aſcend;
Which to affect there are, who with ſucceſs
Place in the kiln the ventilating fan
Hail, learned, uſeful * man! whoſe head and heart
Conſpire to make us happy, deign t' accept
One honeſt verſe; and if thy induſtry
Has ſerv'd the hop-land cauſe, the muſe forebodes
This ſole invention, both in uſe and fame,
The † myſtic fan of Bacchus ſhall exceed.
When the fourth hour expires, with careful hand
The half-bak'd hops turn over. Soon as time
Has well exhauſted twice two glaſſes more,

They'll leap and crackle with their burſting ſeeds,
For uſe domeſtic, or for ſale mature.
There are, who in the choice of cloth t' enfold
Their wealthy crop, the viler, coarſer ſort,
With prodigal economy prefer:
All that is good is cheap, all dear that's baſe.
Beſides, the planter ſhould a bait prepare,
T' entrap the chapman's notice, and divert
Shrewd obſervation from her buſy pry.
When in the bag thy hops the ruſtic treads,
Let him wear heelleſs ſandal; nor preſume
Their fragrancy barefooted to defile:
Such filthy ways for ſlaves in Malaga
Leave we to practiſe---whence I've often ſeen,
When beautiful Dorinda's iv'ry hands
Has built the paſtry-fabric (food divine
For Chriſtmas gambols, and the hour of mirth),
As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye,
She culls ſuſpicious---lo! ſhe ſtarts, ſhe frowns
With indignation at a negro's nail.
Shouldſt thou thy harveſt for the mart deſign,
Be thine own factor; nor employ thoſe drones
Who've ſtings, but make no honey, ſelfiſh ſlaves!
That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.
What then remains unſung? unleſs the care
To ſtock thy poles oblique in comely cones,
Leſt rot or rain deſtroy them---'tis a ſight
Moſt ſeemly to behold, and gives, O winter!
A landſkip not unpleaſing even to thee.
And now, ye rivals of the hop-land ſtate,
Madum and Dorovernia now rejoice,
How great amidſt ſuch rivals to excel!
Let * Grenovicum boaſt (for boaſt ſhe may)
The birth of great Eliza.---Hail, my queen!
And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name;
My countrywoman, hail! thy worth alone
Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glorious!
Let Sevenoaks vaunt the hoſpitable ſeat
Of † Knoll moſt ancient; awfully, my muſe,
Theſe ſocial ſcenes of grandeur and delight,
Of love and veneration let me tread.
How oft beneath yon oak has amorous Prior
Awaken'd echo with ſweet Chloe's name!
While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,
Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,
Alas! is number'd with th' illuſtrious dead,
And orphan merit has no guardian now!
Next Shipbourne, though her precincts are confin'd
To narrow limits, yet can ſhow a train
Of village beauties, paſtorally ſweet,
And rurally magnificent. ‡ Fairlawn
Opes her delightful proſpect; dear Fairlawn
There, where at once at variance and agreed,
Nature and art hold dalliance. There, where rills
Kiſs the green dropping herbage; there, where trees,
The tall trees tremble at th' approach of heav'n,
And bow their ſalutation to the ſun,
Who foſters all their foliage---theſe are thine;
Yes, little Shipbourne, boaſt that theſe are thine---
And if---but oh!---and if 'tis no diſgrace,
The birth of him who now records thy praiſe.

---

* *Dr. Hales.*
† Myſtica Vannus Iacchi. *Virg. Georg.* I.

* *Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was born.*
† *The ſeat of the Duke of Dorſet.*
‡ *The ſeat of Lord Vane.*

Nor ſhalt thou, Mereworth, remain unſung,
Where noble Weſtmoreland, his country's friend,
Bids Britiſh greatneſs love the ſilent ſhade,
Where piles ſuperb, in claſſic elegance,
Ariſe, and all is Roman, like his heart.
Nor Chatham, though it is not thine to ſhow
The lofty foreſt, or the verdant lawns,
Yet niggard ſilence ſhall not grudge thee praiſe.
The lofty foreſts, by thy ſons prepar'd,
Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,
And gives Sylvanus empire in the main.
Oh that Britannia, in the day of war,
Would not alone Minerva's valour truſt,
But alſo bear her wiſdom! Then her oaks,
Shap'd by her own mechanics, would alone
Her iſland fortify, and fix her fame;
Nor would ſhe weep, like Rachael, for her ſons,
Whoſe glorious blood, in mad profuſion,
In foreign lands is ſhed---and ſhed in vain.

THE HILLIAD:

AN EPIC POEM.

—— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.
VIRG.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR *****,

I AM now to acknowledge ſeveral letters, which I lately received from you, without any return on my part. As I have been very much hurried of late with a multiplicity of affairs, I muſt beg you will not only be kind enough to overlook my paſt omiſſion, but to indulge me for a little time longer. As ſoon as I am maſter of ſufficient leiſure, I will give you my ſentiments without reſerve, concerning the affair, about which you have thought proper to conſult me; for the preſent, I deſire you will conſider this is a receipt for your many favours, or a promiſſory note to diſcharge any debt of friendſhip as ſoon as poſſible.

The deſign and colouring of a poem, ſuch as you have planned, are not to be executed in a hurry, but with ſlow and careful touches; which will give that finiſhing to your piece, remarkable in every thing that comes from your hand, and which I could wiſh the precipitancy of my temper would permit me to aim at upon all occaſions. I long to ſee you take a new flight to the regions of fame; not upon unequal wings, that ſometimes riſe to a degree of elevation, and then fall again, but with an uniform tenor, like the bird in Virgil:

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

I have been now for about three weeks in this ſcene of ſmoke and duſt, and I think the republic of letters ſeems to be lamentably upon the decline in this metropolis. Attornies' clerks, and raw unexperienced boys, are the chief critics we have at preſent. With a ſupercilious look, and peremptory voice, which they have caught from a few of their oracles, as dark and ignorant as themſelves, theſe ſtriplings take upon them to decide upon fable, character, language, and ſentiment.

Neſcis, heu neſcis dominæ faſtidia Romæ;
Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba ſapit.

With regard to writers, the town ſwarms with them; and the aim of them all is pretty much the ſame, viz. to elevate and ſurpriſe, as Mr. Bays ſays. At the head of theſe ſtill continues the Inſpector. As we frequently laughed together concerning this writer, when you were laſt in town, I need not here give you a deſcription of his parts and genius. I remember you expreſſed great amazement at the reception his eſſays ſeemed to meet with in all our coffee-houſes; but you muſt conſider, that there are artifices to gain ſucceſs, as well as merit to deſerve it. The former of theſe his Inſpectorſhip is eminently poſſeſſed off; and, ſooner than fail, he will not heſitate, in order to make himſelf talked of at any rate, to become moſt glaringly ridiculous. This anſwers the purpoſe of the bookſellers, as well, perhaps, as Attic wit; and hence it reſults, that they are willing to continue him in their pay.

In the packet which I have ſent to you by the ſtage-coach, you will find a paper, called the Impertinent, written by himſelf. In this curious piece he has not ſtopped at abuſing his own dear perſon; which is the only ſubject he has not handled with his uſual malice; and the reſt of it is made a vehicle for invective againſt Mr. Fielding and me. It was uſhered into the world in a pompous manner, as if intended to be continued; but no ſecond number was ever publiſhed: and, to ſhow you a farther inſtance of his fallacy, he thence took occaſion to triumph over a pretender to eſſay writing; which, he would fain inſinuate, cannot be executed by any one but himſelf.

This unfair dealing, ſo unworthy a man, who aſpires to be a member of the ſerene republic of letters, induced me to wave, for a time, the deſign you know I was engaged in, in order to beſtow a few lines upon this ſcribbler who, in my eyes, is a diſgrace to literature. In the firſt heat of my poetic fury, I formed the idea of another Dunciad, which I intended to call after the name of my hero, The Hilliad. The firſt book of it you will receive, among other things, by the coach; and I ſhall be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it.

If it conduces to your entertainment, I ſhall have gained my end; for though I have received ſuch provocation from this man, I believe I ſhall never carry it any further. I really find ſome involuntary ſenſations of compaſſion for him; and I cannot help thinking, that, if he could keep within the bounds of decency and good manners, he would be a rare inſtance of what may be done by a fluency of periods, without genius, ſenſe, or meaning. Though I am perſuaded he is quite incorrigible, I am ſtill reluctant to publiſh that piece; for I would rather be commended to poſterity by the elegant and amiable muſes, than by the ſatiric ſiſter, politely called by an eminent author---the leaſt engaging of the nine.

On this account I ſhall proceed no further till you have favoured me with your opinion, by which I will abſolutely determine myſelf. I hope,

therefore, you will peruſe it as ſoon as you can with convenience, and return it to me by the ſtage. You may ſhow it to Jack ******, and to Mr. ****.

I am, with great ſincerity,
Dear *****,
Your moſt obidient humble ſervant,
London, 15th December 1752. C. SMART.

DEAR SMART,

THE peruſal of your poem has given me ſo much pleaſure, that I cannot poſtpone thanking you for it, by the firſt opportunity that has offered. I have read it to the perſons you deſired I ſhould; and they approve the deſign in the higheſt manner. I cannot conceive what ſhould make you heſitate a moment about the publication; and, to be free with you, you muſt not by any means ſuppreſs it. When I ſay this, I muſt obſerve, that I ſhould be glad to ſee you better employed, than in the diſſection of an inſect; but ſince the work ſhould be done by ſomebody, and ſince you have made ſuch a progreſs, I muſt take the liberty to inſiſt, that you will not drop this undertaking.

To ſpeak in plain terms; I look upon it to be indiſpenſably incumbent on you to bring the miſcreant to poetic juſtice: it is what you owe to the cauſe of learning in general, to your *alma mater*, this univerſity, and, let me add, it is what you owe to yourſelf. The world will abſolve you from any imputation of ill-nature, when it is conſidered that the pen is drawn in defence of your own character. Give me leave, upon this occaſion, to quote a paſſage from the Spectator, which I think pertinent to the preſent ſubject: "Every honeſt man ought "to look upon himſelf as in a natural ſtate of "war with the libeller and lampooner, and to "annoy them, wherever they fall in his way. This "is but retaliating upon them, and treating them "as they treat others."

Thus thought the polite Mr. Addiſon, in a caſe where he was not immediarely concerned: and can you doubt what to do, when perſonally attacked? As ſoon as the hiſſing of the ſnake is heard, ſome means ſhould be deviſed to cruſh him. The advice of Virgil is—"Cape ſaxa manu, cape robora paſtor."

I can tell you that your friends here expect this of you; and we are all unanimous in thinking, that a man who has the honour of belonging to this learned univerſity, and to whom the prize, for diſplaying with a maſterly hand the attributes of his Maker, has been adjudged for three years ſucceſſively, ſhould not, on any account, ſuffer himſelf to be trifled with by ſo frigid and empty a writer. I would have you reflect, that you launched into the world with many circumſtances, that raiſed a general expectation of you, and the early approbation of ſuch a genius as Mr. Pope, for your elegant verſion of his ode, made you conſidered as one, who might hereafter make a figure in the literary world; and let me recommend to you, not to let the laurel, yet green upon your brow, be torn off by the profane hands of an unhallowed hireling. This, I think, as is obſerved already, you owe to yourſelf, and to that univerſity which has diſtinguiſhed you with honour.

Beſides the motives of retaliation, which I have urged for the publication of your poem, I cannot help conſidering this matter in a moral light, and I muſt avow, that in my eyes it appears an action of very great merit. If to pull off the maſk from an impoſtor, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a ſervice to mankind (as it certainly is), a better opportunity never can offer itſelf.

In my opinion, the cauſe of literature is in imminent danger of a total degeneracy, ſhould this writer's diurnal productions meet with further encouragement. Without ſtraining hard for it, I can perceive a corruption of taſte diffuſing itſelf throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter. For a clear vein of thinking, eaſy natural expreſſion, and an intelligible ſtyle, this pretender has ſubſtituted briſk queſtion and anſwer, pert, unmeaning periods, ungrammatical conſtruction, unnatural metaphors, with a profuſion of epithets, inconſiſtent, for the moſt part, with the real or figurative meaning of his words; and, in ſhort, all the maſculine beauties of ſtyle, are likely to be baniſhed from among us, by the continuation of his papers for almoſt two years together.

Now, Sir, I ſubmit it to you, whether this may not lead on to a total depravity of ſenſe and taſte. Should the more ſober at our coffee-houſes be dazzled with falſe embelliſhments? ſhould boys admire this unnatural flouriſhing? I do not in the leaſt queſtion, but the riſing generation will be totally infected with this ſtrange motley ſtyle; and thus antitheſis and point will be the prevailing turn of the nation.

It is to prevent a contagion of this ſort, that Horace took the pen in hand; for this Quintilian favoured the world with his excellent work. The ingenious authors of France have always attended to this point. Truth, they inſiſted, is the very foundation of fine writing, and that no thought can be beautiful, which is not juſt, was their conſtant leſſon. To enforce this and preſerve a manly way of thinking, Boileau laſhed the ſcribblers of his time, and in our own country the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians have laboured for this end. To this we owe the Bathos, in which we find expoſed, with the moſt delicate traits of ſatire, all falſe figures in writing; and finally to this we owe the Dunciad of Mr Pope.

Theſe inſtances, dear Smart, are ſufficient to juſtify your proceeding, and let me tell you, that a cultivation of taſte is a point of more moment than perhaps may appear at firſt ſight. In the courſe of my reading, I have obſerved that a corruption in morals has always attended a decline of letters. Of this Mr. Pope ſeems to be ſenſible, and, hence we find in the concluſion of his Dunciad, the general progreſs of dullneſs over the land is the final coup de grace to every thing decent, every thing laudable, elegant, and polite.

Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public fame, nor private dares to ſhine,
Nor human ſpark is left, nor glimpſe divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, chaos! is reſtor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word.
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And univerſal darkneſs buries all.

I am aware that you may anſwer to what has been premiſed, that the man is not of conſequence

enough for all this, and you may obſerve to me, that at firſt ſetting out, I myſelf called him by the figurative and typical appellation of an inſect. But if an inſect gets into the ſunſhine, and there blazes, ſhines, and buzzes to the annoyance of thoſe, who may be basking in the beams, it is time for the muſes wing to brush the thing away. In plain Engliſh, the rapidity, with which this writer went on in his progreſs, was ſo aſtoniſhing, that I really looked upon him to be reſerved for the great inſtrument of dullneſs in the completion of her work, which certainly muſt be accompliſhed, unleſs a ſpeedy ſtep be put to that inundation of nonſenſe and immorality with which he has overwhelmed the nation.

I have mentioned immorality, nor will I retract the word. Has he not attacked, maliciouſly attacked the reputations of many gentlemen, to whom the world has been greatly obliged?—He did not brandiſh his gooſe-quill for any length of time, before he diſcharged a torrent of abuſe upon the Reverend Mr. Francis, whoſe amiable character, and valuable tranſlation of Horace, have endeared him both to thoſe, who are, and thoſe who are not acquainted with him. Even beauty and innocence were no ſafeguards againſt his calumny, and the ſoft-eyed virgin was by him cruelly obliged to ſhed the tender tear.

Upon the commencement of the Covent Garden Journal, Mr. Fielding declared an humorous war againſt this writer, which was intended to be carried with an amicable pleaſantry, in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town. It is recent in every body's memory, how the Inſpector behaved upon that occaſion. Conſcious that there was not an atom of humour in his compoſition, he had recourſe to his uſual ſhifts, and inſtantly diſcloſed a private converſation; by which he reduced himſelf to the alternative mentioned by Mr. Pope: "and if he lies not, muſt at leaſt "betray." Through all Mr. Fielding's inimitable comic romances, we perceive no ſuch thing as perſonal malice, no private character dragged into light; but every ſtroke is copied from the volume which nature has unfolded to him; every ſcene of life is by him repreſented in its natural colours, and every ſpecies of folly or humour is ridiculed with the moſt exquiſite touches. A genius like this is perhaps more uſeful to mankind, than any claſs of writers; he ſerves to diſpel all gloom from our minds, to work off our ill-humours by the gay ſenſations excited by a well-directed pleaſantry, and in a vein of mirth he leads his readers into the knowledge of human nature; the moſt uſeful and pleaſing ſcience we can apply to. And yet ſo deſerving an author has been moſt groſsly treated by this wild eſſayiſt, and, not to multiply inſtances, has he not attempted to raiſe tumults and diviſions in our theatres, contrary to all decency and common ſenſe, and contrary to the practice of all polite writers, whoſe chief aim has ever been to cheriſh harmony and good manners, and to diffuſe through all ranks of people a juſt refinement of taſte in all our public entertainments?

Theſe conſiderations, dear Sir, prompt you to the blow, and will juſtify it when given. I believe, I may venture to add, never had poet ſo inviting a ſubject for ſatire; Pope himſelf had not ſo good an hero for his Dunciad. The firſt worthy who ſat in that throne, viz. Lewis Theobald of dull memory, employed himſelf in matters of ſome utility, and, upon being dethroned, the perſon who ſucceeded, was one, who formerly had ſome ſcattered rays of light; and in moſt of his comedies, though whimſical and extravagant, there are many ſtrokes of drollery; not to mention that the Careleſs Huſband is a finiſhed piece.

But in the hero of the Hilliad all the requiſites ſeem to be united, without one ſingle exception. You remember, no doubt, that in the diſſertation prefixed to the Dunciad the efficient qualities of an hero for the little epic are mentioned to be vanity, impudence, and debauchery. Theſe accompliſhments, I apprehend, are glaring in the perſon you have fixed upon. As a ſingle and notable inſtance of the two firſt, has he not upon all occaſions joined himſelf to ſome celebrated name, ſuch as the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery, or ſome other ſuch exalted character? I have frequently diverted myſelf by comparing this proceeding to the cruelty of a tyrant, who uſed to tie a living perſon to a dead carcaſe; and as to your hero's debauchery, there are, I am told, many pleaſant inſtances of it.

Add to theſe ſeveral ſubordinate qualifications; ſuch as foppery, a ſurpriſing alacrity to get into ſcrapes, with a notable facility of extricating himſelf, an amazing turn for politics, a wonderful knowledge of herbs, minerals, and plants, and to crown all, a comfortable ſhare of gentle dullneſs. This gentle dullneſs is not that impenetrable ſtupidity, which is remarkable in ſome men, but it is known by that countenance, which Dr. Garth calls "demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene." It is known by a briſk volubility of ſpeech, a lively manner of ſaying nothing through an entire paper, and upon all occaſions by a conſcious ſimper, ſhort inſertions of witty remarks, the frequent exclamation of wonder, the ſelf-applauding chit-chat, and the pleaſant repartee.

Upon the whole, dear Smart, I cannot conceive what doubt can remain in your mind about the publication; it is conferring on him that ridicule, which his life, character, and actions deſerve. I ſhall be in town in leſs than a fortnight, when I ſhall bring your poem with me, and if you will give me leave, I will help you to ſome notes, which I think will illuſtrate many paſſages.

——"Satyrarum ego (ni pudet illas),
Adjutor," &c. Juv.

I am, dear Smart,
Yours very ſincerely,
Cambridge, Dec. 21. 1752. *** *****.

BOOK I.

Thou god of jeſt, who o'er th' ambroſial bowl,
Giv'ſt joy to Jove, while laughter ſhakes the pole;
And thou, fair juſtice, of immortal line,
Hear, and aſſiſt the poet's grand deſign,
Who aims at triumph by no common ways,
But on the ſtem of dullneſs grafts the bays.
O thou whatever name delight thine ear,
Pimp? poet! puffer! 'pothecary! player!
Whoſe baſeleſs fame by vanity is buoy'd,
Like the huge earth, ſelf-center'd in the void, to

Accept one partner thy own worth t' explore,
And in thy praiſe be ſingular no more.
Say, muſe, what demon, foe to eaſe and truth,
Firſt from the mortar dragg'd th' advent'rous youth,
And made him, 'mongſt the ſcribbling ſons of men,
Change peace for war, the peſtle for the pen?
'Twas on a day (O may that day appear
No more, but loſe its ſtation in the year,
In the new ſtyle be not its name enroll'd,
But ſhare annihilation in the old)!
A tawny Sybil, whoſe alluring ſong
Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,
Firſt from the counter young Hillario charm'd,
And firſt his unambitious ſoul alarm'd---
An old ſtrip'd curtain croſs her arms was flung,
And tatter'd tap'ſtry o'er her ſhoulders hung;
Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
That more than ſpoke diverſity of dirt;
With age her back was double and awry,
Twain were her teeth, and ſingle was her eye,
Cold palſy ſhook her head---ſhe ſeem'd at moſt
A living corpſe, or an untimely ghoſt,
With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound,
And more than mortal was th' infernal ſound.
" Sweet boy, who ſeem'ſt for glorious deeds
" deſign'd,
" O come and leave that clyſter pipe behind;
" Croſs this prophetic hand with ſilver coin,
" And all the wealth and fame I have is thine---"
She ſaid---he (for what ſtripling could withſtand?
Straight with his only ſixpence grac'd her hand.
And now the precious fury all her breaſt
At once invaded, and at once poſſeſs'd;
Her eye was fix'd in an ecſtatic ſtare,
And on her head uproſe th' aſtoniſh'd hair:
No more her colour or her looks th' ſame,
But moonſhine madneſs quite convuls'd her frame,
While, big with fate, again ſhe ſilence broke,
And in few words voluminouſly ſpoke.
" In theſe three lines athwart thy palm I ſee,
" Either a tripod, or a triple-tree,
" For, Oh! I ken by myſteries profound,
" Too light to ſink, thou never canſt be drown'd---
" Whate'er thy end, the fates are now at ſtrife,
" Yet ſtrange variety ſhall check thy life---
" Thou grand dictator of each public ſhow,
" Wit, moraliſt, quack, harlequin, and beau,
" Survey man's vice, ſelf-prais'd, and ſelf-pre-
" ferr'd,
" And be th' inſpector of th' infected herd;
" By any means aſpire at any ends,
" Baſeneſs exalts, and cowardice defends,
" The chequer'd world's before thee---go---fare-
" well,
" Beware of Iriſhmen---and learn to ſpell."
Here from her breaſt th' inſpiring fury flew:
She ceas'd---and inſtant from his ſight withdrew.
Fir'd with his fate, and conſcious of his worth,
The beardleſs wight prepar'd to ſally forth.
But firſt ('twas juſt, 'twas natural to grieve)
He ſigh'd, and took a ſoft pathetic leave.
" Farewell, a long farewell to all my drugs,
" My label'd vials, and my letter'd jugs;
" And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge,
" Where all my Latin ſtands inſcrib'd at large:
" Ye jars, ye gallipots, and draw'rs adieu,
" Be to my memory loſt, as loſt to view,
" And ye, whom I ſo oft have joy'd to wipe,
" Th' ear-ſifting ſyringe, and back-piercing pipe,
" Farewell---my day of glory's on the dawn,
" And now---Hillario's occupation's gone."
Quick with the word his way the hero made,
Conducted by a glorious cavalcade;
Pert petulance the firſt attracts his eye,
And drowſy dullneſs ſlowly ſaunters by,
With malice old, and ſcandal ever knew,
And neutral nonſenſe, neither falſe nor true.
Infernal falſehood next approach'd the band,
With ***, and the Koran in her hand.
Her motley veſture with the leopard vies,
Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.
Next ſpiteful enmity, gangren'd at heart,
Preſents a dagger, and conceals a dart.
On th' earth crawls flattery, with her boſom bare,
And vanity ſails over him in air.
Such was the group---they bow'd, and they ador'd,
And hail'd Hillario for their ſovereign lord.
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, and proud of his allies,
Th' exulting hero thus triumphant cries:
" Friends, brethren, ever preſent, ever dear,
" Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,
" While you approve, aſſiſt, inſtruct, inſpire,
" Heat my young blood, and ſet my ſoul on fire;
" No foreign aid my daring pen ſhall chooſe,
" But boldly verſify without a muſe.
" I'll teach Minerva, I'll inſpire the nine,
" Great Phœbus ſhall in conſultation join,
" And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel
" twine."
He ſaid---and clamour, of commotion born,
Rear'd to the ſkies her ear-afflicting horn,
While jargon grav'd her titles on a block,
And ſtyl'd him M. D. Acad. Budig. Soc.
But now the harbingers of fate and fame,
Signs, omens, prodigies, and portents came.
Lo! (through mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl
Ey'd the bright ſun, and hail'd him with a howl;
Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas (a numerous crew)!
And gnats and grubworms crowded on his view,
Inſects! without the microſcopic aid,
Gigantic by the eye of dullneſs made!
And ſtranger ſtill---and never heard before!
A wooden lion roar'd, or ſeem'd to roar.
But (what the moſt his youthful boſom warm'd,
Heighten'd each hope, and every fear diſarm'd),
On a high dome a damſel took her ſtand,
With a well-freighted jordan in her hand,
Where curious mixtures ſtrove on every ſide,
And ſolids ſound with laxer fluids vied---
Lo! on his crown the lotion choice and large
She ſouſed---and gave at once a full diſcharge.
Not Archimedes, when, with conſcious pride,
I've found it out! I've found it out! he cried;
Not coſtive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat;
Not grave grimalkin, when ſhe ſmells a rat;
Not the ſhrewd ſtateſman, when he ſcents a plot;
Not coy Prudelia, when ſhe knows what's what;
Not our own hero, when (O matchleſs luck)!
His keen diſcernment found another Duck;
With ſuch ecſtatic tranſports did abound,
As what he ſmelt and ſaw, and felt and found.

" Ye gods, I thank ye to profuſion free,
" Thus to adorn, and thus diſtinguiſh me;
" And thou, fair Cloacina, whom I ſerve
" (If a deſire to pleaſe is to deſerve),
" To you I'll conſecrate my future lays,
" And on the ſmootheſt paper print my ſoft eſ-
" ſays."
No more he ſpoke, but ſlightly ſlid along,
Eſcorted by the miſcellaneous throng.
And now, thou goddeſs, whoſe fire-darting eyes
Defy all diſtance, and tranſpierce the ſkies,
To men the councils of the gods relate,
And faithfully deſcribe the grand debate.
The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whoſe call
The gods aſſembled in th' ethereal hall,
From his bright throne the deities addreſt:
" What impious noiſe diſturbs our awful reſt,
" With din profane aſſaults immortal ears,
" And jars harſh diſcord to the tuneful ſpheres?
" Nature, my handmaid, yet without a ſtain,
" Has never once productive prov'd in vain,
" Till now---luxuriant and regardleſs quite
" Of her divine, eternal rule of right,
" On mere privation ſhe's beſtow'd a frame,
" And dignify'd a nothing with a name;
" A wretch devoid of uſe, of ſenſe and grace,
" Th' inſolvent tenant of encumber'd ſpace.
" Good is his cauſe, and juſt is his pretence,"
Replies the god of theft and eloquence.
" A hand mercurial, ready to convey,
" Ev'n in the preſence of the gariſh day;
" The work an Engliſh claſſic late has writ,
" And by adoption be the fire of wit---
" Sure to be, this is to be ſomething---ſure,
" Next to perform, 'tis glorious to procure.
" Small was th' exertion of my godlike ſoul,
" When privately Apollo's herd I ſtole;
" Compar'd to him, who braves th' all-ſeeing ſun,
" And boldly bids th' aſtoniſh'd world look on."
Her approbation Venus next oppreſs'd,
And on Hillario's part the throne addreſt.
" If there be any praiſe the nails to pare,
" And in ſoft ringlets wreath th' elaſtic hair,
" In talk and tea to trifle time away,
" The mien ſo eaſy, and the dreſs ſo gay!
" Can my Hillario's worth remain unknown,
" With whom my Sylvia truſts herſelf alone?
" With whom, ſo pure, ſo innocent his life,
" The jealous huſband leaves his buxom wife.
" What though he ne'er aſſume the poſt of Mars,
" By me diſbanded from all amorous wars;
" His fancy (if not perſon) he employs,
" And oft ideal counteſſes enjoys;
" Though hard his heart, yet beauty ſhall controul,
" And ſweeten all the rancour of his ſoul;
" While his black ſelf, Florinda ever near,
" Shows like a diamond in an Ethiop's ear."
When Pallas, thus: " Ceaſe, ye immortals,
" ceaſe,
" Nor rob ſerene ſtupidity of peace:
" Should Jove himſelf, in calculation mad,
" Still negatives to blank negations add,
" How could the barren cyphers ever breed?
" But nothing ſtill from nothing would proceed;
" Raiſe, or depreſs, or magnify, or blame,
" Inanity will ever be the ſame."
" Not ſo (ſays Phœbus) my celeſtial friend,
" Ev'n blank privation has its uſe and end;
" How ſweetly ſhadows recommend the light,
" And darkneſs renders my own beams more
" bright!
" How riſe from filth the violet and roſe!
" From emptineſs how ſofteſt muſic flows!
" How abſence to poſſeſſion adds a grace,
" And modeſt vacancy to all gives place!
" Contraſted when fair nature's works we ſpy,
" More they allure the mind, and more they
" charm the eye.
" So from Hillario ſome effect may ſpring,
" Ev'n him, that ſlight penumbra of a thing."
Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,
And drowſily a few dull words he ſpoke---
Declar'd Hillario was the friend of eaſe,
And had a ſoporific pow'r to pleaſe;
Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,
But at the very ſound was lull'd to ſleep again.
Momus, the laſt of all, in merry mood,
As moderator in th' aſſembly ſtood,
" Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye gods of mirth,
" What! not regard my deputy on earth?
" Whoſe chemic ſkill turns braſs to gold with eaſe,
" And out of Cibber forges Socrates;
" Whoſe genius makes conſiſtencies to fight,
" And forms an union betwixt wrong and right;
" Who (five whole days in ſenſeleſs malice paſt)
" Repents, and is religious at the laſt;
" A paltry pray'r, that in no parts ſucceeds,
" A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.
" The trumpet of a baſe deſerted cauſe,
" Damn'd to the ſcandal of his own applauſe.
" While thus he ſtands a general wit confeſt,
" With all theſe titles, all theſe talents bleſt,
" Be he by Jove's authority aſſign'd
" The univerſal butt of all mankind."
So ſpake, and ceas'd the joy-exciting god,
And Jove immediate gave th' aſſenting nod,
When fame her adamantine trump uprear'd,
And thus th' irrevocable doom declar'd,
" While in the vale perennial fountains flow,
" And fragrant zephyrs muſically blow;
" While the majeſtic ſea, from pole to pole,
" In horrible magnificence ſhall roll;
" While yonder glorious canopy on high
" Shall overhang the curtains of the ſky;
" While the gay ſeaſons their due courſe ſhall run,
" Rul'd by the brilliant ſtars and golden ſun;
" While wit and fool antagoniſts ſhall be,
" And ſenſe, and taſte, and nature, ſhall agree;
" While love ſhall live, and rapture ſhall rejoice,
" Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne, and Boyce;
" While with joint force o'er humour's droll do-
" main,
" Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift, ſhall reign;
" While thinking figures from the canvaſs ſtart,
" And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art;
" So long in groſs ſtupidity's extreme
" Shall H——ll, th' arch-dunce, remain o'er eve-
" ry dunce ſupreme."

NOTES ON THE HILLIAD.

Ver. 1. As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble atchievements of truly great personages, and conduct them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those, who, for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renowned worthies above-mentioned. Hence our poet calls upon Momus, at the first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that in the present case, it cannot be said, *facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit titillatio versum*; which may serve to show our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and to check the sallies of fancy and humurous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict poetic justice.

Ver. 2. Several cavils have been raised against this passage. Quinbus Flestrin, the unborn poet, is of opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critic as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict: and, though Horace lays it down as a rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying so pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image, whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr. Orator Henley says in his excellent tracts, that "the deity is a "joyous being."

Martinus Macularius,
M. D. Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. Soc.

Ver. 6. Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. Hill's Natural History of Trees and Plants, vol. 52. page 336, saith it has been frequently attempted, but that the tree of dullness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds in page 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some choice spirits. Erasmus, in his encomium on folly, shows how it may be accomplished; in our own times Pope and Garth found means to do the same: and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but the stem here mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches, like the tree in Virgil,

Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.

Ver. 8. *Pimp.*] An old English word for a mean fellow. See Chaucer and Spencer.

Ibid. *Poet.*] Quinbus Flestrin saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice done to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper's who it seems is not a little proud of the "words by Dr. Hill, and the music by "Lewis Granon, Esq." This opinion is further confirmed by Major England, who admires the pretty turns on Kitty, and Kate, and Catharine and Katy, but from these venerable authorities, judicious reader, you may boldly dissent *Meo periculo.*

Mart. Mac.

Ibid. *Puffer.*] Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; "you have discovered "many of the beauties of the ancients; they are "obliged to you; we are obliged to you; were "they alive they would thank you; we who "are alive do thank you." His constant custom of running on in this manner, occasioned the following epigram,

Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide;
An insect vile and mean,
Must first, he knows, be magnify'd
Before it can be seen.

Ibid. *'Potbecary, Play'r.*] For both these, *vide* Woodward's letter, *passim.*

Ver. 10. The allusion here seems to be taken from Ovid, who describes the earth fixed in the air, by its own stupidity, or *vis inertiæ*:—

Pendebat in aere tellus,
Ponderibus librata suis.——

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense inanity of space, and then the comparative nothingness of the globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth observing here that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

This note is partly by Macularius, and partly by Mr. Jinkyns, Philomath.

Ver. 13. Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errors which have attended his consummate vanity, to his own perverse

inclination; but with greater candour inſinuates that ſome demon, foe to Hillario's repoſe, firſt miſled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been ſeduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in Pope:

Some demon whiſper'd—Viſto have a taſte.

Hence, then, ariſe our hero's misfortunes; and that the demon above mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent at miſrepreſenting circumſtances, for which *vide* all the Inſpectors.

Ver. 17. This ſeems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful paſſage in a very elegant poem:

Ye gods annihilate both ſpace and time,
And make two lovers happy.

The requeſt is extremely modeſt, and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it muſt be ſaid, in favour of Mr. Smart, that he is ſtill more reaſonable in his demand; and it appears by the alteration in the ſtyle, that his ſcheme may be reduced to practice, though the other is mighty fine in theory. The Inſpector is of this opinion, and ſo is Monſieur de Scaizau.

Ver. 26. Our author has been extremely negligent upon this occaſion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of diſplaying his talent for poetic imagery. Homer has deſcribed the ſhield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; Virgil has followed him in this point; and, indeed, both he and Ovid, ſeem to be delighted when they have either a picture to deſcribe, or ſome repreſentation in the labours of the loom. Hence ariſes a double delight; we admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleaſure Mr. Smart might have impreſſed upon his readers in this paſſage, as many things were wrought into the tapeſtry here mentioned. In one part, our hero was adminiſtering to a patient, "and the "freſh vomit runs for ever green." The theatre at May-fair, made a conſpicuous figure in the piece; the pit ſeemed to riſe in an uproar; the gallery opened its rude throats; and apples, oranges, and halfpence, flew about our hero's ears. The Mall in St. James's Park was diſplayed in a beautiful viſta; and you might perceive Hillario, with his janty air, waddling along in Mary-le-Bone Fields, he was dancing round a glow-worm; and, finally, the Rotunda at Ranelagh filled the eye with its magnificence; and, in a corner of it ſtood a handſome young fellow, holding a perſonage, dreſſed in blue ſilk, by the ear; "the very worſted ſtill "looked black and blue." There were many other curious figures; but out of a ſhameful lazineſs has our poet omitted them. *Polymetus Cantabrigienſis.*

Ver. 44. This paſſage ſeems to be an imitation of the Sibyl, in the ſixth book of Virgil.

Subito non vultus, non color unus
Nec comtæ manſere comæ——

and is admirably expreſſive of the witch's prophetic fury, and uſhers in the prediction of Hillario's fortune with proper ſolemnity.

This note is by one of the Æoliſts, mentioned with honour in the tale of a tub.

Ver. 58. When the diſtemper firſt raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a certain officer to ſuperintend the beaſts, and to direct that ſuch as were found to be infected, ſhould be knocked in the head. This officer was called the Inſpector; and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

Bentley, junior.

Ver. 62. It is extremely probable, that our poet is intimately acquainted with the claſſics; he ſeems frequently to have them in his eye; and ſuch an air of enthuſiaſm runs through his whole ſpeech, that the learned reader may eaſily perceive he has taken fire at ſome of the prophecies in Homer and Virgil. The whole is delivered in breaks and unconnected tranſitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind; and the hint here concerning the Iriſh, is perfectly in the manner of all great epic poets, who generally give the reader ſome idea of what is to enſue, without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in Virgil:

Bella, horrida bella,
Et Tybrim multo ſpumantem ſanguine cerno.

And again,

Alius Latio jam partus Achilles.

And in the ſequel of this work, I believe it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles; ſo our hero has had as formidable an adverſary.

Ver. 69. The ingenious Mr. L——der ſays, that the following paſſage is taken from a work, which he intends ſhortly to publiſh by ſubſcription; and he has now in the preſs a pamphlet, called, "Mr. Smart's Uſe and Abuſe of the Mo-"derns." But, with his leave, this paſſage is partly imitated from Cardinal Wolſey's ſpeech, and from Othello.

Ver. 84. The train here deſcribed is worthy of Hillario; pertneſs, dullneſs, ſcandal, malice, &c. being the very conſtituents of an hero for the mock heroic: and it is not without propriety, that nonſenſe is introduced with the epithet neutral; nonſenſe being like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning ſtupidity, but in the art of preſerving a ſtrict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram.

Word-valiant wight, thou great he-ſhrew,
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonſenſe is nor falſe nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

Ver. 85. This lady is deſcribed with two books in her hand; but our author chooſing to preſerve a neutrality, though not a nonſenſical one, upon this occaſion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they pleaſe, inſert Echard, Higgons, &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic, ſhould falſehood be given to Hillario? Becauſe, replieth Macularius, he has given many ſpecimens of his talents that way. Our hero took it into his head ſome time ſince to tell the world that he caned a gentleman, whom he called by the name of Mario: what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occaſion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag, who ſhall be nameleſs.

To beat one man great Hill was fated;
What man? a man that he created.

The following epigram may be alſo properly inſerted here:

What H—ll one day ſays, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us—'tis all a damn'd lie: [ed;
Dear Doctor—this candour from you is not want-
For why ſhould you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

Ver. 91. Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his intereſt to commend, as for his abuſe, where he has taken a diſlike; but from the latter he is eaſily to be bought off, as may be ſeen in the following excellent epigram:

An author's writings oft reveal,
Where now and then he takes a meal.
Invite him once a week to dinner,
He'll faint you though the vileſt ſinner,
Have you a ſmiling, vacant face,
He gives you ſoul, expreſſion, grace.
Swears what you will, unſwears it too;
What will not beef and pudding do?

Ver. 102. No, the devil a bit! I am the only perſon that can do that! My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the aſſiſtance of any muſe; and, better than all Smart's poetry. The muſes are ſtrumpets; they frequently give an intellectual gonorrhœa; court debt not paid; I'll never be poet laureat, coup de grace unanſwerable; our foes ſhall knuckle; five pounds to any biſhop that will equal this; Cum guiacum for Latin lignum vitæ; Adam the firſt Dutchman; victorious ſtroke for Old England; tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

Oratory-Right-Reaſon-Chapel, Saturday 13th January, and old ſtyle for ever.

Ver. 108. Jargon is here properly introduced graving our hero's titles, which are admirably brought into verſe; but the gentleman who wrote the laſt note, Mr. Orator H——ley, takes umbrage at this paſſage, and exclaimeth to the following effect: "Jargon is meant for me." There is more muſic in a peal of marrow bones and cleavers, than in theſe verſes.—I am a logician upon fundamentals, a rationaliſt lover of mankande, Glaſtonberry thorn---huzza, boys!---Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.---I am the only wit in Great Britain. See Oratory Tracts, &c. 10,036.

Patience, good Mr. Orator! We are not at leiſure to anſwer thee at preſent, but muſt obſerve, that Jargon has done more for our hero, than ever did the ſociety at Bordeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter ſent to Martinus Macularius, by a fellow of that ſociety:

J'ai bien reçu la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me paſſé. A l'égarde de ce Monſieur Hillario, qui ſe vante ſi prodigieuſement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il eſt enrollé dans notre ſociété, et ſou nom eſt parfaitment inconnu ici. J'attends de vous nouvelles, &c.

Ver. 114.

The important objects of his future ſpeculations!
O would the ſons of men once think their eyes
And reaſon given 'em but to ſtudy flies!

M. Macularius.

Ver. 117. This paſſage may be properly illuſtrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

As things ſeem large which we through miſts deDullneſs is very apt to magnify. [ſcry,

Ver. 119. Not the black lion in Saliſbury-court, Fleet-ſtreet, where the New Craftſman is publiſhed, nor yet the red lion at Brentford, but the beaſt of the Bedford, who may truly be ſaid to have been alive, when animated by Addiſon and Steele, though now reduced to the ſtate of blockheadiſm, which is ſo conſpicuous in his maſter. *Feculnus, inutile lignum.* *Bentley, junior.*

Ver. 127. Reader, do not turn up your noſe at this paſſage. It is much more decent than Pope's. Recollect what Swift ſays, that a nice man has filthy ideas; and let it be conſidered, this diſcharge may have the ſame effect upon our hero, as a ſimilar accident had upon a perſon of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd by magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes from th' effluvia ſtrong,
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along.

Pope's Dunciad.

Ver. 128. As ſoon as the philoſopher, here mentioned, diſcovered the modern ſave-all, and the new invented patent blackball, he threw down his pipe, and ran all along Piccadilly, with his ſhirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman, εὕρηκα! εὕρηκα! which, in modern Engliſh, is, the job is done! the job is done! *Vetus Schol.*

Ver. 135. Hillario, having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the world, compares him to Stephen Duck; and, at the cloſe of a late Inſpector, cries out, "I have found another Duck, but who ſhall find a Caroline?"

Ver. 145. Our hero, for once, has ſpoke truth of himſelf, for which we could produce the teſtimonies of ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. Bath and Tunbridge-wells have, upon many occaſions, teſtified their gratitude to him on this head, as his works have been always found of ſingular uſe with the waters of thoſe places. To this effect alſo, ſpeaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward, in an ingenious parody---on buſy, curious, thirſty fly, &c.

Buſy, curious, hungry Hill,
Write of me, and write your fill.
Freely welcome to abuſe,
Couldſt thou tire thy railing muſe.
Make the moſt of this you can;
Strife is ſhort, and life's a ſpan.

Both alike your works and pay,
Haſten quick to their decay;
This a trifle, thoſe no more,
Though repeated to threeſcore.
Threeſcore volumes, when they're writ,
Will appear at laſt b——t.

Ver. 146. This invocation is perfectly in the ſpirit of ancient poetry. If I may uſe Milton's words, our author here preſumes into the heavens an earthly gueſt, and draws empyreal air. Hence he calls upon the goddeſs to aſſiſt his ſtrain, while he relates the councils of the gods. Virgil, when the plot thickens upon his hands, as Mr. Byes has it, has offered up his prayers a ſecond time to the muſe; and he ſeems to labour under the weight of his ſubject, when he cries out:

Majus opus moveo, major rerum mihi naſcitur ordo.

This is the caſe at preſent with the writer of the Hilliad; and this peace of machinery will evince the abſurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which aſſerts, that the gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themſelves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are:

Omnis enim per ſe divûm natura neceſſe eſt
Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace fruatur,
Senota a rebus noſtris, disjunctaque longè.

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius, to make uſe of this inſtance to the contrary, in the next publication of this work.

M. Macularius.

Ver. 163. Jupiter's ſpeech is full of pomp and ſolemnity, and is finely cloſed by a deſcription of our hero, who is here ſaid to take up a place in the creation to no purpoſe. What a different notion of the end of his exiſtence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus, in his Treatiſe on the Sublime. The paſſage is admirable, tranſlated by the author of The Pleaſures of Imagination. "The godlike geniuſes of "Greece were well aſſured that nature had not "intended man for a low ſpirited or ignoble be-"ing; but bringing us into life, and the midſt of "this wide univerſe, as before a multitude aſſem-"bled at ſome heroic ſolemnity, that we might "be ſpectators of all her magnificence, and can-"didates high in emulation for the prize of glory; "ſhe has therefore implanted in our ſouls an in-"extinguiſhable love of every thing great and ex-"alted, of every thing which appears divine be-"yond our comprehenſion. Hence, by the very "propenſity of nature, we are led to admire, not "little ſprings or ſhallow rivulets, however clear "and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Da-"nube, and much more than all the ocean." Inſtead of acting upon this plan, Hillario is employed in purſuit of inſects in Kenſington gardens: and as this is all the gratitude he pays for the being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an inſolvent tenant.

Ver. 169. Our hero has taken an entire letter from Sir Thomas Fitz-Oſborne, and, with inimitable effrontery, publiſhed it in his Inſpector, No. 239, as a production of his own. We are informed that, having been taxed with this affair, he declares, with a great deal of art, that it was given him by another perſon, to which all we have to ſay is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

M. Macularius.

Ver. 171. If our author could be thought capable of punning, I ſhould imagine that the word *procure*, in this place, is made uſe of in preference to an appellation given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, *viz.* a pimp; but the reader will pleaſe to recollect, that the term pimp is not in that paſſage uſed in its modern acceptation.

Ver. 172. Not ſo faſt, good poet, cries out in this place M. Macularius. We do not find that Hillario, upon any occaſion whatever, has been charged with ſtealing Apollo's quiver; and certain it is, that thoſe arrows, which he has ſhot at all the world, never were taken from thence. But of Mercury it is recorded by Horace, that he really did deceive the god of wit in this manner:

Te bovis olim niſi reddidiſſes
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret viduus pharetra. *Riſit Apollo.*

Ver. 176. Venus riſes in this aſſembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we ſee in Virgil, that ſhe is all mildneſs, and, at every word, breathes ambroſia:

——At non Venus aurea contra,
Pauca refert.——

She is to ſpeak upon this occaſion, as well as in the caſe produced from the Æneid, in favour of a much loved ſon; though, indeed, we cannot ſay that ſhe has been quite ſo kind to Hillario, as formerly ſhe was to Æneas, it being evident that ſhe has not beſtowed upon him that luſtre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which ſhe is ſaid to have given the pious Trojan:

————Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.

On the contrary, Venus here talks of his black ſelf; which makes it ſuſpected, that ſhe reconciled herſelf to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom ſhe has frequent favours to ſolicit: and, perhaps, it may appear hereafter, that ſhe procured a ſword for our hero from the celeſtial blackſmith's forge. One thing is not a little ſurpriſing, that, while Venus ſpeaks on the ſide of Hillario, ſhe ſhould omit the real utility he has been of to the cauſe of love, by his experience as an apothecary; of which he himſelf has told us, ſeveral have profited; and it ſhould be remembered at the ſame time, that he actually has employed his perſon in the ſervice of Venus, and has now an offspring of the amorous congreſs. It is, moreover, notorious, that having, in his elegant language, taſted of the cool ſtream, he was ready to plunge in again; and therefore publicly ſet himſelf up for a wife, and thus became a fortune-hunter with his pen; and if he has failed in his deſign, it is becauſe the ladies do not approve the new ſcheme of propagation, without the knowledge of a man, which Hillario pretended to explain ſo handſomely in the Lucina ſine concubitu. But the truth is, he never wrote a ſyllable of this book, though he tranſcribed part of it, and ſhowed it to a bookſeller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions. *Quinbus Fleſtrin.*

Ver. 193. There is neither morality, nor integrity, nor unity, nor univerſality in this poem. The author of it is Smart. I hope to ſee a Smartead publiſhed; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was going through Paul's Churchyard, and I firmly believe it was this little author, as the man who can pun, will alſo pick a pocket. *John Dennis, junior.*

Ver. 201. Our author does not here mean to liſt himſelf among the diſputants concerning pure ſpace, but the doctrine he would advance is, that nothing can come from nothing. In ſo unbelieving an age as this, it is poſſible this tenet may not be received; but if the reader has a mind to ſee it handled at large, he may find it in Rumgur-

nus, vol. xvi. pagina 1001. "De hac re multum "et turpiter hallucinantur ſcriptores tam exerti "quam domeſtici. Spatium enim abſolutum et "relativum debent diſtingui, priuſquam diſtincta "eſſe poſſunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam "rei metaphyſicæ quadrabit, quam triplex con- "ſideratio de ſubſtantiâ inanitatis, ſive entitate "nihili, quæ quidem conſideratio triplex ad unam "reduci poteſt neceſſitatem; nempe idem ſpati- "um de quo jam ſatis dictum eſt." This opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the ſociety at Bourdeaux. "Selon la diſtinction entre les "choſes, qui n'ont pas de difference, il nous faut "abſolument agréer, que les idées, qui ont frappé "l'imagination, peuvent bien être effacées, pour- "vu qu'on ne l'aviſe pas d'oublier cet eſpace im- "menſe, qui environne toute la nature, et le ſyſ- "téme des étoiles." Among our countrymen, I do not know any body that has handled this ſubject ſo well as the accurate Mr. Fielding, in his Eſſay upon Nothing, which the reader may find in the firſt volume of his Miſcellanies; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to diſſent from one aſſertion in the ſaid eſſay; the reſidence of nothing might in his time have been in a critic's head; and we are apt to believe that there is a ſomething like nothing in moſt critics heads to this day; and this falſe appearance miſled the excellent metaphyſician juſt quoted; for nothing, in its *puris naturalibus*, as Graveſend deſcribes it in his Experimental Philoſophy, does ſubſiſt nowhere ſo properly at preſent as in the *pericranium* of our hero. *Mart. Macularius.*

Ver. 207. "Perſons of moſt genius," ſays the Inſpector, Friday, Jan. 26. Number 587, "have, "in general, been the fondeſt of muſic. Sir Iſaac "Newton was remarkable for his affection for "harmony; he was ſcarce ever miſſed at the be- "ginning of any performance, but was ſeldom "ſeen at the end of it." And, indeed, of this opinion is M. Macularius: and he further adds, that if Sir Iſaac was ſtill living, it is probable he would be at the beginning of the Inſpector's next ſong at Cuper's, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonſtration, though Hillario takes ſo much pleaſure in beating time to them himſelf, and though he ſo frequently exclaims—very fine! O fine! vaſtly fine!---Since the lucubration of Friday, Jan 26. has been mentioned, we think proper to obſerve here, that his Inſpectorſhip has the moſt notable talent at a motto---Quinbus Fleſtrin ſaith, "he is "a tartar for that;" and of this, learned reader, take a ſpecimen along with you. How aptly, upon the ſubject of muſic, does he bid his readers pluck grapes from the loaded vine!

Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas. *Ovid.*

The above-mentioned Quinbus Fleſtrin peremptorily ſays, this line has been cavilled at by ſome minor critics, becauſe "the grapes are ſour;" and, indeed, of that way of thinking is Macularius, who hath been greatly aſtoniſhed at the taſte of Hillario, in ſo frequently culling from Valerius Flaccus. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines from Welſtead and Dennis are ſelected with great judgment, and are hung out as proper ſigns of what entertainment is to be furniſhed up to his cuſtomers.

Ver. 213. Whatever mean opinion Dr. Phœbus may entertain of his terreſtrial brother, phyſician and poet, on earth Hillario is talked of in a different manner; as will appear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by Mr. Dryden to Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

Three wiſe great men in the ſame era born,
Britannia's happy iſland did adorn:
Henley in care of ſouls diſplay'd his ſkill,
Rock ſhone in phyſic, and in both John H—ll;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

Quinbus Fleſtrin.

Ver. 219. The hypnotic, or ſoporiferous quality of Hillario's pen, is manifeſt from the following aſſeveration, which was publiſhed in the New Craftſman, and is a letter from a tradeſman in the city.

"SIR,

"From a motive of gratitude, and for the ſake "of thoſe of my fellow-creatures, who may un- "happily be afflicted! as I have been for ſome "time paſt, I beg leave, through the channel of "your paper, to communicate the diſorder I have "laboured under, and the extraordinary cure I "have lately met with. I have had for many "months ſucceſſively a ſlow nervous fever, with "a conſtant flutter on my ſpirits, attended with "pertinacious watchings, twitchings of the nerves, "and other grievous ſymptoms, which reduced "me to a mere ſhadow. At length, by the in- "terpoſition Divine Providence, a friend who "had himſelf experienced it, adviſed me to have "recourſe to the reading of the Inſpectors. I "accordingly took one of them, and the effect it "had upon me was ſuch, that I fell into a profound "ſleep, which laſted near ſix and thirty hours. "By this I have attained a more compoſed habit "of body; and I now doze away almoſt all my "time; but, for fear of a lethargy, am ordered to "take them in ſmaller quantities. A paragraph "at a time now anſwers my purpoſe; and under "Heaven I owe my ſleeping powers to the above- "mentioned Inſpectors. I look upon them to be "a grand ſoporificum mirabile, very proper to be "had in all families. He makes great allowance "to thoſe who buy them to ſell again, or to ſend "abroad to the plantations; and the above fact "I am ready to atteſt whenever called upon. "Given under my hand this 4th day of January, "1753."

Humphrey Roberts, weaver in Criſpin-ſtreet, Spitalfields, oppoſite the White Horſe.

Ver. 225. Socrates was the father of the trueſt philoſophy that ever appeared in the world; and though he has not drawn God's image, which was reſerved for the light of the goſpel, he has at leaſt given the ſhadow, which together with his exemplary life, induces Eraſmus to cry out, *Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis;* of Mr. Cibber we ſhall ſay nothing, as he has ſaid abundantly enough of himſelf; but to illuſtrate the poet's meaning in this paſſage, it may be neceſſary to

obſerve, that when the Britiſh worthy was indiſpoſed ſome time ſince, the Inſpector did not heſitate to prefer him to the godlike ancient philoſopher. *O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem.*

M. Macularius.

Ver. 226. Alluding to his egregious talent at diſtinctions without a difference.

Ver. 229. On every Saturday the florid Hillario becomes, in Woodward's phraſe, a lay preacher; but his flimſey, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cauſe; and we hear that there is now preparing for the preſs, by a very eminent divine, a defence of Chriſtianity, againſt the miſrepreſentations of a certain officious writer; and for the preſent we think proper to apply an epigram, occaſioned by a diſpute between two beaux concerning religion.

On grace, free-will, and myſt'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
J—n H—ll believes he knows not why,
Tom ſwears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree,
Tom, kiſs thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t' other.

Ver. 230. It appears that the firſt effort of this univerſal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the Bobadil of literature, was to excel in pantomime. What was the event?—he was damned. ---Mr. Croſs, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of Oroonoko—he was damned.—He attempted Captain Blandford—he was damned.—He acted Conſtant in the Provok'd Wife—he was damned.—He repreſented the Botaniſt in Romeo and Juliet, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market, under the direction of Mr. The. Cibber—he was damned.—He appeared in the character of Lothario, at the celebrated theatre in May-Fair---he was damned there too. Mr. Croſs, however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably beſtowed upon him a fifteenth part of his own benefit. See the Gentleman's Magazine for laſt December, and alſo Woodward's letter, *paſſim.*

Ver. 231. Notwithſtanding this aſſertion of Momus, our hero *pro câ quâ eſt, verecundiâ*, compareth himſelf to Addiſon and Steele, which occaſioned the following epigram by the Right Hon. the Earl ***, addreſſed to the Right Hon. G---e D---n.

Art thou not angry, learning's great protector,
To hear that flimſey author, the Inſpector,
Of cant, of puff, that daily vain inditer,
Call Addiſon, or Steele, his brother writer?
So a pert H---ll (in Æſop's fabling days)
Swoln up with vanity, and ſelf-giv'n praiſe,
To his huge neighbour mountain might have ſaid,
" See (brother); how We Mountains lift the " head!
" How great we ſhow! how awful, and how high,
" Amidſt theſe paultry mounts, that here around " us lie!"

And now, reader, pleaſe to obſerve, that, ſince ſo ingenious a nobleman hath condeſcended to take notice of his Inſpectorſhip, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath alſo taken of him.

M. Macularius.

Ver. 232. In a very pleaſing account of the riots in Drury-Lane play-houſe, by Henry Fielding, Eſq. we find the following humorous deſcription of our hero in the character of a trumpeter. " They all run away except the trumpeter, who having an empyema in his ſide, as well as ſeveral dreadful bruiſes on his breach, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick to be examined, he ſaid the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had reſented the uſe made of the monſters by Garrick. That it was unfair, that it was cruel, that it was inhuman to employ a man's own ſubjects againſt him. That Rich was lawful ſovereign over all the monſters in the univerſe, with much more of the ſame kind; all which Garrick ſeemed to think unworthy of an anſwer; but when the trumpeter challenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great diſdain, turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be diſmiſſed with full power of trumpeting again on what ſide he pleaſed." Hillario has ſince trumpeted in the cauſe of pantomime; the gaudy ſcenery of which, with great judgment, he diſmiſſes from the Opera-houſe, and ſaith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occaſion, Macularius cannot help exclaiming, " O Shakſpeare! O Johnſon! reſt, reſt perturbed ſpirits."

Ver. 253. The firſt of theſe gentlemen may be juſtly looked upon as the Milton of muſic, and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profeſſion, as they not only touch the ſtrings of love with exquiſite art, but alſo, when they pleaſe, reach the truly ſublime.

Ver. 257. The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero's writings, may be gueſſed at, by any one who will take the pleaſure of looking at a print called Beer-ſtreet, in which Hillario's critic upon the Royal Society is put into a baſket, directed to the trunk-maker in St. Paul's Church-yard. I ſhall not only obſerve that the compliment in this paſſage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a luſtre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having ſimilar talents, equally capable of the higheſt elevation, and of repreſenting the ordinary ſcenes of life, with the moſt exquiſite humour.

And now, candid reader, Martinus Macularius hath attended thee throughout the firſt book of this moſt delectable poem. As it is not improbable that thoſe will be inquiſitive after the particulars relating to this thy commentator, he here gives thee notice that he is preparing for the preſs, Memoirs of Martinus Macularius, with his travels by ſea and land, together with his flights aërial, and deſcents ſubterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the ſecond book of the Hilliad, of which we will ſay, *ſpecioſa miracula promet.* And ſo as Terence ſays, *Vos valete et plaudite.*

THE JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

A MASQUE.

" Auriculas Asini Midas Rex habet." Juv.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

APOLLO.
PAN.
TIMOLUS, *God of the Mountain.*
MIDAS.
CALLIOPE.
MELPOMENE.
AGNO. } *two Wood-Nymphs.*
MELINOE. }
SATYRS, &c.

TIMOLUS, MELINOE, *and* AGNO, *Two Wood-Nymphs.*

Timolus.

AGNO, to-day we wear our acorn crown,
The parsley wreath be thine: it is most meet
We grace the presence of these rival gods
With all the honours of our woodland weeds.
Thine was the task, Melinoe, to prepare
The turf-built theatre, the boxen bow'r,
And all the sylvan scenery.

Melinoe.

That task,
Sire of these shades, is done. On yester eve,
Assisted by a thousand friendly fays,
While fav'ring Dian held her glitt'ring lamp,
We ply'd our nightly toils, nor ply'd we long,
For art was not the mistress of our revels,
'Twas gentle nature whom we jointly woo'd;
She heard, and yielded to the forms we taught her,
Yet still remain'd herself——Simplicity,
Fair nature's genuine daughters, too was there,
So soft, yet so magnificent of mien,
She shone all ornament without a gem.
The blithsome Flora, ever sweet and young,
Offer'd her various store: we cull'd a few
To robe, and recommend our darksome verdure,
But shunn'd to be luxuriant——

Timolus.

It was well.
Agno, thy looks are pensive: What dejects
Thy pleasure-painted aspect? sweetest nymph,
That ever trod the turf, or sought the shade,
Speak, nor conceal a thought.

Agno.

King of the woods,
I tremble for the royal arbiter.
'Tis hard to judge, whene'er the great contend,
Sure to displease the vanquish'd: When such pow'rs
Contend the laurel with such ardent strife,
'Tis not the sentence of fair equity,
But 'tis their pleasure that is right or wrong.

Timolus.

'Tis well remark'd, and on experience founded.
I do remember that my sister Ida
(When as on her own shadowy mount we met,
To celebrate the birth-day of the spring,
And th' orgies of the May) would oft recount
The rage of the indignant goddesses,
When shepherd Paris to the Cyprian queen,
With hand obsequious gave the golden toy.
Heaven's queen, the sister and the wife of Jove,
Rag'd like a feeble mortal; fall'n she seem'd,
Her deity in human passions lost;
Ev'n wisdom's goddess, jealous of her form,
Deem'd her own attribute her second virtue,
Both vow'd and sought revenge.

Agno.

If such the fate
Of him who judg'd aright, what must be his
Who shall mistake the cause? for much I doubt
The skill of Midas, since his fatal wish,
Which Bacchus heard, and curs'd him with the gift,
Yet grant him wise, to err is human still,
And mortal is the consequence.

Melinoe.

Most true.
Besides, I fear him partial; for with Pan
He tends the sheep-walks all the live-long day,
And on the braky lawn to the shrill pipe
In awkward gambols he affects to dance,
Or tumbles to the tabor—'tis not likely
That such an umpire should be equitable,
Unless he guess at justice.

Timolus.

Soft—no more—
'Tis ours to wish for Pan, and fear from Phœbus,
Whose near approach I hear. Ye stately cedars
Forth from your summits bow your awful heads,
And reverence the gods. Let my whole mountain tremble,
Not with a fearful, but religious awe,
And holiness of horror. You, ye winds,
That make soft solemn music 'mongst the leaves,
Be all to stillness hush'd; and thou, their echo,
Listen, and hold thy peace; for see they come.

SCENE *opens, and discovers* APOLLO, *attended by* CLIO *and* MELPOMENE, *on the right hand of* MIDAS *and* PAN *on the left, whom* TIMOLUS, *with* ARGO *and* MELINOE, *join.*

Midas.

Begin, celestial candidates for praise,
Begin the tuneful contest: I, meanwhile,
With heedful notice and attention meet,
Will weigh your merits, and decide your cause.

Apollo.

From Jove begin the rapturous song,
To him our earliest lays belong,
We are his offspring all:
'Twas he, whose looks supremely bright,
Smil'd darksome chaos into light,
And fram'd this glorious ball.

Pan.

Sylvanus, in his shadowy grove,
The seat of rural peace and love,
Attends my Doric lays;

By th' altar on the myrtle mount,
Where plays the wood-nymphs fav'rite fount,
I'll celebrate his praiſe.

Clio.

Parnaſſus, where's thy boaſted height,
Where, Pegaſus, thy fire and flight,
Where all your thoughts ſo bold and free,
Ye daughters of Mnemoſyne?
If Pan o'er Phœbus can prevail,
And the great god of verſe ſhould fail?

Agno.

From nature's works, and nature's laws,
We find delight, and ſeek applauſe;
The prattling ſtreams and zephyrs bland,
And fragrant flow'rs by zephyrs fann'd,
The level lawns and buxom bow'rs,
Speak nature and her works are ours.

Melpomene.

What were all your fragrant bow'rs,
Splendid days, and happy hours,
Spring's verdant robe, fair Flora's bluſh,
And all the poets of the buſh?
What the paintings of the grove,
Rural muſic, mirth, and love?
Life and ev'ry joy would pall,
If Phœbus ſhone not on them all.

Melinoe.

We chant to Phœbus, king of day,
The morning and the evening lay.
But Pan, each ſatyr, nymph, and fawn,
Adore as laureat of the lawn;
From peeviſh March to joyous June,
He keeps our reſtleſs ſouls in tune,
Without his oaten reed and ſong,
Phœbus, thy days would ſeem too long.

Apollo.

Am I not he, who preſcient from on high,
Send a long look through all futurity?
Am I not he, to whom alone belong
The pow'rs of med'cine, melody, and ſong?
Diffuſely lib'ral, as divinely bright,
Eye of the univerſe and fire of light.

Pan.

O'er cots and vales, and every ſhepherd ſwain,
In peaceable pre-eminence I reign;
With pipe on plain, and nymph in ſecret grove,
The day is muſic, and the night is love.
I, bleſt with theſe, nor envy nor deſire
Thy gaudy chariot, or thy golden lyre.

Clio.

Soon as the dawn diſpels the dark,
Illuſtrious Phœbus 'gins t' appear,
Proclaimed by the herald lark,
And ever-wakeful chanticleer,
The Perſian pays his morning vow,
And all the turban'd eaſterns bow.

Agno.

Soon as the evening ſhades advance,
And the gilt glow-worm glitters fair,
For ruſtic gambol, gibe, and dance,
Fawns, nymphs, and dryads all prepare,
Pan ſhall his ſwains from toil relieve,
And rule the revels of the eve.

Melpomene.

In numbers ſmooth as Cailirhoe's ſtream,
Glide the ſilver-ton'd verſe when Apollo's the theme;
While on his own mount Cyparifſus is ſeen,
And Daphne preſerves her immutable green.
We'll hail Hyperion with tranſports ſo long,
Th' inventor, the patron, and ſubject of ſong.

Melinoe.

While on the calm ocean the Halcyon ſhall breed,
And Syrinx ſhall ſigh with her muſical reed,
While fairies, and ſatyrs, and fawns ſhall approve,
The muſic, the mirth, and the life of the grove,
So long ſhall our Pan be than thou more divine,
For he ſhall be riſing when thou ſhalt decline.

Midas.

No more—To Pan and to his beauteous nymphs
I do adjudge the prize, as is moſt due.

Enter two Satyrs, and crown MIDAS *with a pair of aſs's ears.*

Apollo.

Such rural honours all the gods decree,
To thoſe who ſing like Pan, and judge like thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

REASON AND IMAGINATION.

A FABLE.

IMAGINATION, in the flight
Of young deſire and gay delight,
Began to think upon a mate;
As weary of a ſingle ſtate;
For ſick of change, as left at will,
And cloy'd with entertainment ſtill,
She thought it better to be grave,
To ſettle, to take up, and ſave.
She therefore to her chamber ſped,
And thus at firſt attir'd her head.
Upon her hair, with brilliants grac'd,
Her tow'r of beamy gold ſhe plac'd;
Her ears with pendant jewels glow'd
Of various water, curious mode,
As nature ſports the wint'ry ice,
In many a whimſical device.
Her eye-brows arch'd upon the ſtream
Of rays, beyond the piercing beam;
Her cheeks in matchleſs colour high,
She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye:
Her paps, as white as fancy draws,
She cover'd with a crimſon gauze;
And on her wings ſhe threw perfume
From buds of everlaſting bloom.
Her zone, ungirded from her veſt,
She wore acroſs her ſwelling breaſt;
On which, in gems, this verſe was wrought,
"I make and ſhift the ſcenes of thought."
In her right hand a wand ſhe held,
Which magic's utmoſt pow'r excell'd;
And in her left retains a chart,
With figures far ſurpaſſing art,
Of other natures, ſuns and moons,
Of other moves to higher tunes.
The ſylphs and ſylphids, fleet as light,
The fairies of the gameſome night,
The muſes, graces, all attend
Her ſervice to her journey's end:
And fortune, ſometimes at her hand
Is now the fav'rite of her band,
Diſpatch'd before the news to bear,
And all th' adventure to prepare.

Beneath an holm-tree's friendly ſhade,
Was reaſon's little cottage made;
Before, a river deep and ſtill;
Behind, a rocky ſoaring hill.
Himſelf, adorn'd in ſeemly plight,
Was reading to the eaſtern light;
And ever, as he meekly knelt,
Upon the book of Wiſdom dwelt.
The ſpirit of the ſhifting wheel,
Thus firſt eſſay'd his pulſe to feel.—
"The nymph ſupreme o'er works of wit,
"O'er labour'd plan and lucky hit,
"Is coming to your homely cot,
"To call you to a nobler lot;
"I, Fortune, promiſe wealth and pow'r,
"By way of matrimonial dow'r:
"Preferment crowns the golden day,
"When fair occaſion leads the way."
Thus ſpake the frail capricious dame,
When ſhe that ſent the meſſage came.—
"From firſt invention's higheſt ſphere,
"I, queen of imag'ry appear;
"And throw myſelf at reaſon's feet,
"Upon a weighty point to treat,
"You dwell alone, and are too grave;
"You make yourſelf too much a ſlave;
"Your ſhrewd deductions run a length,
"Till all your ſpirits waſte their ſtrength!
"Your fav'rite logic is full cloſe;
"Your morals are too much a doſe;
"You ply your ſtudies till you riſk
"Your ſenſes—you ſhould be more briſk—
"The doctors ſoon will find a flaw,
"And lock you up in chains and ſtraw.
"But, if you are inclin'd to take
"The gen'rous offer which I make,
"I'll lead you from this hole and ditch,
"To gay conception's topmoſt pitch;
"To thoſe bright plains, where crowd in ſwarms
"The ſpirits of fantaſtic forms:
"To planets populous with elves;
"To nature ſtill above themſelves,
"By ſoaring to the wond'rous height
"Of notions which they ſtill create;
"I'll bring you to the pearly cars,
"By dragons drawn, above the ſtars;
"To colours of Arabian glow;
"And to the heart-dilating ſhow
"Of paintings which ſurmount the life:
"At once your tut'reſs and your wife."—
"——Soft, ſoft," ſays Reaſon, "lovely friend;
"Though to a parley I attend,
"I cannot take thee for a mate:
"I'm loſt if e'er I change my ſtate.
"But whenſoe'er your raptures riſe,
"I'll try to come with my ſupplies;
"To muſter up my ſober aid,
"What time your lively pow'rs invade;
"To act conjointly in the war
"Of dullneſs, whom we both abhor;
"And ev'ry ſally that you make,
"I muſt be there for conduct's ſake;
"Thy correſpondent, thine ally:
"Or any thing but bind and tie—
"But, ere this treaty be agreed,
"Give me thy wand and winged ſteed:
"Take thou this compaſs and this rule,
"That wit may ceaſe to play the fool;
"And that thy vot'ries who are born
"For praiſe, may never ſink to ſcorn,"

NEW VERSION OF PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH! kneel and ſing
Praiſes to the Heav'nly King;
To the God ſupremely great,
Hallelujah in the height.

Praiſe him, arch-angelic band,
Ye that in his preſence ſtand;
Praiſe him, ye that watch and pray,
Michael's myriads in array.

Praiſe him, ſun at each extreme,
Orient ſtreak and weſtern beam;
Moon and ſtars of myſtic dance,
Silv'ring in the blue expanſe.

Praiſe him, O ye heights that ſoar
Heav'n and heav'n for evermore;
And ye ſtreams of living rill
Higher yet and purer ſtill.

Let them praiſe his glorious name,
From whoſe fruitful word they came;
And they firſt began to be
As he gave the great decree.

Their conſtituent parts he founds
For duration without bounds;
And their covenant has ſeal'd,
Which ſhall never be repeal'd.

Praiſe the Lord on earth's domains:
Praiſe, ye mutes, that ſea contains;
They that on the ſurface leap,
And the dragons of the deep.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,
Streaming vapours, plumy ſnow;
Wind and ſtorm, his wrath incurr'd
Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous ſcale,
Every hill and every vale;
Fruit trees of a thouſand dyes,
Cedars that perfume the ſkies!

Beaſts that haunt the woodland maze,
Nibbling flocks and droves that gaze;
Reptiles of amphibious breed,
Feather'd millions form'd for ſpeed.

Kings, with Jeſus for their guide,
Peopled regions far and wide;
Heroes of their country's cauſe,
Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
To his name your praiſe be paid;
For his word is worth alone
Far above his crown and throne.

He ſhall dignify the creſt
Of his people, rais'd and bleſt;
While we ſerve with praiſe and pray'rs,
All in Chriſt his ſaints and heirs.

ODE TO LORD BARNARD,

ON HIS ACCESSION TO THAT TITLE.

" Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis
" Et memor noſtri." HOR.

MELPOMENE, who charm'ſt the ſkies,
Queen of the lyre and lute,
Say, ſhall my noble patron riſe,
And thou, ſweet muſe, be mute?
Shall fame, to celebrate his praiſe,
Her loudeſt, loftieſt accents raiſe,
And all her ſilver trumps employ,
And thou reſtrain thy tuneful hand,
And thou an idle liſt'ner ſtand
Amidſt the general joy?

Forbid it, all ye powers above,
That human hearts can try,
Forbid it, gratitude and love,
And every tender tie:
Was it not he, whoſe pious cares
Upheld me in my earlieſt years,
And cheer'd me from his ample ſtore,
Who animated my deſigns,
In Roman and Athenian mines,
To ſearch for learning's ore?

The royal hand my lord ſhall raiſe
To nobler heights thy name,
Who praiſes thee, ſhall meet with praiſe
Ennobled in thy fame.
A diſpoſition form'd to pleaſe,
With dignity endear'd by eaſe,
And grandeur in good-nature loſt,
Have more of genuine deſert,
Have more the merit of the heart,
Than arts and arms can boaſt.

Can I forget fair Raby's * towers,
How awful and how great!
Can I forget ſuch bliſsful bowers,
Such ſplendour in retreat!
Where me, ev'n me, an infant bard,
Cleveland † and Hope ‡ indulgent heard.
(Then fame I felt thy firſt alarms)
Ah, much lov'd pair!—though one is fled,
Still one compenſates for the dead,
In merit and in charms.

O more than compenſation, ſure!
O bleſſings on thy life!
Long may the threefold bliſs endure,
In daughters, ſons, and wife!
Hope, copyiſt of her mother's mind,
Is lovelieſt, livelieſt of her kind,
Her ſoul with every virtue teems,
By none in wit or worth outdone,
With eyes, that, ſhining on the ſun,
Defy his brighteſt beams.

Hark! charity's cherubic voice
Calls to her numerous poor,
And bids their languid hearts rejoice,
And points to Raby's door;
With open heart, and open hands,
There Hoſpitality—ſhe ſtands,
A nymph, whom men and gods admire;
Daughter of heavenly goodneſs ſhe,
Her ſiſter's Generoſity,
And Honour is her ſire.

What though my lord betwixt us lie
Full many an envious league,
Such vaſt extent of ſea and ſky
As even the eye fatigue;
Though interpoſing ocean raves,
And heaves his heaven-aſſaulting waves,
While on the ſhores the billows beat,
Yet ſtill my grateful muſe is free
To tune her warmeſt ſtrains to thee,
And lay them at thy feet.

Goodneſs is ever kindly prone
To feign what fate denies,
And others want of worth t' atone,
Finds in herſelf ſupplies:
Thus dignity itſelf reſtrains,
By condeſcenſion's ſilken reins,
While you the lowly muſe upraiſe;
When ſuch the theme, ſo mean the bard,
Not to reject is to reward,
To pardon is to praiſe.

* *His Lordſhip's ſeat in the county of Durham.*
† *Her late Grace of Cleveland.*
‡ *The Honourable Mrs. Hope.*

ODE TO LADY HARRIOT.

To Harriot, all-accompliſh'd fair,
Begin, ye nine, a grateful air;
Ye graces join her worth to tell,
And blazon what you can't excel.

Let Flora riffle all her bow'rs,
For fragrant ſhrubs, and painted flow'rs,
And, in her vernal robes array'd,
Preſent them to the noble maid.

Her breath ſhall give them new perfume,
Her bluſhes ſhall their dyes outbloom;
The lily now no more ſhall boaſt
Its whiteneſs, in her boſom loſt.

See yon delicious woodbines riſe
By oaks exalted to the ſkies,
So view in Harriot's matchleſs mind
Humility and greatneſs join'd.

To paint her dignity and eaſe,
Form'd to command, and form'd to pleaſe,
In wreaths expreſſive be there wove
The birds of Venus and of Jove.

There, where th' immortal laurel grows,
And there, where blooms the crimſon roſe,
Be with this line the chaplet bound,
That beauty is with virtue crown'd.

ODE

TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

On his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, preſented on the Birth-day of Lord Warkworth.

WHATE'ER diſtinguiſh'd patriots riſe
The times and manners to reviſe,
And drooping merit raiſe,
The ſong of triumph ſtill purſues
Their footſteps, and the moral muſe
Dwells ſweetly on their praiſe.

It is a taſk of true delight
The ways of goodneſs to recite,
And all her works refin'd;
Though modeſt greatneſs under-rate
Its luſtre, 'tis as fix'd as fate,
Says truth with muſic join'd.

All hail to this auſpicious morn,
When we, for gallant Warkworth born,
Our gratulations pay:
Though virtue all the live-long year
Refuſe her eulogy to hear,
She muſt attend to-day.

All hail to that tranſcendent fair,
That crown'd thy wiſhes with an heir,
And bleſs'd her native land:
Still ſhoots thy undegenerate line,
Like oak from oak, and pine from pine,
As goodly and as grand.

O how illuſtrious and divine
Were all the heroes of thy line,
'Gainſt Rome's ambitious cheat!
Born all theſe baſe inſidious arts,
Which work the moſt in weakeſt hearts,
To dare and to defeat!

Live then in triumph o'er deceit,
That with new honours we may greet
The houſe of arms and arts,
Till bleſt experience ſhall evince
How fairly you preſent that prince,
Who's ſovereign of our hearts.

In pity to our iſter iſle,
With ſighs we lend thee for a while;
O be thou ſoon reſtor'd;
Though Stanhope, Halifax, were there,
We never had a man to ſpare
Our love could leſs afford.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

The ſweets of evening charm the mind
Sick of the ſultry day;
The body then no more confin'd,
But exerciſe with freedom join'd,
When Phœbus ſheathes his ray.

While all ſerene the ſummer moon
Sends glances through the trees,
And Philomel begins her tune,
Aſteria too ſhall help her ſoon
With voice of ſkilful eaſe.

A noſegay, every thing that grows,
And muſic, every ſound
To lull the ſun to his repoſe;
The ſkies are coloured like the roſe
With lively ſtreaks around.

Of all the changes rung by time,
None half ſo ſweet appear
As thoſe when thoughts themſelves ſublime,
And with ſuperior natures chime
In fancy's higheſt ſphere.

ODE

TO A VIRGINIA NIGHTINGALE.

Which was cured of a Fit in the Boſom of a young Lady, who afterwards nurſed the Author in a dangerous Illneſs.

Sweet bird! whoſe fate and mine agree,
As far as proud humanity
The parallel will own;
O let our voice and hearts combine,
O let us fellow-warblers join,
Our patroneſs to crown.

When heavy hung thy flagging wing,
When thou couldſt neither move nor ſing,
Of ſpirits void and reſt,
A lovely nymph her aid apply'd,
She gave the bliſs to heaven ally'd,
And cur'd thee on her breaſt.

Me too the kind indulgent maid,
With gen'rous care and timely aid,
Reſtor'd to mirth and health;
Then join'd to her, O may I prove,
By friendſhip, gratitude, and love,
The poverty of wealth.

MARTIAL. BOOK I. EP. XXVI.

When Brutus' fall wing'd fame to Porcia brought,
Thoſe arms her friends conceal'd, her paſſion ſought.
She ſoon perceiv'd their poor officious wiles,
Approves their zeal, but at their folly ſmiles.
What Cato taught, Heaven ſure cannot deny,
Bereav'd of all, we ſtill have pow'r to die.
Then down her throat the burning coal convey'd,
Go now, ye fools, and hide your ſwords, ſhe ſaid.

ON A LADY THROWING SNOW-BALLS AT HER LOVER.

FROM THE LATIN OF PETRONIUS ASCANIUS.

When, wanton fair, the ſnowy orb you throw,
I feel a fire before unknown in ſnow.
Ev'n coldeſt ſnow I find has pow'r to warm
My breaſt, when flung by Julia's lovely arm.
T' elude love's powerful arts I ſtrive in vain,
If ice and ſnow can latent fires contain.
Theſe frolics leave; the force of beauty prove;
With equal paſſion cool my ardent love.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

THE WHOLESALE CRITIC AND THE HOP-MERCHANT.

Hail to each ancient ſacred ſhade
Of thoſe who gave the muſes aid,
Skill'd verſe myſterious to unfold,
And ſet each brilliant thought in gold.
Hail Ariſtotle's honour'd ſhrine,
And great Longinus hail to thine;
Ye too, whoſe judgment ne'er could fail,
Hail Horace, and Quintilian hail;
And, dread of every Goth and Hun,
Hail Pope, and peerleſs Addiſon.
Alas! by different ſteps and ways,
Our modern critics aim at praiſe,
And raſhly in the learned arts,
They judge by prejudice and parts;
For, cramp'd by a contracted ſoul,
How ſhould they comprehend the whole?
I know of many a deep-learn'd brother,
Who weighs one ſcience by another,
And makes 'mongſt bard poetic ſchiſm,
Becauſe he underſtands the priſm;

Think in acuteneſs he ſurpaſſes,
From knowledge of the optic glaſſes.
There are ſome critics in the nation,
Profoundly vers'd in gravitation,
Who like the bulky and the great,
And judge by quantity and weight.
Some who're extremely ſkill'd in building,
Judge by proportion, form, and gilding,
And praiſe with a ſagacious look
The architecture of a book.
Soon as the hops arriv'd from Kent,
Forth to the quay the merchant went,
Went critically to explore
The merit of the hops on ſhore.
Cloſe to a bag he took his ſtanding,
And at a venture thruſt his hand in;
Then, with the face of a phyſician,
Their colour ſcann'd, and their condition;
He truſts his touch, his ſmell, his eyes,
The goods at once approves and buys.
Catchup, ſo dextrous, droll, and dry,
It happen'd Catchup there was by,
Who, like * Iago, arch on all,
Is nothing, if not critical.
He with a ſneer, and with a ſhrug,
With eye of hawk, and face of pug,
Cry'd, "Fellow, I admire thy ſun,
"Thou moſt judiciouſly haſt done,
"Who from one handful buy'ſt ten ton.
"Does it not enter in thy crown
"Some may be mauldy, ſome be brown,
"The vacancies with leaves ſupply'd,
"And ſome half pick'd, and ſome half dry'd?"
The merchant, who Tom Catchup knew,
(A merchant and a ſcholar too)
Said, "What I've done is not abſurd,
"I know my chap, and take his word.—
"On thee, thou caviller at large,
"I here retort thy random charge;
"Who, in an hypercritic rage,
"Judgeſt ten volumes by a page;
"Whoſe wond'rous comprehenſive view
"Graſps more than Solomon e'er knew;
"With every thing you claim alliance,
"Art, trade, profeſſion, calling, ſcience;
"You mete out all things by one rule,
"And are an univerſal fool.
"Though ſwoln with vanity and pride,
"You're but one driv'ller multiplied,
"A prig—that proves himſelf by ſtarts,
"As many dolts—as there are arts."

FABLE II.

THE ENGLISH BULL-DOG, DUTCH MASTIFF, AND QUAIL.

Are not all of race divine,
Alike of an immortal line?
Shall man to man afford deriſion,
But for ſome caſual diviſion?
To malice and to miſchief prone,
From climate, canton, or from zone,
Are all to idle diſcord bent,
Theſe Kentiſh men—thoſe men of Kent;
And parties and diſtinction make,
For parties and diſtinction's ſake.
Souls ſprung from an ethereal flame,
However clad, are ſtill the ſame;
Nor ſhould we judge the heart or head,
By air we breathe, or earth we tread.
Dame nature, who, all meritorious,
In a true Engliſhman is glorious,
Is lively, honeſt, brave, and bonny,
In Monſieur, Taffy, Teague, and Sawney.
Give prejudices to the wind,
And let's be patriots of mankind.
Bigots, avaunt! ſenſe can't endure ye,
But fabuliſts ſhould try to cure ye.
A ſnub-nos'd dog, to fat inclin'd,
Of the true hogan-mogan kind,
The favourite of an Engliſh dame,
Mynheer Van Trumpo was his name.
One morning as he chanc'd to range,
Met honeſt Towzer on the 'Change;
And whom have we got here, I beg,
Quoth he, and lifted up his leg;
An Engliſh dog can't take an airing,
But foreign ſcoundrels muſt be ſtaring.
I'd have your French dogs, and your Spaniſh,
And all your Dutch, and all your Daniſh,
By which our ſpecies is confounded,
Be hang'd, be poiſon'd, or be drowned;
No mercy on the race ſuſpected,
Greyhounds from Italy excepted:
By them my dames ne'er prove big bellied,
For they poor toads are Farrinellied.
Well, of all dogs it ſtands confeſs'd
Your Engliſh bull-dogs are the beſt;
I ſay it, and will ſet my hand to't;
Cambden records it, and I'll ſtand to't.
'Tis true we have too much urbanity,
Somewhat o'ercharg'd with ſoft humanity;
The beſt things muſt find food for railing,
And every creature has its failing.
And who are you? reply'd Van Trump,
(Curling his tail upon his rump)
Vaunting the regions of diſtraction,
The land of party and of faction.
In all fair Europe, who but we
For national economy;
For wealth and peace, that have more charms,
Than learned arts, or noiſy arms.
You envy us our dancing bogs,
With all the muſic of the frogs;
Join'd to the Fretchſcutz's bonny loon,
Who on the cymbal grinds the tune.
For poets, and the muſes nine,
Beyond compariſon we ſhine;
O how we warble in our gizzards,
With X X's, H H's, and with Z Z's.
For fighting—now you think I'm joking;
We love it better far than ſmoking.
Aſk but our troops, from man to boy,
Who all ſurviv'd at Fontenoy.
'Tis true, as friends, and as allies,
We're ever ready to deviſe;
Our loves, or any kind aſſiſtance,
That may be granted at a diſtance;
But if you go to brag, good bye t' ye,
Nor dare to brave the high and mighty.
Wrong are you both, rejoins a quail,
Confin'd within its wiry jail:

* "O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
"For I am nothing, if not critical."
OTHELLO, Act 2, ſcene 5.

Frequent from realm to realm I've rang'd,
And with the ſeaſons, climates chang'd.
Mankind is not ſo void of grace,
But good I've found in every place:
I've ſeen ſincerity in France,
Amongſt the Germans complaiſance;
In foggy Holland wit may reign,
I've known humility in Spain;
Free'd was I by a turban'd Turk,
Whoſe life was one entire good work;
And in this land, fair freedom's boaſt,
Behold my liberty is loſt.
Deſpis'd Hibernia have I ſeen,
Dejected like a widow'd queen;
Her robe with dignity long worn,
And cap of liberty were torn;
Her broken fife, and harp unſtrung,
On the uncultur'd ground were flung;
Down lay her ſpear, defil'd with ruſt,
And book of learning in the duſt;
Her loyalty ſtill blameleſs found,
And hoſpitality renown'd:
No more the voice of fame engroſs'd,
In diſcontent and clamour loſt.---
Ah! dire corruption, art thou ſpread,
Where never viper rear'd its head?
And didſt thy baleful influence ſow,
Where hemlock nor the nightſhade grow.
Hapleſs, diſconſolate, and brave,
Hibernia! who'll Hibernia ſave?
Who ſhall aſſiſt thee in thy woe,
Who ward from thee the fatal blow?
'Tis done, the glorious work is done,
All thanks to Heav'n and Hartington.

FABLE III.

FASHION AND NIGHT.

"Quam multa prava atque injuſta fiunt moribus."
TERENT.

FASHION, a motely nymph of yore,
The Cyprian queen to Proteus bore:
Various herſelf in various climes,
She moulds the manners of the times;
And turns in every age or nation,
The chequer'd wheel of variegation;
True female that ne'er knew her will,
Still changing, though immortal ſtill.
One day as the inconſtant maid
Was careleſs on her ſofa laid,
Sick of the ſun, and tir'd with light,
She thus invok'd the gloomy night:
"Come---theſe malignant rays deſtroy,
"Thou ſcreen of ſhame, and riſe of joy;
"Come from thy weſtern ambuſcade,
"Queen of the rout and maſquerade:
"Nymph, without thee no cards advance,
"Without thee halts the loit'ring dance;
"Till thou approach, all, all's reſtraint,
"Nor is it ſafe to game or paint;
"The belles and beaux thy influence aſk,
"Put on the univerſal maſk.
"Let us invert, in thy diſguiſe,
"That odious nature, we deſpiſe."
She ceas'd---the ſable-mantled dame
With ſlow approach, and awful, came;
And frowning with ſarcaſtic ſneer,
Reproach'd the female rioteer:
"That natnre you abuſe, my fair,
"Was I created to repair;
"And contraſt with a friendly ſhade,
"The pictures Heaven's rich pencil made;
"And with my ſleep-alluring doſe,
"To give laborious art repoſe;
"To make both noiſe and action ceaſe,
"The queen of ſecrecy and peace.
"But thou a rebel,-vile and vain,
"Uſurp'ſt my lawful old domain;
"My ſceptre thou affect'ſt to ſway,
"And all the various hours are day;
"With clamours of unreal joy,
"My ſiſter ſilence you deſtroy;
"The blazing lamps unnatural light
"My eyeballs weary and affright;
"But if I am allow'd one ſhade,
"Which no intruſive eyes invade,
"There all th' atrocious imps of hell,
"Theft, murder, and pollution dwell:
"Thinks then how much, thou toy of chance,
"Thy praiſe is likely worth t' inhance;
"Blind thing that runn'ſt without a guide,
"Thou whirlpool in a ruſhing tide,
"No more my fame with praiſe pollute,
"But damn me into ſome repute."

FABLE IV.

WHERE'S THE POKER?

THE poker loſt, poor Suſan ſtorm'd,
And all the rites of rage perform'd;
As ſcolding, crying, ſwearing, ſweating,
Abuſing, fidgetting, and fretting.
"Nothing but villany, and thieving;
"Good heavens! what a world we live in!
"If I don't find it in the morning,
"I'll ſurely give my maſter warning.
"He'd better far ſhut up his doors,
"Than keep ſuch good for nothing whores;
"For whereſoe'er their trade they drive,
"We *vartuous* bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor Suſan grunt and groan;
Misfortunes never came alone,
But tread each other's heels in throngs,
For the next day ſhe loſt the tongs:
The ſalt box, cullender, and pot,
Soon ſhar'd the ſame untimely lot.
In vain ſhe vails and wages ſpent
On new ones---for the new ones went.
There'd been (ſhe ſwore), ſome dev'l or witch in,
To rob or plunder all the kitchen.
One night ſhe to her chamber crept,
(Where for a month ſhe had not ſlept;
Her maſter being, to her ſeeming,
A better play-fellow than dreaming,)
Curſe on the author of theſe wrongs,
In her own bed ſhe found the tongs,
(Hang Thomas for an idle joker)!
In her own bed ſhe found the poker;
With ſalt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
With all the culinary metal——
Be warn'd, ye fair, by Suſan's croſſes,
Keep chaſte, and guard yourſelves from loſſes;
For if young girls delight in kiſſing,
No wonder that the poker's miſſing.

FABLE V.

THE TEA-POT AND SCRUBBING-BRUSH.

A TAWDRY tea-pot, *a-la-mode*,
Where art her utmoſt ſkill beſtow'd,
Was much eſteem'd for being old,
And on its ſides with red and gold
Strange beaſts were drawn, in taſte Chineſe,
And frightful fiſh, and hump-back trees.
High in an elegant beauſet,
This pompous utenſil was ſet,
And near it, on a marble ſlab,
Forſaken by ſome careleſs drab,
A veteran ſcrubbing-bruſh was plac'd,
And the rich furniture diſgrac'd.
The tea-pot ſoon began to ſtout,
And thus its venom ſpouted out:
" Who from the ſcullery or yard,
" Brought in this low, this vile blackguard,
" And laid in inſolent poſition,
" Among us people of condition?
" Back to the helper in the ſtable,
" Scour the cloſe-ſtool, or waſh-houſe table;
" Or cleanſe ſome horſing block, or plank,
" Nor dare approach us folks of rank.
" Turn---brother coffee-pot, your ſpout,
" Obſerve the naſty ſtinking lout,
" Who ſeems to ſcorn my indignation,
" Nor pays due homage to my faſhion;
" Take, ſilver ſugar diſh, a view,
" And couſin cream pot, pray do you.
" Pox on you all," replies old Scrub,
" Of coxcombs ye confederate club;
" Full of impertinence, and prate,
" Ye hate all things that are ſedate.
" None but ſuch ignorant infernals,
" Judge by appearance, and externals:
" Train'd up in toil and uſeful knowledge,
" I'm fellow of the kitchen college,
" And with the mop, my old aſſociate,
" The family affairs negociate.---
" Am foe to filth, and things obſcene,
" Dirty by making others clean.——
" Not ſhining, yet I cauſe to ſhine,
" My roughneſs makes my neighbours fine;
" You're fair without, but foul within,
" With ſhame impregnated, and ſin;
" To you each impious ſcandal's owing,
" You ſet each goſſip's clack a going.——
" How Parſon Tythe in ſecret ſins,
" And how Miſs Dainty brought forth twins:
" How dear delicious Polly Bloom,
" Owes all her ſweetneſs to perfume;
" Though grave at church, at cards can bet,
" At once a prude and a coquette.——
" 'Twas better for each Britiſh virgin,
" When on roaſt beef, ſtrong beer, and ſturgeon,
" Joyous to breakfaſt they ſet round,
" Nor were aſham'd to eat a pound.
" Theſe were the manners, theſe the ways,
" In good Queen Beſs's golden days;
" Each damſel ow'd her bloom and glee,
" To wholeſome elbow-greaſe, and me,
" But now they centre all their joys
" In empty rattle traps and noiſe.
" Thus where the fates ſend you, they ſend
" Flagitious times, which ne'er will mend,
" Till ſome philoſopher can find
" A ſcrubbing-bruſh to ſcour the mind.

FABLE VI.

THE DUELLIST.

WHAT's honour, did your lordſhip ſay?
My lord, I humbly crave a day.——
'Tis difficult, and in my mind,
Like ſubſtance, cannot be defin'd.
It deals in numerous externals,
And is a legion of infernals;
Sometimes in riot and in play,
'Tis breaking of the Sabbath day;
When 'tis conſider'd as a paſſion,
I deem it luſt and fornication.
We pay our debts in honour's cauſe,
Loſt in the breaking of the laws.
'Tis for ſome ſelfiſh impious end,
To murder the ſincereſt friend;
But would you alter all the clan,
Turn out an honourable man.
Why take a piſtol from the ſhelf,
And fight a duel with yourſelf.---
'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,
In Ely, or in Lincoln fen,
A frog and mouſe had long diſputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and paſture,
Should be the ſovereign and maſter.
Sir, ſays the frog, and d---n'd his blood,
I hold that my pretenſion's good;
Nor can a brute of reaſon doubt it,
For all that you can ſqueak about it.
The mouſe averſe to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
Too hard for any frog's digeſtion,
To have his froghood call'd in queſtion!
A bargain inſtantly was made,
No mouſe of honour could evade.
On the next morn, as ſoon as light,
With deſperate bullruſhes to fight;
The morning came---and man to man,
The grand monomachy began;
Need I recount how each bravado
Shone in motant and in paſſado;
To what a height their ire they carry'd,
How oft they thruſted and they parry'd;
But as theſe champions kept diſpenſing,
Fineſſes in the art of fencing,
A furious vulture took upon her,
Quick to decide this point of honour,
And, lawyer like, to make an end on't,
Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.
Thus, often in our Britiſh nation
(I ſpeak by way of application),
A lie direct to ſome hot youth,
The giving which perhaps was truth,
The treading on a ſcoundrel's toe,
Or dealing impudence a blow,
Diſputes in politics and law,
About a feather and a ſtraw;
A thouſand trifles not worth naming,
In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,
Shall cauſe a challenge's inditing,
And ſet two loggerheads a fighting;
Meanwhile the father of deſpair,
The prince of vanity and air,

His querry, like an hawk discovering,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
Secure to get in his tuition,
These volunteers for black perdition.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE MANDRAKE.

The sun had rais'd above the mead,
His glorious horizontal head;
Sad Philomela left her thorn;
The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,
And nature, like a waking bride,
Her blushes spread on ev'ry side;
The cock as usual crow'd up Tray,
Who nightly with his master lay;
The faithful spaniel gave the word,
Trelooby at the signal stirr'd,
And with his gun, from wood to wood,
The man of prey his course pursu'd;
The dew and herbage all around,
Like pearls and emeralds on the ground;
Th' uncultur'd flowers that rudely rise,
Where smiling freedom art defies;
The lark, in transport, tow'ring high,
The crimson curtains of the sky,
Affected not Trelooby's mind—
For what is beauty to the blind?
Th' amorous voice of sylvan love,
Form'd charming concerts in the grove;
Sweet zephyr sigh'd on Flora's breast,
And drew the blackbird from his nest;
Whistling he leapt from leaf to leaf;
But what is music to the deaf?

At length, while poring on the ground,
With monumental look profound,
A curious vegetable caught
His—something similar to thought:
Wond'ring, he ponder'd, stooping low,
(Trelooby always lov'd a show)
And on the mandrake's vernal station,
Star'd with prodigious observation.
Th' affronted mandrake with a frown,
Address'd in rage the wealthy clown.

" Proud member of the rambling race,
" That vegetate from place to place,
" Pursue the leveret at large,
" Nor near thy blunderbuss discharge.
" Disdainful though thou look'st on me,
" What art thou or what can'st thou be?
" Nature, that mark'd thee as a fool,
" Gave no materials for the school.
" In what consists thy work and fame?
" The preservation of the game.---
" For what? thou avaricious elf,
" But to destroy it all thyself;
" To lead a life of drink and feast,
" T' oppress the poor, and cheat the priest,
" Or triumph in a virgin lost,
" Is all the manhood thou canst boast.—
" Pretty, in nature's various plan,
" To see a weed that's like a man;
" But 'tis a grievous thing indeed,
" To see a man so like a weed."

FABLE VIII.

THE BROCADED GOWN AND LINEN RAG.

From a fine lady to her maid,
A gown descended of brocade,
French!—Yes, from Paris—that's enough,
That wou'd give dignity to stuff.
By accident or by design,
Or from some cause, I can't divine;
A linen rag (sad source of wrangling)!
On a contiguous peg was dangling,
Vilely besmear'd—for late his master,
It serv'd in quality of plaister.
The gown, contemptuous beholder,
Gave a French shrug from either shoulder,
And rustling with emotions furious,
Bespoke the rag in terms injurious.
" Unfit for tinder, lint or fodder,
" Thou thing of filth (and what is odder),
" Discarded from thy owner's back,
" Dar'st thou proceed, and gold attack?
" Instant away---or in this place,
" *Begar* me give you *coup de grace*."
To this reply'd the honest rag,
Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag:
" Though thy glibe tongue without a halt run,
" Thou shabby second-hand subaltern,
" At once so ancient and so easy,
" At once so gorgeous and so greasy;
" I value not thy gasconading,
" Nor all thy alamode parading;
" But to abstain from words imperious,
" And to be sober, grave, and serious.
" Though says friend Horace, 'tis no treason,
" At once to giggle, and to reason,
" When me you lessen, friend, you dream,
" For know I am not what I seem;
" Soon by the mill's refining motion,
" The sweetest daughter of the ocean,
" Fair Medway, shall with snowy hue,
" My virgin purity renew,
" And give me reinform'd existence,
" A good retention and subsistence.
" Then shall the sons of genius join,
" To make my second life divine.
" O Murray, let me then dispense,
" Some portion of thy eloquence;
" For Greek and Roman rhetoric shine,
" United and improv'd in thine.
" The spirit stirring * sage alarms,
" And Ciceronian sweetness charms.
" Th' Athenian Akenside may deign
" To stamp me deathless with his pen.
" While flows approv'd by all the nine
" Th' immortal soul of every line.
" Collins, perhaps, his aid may lend,
" Melpomene's selected friend.
" Perhaps our great Augustan Gray
" May grace me with a Doric lay;
" With sweet, with manly words of woe,
" That nervously pathetic flow,
" What, Mason, may I owe to you?
" Learning's first pride, and nature's too;
" On thee she cast her sweetest smile,
" And gave thee art's correcting file;
" That file, which with assiduous pain,
" The viper envy bites in vain.—
" Such glories my mean lot betide,
" Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride.—
" Thou, after scouring, dying, turning,
" (If haply thou escape a burning)

* *Demosthenes.*

" From gown to petticoat deſcending,
" And in a beggar's mantle ending,
" Shalt in a dunghill or a ſtye,
" 'Midſt filth and vermin rot and die."

FABLE IX.

MADAM AND THE MAGPIE.

Ye thunders roll, ye oceans roar,
And wake the rough reſounding ſhore;
Ye guns in ſmoke and flames engage,
And ſhake the ramparts with your rage;
Boreas diſtend your chops and blow;
Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow;
Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,
Like twenty thouſand Southwark fairs;
Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye bats,
Encore, encore, ye amorous cats:
In vain poor things ye ſqueak a ſquall,
Soft Sylvia ſhall out-tongue you all:
But here ſhe comes---there's no relief,
She comes, and bleſſed are the deaf.
" A magpie! why, you're mad, my dear,
" To bring a chattering magpie here.
" A prating play-thing, fit for boys---
" You know I can't endure a noiſe.---
" You brought this precious preſent ſure,
" My headach and my cough to cure.
" Pray hand him in and let him ſtain
" Each curtain, and each counterpane;
" Yes, he ſhall rooſt upon my toilet,
" Or on my pillow---he can't ſpoil it:
" He'll only make me catch my death.—
" O heavens! for a little breath!—
" Thank God, I never knew reſentment,
" But am all patience and contentment,
" Or elſe, you paltry knave, I ſhould
" (As any other woman would)
" Wring off his neck, and down your gullet
" Cram it by way of chick or pullet.—
" Well, I muſt lock up all my rings,
" My jewels, and my curious things:
" My Chineſe toys muſt go to pot;
" My dear, my pinchbecks—and what not?
" For all your magpies are, like lawyers,
" At once thieves, brawlers, and deſtroyers.—
" You for a wife have ſearch'd the globe,
" You've got a very female Job,
" Pattern of love, and peace and unity,
" Or how could you expect impunity?
" O Lord! this naſty thing will bite,
" And ſcratch and clapper, claw and fight.
" O monſtrous wretch, thus to deviſe,
" To tear out your poor Sylvia's eyes.
" You're a fine Popiſh plot purſuing,
" By preſents to affect my ruin;
" And thus for good are ill retorting!
" To me, who brought you ſuch a fortune;
" To me, you low-liv'd clown, to me,
" Who came of ſuch a family;
" Me, who for age to age poſſeſs'd
" A lion rampant on my creſt;
" Me, who have fill'd your empty coffers,
" Me, who'd ſo many better offers;
" And is my merit thus regarded,
" Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded.
" O 'tis paſt ſufferance---Mary---Mary,
" I faint—the citeron, or the clary.

The poor man, who had bought the creature,
Out of pure conjugal good-nature,
Stood at this violent attack,
Like ſtatues made by Roubilliac,
Though form'd beyond all ſkill antique,
They can't their marble ſilence break;
They only breathe, and think, and ſtart,
Aſtoniſh'd at their maker's art.
" Quoth Mag, fair Grizzle, I muſt grant,
" Your ſpouſe a magpie cannot want:
" For troth (to give the dev'l his due)
" He keeps a rookery in you.
" Don't fear I'll tarry long, ſweet lady,
" Where there is din enough already,
" We never ſhould agree together,
" Although we're ſo much of a feather;
" You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,
" Who make ſuch wond'rous noiſe about it,
" And your tongue of immortal mould
" Proclaims in thunder you're no ſcold.
" Yes, yes, you're ſovereign of the tongue,
" And, like the king, can do no wrong;
" Juſtly your ſpouſe reſtrains his voice,
" Nor vainly anſwers words with noiſe;
" This ſtorm, which no ſoul can endure,
" Requires a very different cure;
" For ſuch ſour verjuice diſpoſitions,
" Your crabſticks are the beſt phyſicians."

FABLE X.

THE BLOCKHEAD AND BEEHIVE.

The fragrance of the new-mown hay
Paid incenſe to the god of day;
Who iſſuing from his eaſtern gate,
Reſplendent rode in all his ſtate,
Rous'd by the light from ſoft repoſe,
Big with the muſe, a bard aroſe,
And the freſh garden's ſtill retreat
He meaſur'd with poetic feet.
The cooling, high, o'er-arching ſhade,
By the embracing branches made,
The ſmooth ſhorn ſod, whoſe verdant gloſs,
Was check'd with intermingled moſs,
Cowſlips, like topazes that ſhine,
Cloſe by the ſilver ſerpentine,
Rude ruſtics which affert the bow'rs,
Amidſt the educated flow'rs.
The lime tree and ſweet-ſcented hay,
(The ſole reward of many a lay)
And all the poets of the wing,
Who ſweetly without ſalary ſing,
Attract at once his obſervation,
Peopling thy wilds, imagination!
" Sweet nature, who this turf bedews,
" Sweet nature, who's the thruſh's muſe!
" How ſhe each anxious thought beguiles,
" And meets me with ten thouſand ſmiles!
" O infinite benignity!
" She ſmiles, but not alone on me;
" On hill, on dale, on lake, on lawn,
" Like Celia when her picture's drawn;
" Aſſuming countleſs charms and airs,
" 'Till Hayman's matchleſs art deſpairs,
" Pauſing like me he dreads to fall
" From the divine original."
More had he ſaid—but in there came
A lout—Squire Booby was his name.—

The bard, who at a distant view,
The busy prattling blockhead knew,
Retir'd into a secret nook,
And thence his observations took.
Vex'd he could find no man to teaze,
The 'squire 'gan chattering to the bees,
And pertly with officious mien,
He thus address'd their humming queen:
" Madam, be not in any terrors,
" I only come t' amend your errors;
" My friendship briefly to display,
" And put you in a better way.
" Cease, Madam, (if I may advise)
" To carry honey on your thighs,
" Employ ('tis better, I aver)
" Old Grub the fairies coach-maker;
" For he who has sufficient art
" To make a coach, may make a cart.
" To these you'll yoke some sixteen bees,
" Who will dispatch your work with ease;
" And come and go, and go and come,
" To bring your honey harvest home.---
" Ma'm, architecture you're not skill'd in,
" I don't approve your way of building;
" In this there's nothing like design,
" Pray learn the use of Gunter's line.
" I'll serve your highness at a pinch,
" I am a scholar every inch,
" And know each author I lay fist on,
" From Archimedes down to Whiston.---
" Though honey making be your trade,
" In chemistry you want some aid.---
" Pleas'd with your work, although you sing,
" You're not quite right---'tis not the thing.
" Myself would gladly be an actor,
" To help the honey manufacture.---
" I hear for war you are preparing,
" Which I should like to have a share in;
" Yet though the enemy be landing,
" Tis wrong to keep an army standing.---
" If you'll ensure me from the laws
" I'll write a pamphlet in your cause.---
" I vow I am concern'd to see
" Your want of state---economy.
" Of nothing living I pronounce ill,
" But I don't like your privy-council."
" There is, I know, a certain bee,
" (Would he was from the ministry)
" Which certain bee, if rightly known,
" Would prove no better than a drone;
" There are (but I shall name no names,
" I never love to kindle flames)
" A pack of rogues with crimes grown callous,
" Who greatly would adorn the gallows;
" That with the wasps, for paltry gold,
" A secret correspondence hold,
" Yet you'll be great---your subjects free,
" If the whole thing be left to me."---
Thus, like the waters of the ocean,
His tongue had run in ceaseless motion,
Had not the queen ta'en up in wrath,
This thing of folly and of froth.
" Impertinent and witless meddler,
" Thou smattering, empty, noisy pedlar!
" By vanity, thou bladder blown,
" To be the football of the town.
" O happy England, land of freedom,
" Replete with statesmen, if she need 'em,
" Where war is wag'd by Sue or Nell,
" And Jobson is a Machiavel!---
" Tell Hardwick that his judgment fails,
" Show Justice how to hold her scales.---
" To fire the soul at once, and please,
" Teach Murray and Demosthenes;
" Say Vane is not by goodness grac'd,
" And wants humanity and taste.---
" Though Pelham with Mæcenas vies,
" Tell fame she's false, and truth she lies;
" And then return, thou verbal Hector,
" And give the bees another lecture."
This said, the portal she unbarr'd,
Calling the bees upon their guard,
And set at once about his ears
Ten thousand of her granadiers.---
Some on his lips and palate hung,
And the offending member stung.
" Just (says the bard from out the grot)
" Just, though severe, is your sad lot,
" Who think, and talk, and live in vain,
" Of sweet society the bane.
" Business misplac'd is a mere jest,
" And active idleness at best."

FABLE XI.

THE CITIZEN AND THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

I LOVE my friend---but love my ease,
And claim a right myself to please;
To company however prone,
At times all men would be alone.
Free from each interruption rude,
Or what is meant by solitude.
My villa lies within the bills,
So---like a theatre it fills:
To me my kind acquaintance stray,
And Sunday proves no Sabbath day;
Yet many a friend and near relation,
Make up a glorious congregation;
They crowd by dozens and by dozens,
And bring me all their country cousins.
Though cringing landlords on the road,
Who find for man and horse abode;
Though gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,
Invite them to be entertain'd,
And straddling cross his kilderkin,
Though jolly Bacchus calls them in;
Nay---though my landlady would trust 'em,
Pilgarlick's sure of all the custom;
And his whole house is like a fair,
Unless he only treats with air.
What! shall each pert half witted wit,
That calls me Jack, or calls me Kit,
Prey on my time, or on my table?
No---but let's hasten to the fable.
The eve advanc'd, the sun declin'd,
Ball to the booby-hutch was join'd,
A wealthy cockney drove away,
To celebrate Saint Saturday;
Wife, daughter, pug, all crowded in,
To meet at country house their kin.
Through Brentford, to fair Twickenham's bow'rs,
The ungreased grumbling axle scow'rs,
To pass in rural sweets a day,
But there's a lion in the way:

The lion a moſt furious elf,
Hung up to repreſent himſelf,
Redden'd with rage, and ſhook his mane,
And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again.
Wond'rous, though painted on a board,
He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.
" Fool! (ſays the majeſty of beaſts)
" At whoſe expence a legion feaſts,
" Foe to yourſelf, you thoſe purſue,
" Who're eating up your cakes and you;
" Walk in, walk in, ſo prudence votes,
" And give poor Ball a feed of oats,
" Look to yourſelf, and as for Ma'm,
" Coax her to take a little dram;
" Let Miſs and pug with cakes be fed
" Then honeſt man go back to bed;
" You're better, and you're cheaper there,
" Where are no hangers on to fear.
" Go buy friend Newberry's new Pantheon
" And con the tale of poor Acteon,
" Horn'd by Diana, and o'erpower'd,
" And by the dogs he fed devour'd.
" What he receiv'd from charity,
" Lewdneſs perhaps may give to thee;
" And though your ſpouſe my lecture ſcorns,
" Beware his fate, beware his horns."
" Sir," ſays the cit, (who made a ſtand,
And ſtrok'd his forehead with his hand)
" By your grim gravity and grace,
" You greatly would become the mace.
" This kind advice I gladly take,---
" Draw'r, bring the dram, and bring a cake,
" With good brown beer that's briſk and hum-
" ming.
" A coming, Sir! a coming, coming!"
The cit then took a hearty draught,
And ſhook his jolly ſides and laugh'd.
Then to the king of beaſts he bow'd,
And thus his gratitude avow'd.---
" Sir, for your ſapient oration,
" I owe the greateſt obligation.
" You ſtand expos'd to ſun and ſhow'r,
" I know Jack Ellis of the tow'r;
" By him you ſoon may gain renown,
" He'll ſhow your highneſs to the town;
" Or, if you chooſe your ſtation here,
" To call forth Britons to their beer,
" As painter of diſtinguiſh'd note,
" He'll ſend his man to clean your coat."
The lion thank'd him for his proffer,
And if a vacancy ſhould offer,
Declar'd he had too juſt a notion,
To be averſe to ſuch promotion.
The citizen drove off with joy,
" For London---ball---for London---hoy."
Content to bed, he went his way,
And is no bankrupt to this day.

FABLE XII.

THE HERALD AND HUSBANDMAN.

———Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica virtus.
JUVENAL.

I WITH friend Juvenal agree,
Virtue's the true nobility;
Has of herſelf ſufficient charms,
Although without a coat of arms.

Honeſtus does not know the rules,
Concerning Or, and Fez, and Gules,
Yet ſets the wond'ring eye to gaze on,
Such deeds no herald e'er could blaze on.
Tawdry atchievements out of place,
Do but augment a fool's diſgrace;
A coward is a double jeſt,
Who has a lion for his creſt;
And things are come to ſuch a paſs,
Two horſes may ſupport an aſs;
And on a gameſter or buffoon,
A moral motto's a lampoon.
An honeſt ruſtic having done
His maſter's work 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Retir'd to dreſs a little ſpot,
Adjoining to his homely cot,
Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found
His landlord's culinary ground,
Some herbs that feed, and ſome that heal,
The winter's medicine or meal.
The ſage, which in his garden ſeen,
No man need ever die * I ween;
The marjorum comely to behold,
With thyme, and ruddieſt marygold,
And mint and pennyroyal ſweet,
To deck the cottage windows meet;
And balm, that yields a finer juice
Than all that China can produce;
With carrots red, and turnips white,
And leeks Cadwallader's delight;
And all the ſavory crop that vie
To pleaſe the palate and the eye.
Thus, as intent, he did ſurvey
His plot, a herald came that way,
A man of great eſcutcheon'd knowledge,
And member of the motley college.
Heedleſs the peaſant paſs'd he by,
Indulging this ſoliloquy;
" Ye gods! what an enormous ſpace,
" 'Twixt man and man does nature place;
" While ſome by deeds of honour riſe,
" To ſuch a height, as far outvies
" The viſible diurnal ſphere;
" While others, like this ruſtic here,
" Grope in the grovelling ground content,
" Without or lineage or deſcent.
" Hail, heraldry! myſterious art,
" Bright patroneſs of all deſert,
" Mankind would on a level lie,
" And undiſtinguiſh'd live and die;
" Depriv'd of thy illuſtrious aid,
" Such I ſo momentous is our trade.
" Sir," ſays the clown, " why ſure you joke,
" (And kept on digging as he ſpoke)
" And prate not to extort conviction,
" But merrily by way of fiction.
" Say, do your manuſcripts atteſt,
" What was old father Adam's creſt;
" Did he a nobler coat receive
" In right of marrying Mrs. Eve;
" Or had ſupporters when he kiſs'd her,
" On dexter ſide, and ſide ſiniſter;
" Or was his motto, prithee ſpeak,
" Engliſh, French, Latin, Welch, or Greek?

* " Cur moriatur homo, cui ſalvia creſcit in
" horto?"

" Or was he not, without a lie,
" Juſt ſuch a nobleman as I?
" Virtue, which great defects can ſtifle,
" May beam diſtinction on a trifle;
" And honour, with her native charms,
" May beautify a coat of arms;
" Realities ſometimes will thrive,
" E'en by appearance kept alive;
" But by themſelves, Gules, Or, and Fez,
" Are cyphers, neither more or leſs:
" Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,
" Be honeſt in the worſt of times:
" Health's on my countenance impreſs'd,
" And ſweet content's my daily gueſt,
" My fame alone I build on this,
" And Garter King at arms may kiſs."—

FABLE XIII.

A STORY OF A COCK AND A BULL.

YES—we excel in arts and arms,
In learning's lore, and beauty's charms.
The ſeas wide empire we engroſs,
All nations hail the Britiſh croſs;
The land of liberty we tread,
And woe to his devoted head,
Who dares the contrary advance,
One Engliſhman's worth ten of France.
Theſe theſe are truths what man won't write for,
Won't ſwear, won't bully, or won't fight for;
Yet (though perhaps I ſpeak through vanity)
Would we'd a little more humanity;
Too far, I fear, I've drove the jeſt,
So leave to cock and bull the reſt.
A bull who'd liſten'd to the vows
Of above fifteen hundred cows:
And ſerv'd his maſter freſh and freſh,
With hecatombs of ſpecial fleſh,
Like to an hermit or a derviſe,
(Grown old and feeble in the ſervice)
Now left the meadow's green parade,
And fought a ſolitary ſhade.
The cows proclaim'd in mournful lowing,
The bull's deficiency in wooing,
And to their diſappointed maſter,
All told the terrible diſaſter.
" Is this the caſe (quoth Hodge) O rare!
" But hold, to-morrow is the fair.
" Thou to thy doom, old boy, are fated,
" To-morrow—and thou ſhalt be baited."
The deed was done—curſe on the wrong!
Bloody deſcription, hold thy tongue—
Victorious yet the bull return'd,
And with ſtern ſilence inly mourn'd.
A vet'ran, brave, majeſtic cock,
Who ſerv'd for hour glaſs, guard and clock,
Who crow'd the manſion's firſt relief,
Alike from goblin and from thief;
Whoſe youth eſcap'd the Chriſtmas ſkillet,
Whoſe vigour brav'd the Shrovetide billet,
Had juſt return'd in wounds and pain,
Triumphant from the barbarous train.—
By riv'lets brink, with trees o'ergrown,
He heard his fellow ſufferer's moan;
And greatly ſcorning wounds and ſmart,
Gave him three cheers with all his heart.
" Riſe, neighbour, from that penſive attitude,
" Brave witneſs of vile man's ingratitude;
" And let us both with ſpur and horn,
" The cruel reaſoning monſter ſcorn.—
" Methinks at every dawn of day,
" When firſt I chant my blithſome lay,
" Methinks I hear from out the ſky,
" All will be better by and by;
" When bloody, baſe, degenerate man,
" Who deviates from his Maker's plan;
" Who nature and her works abuſes,
" And thus his fellow ſervants uſes,
" Shall greatly, and yet juſtly want,
" The mercy he refus'd to grant;
" And (while his heart his conſcience purges)
" Shall wiſh to be the brute he ſcourges."

FABLE XIV.

THE SNAKE, THE GOOSE, AND NIGHTINGALE.

Humbly addreſſed to the Hiſſers and Catcallers attending both Houſes.

WHEN rul'd by truth and nature's ways,
When juſt to blame, yet fix'd to praiſe,
As votary of the Delphic god,
I reverence the critic's rod;
But when inflam'd with ſpite alone,
I hold all critics but as one;
For though they claſs themſelves with art,
And each man takes a different part;
Yet whatſoe'er they praiſe and blame;
They in their motives are the ſame.
Forth as ſhe waddled in the brake,
A grey gooſe ſtumbled on a ſnake,
And took th' occaſion to abuſe her,
And of rank plagiariſm accuſe her.
" 'Twas I," quoth ſhe, " in every vale,
" Firſt hiſs'd the noiſy nightingale;
" And boldly cavill'd at each note,
" That twitter'd in the woodlark's throat:
" I who ſublime and more than mortal,
" Muſt ſtoop to enter at the portal,
" Have ever been the firſt to ſhow
" My hate to every thing that's low,
" While thou mean mimic of my manner,
" (Without enliſting to my banner)
" Darſt, in thy grov'lling ſituation,
" To counterfeit my ſibilation."
The ſnake enrag'd reply'd, " Know, Madam,
" I date my charter down from Adam;
" Nor can I, ſince I bear the bell,
" E'er imitate where I excel.
" Had any other creature dar'd
" Once to aver what you've averr'd,
" I might have been more fierce and fervent,
" But you're a gooſe,—and ſo your ſervant."
" Truce with your folly and your pride,"
The warbling Philomela cry'd;
" Since no more animals we find
" In nature, of the hiſſing kind,
" You ſhould be friends with one another,
" Nay, kind as brother is to brother.
" For know, thou pattern of abuſe,
" Thou ſnake are but a crawling gooſe;
" And thou dull dabb'ler in each lake,
" Art nothing but a feather'd ſnake."

FABLE XV.

MRS. ABIGAIL AND THE DUMB WAITER.

WITH frowning brow and aſpect low'ring,
As Abigail one day was ſcow'ring

From chair to chair she past along,
Without soliloquy or song;
Content in humdrum mood t' adjust
Her matters to dispersе the dust—
Thus ploded on the sullen fair,
Till a dumb waiter claim'd her care;
She then in rage, with shrill salute,
Bespoke the inoffensive mute:—
" Thou stupid tool of vapourish asses,
" With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses;
" Thou foreign whirligig, for whom
" Us honest folks must quit the room;
" And, like young misses at a christ'ning,
" Are forc'd to be content with list'ning;
" Though thou'rt a fav'rite of my master's,
" I'll set thee gadding on thy castors."
This said—with many a rough attack,
She scrub'd him till she made him crack;
Insulted stronger still and stronger,
The poor dumb thing could hold no longer.—
" Thou drab, born mops and brooms to dandle,
" Thou haberdasher of small scandal,
" Factor of family abuse,
" Retailer of domestic news;
" My lord, as soon as I appear,
" Confines thee in thy proper sphere;
" Or else, at ev'ry place of call,
" The chandler's shop, or cobler's stall,
" Or ale-house, where (for petty tales,
" Gin, beer, and ale, are constant vails)
" Each word at table that was spoke
" Would soon become the public joke,
" And cheerful innocent converse
" To scandal warp'd—or something worse.—
" Whene'er my master I attend,
" Freely his mind he can unbend;
" But when such praters fill my place,
" Then nothing should be said—but grace."

FABLE XVI.

THE BAG-WIG AND THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

A BAG-WIG of a jauntee air,
Trick'd up with all a barber's care,
Loaded with powder and perfume,
Hung in a spendthrift's dressing-room:
Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
A black tobacco-pipe was laid;
And with its vapours far and near,
Outstunk the essence of Monsieur;
At which its rage, the thing of hair,
Thus bristling up, began declare.
" Bak'd dirt! that with intrusion rude
" Break'st in upon my solitude,
" And whose offensive breath defiles
" The air for forty thousand miles—
" Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—
" O barb'rous English! horrid Dutch!
" I cannot bear it—Here, Sue, Nan,
" Go call the maid to call the man,
" And bid him come without delay
" To take this odious pipe away.
" Hideous! sure some one smok'd thee, friend,
" Reversely, at his t'other end.
" Oh! what mix'd odours! what a throng
" Of salt and sour, of stale and strong!
" A most unnatural combination,
" Enough to mar all perspiration—
" Monstrous! again—'twould vex a saint!
" Susan, the drops—or else I faint!"
The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of soul)
Raising himself upon his bole,
In smoke, like oracle of old,
Did thus his sentiments unfold:
" Why, what's the matter, Goodman Swagger;
" Thou flaunting French, fantastic bragger?
" Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
" Ridiculous and heterodox.
" 'Twas better for the English nation
" Before such scoundrels came in fashion,
" When none sought hair in realms unknown,
" But every blockhead bore his own.
" Know, puppy, I'm an English pipe,
" Deem'd worthy of each Briton's gripe,
" Who, with my cloud-compelling aid
" Help our plantations and our trade,
" And am, when sober and when mellow,
" An upright, downright, honest fellow.
" Though fools like you may think me rough,
" And scorn me, 'cause I am in buff,
" Yet your contempt I glad receive,
" 'Tis all the fame that you can give:
" None finery or fopp'ry prize,
" But they who've something to disguise;
" For simple nature hates abuse,
" And plainness is the dress of use."

FABLE XVII.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

OLD Care with Industry and Art
At length so well had play'd his part;
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas hers the largest to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress could find a bed.
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd she blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before:
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her came Care;

And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well---you ſhall have ſtore,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Though I reſtrain your bounteous heart,
You ſtill ſhall act the generous part.
The bridal came---great was the feaſt,
And good the pudding and the prieſt.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchleſs worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
They chriſten'd her Economy;
And ſtyl'd her fair diſcretion's queen,
The miſtreſs of the golden mean.
Now generoſity confin'd,
Perfectly eaſy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to ſpare,
Nor wiſhes to be free from care.

FABLE XVIII.

THE PIG.

In every age, and each profeſſion,
Men err the moſt by prepoſſeſſion;
But when the thing is clearly ſhown,
And fairly ſtated, fully known,
We ſoon applaud what we deride,
And penitence ſucceeds to pride.—
A certain baron on a day,
Having a mind to ſhow away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foote, Maſſey, Shuter, Yates, and Skeggs,
And built a large commodious ſtage,
For the choice ſpirits of the age;
But above all, among the reſt,
There came a genius, who profeſs'd
To have a curious trick in ſtore,
Which never was perform'd before.
Through all the town this ſoon got air,
And the whole houſe was like a fair;
But ſoon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all ſuſpenſe,
And ſilence gagg'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And with ſuch truth took off a pig,
All ſwore 'twas ſerious, and no joke;
For doubtleſs underneath his cloak
He had conceal'd ſome grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himſelf.
A ſearch was made, no pig was found---
With thund'ring claps the ſeats reſound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—O rare! bravo! and encore!
Old Roger Grouſe, a country clown,
Who yet knew ſomething of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd him,
Declaring to each beau and bunter,
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.
The morrow came---the crowd was greater---
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Uſurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiſs, and break the benches.
The mimic took his uſual ſtation,
And ſqueak'd with general approbation.
Again, encore! encore! they cry---
'Twas quite the thing---'twas very high:
Old Grouſe conceal'd, amidſt the racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket---
Then forth he came---and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.
The tortur'd pig from out his throat
Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note.
All bellow'd out---'twas very ſad!
Sure never ſtuff was half ſo bad!
That like a pig!---each cry'd in ſcoff,
Pſhaw! nonſenſe! blockhead! off! off! off!
The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouſe
Was hiſs'd, and catcall'd from the houſe.---
"Soft ye, a word before I go,"
Quoth honeſt Hodge---and ſtooping low
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud
Beſpoke the ſtupid, partial crowd:
"Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
"How much you critics know of nature."

BALLADS.

BALLAD I.

SWEET WILLIAM.

By a prattling ſtream, on a midſummer's eve,
Where the woodbine and jeſſ'mine their boughs interweave,
Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my harbour repair,
For I muſt have a chaplet for Sweet William's hair.

She brought me the vi'let that grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lily, and gilded jonquill:
But ſuch languid odours how could I approve,
Juſt warm from the lips of the lad that I love?

She brought me, his faith and his truth to diſplay,
The undying myrtle, and evergreen bay:
But why theſe to me, who've his conſtancy known?
And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

The next was a gift that I could not contemn,
For ſhe brought me two roſes that grew on a ſtem:
Of the dear nuptial tie they ſtood emblems confeſt,
So I kiſs'd 'em, and preſs'd 'em quite cloſe to my breaſt.

She brought me a ſun-flow'r---this, fair one's your due;
For it once was a maiden, and love-ſick like you:
Oh! give it me quick, to my ſhepherd I'll run,
As true to his flame as this flow'r to the ſun.

BALLAD II.

THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before;
My heart for a ſlave to gay Venus I've ſold,
And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
And will ſing to my laſs with the golden locks.

Though o'er her white forehead the gilt treſſes flow,
Like the rays of the ſun on a hillock of ſnow;
Such painters of old drew the queen of the fair;
'Tis the taſte of the ancients, 'tis claſſical hair:
And though witlings may ſcoff, and though raillery mocks,
Yet I'll ſing to my laſs with the golden locks.

To live and to love, to converſe and be free,
Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee;

Away go the hours in kiſſes and rhyme,
Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,
He's beſt ſpent with the laſs of the golden locks.

Than the ſwan in the brook ſhe's more dear to my ſight,
Her mien is more ſtately, her breaſt is more white,
Her ſweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
They are fit for the language or labour of love;
At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,
My laſs bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or ſhall weep for my woe;
She ſhall eaſe my fond heart, and ſhall ſooth my ſoft pain,
While thouſands of rivals are fighting in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
While I have the laſs with the golden locks.

BALLAD III.

ON MY WIFE'S BIRTH-DAY.

'Tis Nancy's birth-day---raiſe your ſtrains,
Ye nymphs of the Parnaſſian plains,
And ſing with more than uſual glee
To Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell the blithe graces as they bound
Luxuriant in the buxom round;
They're not more elegantly free,
Than Nancy who was born for me.

Tell royal Venus, though ſhe rove,
The queen of the immortal grove;
That ſhe muſt ſhare her golden ſee
With Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell Pallas, though th' Athenian ſchool,
And ev'ry trite pedantic fool,
On her to place the palm agree;
'Tis Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell ſpotleſs Dian, though ſhe range,
The regent of the up-land grange,
In chaſtity ſhe yields to thee,
O Nancy, who waſt born for me.

Tell Cupid, Hymen, and tell Jove,
With all the pow'rs of life and love,
That I'd diſdain to breathe or be,
If Nancy was not born for me.

BALLAD IV.

THE DECISION.

My Florio, wildeſt of his ſex
(Who ſure the verieſt ſaint would vex),
From beauty roves to beauty;
Yet though abroad the wanton roam,
Whene'er he deigns to ſtay at home,
He always minds his duty.

Something to ev'ry charming ſhe,
In thoughtleſs prodigality,
He's granting ſtill and granting,
To Phyllis that, to Chloe this,
And every madam, every miſs;
Yet I find nothing wanting.

If hap'ly I his will diſpleaſe,
Tempeſtuous as th' autumnal ſeas
He foams and rages ever;
But when he ceaſes from his ire,
I cry, ſuch ſpirit and ſuch fire,
Is ſurely wond'rous clever.

I ne'er want reaſon to complain;
But ſweet is pleaſure after pain,
And every joy grows greater.
Then truſt me, damſels, whilſt I tell,
I ſhould not like him half ſo well,
If I could make him better.

BALLAD V.

THE TALKATIVE FAIR.

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and at every place,
You ſcold, repeat, and ſing, and ſay,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever ceaſe.

Forbear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
If your own health, or ours you prize,
For all mankind that hear you, ſwear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noiſe obſcur'd,
All are diſtracted while they gaze;
But if they liſten, they are cur'd.

Your ſilence would acquire more praiſe,
Than all you ſay, or all I write:
One look ten thouſand charms diſplays;
Then huſh—and be an angel quite.

BALLAD VI.

THE SILENT FAIR.

From all her fair loquacious kind,
So different is my Roſalind,
That not one accent can I gain
To crown my hopes, or ſooth my pain.

Ye lovers, who can conſtrue ſighs,
And are the interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks tranſlate,
And in her geſtures read my fate.

And if in them you chance to find
Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleneſs of ſtate.

All thoughts of grandeur I deſpiſe,
Which from dependence take their riſe;
To ſerve her ſhall be my employ,
And love-ſweet agony my joy.

BALLAD VII.

THE FORCE OF INNOCENCE.

To Miſs C * * * *.*

The blooming damſel, whoſe defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her ſteps, for modeſty's her friend:
Though her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring ſpear, and maſſy ſhield;

Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux!
But e'en unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce cockade,
Though all a syren as she talks,
And all a goddess as she walks,
Yet decency each action guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's showery plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns,
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dang'rous golden show'rs,
E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her, defenceless and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye;
But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste thought inspire;
But virtue's path she'd still pursue;
And still, my fair, would copy you.

BALLAD VIII.

THE DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Scarce fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever a damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years and yet still be a maid?

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, but unmindful of me;
You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,
Yet ye stand by like dastards, and see me a maid.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,
Can do what you please, or with right, or with wrong,
Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can cure, or can kill,
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.

Ye sops, I invoke, not list to my song,
Who answer no end—and to no sex belong;
Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade—
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

BALLAD IX.

THE FAIR RECLUSE.

Ye ancient patriarchs of the wood,
That veil around these awful glooms,
Who many a century have stood
In verdant age that ever blooms.

Ye Gothic tow'rs, by vapours dense,
Obscur'd into severer state,

In pastoral magnificence
At once so simple and so great.

Why all your jealous shades on me,
Ye hoary elders, do ye spread?
Fair innocence should still be free,
Nought should be chain'd but what we dread.

Say, must these tears for ever flow?
Can I from patience learn content,
While solitude still nurses woe,
And leaves me leisure to lament.

My guardian, see!—who wards off peace,
Whose cruelty is his employ,
Who bids the tongue of transport cease,
And stops each avenue to joy.

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, not sooth my grief,
To view th' immensely distant heav'n,
My nearest prospect of relief.

BALLAD X.

TO MISS **** ONE OF THE CHICHESTER GRACES.

Written in Goodwood Gardens, September 1750.

" Ye hills that overlook the plains,
" Where wealth and Gothic greatness reigns;
" Where nature's hand by art is check'd,
" And taste herself is architect;
" Ye fallows gray, ye forests brown,
" And seas that the vast prospect crown,
" Ye fright the soul with fancy's store;
" Nor can she one idea more!"

I said—when dearest of her kind
(Her form the picture of her mind)
Chloris appear'd—The landskip flew!
All nature vanish'd from my view!
She seem'd all nature to comprise,
Her lips! her beauteous breasts! her eyes!
That rous'd, and yet abash'd desire,
With liquid, languid, living fire!

But then—her voice—how fram'd t' endear!
The music of the gods to hear!
Wit that so pierc'd without offence,
So brac'd by the strong nerves of sense!
Pallas with Venus play'd her part,
To rob me of an honest heart;
Prudence and passion jointly strove,
And reason was th' ally of love.

Ah me! thou sweet delicious maid,
From whence shall I solicit aid!
Hope and despair alike destroy,
One kills with grief, and one with joy.
Celestial Chloris! Nymph divine!
To save me the dear task be thine.
Though conquest be the woman's care,
The angel's glory is to spare.

BALLAD XI.

LOVELY HARRIOT.

A Crambo Ballad.

Great Phœbus in his vast career,
Who forms the self-succeeding year,
Thron'd in his amber chariot,

Sees not an object half so bright,
Nor gives such joy, such life, such light,
As dear delicious Harriot.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic turns,
Whose pulse not beats, whose blood not burns,
Read Malebranche, Boyle, and Marriot;
I scorn their philosophic strife,
And study nature from the life,
(Where most she shines) in Harriot.

When she admits another wooer,
I rave like Shakspeare's jealous Moor,
And am as raging Barry hot.
True, virtuous, lovely, was his dove,
But virtue, beauty, truth, and love,
Are other names for Harriot.

Ye factious members who oppose,
And tire both houses with your prose,
Though never can ye carry ought;
You might command the nation's sense,
And without bribery convince,
Had ye the voice of Harriot.

You of the music commonweal,
Who borrow, beg, compose, or steal,
Cantata, air, or ariet;
You'd burn your cumb'rous works in score,
And sing, compose, and play no more,
If once you heard my Harriot.

Were there a wretch who dar'd essay,
Such wond'rous sweetness to betray,
I'd call him an Iscariot;
But here e'en satire can't annoy,
So strictly chaste, but kindly coy,
Is fair angelic Harriot.

While sultans, emperors, and kings,
(Mean appetite of earthly things)
In all the waste of war riot:
Love's softer duel be my aim,
Praise, honour, glory, conquest, fame,
Are center'd all in Harriot.

I swear by Hymen and the pow'rs
That haunt love's ever blushing bow'rs,
So sweet a nymph to marry ought;
Then may I hug her silken yoke,
And give the last, the final stroke,
T' accomplish lovely Harriot.

BALLAD XII.

TO JENNY GRAY.

Bring, Phœbus, from Parnassian bow'rs,
A chaplet of poetic flow'rs,
That far outbloom the May;
Bring verse so smooth, and thoughts so free,
And all the muses heraldry,
To blazon Jenny Gray.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,
Presenting spring with early bloom,
In ruddy tints how gay!
Thus, foremost of the blushing fair,
With such a blitheſome buxom air,
Blooms lovely Jenny Gray.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among
That pipe the sylvan lay,
All hush'd at her delightful voice
In silent ecstasy rejoice,
And study Jenny Gray.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
That lightly sweep the green rob'd vales,
And in each rose-bush play;
I know you all, you're arrant cheats,
And steal your more than natural sweets,
From lovely Jenny Gray.

Pomona and that goddess bright,
The florist's and the maids delight,
In vain their charms display;
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,
In richness, nor in sweetness reach
The lips of Jenny Gray.

To the sweet knot of graces three,
Th' immortal band of bards agree,
A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovely fourth,
And she is Jenny Gray.

BALLAD XIII.

TO MISS KITTY BENNET AND HER CAT CROP.

Full many a heart that now is free,
May shortly, fair one, beat for thee,
And court thy pleasing chain;
Then prudent hear a friend's advice,
And learn to guard, by conduct nice,
The conquests you shall gain.

When Tabby Tom your Crop pursues,
How many a bite and many a bruise
The amorous swain endures?
E'er yet one favourite glance he catch,
What frequent squalls, how many a scratch
His tenderness procures?

Though this, 'tis own'd, be somewhat rude,
And pus by nature be a prude,
Yet hence you may improve;
By decent pride, and dint of scoff,
Keep caterwauling coxcombs off,
And ward th' attacks of love.

Your Crop a mousin when you see,
She teaches you economy,
Which makes the pot to boil:
And when she plays with what she gains,
She shows you pleasure springs from pains,
And mirth's the fruit of toil.

BALLAD XIV.

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE.

Written at College, 1741.

" Relax, sweet girl, your wearied mind,
" And to hear the poet talk,
" Gentlest creature of your kind,
" Lay aside your sponge and chalk;
" Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse
" To hear the jingle of the muse.

" Hear your numerous vot'ries prayers,
" Come, O come, and bring with thee

" Giddy whimſies, wanton airs,
" And all love's ſoft artillery;
" Smiles and throbs, and frowns, and tears,
" With all the little hopes and fears."

She heard—ſhe came—and, e'er ſhe ſpoke,
Not unraviſh'd you might ſee
Her wanton eyes that wink'd the joke,
Ere her tongue could ſet it free.
While a forc'd bluſh her cheeks enflam'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe was aſham'd.

No handkerchief her boſom hid,
No tippet from our ſight debars
Her heaving breaſts, with moles o'erſpread;
Mark'd, little hemiſpheres, with ſtars;
While on them all our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

In every geſture, every air,
Th' imperfect liſp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair,
We awkward imitators vie,
And, forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty as we gaze.

If e'er ſhe ſneer'd, the mimic crowd
Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down;
If ſhe but ſtoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
And ſullen, if ſhe 'gan to frown,
In ſolemn ſilence ſat profound——
But did ſhe laugh!—the laugh went round.

Her ſnuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
Each Johnian in reſponſive airs
Fed with the tickling duſt his ſnout,
With all the politeſſe of bears.
Dropt ſhe her fan beneath her hoop,
Ev'n ſtake-ſtuck Clarians ſtrove to ſtoop.

The ſons of culinary Kays
Smoking from the eternal treat,
Loſt in ecſtatic tranſport gaze,
As though the fair was good to eat;
Ev'n gloomieſt kings-men, pleas'd a while,
" Grin horribly a ghaſtly ſmile."

But hark, ſhe cries, " my mamma calls,"
And ſtraight ſhe's vaniſh'd from our ſight;
'Twas then we ſaw the empty bowls,
'Twas then we firſt perceiv'd it night;
While all, ſad fynod, ſilent moan,
Both that ſhe went—and went alone.

BALLAD XV.

THE WIDOW'S RESOLUTION.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, the moſt contented of her kind,
Remain'd in joyleſs widowhood reſign'd:
In vain to gain her every ſhepherd ſtrove,
Each paſſion ebb'd, but grief, which drowned love.

AIR.

Away, ſhe cry'd, ye ſwains, be mute,
Nor with your odious fruitleſs ſuit
My loyal thoughts controul;
My grief on reſolution's rock
Is built, nor can temptation ſhock
The purpoſe of my ſoul.

Though blithe content, with jocund air,
May balance comfort againſt care,
And make me life ſuſtain;
Yet ev'ry joy has wing'd its flight,
Except that penſive dear delight
That takes its riſe from pain.

RECITATIVE.

She ſaid:—A youth approach'd, of manly grace,
A ſon of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race:—
In flow'ry rhetoric he no time employ'd,
He came—he woo'd—he wedded, and enjoy'd.

AIR.

Dido thus of old proteſted
Ne'er to know a ſecond flame;
But, alas! ſhe found the jeſted,
When the ſtately Trojan came.

Nature a diſguiſe may borrow,
Yet this maxim true will prove,
Spite of pride, and ſpite of ſorrow,
She that has a heart muſt love.

What on earth is ſo enchanting
As beauty weeping on her weeds!
Through flowing eyes, on boſom panting,
What a rapturous ray proceeds?

Since from death there's no returning,
When th' old lover bids adieu,
All the pomp and farce of mourning
Are but ſignals for a new.

EPISTLE TO MRS. TYLER.

It ever was allow'd, dear madam,
Ev'n from the days of father Adam,
Of all perfection fleſh is heir to,
Fairp atience is the gentleſt virtue;
This is a truth our grandames teach,
Our poets ſing, and parſons preach;
Yet after all, dear Moll, the fact is
We ſeldom put it into practice;
I'll warrant (if one knew the truth)
You've call'd me many an idle youth,
And ſtyl'd me rude ungrateful bear,
Enough to make a parſon ſwear.
I ſhall not make a long oration
In order for my vindication,
For what the plague can I ſay more
Than lazy dogs have done before;
Such ſtuff is naught but mere tautology;
And ſo take that for my apology.
Firſt then for cuſtards, my dear Mary,
The produce of your dainty dairy,
For ſtew'd, for bak'd, for boil'd, for roaſt,
And all the teas, and all the toaſt;
With thankful tongue, and bowing attitude,
I here preſent you with my gratitude:
Next for your apples, pears, and plumbs,
Acknowledgment in order comes;
For wine, for ale, for fowl, for fiſh—for
Ev'n all one's appetite can wiſh for:
But O ye pens, and O ye pencils,
And all ye ſcribbling utenſils,
Say in what words, and in what metre,
Shall unfeign'd admiration greet her,
For that rich banquet ſo refin'd,
Her converſation gave the mind;

The solid meal of sense and worth,
Set off by the desert of mirth;
Wit's fruit and pleasure's genial bowl,
And all the joyous flow of soul;
For these, and every kind ingredient,
That form'd your love—your most obedient.

TO THE REV. MR. POWELL.

ON THE NON-PERFORMANCE OF A PROMISE HE MADE THE AUTHOR OF A HARE.

FRIEND, with regard to this same hare,
Am I to hope, or to despair?
By punctual post the letter came,
With P***ll's hand, and P***ll's name:
Yet there appear'd, for love or money,
Nor hare, nor leveret, nor coney.
Say, my dear Morgan, has my lord,
Like other great ones, kept his word?
Or have you been deceiv'd by 'squire?
Or has your poacher lost his wire?
Or in some unpropitious hole,
Instead of puss, trepann'd a mole?
Thou valiant son of great Cadwallader,
Hast thou a hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?
But now, methinks, I hear you say
(And shake your head) "Ah, well-a-day!
"Painful pre-em'nence to be wise,
"We wits have such short memories.
"Oh, that the act was not in force!
"A horse!—my kingdom for a horse!
"To love—yet he deny'd the sport!
"Oh! for a friend or two at court!
"God knows, there's scarce a man of quality
"In all our peerless principality—"
But hold—for on his country joking,
To a warm Welchman's most provoking.
As for poor puss, upon my honour,
I never set my heart upon her.
But any gift from friend to friend
Is pleasing in its aim and end.
I, like the cock, would spurn a jewel,
Sent by th' unkind, th' unjust, and cruel.
But honest P***ll!——Sure from him
A barley-corn would be a gem.
Pleas'd therefore had I been, and proud,
And prais'd thy generous heart aloud,
If, 'stead of hare (but do not blab it)
You'd sent me only a Welch rabbit.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

THE SICK MONKEY.

A LADY sent lately for one Doctor Drug,
To come in an instant, and clyster poor Pug—
As the fair one commanded, he came at the word,
And did the grand office in tye-wig and sword.
The affair being ended, so sweet and so nice!
He held out his hand with "you know, ma'am,
"my price."
"Your price," says the lady—"Why, Sir, he's
"your brother,
"And doctors must never take fees of each other."

EPIGRAM II.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

WHEN Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be rude,
Miss Daphne cry'd pish! and ran swift to the wood,
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.

The nymph was be sure of a cold constitution,
To be turn'd to a tree was a strange resolution;
For in this she resembled a true modern spouse,
For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

EPIGRAM III. (*From the Greek*).

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

To a Mouse says a Miser, "my dear Mr. Mouse,
"Pray what may you please for to want in my
"house?"
Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself
"quiet,
"You are safe in your person, your purse, and
"your diet:
"A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
"But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
"board."

EPIGRAM IV.

On a Woman who was Singing Ballads for Money to Bury her Husband.

FOR her husband deceas'd, Sally chants the sweet lay,
Why, faith, this is singular sorrow;
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead man to-day,
She'll cry for a live one to-morrow.

To the Right Honourable EARL OF DARLINGTON,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED PAYMASTER OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

"The royal hand, my lord, shall raise
"To nobler heights thy name;
"Who praises thee shall meet with praise
"Ennobled in thy fame.
Smart's Ode.

WHAT the prophetic muse foretold is true,
And royal justice gives to worth its due;
The Roman spirit now breathes forth again,
And virtue's temple leads to honour's fane;
But not alone to thee this grant extends,
Nor in thy rise great Brunswick's goodness ends:
Whoe'er has known thy hospitable dome,
Where each glad guest still finds himself at home
Whoe'er has seen the numerous poor that wait
To bless thy bounty at th' expanded gate;
Whoe'er has seen thee general joy impart,
And smile away chagrin from every heart,

All theſe are happy---pleaſure reigns confeſt,
And thy proſperity makes thouſands bleſt.

On the Death of Maſter Newbery, after a lingering Illneſs.

HENCEFORTH be every tender tear ſuppreſt,
Or let us weep for joy, that he is bleſt;
From grief to bleſs, from earth to heav'n remov'd,
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd:
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r;
That diſpoſition ſickneſs could not ſour;
That ſenſe ſo oft to riper years denied,
That patience heroes might have own'd with pride.
His painful race undauntedly he ran,
And in the eleventh winter died a man.

Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, at St. Peter's in the Iſle of Thanet.

WAS rhetoric on the lips of ſorrow hung,
Or could affliction lend the heart a tongue,
Then ſhould my ſoul, in noble anguiſh free,
Do glorious juſtice to herſelf and thee.
But ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,
Ev'n nature, bleſſed nature is our foe.
When we ſhould praiſe, we ſympathetic groan,
For ſad mortality is all our own.
Yet but a word: as lowly as he lies,
He ſpurns all empires and aſſerts the ſkies.
Bluſh, power! he had no intereſt here below;
Bluſh, malice! that he died without a foe;
The univerſal friend, ſo form'd to engage,
Was far too precious for this world and age.
Years were denied, for (ſuch his worth and truth)
Kind heaven has call'd him to eternal youth.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. T. B. one of the People called Quakers. Written in his Garden, July 1752.

FREE from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,
How ſimply neat and elegantly plain
Thy rural villa lifts its modeſt head,
Where fair convenience reigns in faſhion'd ſtead;
Where ſober plenty does its bliſs impart,
And glads thine hoſpitable, honeſt heart.
Mirth without vice, and rapture without noiſe,
And all the decent, all the manly joys!
Beneath a ſhadowy bow'r, the ſummer's pride,
Thy darling * Tullia ſitting by thy ſide;
Where light and ſhade in varied ſcenes diſplay
A contraſt ſweet, like friendly Yea and Nay.
My hand the ſecretary of my mind,
Leaves thee theſe lines upon the poplar's rind.

On Seeing the Picture of Miſs R—— G——n. Drawn by Mr. Vareliſt, of Threadneedle-ſtreet.

SHALL candid † Prior, in immortal lays,
Thy anceſtor with generous ardour praiſe;
Who, with his pencil's animating pow'r,
In liveliеſt dyes immortaliz'd a flow'r,
And ſhall no juſt, impartial bard be found,
Thy more exalted merits to reſound?

Who giv'ſt to beauty a perpetual bloom,
And lively grace, which age ſhall not conſume:
Who mak'ſt the ſpeaking eyes with meaning roll,
And paint'ſt at once the body and the ſoul.

An Invitation to Mrs. Tyler, a Clergyman's Lady, to Dine upon a Couple of Ducks on the Anniverſary of the Author's Wedding-Day.

HAD I the pen of Sir John Suckling,
And could find out a rhyme for duckling,
Why deareſt madam, in that caſe,
I would invite you to a brace.
Haſte, gentle ‡ ſhepherdeſs, away,
To-morrow is the gaudy day,
That day, when to my longing arms,
Nancy reſign'd her golden charms,
And ſet my am'rous inclination
Upon the buſ'neſs of the nation.
Induſtrious Moll, ‖ with many a pluck,
Unwings the plumage of each duck;
And as ſhe ſits a brooding o'er,
You'd think ſhe'd hatch a couple more.
Come, all ye muſes, come and ſing---
Shall we then roaſt them on a ſtring?
Or ſhall we make our dirty jilt run,
To beg a roaſt of Mrs. § Bilton?
But to delight you more with theſe,
We ſhall provide a diſh of peaſe:
On ducks alone we'll not regale you,
We'll wine, we'll punch you, and we'll ale you.
To-morrow is the gaudy day,
Haſte, gentle ſhepherdeſs, away.

TO MISS S—— P——E.

FAIR partner of my *Nancy*'s heart,
Who feel'ſt, like me, love's poignant dart;
Who at a frown canſt pant for pain,
And at a ſmile revive again;
Who doat'ſt to that ſevere degree,
You're jealous, e'en of conſtancy;
Born hopes and fears and doubts to prove,
And each viciſſitude of love!
To this my humble ſuit attend,
And be my advocate and friend.
So may juſt Heav'n your goodneſs bleſs,
Succeſsful ev'n in my ſucceſs!
Oft at the ſilent hour of night,
When bold intruſion wings her flight,
My fair, from care and buſ'neſs free,
Unboſoms all her ſoul to thee,
Each hope with which her boſom heaves,
Each tender wiſh her heart receives
To thee are intimately known,
And all her thoughts become thy own:
Then take the bleſſed bliſsful hour,
To try love's ſweet infectious pow'r;
And let your ſiſter ſouls conſpire
In love's, as friendſhip's calmer fire.
So may thy tranſport equal mine,
Nay—every joy be doubly thine!

* *His Daughter.*
† *See verſes on a flower painted by Vareliſt.*
‡ *As every good parſon is the ſhepherd of his flock, his wife is a ſhepherdeſs of courſe.*
‖ *The maid.*
§ *The landlady of the public-houſe.*

So may the youth, whom you prefer,
Be all I wiſh to be to her.

EXTEMPORE,

In the King's Bench, on hearing a Raven Croak.

YON raven once an acorn took
From Romney's ſtouteſt talleſt tree,
He hid it by a limpid brook,
And liv'd another oak to ſee.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
Which Providence keeps ſtill alive,
Bids us with afflictions cope,
And all anxiety ſurvive,

DISSERTISSIME Romuli Nepotum,
Quot ſunt, quotque fuêre, Marce Tulli,
Et quot pôſt aliis erunt in annis,
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus,
Agit peſſimus omnium Poeta;—
Tanto peſſimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

Imitated after Dining with Mr. Murray.

O THOU, of Britiſh orators the chief
That were, or are in being, or belief;
All eminence and goodneſs as thou art,
Accept the gratitude of Poet Smart,—
The meaneſt of the tuneful train as far,
As thou tranſcend'ſt the brighteſt at the bar.

INSCRIPTIONS ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

On one End.

PARTEM aliquam, O venti, divûm referatis ad aures.

On one Side.

Salve, quæ ſingis proprio modulamine carmen,
Salve Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
Dulcè O di divinûmque ſonas ſine pollicis ictu,
Dives naturæ ſimplicis, artis inops!
Talia, quæ inculcæ dant mellea labra puellæ,
Talia ſunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

On the other Side.

Hail heav'nly harp, where Memnon's ſkill is ſhown,
That charm'ſt the ear with muſic all thine own!
Which though untouch'd, can'ſt rapturous ſtrains impart,
O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
Such the wild warblings of the ſylvan throng,
So ſimply ſweet the untaught virgins ſong.

On the other End.

Chriſtophorus Smart Henrico Bell, Armigero.

AN EPIGRAM BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

DE TYNDARO.

NON minimo inſignem naſo dum forte puellum
Baſiat, en! volvit Tyndarus eſſe dicax.
Fruſtra, ait, ergo tuis mea profero labra labellis,
Noſtra procul naſus deſtinet ora tuus.
Protinus erubuit, tacitaque excanduit irâ,
Nempe parum falſo tacta puella ſale.

Naſus ab ore meus tua ſi tenet oſcula, dixit,
Quâ naſus non eſt, hâc dare parte potes.

THE LONG-NOSED FAIR.

ONCE on a time I fair Dorinda kiſs'd,
Whoſe noſe was too diſtinguiſh'd to be miſs'd;
My dear, ſays I, I fain would kiſs you cloſer,
But though your lips ſay aye—your noſe ſays, no, Sir.—
The maid was equally to ſun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily-hand behind;
Here, ſwain, ſhe cry'd, may'ſt thou ſecurely kiſs,
Where there's no noſe to interrupt thy bliſs.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

Tranſlated into Latin, in the manner of Mr. Bourne.

CUM primùm ante oculos, viridi laſciva juventâ,
Non temere attonitos Fannia pulchra ſtetit,
Ut mihi ſe gratus calor inſinuavit in eſſa
Miranti ſpeciem, virgineumque decus!
Dum partes meditor varias, et amabile---quid non?
Luſtrandique acies magna libido capit;
Prodigus et laudum dum formam ad ſidera tollo,
Subdolus en! ſurtim labitur intus amor.

Idalii pueri, Veneriſque exercitus omnis
Exornat multo lumina ſeeta dolo;
Hic currus, hic tela jacent, hic arcus Amoris.
Cypri poſthabitis hic manet ipſe jugis.
Nativis gena pulchra roſis veſtita ſuperbit,
Invalidam artificis ſpernere nata manum;
Non tantas jactat veneres ſuaviſſimus horti
Incola, quando novis ſpirat amoma comis.

Concinnis membris patet immortalis origo,
Illa Jovis monſtrat quid potuêre manus;
Reginamque Cnidi, formoſam Cyprida, reddit,
Quicunque egregio ludit in ore decor!
Quanta mihi nervos, heu, quanta eſt flamma medullas,
Pectoris ut video luxuriantis ebur---
Pectoris eximiæ nymphæ---jam dulcè tumentis
Jam ſubſidentis---ſed cupit ante premi.

Circumdat mediam ceſtus (mihi credite) nymphæ
Inſignis ceſtus, quem dedit ipſa Venus:
Dulce ſatellitium circa illam ludit amorum,
Atque hilares ducit turba jocoſa choros.
Felix ante homines iſtius cingula zonæ
Qui ſolvas, felix, quiſquis es, ante Deos!
Omnes, tanta omnes, niſi me, contingere poſſe
Gaudia, voſque Dii, tuque puella neges.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair,
Firſt caught my raviſh'd ſight,
Pleas'd with her ſhape and air,
I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thouſand loves appear,

There Cupid baſking lies,
His ſhafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colours all her own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all expreſs
The beauteous Queen of Love.
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaſt
Of that too charming maid
Riſe ſuing to be preſt!

Venus round Fanny's waiſt
Has her own ceſtus bound,
There guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy muſt he be,
Who ſhall her zone unlooſe!
That bliſs to all but me,
May Heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

THE PRETTY CHAMBERMAID.

In Imitation of Horace, Ode IV.—Ne ſit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori, &c.

Collin, oh! ceaſe thy friend to blame,
Who entertains a ſervile flame.
Chide not—believe me, 'tis no more
Than great Achilles did before,
Who nobler, prouder far than he is,
Ador'd his chambermaid Briſeis.

The thund'ring Ajax Venus lays
In love's inextricable maze.
His ſlave Tecmeſſa makes him yield,
Now miſtreſs of the ſevenfold ſhield.
Atrides with his captive play'd,
Who always ſhar'd the bed ſhe made.

'Twas at the ten years ſiege, when all
The Trojans fell in Hector's fall,
When Helen rul'd the day and night,
And made them love and made them fight;
Each hero kiſs'd his maid, and why,
Though I'm no hero, may not I?

Who knows? Polly perhaps may be
A piece of ruin'd royalty.
She has (I cannot doubt it) been
The daughter of ſome mighty queen;
But fate's irrem'able doom
Has chang'd her ſceptre for a broom.

Ah! ceaſe to think it—how can ſhe,
So gen'rous, charming, fond, and free,
So lib'ral of her little ſtore,
So heedleſs of amaſſing more,
Have one drop of plebeian blood
In all the circulating flood!

But you, by carping at my fire,
Do but betray your own deſire—
Howe'er proceed—made tame by years,
You'll raiſe in me no jealous fears.
You've not one ſpark of love alive,
For, thanks to Heav'n, you're forty-five.

CHRISTOPHORUS SMART

SAMUELI SAUNDERS, COL. REGAL, S. P. D.

Phoebus et Liber, chariteſque mecum
Nocte cœnabunt (ita ſpondet Hermes)
Noſtra ſed prorſus, niſi te magiſtro,
Poc'la recuſant.

Attici dives venias leporis,
Non ſine aſſueto venias cachinno, et
Blanda pinguedo explicitâ renidens
Fronte jocetur.

Georgium expecto, Salis architectum
Duplicis vafrum ſatis, æmuloſque
Spero vos inter fore nunc, ut olim,
Nobile bellum.

Dumque lucubrata per omne longi
Frigoris ſæclum pueros tenellos
Alma nox pictas videt otioſos
Volvere chartas.

Proh pudor! devota lucro juventus
(Ut puellarum numerus ſenumque)
Pallet inſomnis repetita duri
Jurgia ludi.

Sperne (nam multæ cerebrum Minervæ
Eſt tibi) nugas age quæſtuoſas,
Arduas, vanas, et amara curæ
Elue mecum.

Jam rigit tellus, hyemantque menſes,
Veſtra ſed laurus vireat, tuiſque
In genis dulcis roſa ſanitatis
Sera moretur.

Aul. Pemb. Cantab. Cal. Jan.

THE FAMOUS GENERAL EPITAPH FROM DEMOSTHENES.

These for their country's cauſe were ſheath'd in arms,
And all baſe imputations dare deſpiſe;
And nobly ſtruck with glory's dreadful charms,
Made death their aim, eternity their prize.
For never could their mighty ſpirits yield,
To ſee themſelves and countrymen in chains;
And earth's kind boſom hides them in the field
Of battle, ſo the Will Supreme ordains;
To conquer chance and error's not reveal'd,
For mortals ſure mortality remains.

Οἵδε πάτρας ἕνεκα σφετέρας εἰς δῆριν ἔθεντο
Οπλα, καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν απεσκέδασαν;
Μαρνάμενος δ' αρετῆς καὶ δείματος, ουκ ἐσάωσαν
Ψυκὰς, άλλ' αἰδην κοινον ἔθεντο βράβην,
Δουλοσύνης στυγεράν ἀμφὶς ἔχωσιν ὕβριν.
Οὕνεκεν Ελλήνων, ως μή ζυλὸν αυχένι Θεντες,
Γαῖα δὲ πατρὶς ἔχει κὸλποὶς τῶν πληῖστα καμοντων
Σώματ' ἐπεὶ Θνητοῖς εκ Διὸς ἔδε κρίσις
Μηδὲν αμαρτεῖν ἐστι Θεων και πάντα κατορθοῦν,
Ε'ν βιοτῆ μοιραν δ' οὔτι φυγεῖν ἔπορεν.

CARMEN IN CÆCILIAM.

A Latin Verſion of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

Descende cœlo, ſpiritu quæ melleo
Imples, Camœna, tibias;
Deſcende pulſâs quæ lyram volucri manu,
Nervumque ſopitum excita:
Diſcat fundere ſuaviter ſeveras
Teſtudo numeroſa cantilenas:
Cava claſſica clangoribus auras
Repleant, reſonent tremebundarum
Laquaria convulſa demorum:
Inque vicem lentâ gravia organa majeſtate
Spirent, auguſtoque ſonore inflata tumeſcant.
Ut clarè, ut placidi molliter auribus
Se furtim bibulis inſinuant modi!
Mox tollunt violentum altiùs altiùs
Auditum Superis ſonum!
Jamque exultantes numeri atque audacia turgent
Carmina, jam tremulus tractis fluitat furor auris;
Donec minutatim remota,
Jam liquefacta,
Jam moritura,
Murmurâ languent,
Murmura dulci
Leniter attenuata caſu.
Æquas ut ſervat moderatrix Muſica mentes!
Ut premit, aut laxat mollibus imperiis!
Seu gaudiorum turbida pectora
Tumultuoſis fluctibus æſtuant,
Tranquillat; urget ſeu malorum
Pondus, humo levat Illa voce.
Geſtit bellantes animoſo accendere cantu;
Blandaque amatori medicamina ſufficit ægro;
Languens ecce! caput Mœſtitia erigit,
Morpheus molliculis profilit e toris,
Ulnas implicitas pandit Inertia,
Audit diciduis Invidia anguibus:
Inteſtina animi ceſſant bella; applicat aures
Seditio, nec præcipites reminiſcitur iras.
Aſt ubi dulcis amor patriæ pia mittit in arma,
O! quanto accendunt mavortia tympana pulſu!
Sic, cum prima viam navis tentaret inauſam,
Thrax cecinit, puppique lyram tractavit in altâ,
Dum vidit Argo Pelion arduum
Pinus ſorores deſcerere impigras,
Et turba circumfuſa muto
Semideûm ſtupuere plauſu:
Incedit heros, quiſquis audiit ſonum,
Amore flagrans gloriæ:
Dum feminudum quiſque rapit manu
Enſem, et coruſcat multiplicem ægida:
Ad arma ſylvæ, ad arma montes,
Terra, mare, aſtra ſonant ad arma!
Sed, cum per orci limites cavernoſi,
Amplexibus quos igneis obit fumans
Phlegethon, Poetam, Morte non minus polleus,
Adire juſſit pallidos Amor manes,
Quæ miracl'a ſonorum!
Quæ feralia monſtra videri,
Dirias per oras diſſita!
Horrida fulgura,
Vox penetrabilis
Sæva querentium,
Et picei ignis
Triſte crepuſculum,
Diri ululatus,
Et gemitûs gravis
Mœſta profunditas.
Dumque luunt pœnas animæ, tremuli ſingultus.
Sed audin! audin! auream ferit chelyn,
Miſeriſque fecit otium:
En! tenue ut patulis auribus agmen adeſt!
Quieſcit ingens Siſyphi ſaxum, et ſuæ
Acclinis Ixion rotæ,
Atque leves ineunt pallida ſpectra choros!
Ferratis ſua membra toris collapſa reclinant
Oblitæ irarum Eumenides, et lurica circum
Colla auſcultantes ſeſe explicuere colubri!
Per fluentorum vada, quæ perenni
Rore delibant ſinuoſo ripas;
Per levem, ſiqua Elyſii vireta
Ventilat aura;
Per beatorum Genios colentes
Arva quà paſſim aſphodelis renidet
Gramen auratis, amaranthinæve umbracula frondis;
Per duces, ſi quis dubiam per umbram
Splendidis late loca luſtrat armis;
Myrteæ et quiſquis querulus vagatur
Incola ſylvæ;
Reddite (vos rapuiſtis enim) mihi reddite ſponſam;
Obteſtor, parilive adjungite me quoque fato!
Canit, canenti Dis ferus annuit,
Ceditque blandarum harmoniæ precum,
Et victa manſueſcunt severæ
Perſephones ſine more corda.
Io Triumphe! Mors et Orcus Orpheo
Lætantur domitore domari,
Vatemque mirâ inſigniunt victoriâ!
Fata obſtant—novies Styx circumfuſa coercet—
Nequicquam—vincit muſica, vincit amor.
Sed nimiùm, heu! nimiùm impatiens reſpexit amator:
Ah! cecidit, cecidit, ſubitoque elapſa refugit!
Quâ prece jam ſurdas flectes, temerarie, Parcas?
At tu, ſi crimen, crimen amantes habes.
Nunc pendulis ſub antris,
Jugeſve propter undas,
Ubi callibus reductis
Temerè vagatur Hebrus
Heu! ſolus, neque
Auditus, neque
Cognitus ulli,
Fletus integrat,
Teque gemens vocat, Eurydice,
Perdita, perdita,
Heu! omne in ævum perdita!
Nunc totum Eumenides exagitant, jugis
En! canæ Rhodopes in gelidis tremit,
Ardeſcens tremit, inſanit, ſpemque abjicit omnem.
Ecce! per avia luſtra furens fugit ocyoi Euro;
Evœ! perſtrepit, audin', ut Hæmus, et ingemit
evœ!---
Ah! perit!---
Eurydicen tamen extremâ cum voce profundit,
Eurydicen tremulo murmure lingua canit,
Eurydicen nemus,
Eurydicen aquæ,
Eurydicen montes, gemebundaque ſaxa retorquent.

Luctus musica temperat feroces,
Et fati levat ingruentis ictus:
Dulcis musica moliter dolorem
Mutat lætitia; sonante plectro
Spes aversa redit, Furor recumbit:
Nobis illa eadem breves adauget
Terræ delicias, opesque cœli
Præsentire docet remotiores.
Hinc solum cecinit Numen, memor, unde beatam
Ceperat harmoniam et modulamina non sua,
Virgo.
Organa plena choris ubi magnifico consentu
Miscentur, aurem æthyrei inclinant incolæ;
Terrestres animæ tolluntur in astra tumenti
Carmine, divinoque alitur sacra flamma furore;
Dum prona cœlo pendet angelûm cohors.
Orpheûm jam taceant Pierides suum,
Major Cæciliæ vis datur inclytæ.
Ille vix umbram revocavit orco;
Illa sublatas super astra mentes
Inserit cœlo, superisque miscet
Carmine Divis.

Ὁ ΠΙΑΓΝΙΩΔΗΣ.

A Latin Version of Milton's L'Allegro.

Χρυσια χαλκειων, ἑκατομβοι ἐνεαβοιων. Hom.

Procul hinc, O procul esto informis Ægrimonia,
Quam janitori Obscuritas nigerrima
Suscepit olim Cerbero,
Defertem in caveâ Stygis profundâ,
Horribilis inter formas, visusque profanos,
Obscœnosque ululatus,
Incultam licet invenire sedem,
Nox ubi parturiens
Zelotypis furtim nido superincubat alis
Queriturque tristis noctua,
Sub densis illic ebenis scopulisque cavatis,
Vestri rugosis more supercilii,
Æternùm maneas Cimmeriâ in domo.

Sed huc propinquet comis et pulcherrima,
Quæ nympha divis audit Euphrosyne choris,
Patiens tamen vocatur a mortalibus
Medicina cordis hilaritas, quam candida
Venus duabus insuper cum Gratiis
Dias Lyæo patri in auras edidit:
Sive ille ventus (cæteri ut Myæ canunt)
Jocundus aurâ qui ver implet melleâ,
Zephyrus puellam amplexus est Tithoniam
Quondam calendis feriatam Maiis,
Tunc pallidis, genuit super violariis,
Super et rosarum roscidâ lanugine,
Alacrem, beatam, vividamque filiam.
Agendum puella, quin pari vadant gradu
Jocus et Juventas, Scommata et Protervitas,
Dolusque duplex, nutus et nictatio,
Tenuisque risus huc et huc contortillis;
Qualis venust pendet Hebes in genâ,
Amatque jungi lævibus gelasinis;
Curæ sequatur Ludus infestus nigræ, et
Laterum Cachinnus pinguium frustra tenax.
Agite caterva ludat exultim levis,
Pedesque dulcis sublevet lascivia;
Dextrumque claudat alma Libertas latus;
Oreadum palantium suaviissima;
Et si tuis honoribus non desui,
Me scribe vestræ, læta Virgo, familiæ,
Ut illius simul et tui consortio
Liberrimâ juvenemur innocentiâ;
Ut cum volatus auspicatur concitos;
Stupidamque alauda voce noctem territat;
Levata cœlestem in pharon diluculò,
Priùsque gilvum quam rubet crepusculum.
Tunc ad fenestras (anxii nolint, velint)
Diem precemur prosperam viciniæ,
Caput exerentes e rosis sylvestribus,
Seu vite, sive flexili cynosbato.
Dum Martius, clamore Gallus vivido
Tenuem lacessit in fugâ caliginem,
Graditurve farris ad struem, vel horreum,
Domine præeuns, graduque grandi glorians.
Sæpe audiamus ut canes et cornua
Sonore læto mane sopitum cient,
Dum quà prælti clivus albescit jugi,
Docilis conora reddit Echo murmura.
Mox, teste multo, quà virent colles, vager,
Ulmosque sepes ordinatas implicat,
Eoa stans apricus ante limina,
Ubi sol coruscum magnus instaurat diem
Vestitus igni, lucidoque succino,
Inter micantûm mille formas nubium.
Vicinus agrum dum colonus transmeat,
Atque æmulatur ore fistulam rudi,
Mulctramque portat cantitans pueliula,
Falciqui cotem messor uptat stridulæ,
Suamque pastor quisque garrit fabulam,
Reclinis in convalle, subter arbuto,
Mox illecebras oculus arripuit novas,
Dum longus undiquaque prospectus patet,
Canum novale, et falca saltus æquora,
Quà peccora gramen demetunt vagantia;
Sublimium sterilia terga montium,
Qui ponderosa sæpe turquent nubila,
Maculosa vernis prata passim bellibus,
Amnes vadosi, et latiora flumina.
Pinnasque murorum, atque turres cernere est
Cristata circùm quas coronant robora,
Ubi forte quædam nympha fallit, cui decor
Viciniam (cynosura tanquam) illuminat.
Juxta duarum subter umbrâ quercuum,
Culmis opertâ fumus emicat casa,
Quà jam vocati Thyrsis et Corydon sedent,
Famemque odoro compriment convivio,
Herbis, cibisque rusticis, nitidissimâ
Quæ sufficit succincta Phillis dexterâ:
Mox Thestyli morem gerens jacentia
Auries catenis cogit in fasces fata:
Vernisve in horis, sole tostum virgines
Fœnum recenti pellicit fragrantiâ;
Est et serenis quando fœta gaudiis
Excelsiora perplacent magalia;
Utcunque juxta flumen in numerum sonant
Campanæ, et icta dulce barbitos strepit
Dum multa nympha, multa pubes duriter
Pellunt Trementes ad canorem cespites
Dubias per umbras: qua labore liberi
Juvenesque ludunt, et senes promiscui,
Melius nitente sole propter ferias.
Jam quando vesperascit, omnes allicit
Auro liquenti Bacchus hordiaceus,
Phyllisque narrat fabulosa facinora.
Lamia ut paratas Mabba consumpsit dapes,
Se vapulasse, et esse prestam ab Incubo,

Fatuoque tritâ ab igne seductam viâ;
Ut et laborem subiit Idolom gravem,
Floremque lactis meritus est stipendium;
Unius (inquit) ante noctis exitum
Tot grana frugis fuste trivit veneficus,
Quot expedire rustici nequeunt decem,
Quo jam peracto plumbeum monstrum cubat,
Focumque totum latenter longo metiens
Crinita membra fessus igne recreat;
Dein priusquam gallus evocat diem,
Tandem satur phantasma sese proripit.
Sic absolutis fabulis ineunt toros,
Atque ad susurros dormiunt favonii.
Turrita deinde perplacebunt oppida,
Et gentis occupatæ mixta murmura,
Equitumque turba, nobilesque spendidi,
Qui pacis ipsâ vel triumphant in togâ,
Nurusque, quarum lumen impetus viris
Jaculatur acres, præmiumque destinat
Marti aut Minervæ, quorum uterque nititur
Nymphæ probari, quæ probatur omnibus:
Hymenæus illic sæpe prætendat facem
Clarissimam, croceumque velamen trahat,
Spectac'la, mimi, pompa, commissatio,
Veterumque ritu nocte sint convivia,
Talesque visus, quos videt in somniis
Juvenes poetæ, dum celebris rivuli
Securi ad oram vespere æstivo jacent.
Tunc ad theatra demigrem frequentia
Johnsone, si tu, docte soccum proferas;
Sive * Ille musæ filius sundat sonos,
Quam dulcè, quam felicitèr, temerarios!
Cuique carmen semper antidotos modis
Mentem relaxet involutam Lydiis;
Oh! sim perenni emancipatus carmini,
Quod tentet usque ad intimum cor emicans,
Auresque gratis detinens ambagibus
Pedibus legatis suaviter nectar moras,
Dum liquida vox, labyrinthus ut, deflectitur
Dolo perita et negligenti industriâ,
Variâque cætos arte nodos explicat,
Animam latentem qui coercent musices;
Adeo ut quiete expergefactus aureâ
Toros relinquit ipse Thrax amaranthinos,
Medioque tales captet Elysio sonos,
Quales avaram suadeant Proserpinam
Nullâ obligatam lege sponsam reddere.
His si redundes gaudiis, prudentis est,
Lætitia tecum velle vitam degere.

DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS,

Unde labor novus hic menti? Quæ cura quietam
Sollicitat, rapiensque extra confinia terræ,
Cœlestes sine more jubet volitare per ignes?
Scilicit impatiens angusto hoc orbe teneri,
Fontinelle, tuos audax imitarier ausus
Gestio est insolitas spirant præcordia flammas.
Fallor, an ipse venit? Delapsus ab æthere summo
Pegason urget eques, laterique flagellifer instat:
Me vocat; et duris desiste laboribus, inquit,
" Me duce, carpe viam facilem, tibi singula clarè
" Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos sidera nôrunt,
" Indigenas cultusque virûm, moresque docebo."
Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovansque
(Quanquam animus secum volvens exempla priorum
Bellerophonteæ pallet dispendia famæ)
Post equitem sedeo, liquidumque per aëro labor.
—Mercurium petimus primum: Dux talibus infit;
" Atpicias vanæ malesana negotia gentis,
" Quam mens destituit Titanæ exuit propinquo.
" Stramineis viden'? Hic velatus tempora sertis
" Emicat, et solos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.
" Ille suam carbone Chleon depingit amator
" Infelix, ægram rudia indigestaque mentem
" Carmina demulcent, indoctoque tibia musas.
" En! sedet incomptus crines barbataque menta
" Astrologos, nova venatur sidera, solus
" Semper in obscuro penetrali; multaque muros
" Linea nigrantes, et multa triangula pingunt.
" Ecce! sed interea curro flamante propinquat
" Titan—Clamo, O me! gelidâ sub rupe, sub
" umbrâ
" Siste precor: tantos nequeo perferre calores."
Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro
Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ!
Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lascique florum
Nutrix; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe
Vis fera, non Bureæ; sed blandior aura Favoni,
Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,
Usque fovet teneros, quos usque rescuscitat, ignes,
Hic lætis animata sonis Saltatio vivit:
Hic jam voce ciet cantum, jam pectine, dulces
Musica docta modos: pulchræ longo ordine nymphæ
Festivas ducunt choreas, dilecta juventus
Certatim stipant comites: latè halat amomo
Omne nemus, varioque æterni veris adore:
Cura procul: circumvolitant risusque jocique:
Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa volentes
Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,
Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant servire Catones.
Jamque datum molimur iter, sedesque beatas
Multa gemens linquo; et lugubre rubentia Martis
Arva, ubi sanguineæ dominantur in omnia rixæ,
Advehimur, ferro riget horrida turba, geritque
Spiculaque, gladiosque, serosque in bella dolones,
Pro choreâ, et dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicus illis
Saltus, et horribiles placet ære ciere sonores.
Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu [næos
Flet noctem, solumque torum sterilesque Hyme-
Deplorans, lacerat crines, et pectora plangit:
Nequiquam—sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes
Heu! brevis, in somnis, et ludicra fallat imago.
Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem:
Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique campis;
Atque immortales durant in secula pugnæ.
Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.
Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus
Imperia in totidem servus, totidemque rebelles:
Sed brevis exercet: parat illi fata veneno
Perjurus, populosque premit novus ipse tyrannus.
Hi decies pacem figunt pretio atque refigunt:
Tum demum arma parant: longe lateque cohortes
Extenduntur agris; simul æquora tota teguntur
Classibus, et ficti celebrantur utrinque triumphi.
Fœdera mox incunt nunquam violanda; brevique
Belli iterum simulachra cient: referuntur in altum

* *Shakspeare.*

Claſſes, pacificoque replentur milite campi.
Filius hic patri meditatur, ſponſa marito,
Servus hero inſidias. Has leges ſcilicet illis
Impoſuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem
Jupiter ipſe ſuum ſolio detruſit avito.
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes
Suadet opum ſitis, et regnandi dira cupido.
Saturni tandum nos illætabilis ora
Accipit: ignavum pecus hic per opaca locorum
Pinguescunt de more, gravi torpentque veterno.
Vivitur in ſpecubus: quis enim tam ſedulus, arces
Qui ſtruat ingentes, operoſaque mænia condat?
Idem omnes ſtupor altus habet, ſub pectore fixus.
Non ſtudio ambitioſa Jovis, varioſque labores
Mercurii, non Martis opus, non Cyprida nôrunt.
Poſt obitum, ut perhibent, ſedes glomerantur in iſtas.
Qui longam nullas vitam excoluêre per artes;
Sed Crerere et Baccho pleni, ſomnoque ſepulti
Cunctarum duxêre æterna oblivia rerum.
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmur aquarum,
Mugituſve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris:
Nudos non decorant ſegetes, non gramina compos,
Sylva, uſquam ſi ſylva, latet ſub monte nivali,
Et canet viduata comis: hic noctua tantùm
Gliſque habitat, bufoque et cum teſtudine, talpa.
Flumina dum tardè ſubterlabentia terras
Pigram undam volvunt, et ſola papavera paſcunt:
Quorum lentus odor, lethæaque pocula ſomnos
Suadent perpetuos, circumfuſæque tenebræ.
Horrendo viſu obſtupui: quin Pegaſon ipſum
Defecêre animi: ſenſit dux, terque flagello
Inſonuit clarûm, terque altâ voce morantem
Increpuit: ſecat ille cito pede lævia campi
Æthereï, terræque ſecundâ allabitur aurâ.

Cantabr. in Comitiis prioribus, 1740-1.

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANETS.

Tranſlated by the Rev. Francis Fawkes, A. M.

Say, what uncommon cares diſturb my reſt,
And kindle raptures foreign to my breaſt?
From earth's low confines lift my mind on high,
To trace new worlds revolving in the ſky?
Yes—I'm impatient of this orb of clay,
And boldly dare to meditate my way,
Where Fontinelle firſt ſaw the planets roll,
And all the god tumultuous ſhakes my ſoul. [ſkies
'Tis he! he comes! and through the ſun-bright
Drives foaming Pegaſus, and thus he cries:
" Ceaſe, ceaſe, dear youth, too ſtudiouſly employ'd,
" And wing with me the unreſiſting void;
" 'Tis thine with me round other worlds to ſoar,
" And viſit kingdoms never known before;
" While I ſuccinctly ſhow each various race,
" The manners and the genius of the place."
I (though my mind with lively horror fraught,
Thinks on Bellerophon, and ſhudders at the thought),
Mount quick the winged ſteed; he ſprings, he flies,
Shoots through the yielding air, and cleaves the liquid ſkies!—
Firſt, ſwift Cyllenius, circling round the ſun,
We reach, when thus my friendly guide begun:
" Mark well the genius of this fiery place,
" The wild amuſements of the brain-ſick race,
" Whoſe minds the beams of Titan, too intenſe,
" Affect with frenzy, and diſtract the ſenſe.
" A monarch here gives ſubject princes law,
" A mighty monarch with a crown of ſtraw.
" There ſits a lover, ſad in penſive air,
" And like the diſmal image of deſpair,
" With charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair.
" In ſadly-ſoothing ſtrain rude notes he ſings,
" And ſtrikes harſh numbers from the jarring ſtrings.
" Lo! an aſtrologer, with filth beſmear'd,
" Rough and neglected with a length of beard,
" Pores round his cell for undiſcover'd ſtars,
" And decks the walls with triangles and ſquares.
" Lo!—But the radiant car of Phœbus nigh
" Glows with red ardour, and inflames the ſky—
" Oh! waft me, hide me in ſome cool retreat;
" I faint, I ſicken with the fervent heat."
Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,
Where Venus governs with an eaſy ſway.
Soft breathes the air; for Flora paints the ground,
And laughing Ceres deals her gifts around.
This bliſsful Tempe no rough blaſts moleſt,
Of bluſt'ring Boreas, or the baleful eaſt;
But gentle zephyrs o'er the woodlands ſtray,
Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,
Ethereal gales diſpenſing as they flow,
To fan thoſe paſſions which they teach to glow.
Here the gay youth in meaſur'd ſteps advance,
While ſprightly muſic animates the dance;
There the ſweet melody of ſounds admire,
Sigh with the ſong, or languiſh to the lyre:
Fair nymphs and amorous youths, a lovely band,
Blend in the dance, light bounding hand in hand.
From every grove the buckſome zephyrs bring
The rich ambroſia of eternal ſpring.
Care dwells not here, their pleaſures to deſtroy,
But laughter, jeſt, and univerſal joy:
All, all is love; for Venus reigns confeſs'd
The ſole ſultana of each captive breaſt:
Cold Cynthia here would Cupid's victim prove,
Or the chaſte daughter of imperial Jove,
And Cato's virtue be the ſlave of love,
But now through deſtin'd fields of air we fly,
And leave thoſe manſions, not without a ſigh:
Thence the dire coaſt we reach, the dreary plains,
Where Mars, grim god, and bloody diſcord reigns.
The hoſt in arms embattled ſternly ſtands,
The ſword, the dart, the dagger, in their hands.
Here no fair nymphs to ſilver ſounds advance,
But buſkin'd heroes form the Pyrrhic dance;
And brazen trumpets, terrible from far,
With martial muſic fire the ſoul to war;
Here the lone bride bewails her abſent lord,
The ſterile nuptials, the deſerted board,
Sighs the long nights, and, frantic with deſpair,
Beats her bare breaſt, and rends her flowing hair:
In vain ſhe ſighs, in vain diſſolves in tears—
In ſleep, perhaps, the warrior lord appears,
A fleeting form that glides before her ſight,
A momentary viſion of the night.
Meanwhile regardleſs of her anxious pray'r,
The hardy huſband ſternly ſtalks to war;
Our ears the clang of ringing armour rends,
And the immortal battle never ends.
Hence through the boundleſs void we nimbly move,
And reach the wide-extended plains of Jove.
Here the ſtern tyrant ſways an iron rod;
A thouſand vaſſals tremble at his nod.

How short the period of a tyrant's date!
The pois'nous phial speeds the work of fate:
Scarce is the proud imperious tyrant dead,
But, lo! a second lords it in his stead.
Here peace a common merchandise, is sold,
Heav'ns first best blessing for pernicious gold:
War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand
Wide o'er the fields, a formidable band: [main
With num'rous fleets they crowd the groaning
And triumph for the victories they feign:
Again in strict alliances unite,
Till discord raise again the phantom of a fight;
Again they sail; again the troops prepare
Their falchions for the mockery of war.
The son inhuman seeks his father's life,
The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.
With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire,
Since Jove usurp'd the sceptre of his sire.
Thence poisons, perjuries, and bribes betray;
Nor other passions do their souls obey,
Than thirst of gold, and avarice of sway.
At length we land, vast fields of ether croft,
On Saturn's cold uncomfortable coast;
Here in the gloom the pamper'd sluggard's lull
The lazy hours lethargically dull.
In caves they live; for who was ever known
So wise, so sedulous to build a town?
The same stupidity infects the whole,
Fix'd in the breast, and center'd in the soul:
These never feel th' ambitious fires of Jove,
To industry not Mercury can move,
Mars cannot spur to war, nor Venus woo to love.
Here rove those souls, 'tis said when life departs,
Who never cultivated useful arts;
But, stupify'd with plenty and repose,
Dream'd out long life in one continual dose!
No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains
Attune to melting melody the plains,
No flocks wide past'ring bleat, nor oxen low,
No fountains musically murm'ring flow;
Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,
No harvest waves luxuriant in the fields.
Low lie the groves, if groves this land can boast,
Chain'd in the fetters of eternal frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Dull animals inhabit this abode,
The owl, mole, dormouse, tortoise, and the toad.
Dull rivers deep within their channels glide,
And slow roll on their tributary tide:
Nor ought th' unvegetative waters feed,
But sleepy poppy and the slimy reed;
Whose lazy fogs, like Lethe's cups, dispense
Eternal slumbers of dull indolence.
Aghast I stood, the drowsy vapours lull
My soul in gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.
My guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his speed,
Thrice the loud lash resounded from the steed;
Fir'd at the strokes, he flies with slacken'd rein
Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain,
Guides me with gentle gale, and lights on earth again.

MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

Vervecum in patria, quà latè Hibernia squalent
Arva inarata, palus horenda voragine crebrâ
Ante oculos jacet; haud illic impune viator
Per tenebras iter instituat; tremit undique tellus
Sub pedibus malefida, vapores undique densos
Sudat humus, nebulisque amicitur tristibus herba.
Huc fato infelix si quando agiteris iniquo,
Et tutò in medium liceat penetrare, videbis
Attonitus, nigrâ de nube emergere templum,
Templum ingens, immane, altum penetrale stuporis.
Plumbea stat turris, plumbum sinuatur in arcus,
Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.
Hanc, pia materies, divo ædem extruxit inerti,
Stultitiæ impulsu—quid enim? Lithargica semper
Sponte suâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas,
Et sine vi, nullo gaudet dea languida motu.
Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis auras
Materies peperit somno patre, lividus iste
Zoilus, et Bavio non impar Mævius; audax
Spinoza, et Pyrrho, cumque Hobbesio Epicurus.
Ast omnes valeat quæ mula referre? frequentes
Usque adeo videas Hebetes properare?—nec adsert
Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinia gentis.
Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bœotica tellus
Vicinâ licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis,
Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per æquor
Felicem ad Lesbon levibus volitaverit alis,
Indigenæ mellita ferens suspira Floræ.
Porticus illa vides? Gothicis suffulta columnis
Templi auditus, quàm laxa patet! custodia qualis.
Ante fores! quatuor formæ sua rollere miris
Ora modis! en! torva tuens stat limine in ipso
Personam logicis induta sophistica, denis
Cincta categoriis, matrem quæ maxima natu [est!
Filia materiem agnoscit—quantam instar in ipsâ
Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt
Fallacem: rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.
Vestis arachneis sordit circumdata telis,
Queis gaudet labyrinthæos dea callida nodos.
Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incessu—
Quàm lentè cælo Saturni volvitur astrum,
Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes,
Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solemnis pondera cænæ
Gestant tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.
Proxima deinde tenet loca sorte insana Mathesis,
Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta capillos.
Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.
Ante pedes vario inscriptam diagrammate arenam
Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertexta rotunda
Shemata quadratis—queis scilicet abdita rerum
Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores
Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.
Illàm olim, duce Neutono, tum tendit ad astra,
Ætheriasque domos superum, indignata volantem
Turba mathematicûm retrahit, pœnasque reposcens
Detenit in terris, nugisque exercet ineptis.
Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parenis
Divinæ; produxit enim commixta furenti
Diva viro physice—muscas et papiliones
Lustrat inexpletum, collumque et tempora rident
Floribus, et fungis, totâque propagine veris.
Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit
Omne genus, seu serpit humi, seu ludit in undis,
Seu volitans tremulis liquidum secat aëra pennis.
O! ubi litoribus nostris felicior aura
Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa stuporis
Mugitu concussa trement, reboabit et ingens

Pulsa palus! Plausa excipiet dea blanda secunda
Microphile ante omnes; jam non crocodilon adorat;
Non bombyx, conchæve juvant: sed Polypon ardet,—
Solum Polypon ardet,—et ecce! faceta feraci
Falce novos creat assidue, pascitque creatos,
Ah! modo dilectis pascit nova guadia muscis.
Quartam materies peperit conjuncta stupori,
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ademptum,
Atque aures; cui sensus abest; sed mille trisulcæ
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.
Hanc stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos
Horret sylva sonos, neque surda repercutit echo.
Mendacem natura redarguit ipsa, demque
Et cœlum, et terræ, veraciaque astra fatentur.
Si simul agglomerans surgit chorus omnis aquarum,
Et puro sublimè sonat grave sulmen olympo.
Fonte ortus Lethæo, ipsius ad ostia templi,
Ire soporifero tendit cum murmure rivus,
Huc potum stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno:
Crebri adsunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque stupendo.
Me, me etiam, clamo, occurrens;—sed vellicat aurem
Calliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas.

THE TEMPLE OF DULNESS.

In Ireland's wild, uncultivated plains,
Where torpid sloth, and foggy dulness reigns,
Full many a fen infests the putrid shore,
And many a gulf the melancholy moor.
Let not the stranger in these regions stray,
Dark is the sky, and perilous the way;
Beneath his footsteps shakes the trembling ground,
Dense fogs and exhalations hover round,
And with black clouds the tender turf is crown'd.
Here should'st thou rove, by fate's severe command,
And safely reach the centre of the land; [command,
Thine eyes shall view, with horror and surprise,
The fane of dulness, of enormous size,
Emerging from the sable cloud arise.
A leaden tow'r upheaves its heavy head,
Vast leaden arches press the slimy bed,
The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead.
Old matter here erected his abode,
At folly's impulse, to the slothful god.
And here the drone lethargic loves to stray,
Slumb'ring the dull, inactive hours away;
For still, unless by foreign force impress,
The languid goddess holds her state of rest.
Their habitation here those monsters keep,
Whom matter father'd on the god of sleep:
Here Zoilus, with rank'ring envy pale,
Here Mævius bids his brother Bavius, hail;
Spinoza, Epicure, and all those mobs
Of wicked wits, from Pyrrho down to Hobbes.
How can the muse recount the numerous crew
Of frequent fools that crowd upon the view?
Nor can learn'd Albion's sun that burns so clear,
Disperse the dulness that involves them here.
Bœotia thus remain'd, in days of yore
Senseless and stupid, through the neighb'ring shore,
Afforded salutary hellebore.

No cure exhal'd from zephyr's buxom breeze,
That gently brush'd the bosom of the seas,
As oft to Lesbian fields he wing'd his way,
Fanning fair Flora, and in airy play
Breath'd balmy sighs, that melt the soul away.
Behold that portico! how vast, how wide!
The pillars Gothic, wrought with barb'rous pride:
Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,
Of horrid aspect, sentry to the gate;
Lo! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,
In logic's dark disguise, stands sophistry;
Her very front would common sense confound,
Encompass'd with ten categories round:
She from old matter, the great mother, came,
By birth the eldest—and how like the dame!
Her shrivell'd skin, small eyes, prodigious pate,
Denote her shrewd, and subtle in debate:
This hand a net, and that sustains a club,
T' entangle her antagonist, or drub.
The spider's toils, all o'er her garment spread,
Imply the mazy errors of her head.
Behold her marching with funereal pace,
Slow as old Saturn rolls through boundless space,
Slow as the mighty mountains mov'd along,
When Orpheus rais'd the lyre-attending song:
Or, as at Oxford, on some gaudy day,
Fat beadles in magnificent array,
With big round bellies bear the pond'rous treat,
And heavily lag on, with the vast load of meat.
The next, mad Mathesis; her feet all bare,
Ungirt untrimm'd, with dissoluted hair:
No foreign objects can her thoughts disjoint;
Reclin'd she sits, and ponders o'er a point.
Before her, lo! inscrib'd upon the ground,
Strange diagrams, th' astonish'd sight confound,
Right lines and curves, with figures square and round.
With these the monster, arrogant and vain,
Boasts that she can all mysteries explain,
And treats the sacred sisters with disdain.
She, when great Newton sought his kindred skies,
Sprung high in air, and strove with him to rise,
In vain—the mathematic mob restrains
Her flight, indignant, and on earth detains;
E'er since the captive wretch her brains employs
On trifling trinkets, and on gewgaw toys.
Microphile is station'd next in place,
The spurious issue of celestial race;
From heav'nly Physice she took her birth,
Her sire a madman of the sons of earth;
On flies she pores with keen unvaried sight,
And moths and butterflies, her dear delight:
Mushrooms and flow'rs, collected on a string,
Around her neck, around her temples cling,
With all the strange production of the spring.
With greedy eyes she'll search the world to find
Rare, uncouth animals of every kind;
Whether along the humble ground they stray,
Or nimbly sportive in the waters play,
Or through the light expanse of ether fly,
And with fleet pinions cleave the liquid sky.
Ye gales, that gently breathe upon our shore,
O! let the Polypus be wafted o'er;
How will the hollow dome of dulness ring,
With what loud joy receive the wond'rous thing?
Applause will rend the skies, and all around
The quivering quagmires bellow back the sound;

How will Microphile her joy atteſt,
And glow with warmer raptures than the reſt?
This will the curious crocodile excel,
The weaving worm, and ſilver-ſhining ſhell;
No object e'er will wake her wonder thus,
As Polypus, her darling Polypus.
Lo! by the wounds of her creating knife
New Polypuſſes wriggle into life,
Faſt as they riſe, ſhe feeds with ample ſtore
Of once rare flies, but now eſteem'd no more.
The fourth dire ſhape from mother matter came,
Dulneſs her ſire, and Atheiſm her name;
In her no glimpſe of ſacred ſenſe appears,
Depriv'd of eyes, and deſtitute of ears;
And yet ſhe brandiſhes a thouſand tongues,
And blaſts the world with air-infecting lungs.
Curs'd by her ſire, her very words are wounds,
No grove re-echoes the deteſted ſounds.
Whate'er ſhe ſpeaks, all nature proves a lie,
The earth, the heav'ns, the ſtarry ſpangled ſky
Proclaim the wiſe eternal Deity:
The congregated waves in mountains driven
Roar in grand chorus to the Lord of heaven.
Through ſkies ſerene the glorious thunders roll,
Loudly pronounce the god, and ſhake the founding pole.
A river, murmuring from Lethæan ſource,
Full to the ſane directs its ſleepy courſe;
The pow'r of dulneſs leaning on the brink,
Here calls the multitude of fools to drink.
Swarming they crowd to ſtupify the ſkull.
With frequent cups contending to be dull.
Me, let me taſte the ſacred ſtream, I cry'd,
With out-ſtretch'd arm—the muſe my boon deny'd
And ſav'd me from the ſenſe intoxicating tide.

MUTUA OCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO SOLVI POTEST MECHANICE.

Momus, ſcurra, procax ſuperûm, quo tempore Pallas
Exiluit cerebro Jovis, eſt pro more jocatus
Neſcio quid ſtulium de partu: exanduit irâ
Jupiter, aſper, acerba tuens; "et tu quoque, dixit,
"Garrule, concipies, fætumq. ex ore profundes:"
Haud mora, jamque ſupinus in aulâ extenditur ingens
Deriſor; dubiâ velantur lumina nocte;
Stertit hians immane;—e naſo Gallica clangunt
Claſſica, Germaniq. ſimul ſermonis amaror:
Edita vix tandem eſt monſtrum Polychaſmia, proles
Tanto digna parente, aviæq. ſimilima nocti.
Illa oculos tentat nequicquam aperire, veterno
Torpida, et horrendo vultum diſtorta cachinno.
Æmulus hanc Juvis aſpiciens, qui fictile vulgus
Fecerat infelix, imitariet are Prometheus
Audet—nec flammis opus eſt cœleſtibus: auræ
Tres Stygiæ flatus, nigræ tria pocula Lethes
Miſcet, et innuptæ ſuſpiria longa puellæ!
His adipem ſuis et guttur conjungit aſelli,
Tenſaque cum gemitu ſomniſque ſequacibus ora.
Sic etiam in terris dea, quæ mortalibus ægris
Ferret opem, inque hebetes dominarier apta, creata eſt.
Nonne vides, ut præcipiti petit oppida curſu
Ruſtica plebs, ſtipatque forum? ſublime tribunal
Armigerique equiteſque premunt, de more parati
Juſtitiæ lances proferre fideliter æques,
Grande capillitium induti, frontemque minacem
Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum
Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.
At mox fida comes Polychaſmia, matutinis
Quæ ſe miſcuerat poc'lis cerealibus, ipſum
Judicis in cerebrum ſcandit—jamque unus et alter
Cæperunt longas in hiatum ducere voces:
Donec per cunctos dea jam ſolenne, profundum
Sparſerit hum—nutant taciti, tum brachia magno
Extendunt niſu, patulis et faucibus hiſcunt.
Intereà legum caupones jurgia miſcent,
Quels nil rhetorice eſt, niſi copia major hiandi:
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugaſque ſtrophaſque
Alternis jaculantur, et iraſcuntur amicè,
Donantque accipiuntque ſtuporis miſſile plumbum.
Vox, fanatica turba, nequit pia muſa tacere.
Majoremme aliunde poteſt diducere rictum?
Aſcendit gravis orator, miſeràque loquelâ
Extromit theſin; in partes quam deinde minutas
Diſtrahit, ut connectat, et explicat obſcurrando:
Spargitur heu! pigris verborum ſomnus ab alis,
Grex circùm genit, et plauſum declarat hiando.
Nec vos, qui falſò matrem jactatis hygeian
Patremque Hippocratem, taceam—Polychaſmia, veſtros
Agnoſco natos: tumidas ſine pondere voces
In vulgum eructant; emuncto quiſque bacillum
Applicat auratum naſo, graviterque facetus
Totum ſe in vultum cogit, medicamina pandens—
Ruſticus haurit âmara, atque inſanabile dormit;
Nec ſenſus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,
Non ars, non miræ magicus ſonus Abracadabræ.
Ante alios ſumma es, Polychaſmia, cura Sepiſtæ:
Ille tui cæcas vires, cauſamque latentem
Sedulus exquirit—quo ſcilicet impete fauces
Invitæ disjungantur; quo vortice aquoſæ [bres,
Particulæ fluitent, commiteſque, ut fulminis imCum ſtrepitu erumpant; ut deinde vaporet ocellos
Materies ſubtilis; ut in cutis inſinuet ſe
Retia; tum, ſi forte datur contingere nervos
Concordes, cunctorum ora expanduntur hiulca.
Sic ubi, Phœbe pater, ſumis chelyn, harmoniamque
Abſtruſam in chordis ſimul elicis, altera, ſiquam
Æqualis tenor aptavit, tremit æmula cantûs,
Menimoniamque imitata lyrum ſine pollicis ictu
Divinum reſonat proprio modulamine carmen.
Me quoque, mene tuum tetigiſti, ingrata, poetam?
Hei mihi! totus hio tibi jam ſtupefactus; in ipſo
Parnaſſo captus longè longèque remotas
Proſpecto muſas, ſitioque, ut Tantalus alter,
Caſtalias ſitus inter aquas, inhiantis ab ore
Nectarei fugiunt latices—hos Popius urnâ
Excipit undanti, et fontem ſibi vendicat omnem.
Haud aliter ſocium eſuriens Sizator edacem
Dum videt, appoſituſque cibus fruſtratur hiantem,
Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo
Sæpius exprobrat; nequicquam brachia tendit
Sedulus officioſa, dapes removere paratus.
Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin fruſtrà ſuprema
Devoret, et peritura immani ingurgitet ore:
Tum demum jubet auferri; nudata capaci
Oſſa ſonant, lugubre ſonant, alliſa catino.

A MECHANICAL SOLUTION OF THE PROPAGATION OF YAWNING.

When Pallas iſſued from the brain of Jove,
Momus, the mimic of the gods above,

In his mock mood impertinently ſpoke
About the birth, ſome low, ridiculous joke:
Jove, ſternly frowning, glow'd with vengeful ire,
And thus indignant ſaid th' almighty ſire:
"Loquacious ſlave, that laugh'ſt without a cauſe,
"Thou ſhalt conceive, and bring forth at thy
"jaws."
He ſpoke---ſtretch'd in the hall the mimic lies,
Supinely dull, thick vapours dim his eyes:
And as his jaws a horrid chaſm diſcloſe,
It ſeem'd he made a trumpet of his noſe;
Though harſh the ſtrain, and horrible to hear,
Like German jargon grating on the ear.
At length was Polychaſmia brought to light,
Worthy her ſire, a monſter of a ſight,
Reſembling her great grandmother, old night.
Her eyes to open oft in vain ſhe try'd,
Lock'd were the lids, her mouth diſtended wide.
Her when Prometheus happen'd to ſurvey
(Rival of Jove, that made mankind of clay),
He form'd without the aid of heav'nly ray.
To three Lethæan cups he learnt to mix
Deep ſighs of virgins, with three blaſts from Styx,
The bray of aſſes, with the fat of brawn,
The ſleep preceding groan, and hideous yawn.
Thus Polychaſmia took her wond'rous birth,
A goddeſs helpful to the ſons of earth.
Lo! how the ruſtic multitude from far
Haſte to the town, and crowd the clam'rous bar.
The preſt bench groans with many a 'ſquire and
knight,
Who weigh out juſtice, and diſtribute right:
Severe they ſeem, and formidably big,
With front important, and huge periwig.
The little villains ſkulk aloof diſmay'd,
And panic terrors ſeize the pregnant maid.
But ſoon friend Polychaſm', who always near,
Herſelf had mingled with their morning beer,
Steals to the judges brain, and centres there.
Then in the court the horrid yawn began,
And hum profound and ſolemn, went from man to
man:
Silent they nod, and with prodigious ſtrain
Stretch out their arms, then liſtleſs yawn again;
For all the flow'rs of rhetoric they can boaſt
Amidſt their wranglings, is to gape the moſt:
Ambiguous quirks, and friendly wrath they vent,
And give and take the leaden argument.
Ye too, fanatics, never ſhall eſcape
The faithful muſe; for who ſo greatly gape?
Mounted on high, with ſerious care perplex'd,
The miſerable preacher takes his text;
Then into parts minute, with wond'rous pain,
Divides, connects, and then divides again,
And does with grave obſcurity explain:
While from his lips lean periods ling'ring creep,
And not one meaning interrupts their ſteep.
The drowſy hearers ſtretch their weary jaws
With lamentable groans, and, yawning, gape ap-
plauſe.
The quacks of phyſic next provoke my ire,
Who falſely boaſt Hippocrates their ſire:
Goddeſs! thy ſons I ken---verboſe and loud,
They puff their windy bubble on the crowd;
With look important, critical, and vain,
Each to his noſe applies the gilded cane;
And as he nods and ponders o'er the caſe,
Gravely collects himſelf into his face,
Explains his med'cines---which the ruſtic buys,
Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies;
No pills, no potions can to life reſtore;
Abracadabra, necromantic pow'r
Can charm, and conjure up from death no more.
But more than aught that's marvellous and rare,
The ſtudious Soph makes Polychaſm' his care;
Explores what ſecret ſpring, what hidden cauſe,
Diſtends with hideous chaſm th' unwilling jaws,
What latent ducts the dewy moiſture pour
With ſound tremendous, like a thunder-ſhow'r:
How ſubtle matter, exquiſitely thin,
Pervades the curious net-work of the ſkin,
Affects th' accordant nerve---all eyes are drown'd
In drowſy vapours, and the yawn goes round.
When Phœbus thus his flying fingers flings
Acroſs the chords, and ſweeps the trembling
ſtrings;
If e'er a lyre at uniſon there be,
It ſwells with emulating harmony,
Like Memnon's harp, in ancient times renown'd,
Breathing, untouch'd, ſweet-modulated ſound.
But oh! ungrateful! to thy own true bard,
Oh, Polychaſm', is this my juſt reward?
Thy drowſy dews upon my head diſtil,
Juſt at the entrance of th' Aonian hill;
Liſtleſs I gape, unactive, and ſupine,
And at vaſt diſtance view the ſacred nine;
Wiſtful I view---the ſtreams increaſe my thirſt,
In vain---like Tantalus, with plenty curſt;
No draughts nectareous to my portion fall,
Theſe godlike Pope exhauſts, and greatly claims
them all
Thus the lean Sizar views, with gaze aghaſt,
The hungry tutor at his noon's repaſt;
In vain he grinds his teeth---his grudging eye,
And viſage ſharp, keen appetite imply;
Oft he attempts, officious, to convey
The leſſening relics of the meal away---
In vain---no morſel 'ſcapes the greedy jaw,
All, all is gorg'd in magiſterial maw;
Till at the laſt, obſervant of his word,
The lamentable waiter clears the board,
And inly-murmuring miſerably groans.
To ſee the empty diſh, and hear the ſounding
bones.

THE

HORATIAN CANONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

(a) Nay, 'tis the ſame with all th' affected crew
Of ſinging men, and ſinging women too:
Do they not ſet their catcalls up of coarſe?
The king himſelf may aſk them till he's hoarſe;
But would you crack their windpipes and their
lungs,
The certain way's to bid them hold their tongues.

(a) Omnibus hoc vitium eſt cantoribus, inter
amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati:
Injuſſi nunquam deſiſtant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: ſi collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citatet, Io Bacche! modo ſumma
Voce, modo hac reſona t quchordis quatuor im

'Twas thus with Minum—Minum one would think,
My lord mayor might have govern'd with a wink.
Yet did the magiſtrate e'er condeſcend
To aſk a ſong, as kinſman or as friend,
The urchin coin'd excuſes to get off,
'Twas—hem---the devil take this whoreſon cough.
But wait awhile, and catch him in the glee,
He'd roar the * the lion in the loweſt key,
Or ſtrain the † Morning Lark quite up to G.
Act Beard, or Lowe, and ſhow his tuneful art
From the plumb-pudding down to the deſert.
(*b*) Never on earth was ſuch a various elf,
He every day poſſeſs'd a different ſelf;
Sometimes he'd ſcour along the ſtreets like wind,
As if ſome fifty bailiffs were behind;
At other times he'd ſadly, ſaunt'ring crawl,
As though he led the herſe, or held the ſable pall.
(*c*) Now for promotion he was all on flame,
And ev'ry ſentence from St. James's came.
He'd brag how Sir John **** met him in the Strand,
And how his Grace of ***** took him by the hand;
How the prince ſaw him at the laſt review,
And aſk'd who was that pretty youth in blue?
Now would he praiſe the peaceful ſylvan ſcene,
The healthful cottage, and the golden mean.
Now would he cry, contented let me dwell
Safe in the harbour of my college cell;
No foreign cooks, nor livry'd ſervants nigh,
Let me with comfort eat my mutton-pye;
While my pint-bottle, op'd by help of fork,
With wine enough to navigate a cork,
My ſober ſolitary meal ſhall crown,
To ſtudy edge the mind, and drive the vapours down.
Yet, ſtrange to tell, this wond'rous ſtudent lay
Snoring in bed for all the livelong day;
Night was his time for labour---in a word,
Never was man ſo cleverly abſurd.
(*d*) But here a friend of mine turns up his noſe,
And you (he cries) are perfect, I ſuppoſe:
Perfect! not I (pray, gentle Sir, forbear)
In this good age, when vices are ſo rare,
I plead humanity, and claim my ſhare.
Who has not faults? great Marlborough had one,
Nor Cheſterfield is ſpotleſs, nor the ſun.
Grubworm was railing at his friend Tom Queer,
When Witwoud thus reproach'd him with a ſneer,
Have you no flaws, who are ſo prone to ſnub,
I have---but I forgive myſelf, quoth Grub.
This is a ſervile ſelfiſhneſs, a fault
Which juſtice ſcarce can puniſh, as ſhe ought.
Blind as a poking, dirt-compelling mole,
To all that ſtains thy own polluted ſoul,
Yet each ſmall failing ſpy'ſt in other men,
Spy'ſt with the quickneſs of an eagle's ken.
Though ſtrong reſentment rarely lag behind,
And all thy virulence be paid in kind.
(*e*) Philander's temper's violent, nor ſits
The wond'rous waggiſhneſs of modern wits;
His cap's awry, all ragged is his gown,
And (wicked rogue)! he wears his ſtockings down;
But he's a ſoul ingenious as his face,
To you a friend, and all the human race;
Genius, that all the depths of learning ſounds,
And generoſity, that knows no bounds.
In fruits like theſe if the good youth excel,
Let them compenſate for the awkward ſhell.
Sift then yourſelf, I ſay, and ſift again,
Glean the pernicious tares from out the grain;
And aſk thy heart if cuſtom, nature's heir,
Hath ſown no undiſcover'd fern-ſeed there.
This be our ſtandard then, on this we reſt,
Nor ſearch the caſuiſts for another teſt.
(*f*) Let's be like lover's glorioufly deceiv'd,
And each good man a better ſtill believ'd;

(*b*) Nil æquale homini fuit illi: ſæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret. Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: modo reges, atque tetrarchas.

(*c*) Omnia magna loquens. Modo, ſit mihi menſa tripes, et
Concha ſalis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat, decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis, noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Mane: diem totum ſtertebat, nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi, nunc aliquis dicat mihi: quid tu?

(*d*) Nullane habes vita? immo alia, et fortaſſe minora.
Mænius abſentem novium cum carperet: heus tu,
Quidam ait, ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? egomet mi ignoſco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus, et improbus hic amor eſt, dignoſque notari.
Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum.

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* *The Lion's Song, in Pyramus and Thisbe.*

† *A ſong in one of Mr. Handel's oratorios.*

Quam aut aquila, aut ſerpens epidaurius? at tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rurſus et illi.

(*e*) Iracundior eſt paullo? minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum? rideri poſſit, eo quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga deſluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret, at eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore, denique teipſum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim
Natura, aut etiam conſuetudo mala, namque
Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.

(*f*) Illuc prævertamur: amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc
Delectant: veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ:
Vellem in amicitia ſic erarimus; et iſti
Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
At, pater ut nati, ſic nos debemus amici,
Si quod ſit vitium, non faſtidire, ſtrabonem
Appellat pætum pater: et pullum, male parvur
Si cui filius eſt: ut abortivus fuit olim
Siſyphus, hunc varum, diſtortis cruribus, illum
Balbutit ſcaurum, pravis fultum male talis.
Parcius hic vivit? frugi dicatur ineptus,
Et jactantior hic paullo eſt? concinnus amicis
Poſtulat ut videatur. at eſt turculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber? ſimplex, fortiſque habeatur.
Caldior eſt? acres inter numeretur. opinor,
Hæc res et jungit, junctos et ſervat amicos.

E'en Celia's wart Strephon will not neglect,
But praiſes, kiſſes, loves the dear defect.
Oh! that in friendſhip we were thus to blame,
And ermin'd candour, tender of our fame,
Would clothe the honeſt error with an honeſt name!
Be we then ſtill to thoſe we hold moſt dear,
Fatherly fond, and tenderly ſevere.
The ſire, whoſe ſon ſquints forty thouſand ways,
Finds in his features mighty room for praiſe:
Ah! born (he cries) to make the ladies ſigh,
Jacky, thou haſt an am'rous caſt o' the eye.
Another's child's abortive—he believes
Nature moſt perfect in diminutives;
And men of ev'ry rank, with one accord
Salute each crooked raſcal with my lord.
(For bandy legs, humph-back, and knocking knee,
Are all exceſſive ſigns of Q——ty.)
Thus let us judge our friends—if Scrub ſubſiſt
Too meanly, Scrub is an economiſt;
And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,
He aims at wit, and does it to divert.
Largus is apt to bluſter, but you'll find
'Tis owing to his magnitude of mind;
Lollius is paſſionate, and loves a whore,
Spirit and conſtitution!—nothing more—
Ned to a bullying peer is ty'd for life,
And in commendam holds a ſcolding wife;
Slave to a fool's caprice, and woman's will;
But patience, patience is a virtue ſtill!
Aſk of Chamont a kingdom for a fiſh,
He'll give you three rather than ſpoil a diſh;
Nor pride nor luxury is in the caſe,
But hoſpitality—an't pleaſe your grace.
Should a great gen'ral give a drab a penſion—
Meanneſs!—the devil—'tis perfect condeſcenſion,
Such ways make many friends, and make friends long
Or elſe my good friend Horace reaſons wrong,
(g) But we alas! e'en virtuous deeds invert,
And into vice miſconſtrue all deſert.
See we a man of modeſty and merit,
Sober and meek—we ſwear he has no ſpirit;
We call him ſtupid, who with caution breaks
His ſilence, and will think before he ſpeaks.
Fidelio treads the path of life with care,
And eyes his footſteps; for he fears a ſnare.
His wary way ſtill ſcandal miſapplies,
And calls him ſubtle, who's no more than wiſe.
If any man is unconſtrain'd and free,
As oft; my Lælius, I have been to thee,
When rudely to thy room I chance to ſcour,
And interrupt thee in the ſtudious hour;
From Coke and Lyttleton thy mind unbend,
With more familiar nonſenſe of a friend;
Talk of my friendſhip, and of thy deſert,
Show thee my works, and candidly impart
At once the product of my head and heart,
Nafutus calls me fool, and clowniſh bear,
Nor (but for perfect candour) ſtops he there.
(h) Ah! what unthinking heedleſs things are men,
T' enact ſuch laws as muſt themſelves condemn?
In every human ſoul ſome vices ſpring
(For fair perfection is no mortal thing);
Whoe'er is with the feweſt faults endu'd,
Is but the beſt of what cannot be good.
Then view me, friend, in an impartial light,
Survey the good and bad, the black and white;
And if ye find me, Sir, upon the whole,
To be an honeſt and ingenious ſoul,
By the ſame rule I'll meaſure you again,
And give you your allowance to a grain.
'Tis friendly and 'tis fair on either hand,
To grant th' indulgence we ourſelves demand.
If on your hump we caſt a fav'ring eye,
You muſt excuſe all thoſe who are awry.
In ſhort, ſince vice or folly, great or ſmall,
Is more or leſs inherent in us all,
Who'er offends, our cenſure let us guide,
With a ſtrong bias to the candid ſide;
Nor (as the Stoics did in ancient times)
Rank little foibles with enormous crimes.
(i) If, when your butler, e'er he brings a diſh,
Should lick his fingers, or ſhould drop a fiſh,
Or from the ſide-board filch a cup of ale,
Enrag'd you ſend the puny thief to goal;
You'd be (methink) as infamous an oaf,
As that immenſe portentous ſcoundrel ——*.
Yet worſe by far (if worſe at all can be)
In folly and iniquity is he;
Who, for ſome trivial, ſocial, well-meant joke,
Which candour ſhould forget as ſoon as ſpoke,
Would ſhun his friend, neglectful and unkind,
As if old Parſon Packthread was behind;
Who drags up all his viſitors by force,
And, without mercy, reads them his diſcourſe.

(g) At vos virtutes ipſas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incruſtare. Probus quis
Nobiſcum vivit? multum eſt demiſus homo. illi
Tardo, cognomen pingui damus. hic fugit omnes
Inſidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum?
(Cum genus hoc inter vitæ verſetur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimini) pro bene ſano,
Ac non incauto, fictum aſtutumque vocamus.
Simplicior, quis, qualem me ſæpe libenter
Obtulerem tibi, Mæcenas, ut forte legentem

(h) Aut tacitum impellat quovis ſermone? moleſtus?
Communi ſenſu plane caret, inquimus. (i) Eheu,
Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam?
Nam vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur: optimus ille eſt,
Qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut æquum eſt,
Cum mea compenſet vitiis bona, pluribus hiſce
Si modo plura mihi bona ſunt, inclinet; amari
Si volet hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.
Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Poſtulat; ignoſcat verrucis illius. æquum eſt,
Peccatis veniem poſcentem reddere rurſus.
Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt ſtultus hærentia; cur non,
Ponderibus, moduliſque ſuis ratio utitur? ac res
Ut quæque eſt, ita ſupplitiis delicta coercet?

(i) Si quis eum ſervum, patinam qui tollere juſſus,
Semeſos piſces, tipidumque liguricrit jus,
In cruce ſuffigat; Labeone inſanior inter
Sanos dicatur. Quanto hoc furioſius atque
Majus peccatum eſt? paullum delinquit amicus,
(Quod niſi concedas, habeare inſuavis, aceribus);
Odiſti et fugis, ut Droſonem debitor æris?
Qui niſi cum triſtes miſero venere calendæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo hiſtorias, captivus ut, audit.

* An infamous attorney.

(*i*) If ſick at heart, and heavy at the head,
My drunken friend ſhall reel betimes to bed;
And in the morn with affluent diſcharge,
Should ſign and ſeal his reſidence at large;
Or ſhould he in ſome paſſionate debate,
By way of inſtance, break an earthen plate;
Would I forſake him for a piece of delph?
No—not for China's wide domain itſelf.
If toys like theſe were cauſe of real grief,
What ſhould I do, or whither ſeek relief,
Suppoſe him perjur'd, faithleſs, pimp, or thief?
Away—a fooliſh knaviſh tribe you are,
Who falſely put all vices on a par.
From this fair reaſon her aſſent withdraws,
E'en ſordid intereſt gives up the cauſe,
That mother of our cuſtoms and our laws.
When firſt yon golden ſun array'd the eaſt,
Small was the difference 'twixt man and beaſt;
With hands, with nails, with teeth, with clubs they fought,
Till malice was improv'd, and deadlier weapons wrought
Language, at length, and words experience found,
And ſenſe obtain'd a vehicle in ſound.
Then wholeſome laws were fram'd, and towns were built,
And juſtice ſeiz'd the lawleſs vagrants guilt;
And theft, adultery, and fornication faſhion:
Were puniſh'd much, forſooth, though much in
(*l*) For long before fair Helen's fatal charms
Had many a - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- -
- - - - - *Hiatus magnus lacrymabilis*
- -
ſet the world in arms.
But kindly kept by no hiſtorians care,
They all goodlack have periſh'd to an hair.
But be that as it may, yet in all climes,
There's diff'rent puniſhment for diff'rent crimes.
Hold, blockhead hold—this ſure is not the way,
For all alike I'd laſh, and all I'd ſlay,
Cries W******n, if I'd ſovereign ſway.

(*k*) Commixit lectum potus, menſave catillum
Evandri manibus tritum dejecit: ob hanc rem,
Aut poſitam ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
Suſtulit eſuriens, minus hoc jocundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, ſi furtum fecerit? aut ſi
Prodiderit commiſſa fide? ſponſumve negarit?
Queis paria eſſe fere placuit peccata, laborant,
Cum ventum ad verum eſt; ſenſus, moreſque repugnant
Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater, et æqui.
Cum prorepſerunt primis animalia terris, [ter,
Murum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia prep-
Unguibus, et pugnis, dein fuſtibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ poſt fabricave at uſus:
Donec verba, quibus voces ſenſuſque notarent,
Nominaque invenere; dehinc abſiſtere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, et ponere leges;
Ne quis fur eſſet, neu latro, neu quis adulter.
(*l*) Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli
Cauſa: ſed ignotis perierunt mortibis illi,
Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
- -

Have ſov'reign ſway, and an imperial robe,
With fury * *ſultanate* o'er half the globe.
Meanwhile, if I from each indulgent friend,
Obtain remiſſion, when I chance t' offend,
Why, in return, I'll make the balance even,
And, for forgiving, they ſhall be forgiven.
(*m*) With zeal I'll love, be courteous e'en to ſtriſe,
More bleſt than emperors in private life.

PROLOGUE

TO A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, OR THE GRATEFUL FAIR.

A Mock Play, acted at Pembroke College Hall, Cambridge, 1747.

In ancient days, as jovial Horace ſings,
When laurell'd bards were lawgivers and kings,
Bold was the comic muſe, without reſtraint,
To name the vicious and the vice to paint;
Th' enliven'd picture from the canvaſs flew,
And the ſtrong likeneſs crowded in the view.
Our author practiſes more general rules,
He is no niggard of his knaves and fools:
Both ſmall and great, both pert and dull his muſe,
Diſplays, that every one may pick and chooſe.
The rules dramatic, though he ſcarcely knows,
Of time and place, and all the piteous proſe,
That pedant Frenchmen ſnuffle through their noſe. [done,
Fools, who perſonate what Homer ſhould have
Like tattling watches they correct the ſun.
Critics, like poſts, undoubtedly may ſhow
The way to Pindus, but they cannot go.
Whene'er immortal Shakſpeare's works are read,
He wins the heart before he ſtrikes the head.
Swift to the ſoul the piercing image flies,
Swifter than *Harriot's* wit, or *Harriot's* eyes;
Swifter than ſome romantic traveller's thought;
Swifter than Britiſh fire when *William* fought.
Fancy precedes, and conquers all the mind;
Deliberating judgment ſlowly comes behind;
Comes to the field with blunderbuſs and gun,
Like heavy *Felſtaff*, when the work is done. [pain,
Fights, when the battle's o'er, with wond'rous
By Shrewſbury's clock, and nobly ſlays the ſlain.
The critic's cenſures are beneath our care,
We ſtrive to pleaſe the generous and the fair;
To their deciſion we ſubmit our claim,
We write not, ſpeak not, breath not but for them.

SOLILOQUY OF THE PRINCESS PERRIWINKLE,

In the Mock Play of "A Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair."

[*The Princeſs* PERRIWINKLE *ſola, attended by fourteen maids of great honour.*]

Sure ſuch a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deſerted and forlorn:

- - - - dum tu quadrante lavatum
Rex ibis, neque te quiſquam ſtipator, ineptum
Præter Criſpinum, ſequetur: et mihi dulces
Ignoſcent, ſi quid peccavero ſtultus, amici.
(*m*) Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatuſque magis vivam te rege beatus.

* A word coined in the manner of Mr. W—n.

This bitter ſweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love;
Pride, *love*, and *reaſon*, will not let me reſt,
But make a deviliſh buſtle in my breaſt.
To wed with Fizgig pride, *pride*, *pride*, denies,
Put on a Spaniſh padlock, reaſon cries; [plies.
But tender, gentle *love*, with every wiſh com-
Pride, *love*, and *reaſon*, fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds deſtroy'd.
Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckleſs collier---white;
The duſty collier heaves his ponderous ſack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber---black.
In comes the brick-duſt man, with grime o'erſpread,
And beats the collier and the barber---red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toſs'd,
And in the duſt they raiſe, the combatants are loſt.

AN OCCASIONAL
PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO OTHELLO,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, on Thurſday the 7th of March 1751, *by Perſons of Diſtinction, for their Diverſion.*

WHILE mercenary actors tread the ſtage,
And hireling ſcribblers laſh or lull the age,
Our's be the taſk t' inſtruct and entertain,
Without one thought of glory or of gain.
Virtue's her own---from no external cauſe---
She gives, and ſhe demands the ſelf-applauſe:
Home to her breaſt ſhe brings the heart-felt bays,
Heedleſs alike of profit and of praiſe.
This now perhaps is wrong---yet this we know,
'Twas ſenſe and truth a century ago:
When Britain with tranſcendent glory crown'd,
For high atchievements, as for wit renown'd;
Cull'd from each growing grace the pureſt part,
And cropt the flowers from every blooming art,
Our nobleſt youth would then embrace the taſk
Of comic humour, or the myſtic maſque. [bards
'Twas their's t' encourage worth, and give to
What now is ſpent in boxing and in cards.
Good ſenſe their pleaſure---virtue ſtill their guide,
And Engliſh magnanimity---their pride.
Methinks I ſee with fancy's magic eye,
The ſhade of Shakſpeare, in yon azure ſky.
On yon high cloud behold the bard advance,
Piercing all nature with a ſingle glance:
In various attitudes around him ſtand
The paſſions, waiting for his dread command.
Firſt kneeling love before his feet appears,
And, muſically ſighing, melts in tears.
Near him fell jealouſy with fury burns,
And into ſtorms the amorous breathings turns;
Then hope, with heavenward look, and joy drawn near,
While palſied terror trembles in the rear.
Such Shakſpeare's train of horror and delight,
And ſuch we hope to introdnce to-night.
But if, though juſt in thought, we fail in fact,
And good intention ripens not to act,
Weigh our deſign, your cenſure ſtill defer,
When truth's in view, 'tis glorious e'en to err.

EPILOGUE,
SPOKEN BY DESDEMONA.

TRUE woman to the laſt---my peroration
I come to ſpeak, in ſpite of ſuffocation;
To ſhow the preſent and the age to come,
We may be chok'd, but never can be dumb.
Well, now methinks I ſee you all run out,
And haſte away to Lady Bragwell's rout;
Each modiſh ſentiment to hear and weigh,
Of thoſe who nothing think, and all things ſay.
Prudella firſt in parody begins
(For nonſenſe and buffoonery are twins).
" Can beaux the court for theatres exchange!"
' I ſwear by Heaven 'tis ſtrange, 'tis paſſing ſtrange;'
" And very whimſical, and mighty dull,"
' And pitiful, and wond'rous pitiful:
' I wiſh I had not heard it'---bleſſed dame!
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, her audience wiſh the ſame.
Next Neddy Nicely---" Fie, O fie, good lack,
" A naſty man, to make his face all black."
Then Lady Stiffneck ſhows her pious rage,
And wonders we ſhould act---upon a ſtage.
" Why, ma'am, ſays Coquetilla, a diſgrace?
" Merit in any form may ſhow her face:
" In this dull age the male things ought to play,
" To teach them what to do, and what to ſay."
In ſhort, they all with diff'rent cavils cram us,
And only are unanimous to damn us.
But ſtill there are a fair judicious few,
Who judge unbiaſs'd, and with candour view;
Who value honeſty, though clad in buff,
And wit, though dreſs'd in an old Engliſh ruff.
Behold them here---I beaming ſenſe decry,
Shot from the living luſtre of each eye.
Such meaning ſmiles each blooming face adorn,
As deck the pleaſure-painted brow of morn;
And ſhow the perſon of each matchleſs fair,
Though rich to rapture, and above compare,
Is, ev'n with all the ſkill of Heav'n deſign'd,
But an imperfect image of their mind;
While chaſtity, unblemiſh'd and unbrib'd,
Adds a majeſtic mien, that ſcorns to be deſcrib'd:
Such we will vaunt, and only ſuch as theſe,
'Tis our ambition and our fame to pleaſe.

EPILOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

(*Enters reading a Play-Bill.*)

A VERY pretty bill---as I'm alive!
The part of---nobody---by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry ſcribbling fool---to leave me out---
He'll ſay, perhaps---he thought I could not ſpout.
Malice and envy to the laſt degree!
And why?---I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it---without the aid
Of prologue dreſs'd in black, and face in maſ-querade;
Oh! pit---have pity---ſee how I'm diſmay'd!
Poor ſoul! this canting ſtuff will never do,
Unleſs, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that from theſe ſame obſequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black ariſe;
Should your applauſe to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feaſt---Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better ſcheme by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aſide, and learnt with me to laugh,
I could have ſhown him, had he been inclin'd,
A ſpouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well dreſs'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for ſhow;

Who, when in rage, she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
' Damn'd, damn'd dissembler !'—thinks she more than Zara?
She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy Chase,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet,
Presumes on something—' touching the Lord ' Hamlet.
A cousin too she has with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
Who for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory.
And while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—' Lord ! my lord, what can I do at home?'
In short, we've girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh ! little do those silly people know,
What dreadful trials---actors undergo.
Myself---who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
Young men, beware, and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and shun our plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
Be timely wise, for oh ! be sure of this,
A shop with virtue, is the height of bliss.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. SHUTER,

At Covent-Garden, after the Play of the "Conscious Lovers," acted for the Benefit of the Middlesex Hospital for Lying-in Women, 1755, in the Character of a Man-Midwife.

(*Enters with a Child.*)

Whoe'er begat thee has no cause to blush;
Thou'rt a brave chopping boy (*child cries*), nay, hush, hush, hush !
A workman faith ! a man of rare discretion,
A friend to Britain, and to our profession:
With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,
O rare roast beef of England!---here's a lad !
(*Shows him to the company.*)
(*Child makes a noise again.*)
Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurse. Within !---here, take him off.
Well, Heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the bar, the pulpit, and the stage;
But not to th' army--- that's not worth a farthing,
The captains go too much to Covent-Garden,
Spoil many a girl---but seldom make a mother;
They foil us one way---but we have them t' other. (*Shakes a box of pills.*)
The nation prospers by such joyous souls,
Hence smokes my table, hence my chariot rolls.
Though some snug jobs, from surgery may spring,
Man-midwifery, man-midwifery's the thing !
Lean should I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
By mere catharties and by plain phlebotomy.
Well, besides gain, besides the power to please,
Besides the music of such birds as these,
(*Shakes a purse.*)
It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
To hear the praises of the grateful poor.
This day comes honest Taffy to my house,
" Cot bless her, her has sav'd her poy and spouse,
" Her sav'd her Gwinnifrid, or death had swallow'd her,
" Though great grand, great grand grand child of " Cadwallader."
Cries Patrick Toulz'em, " I am bound to pray,
" You've sav'd my Sue in your same physic way,
" And further shall I thank you yesterday."
Then Sawney came, and thank'd me for my love
(I very readily excus'd his glove),
He bless'd the man, e'en by St. Andrew's cross,
" Who cur'd his bonny bairn, and blithsome lass."
But merriment and mimicry apart,
Thanks to each bounteous hand and gen'rous heart,
Of those, who tenderly take pity's part;
Who in good-natur'd acts can sweetly grieve,
Swift to lament, but swifter to relieve.
Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of heaven,
Who raise and beautify the bounty given;
But chief to * him in whom distress confides,
Who o'er this noble plan so gloriously presides.

DE ARTE CRITICA.

A Latin Version of Pope's Essay on Criticism.

" Nec me animi fallit——
Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse
(Multa novis verbis præsertim cum sit agendum)
Propter egestatem linguæ, et rerum novitatem."
LUCRET.

Dictu difficile est, an sit dementia major
Egisse invitâ vatem criticumne Minervâ;
Ille tamen certe venia tibi dignior errat
Qui lassat, quam qui seducit in avia sensus.
Sunt, qui absurda canunt; sed enim stultissima stultos:
Quam longe exuperat criticorum natio vates;
Se solum exhibuit quondam, melioribus annis
Natus hebes, ridendum; ac nunc musa improba prolemo
Innumeram gignit, quæ mox sermone soluto
Æquipater stolidos versus, certetque stupendo.
Nobis judicium, veluti quæ dividit horas
Machina, construitur, motus non omnibus idem,
Non pretium, regit usque tameu sua quemque, Poetas;
Divite perpaucos venâ donavit Apollo,
Et criticis recte sapere est rarissima virtus;
Arte in utraque nitent felices indole soli,
Musaque quos placido nascentes lumine vidit.
Ille † alios melios, qui inclaruit ipse, docebit,
Jurcque quam meruit, poterit tribuisse coronam.
Scriptores (fateor) sidunt propriæ nimis arti,
Nonne autem criticos pravus favor urget ibidem?
At vero proprius sistemus, cuique fatendum est,
Judicium ‡ quoddam natura inseverit olim:

* The Earl, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

† " Qui scribit artificiose, ab abliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." *Cic. ad Herenn. b. 4.*

‡ " Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus rectæ ac prava dijudicant." *Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.*

Illa diem certe dubiam diffundere callet
Et, ſtrictim deſcripta licet, ſibi linea conſtat.
Sed minimum ut ſpecimen, quod pictor doctus adumbrat,
Deterius tibi fiat eo mage, quo mage vilem
Inducat iſti fucum, ſic mentis honeſtæ
Doctrina effigiem maculabit prava decoram.
His inter cæcas mens illaqueata ſcholarum
Ambages errat, ſtolidiſque ſupervenit illis
(Diis aliter viſum eſt) petulantia. Perdere ſenſum
Communem hi ſudant, dum fruſtra aſcendere Pindum
Conantur, mox, ut ſe defenſoribus ipſis
Utantur, critici quoque fiunt: omnibus idem
Ardor ſcribendi, ſtudio hi rivalis aguntur,
Illis invalida eunuchi violentia gliſcit.
Ridendi proprium eſt ſatuis cacoethes, amantque
Turbæ perpetuo ſeſe immiſcere jocoſæ.
Mævius invito dum ſudat Apolline, multi
Pingue opus exuperant (ſi diis placet) emendando.
Sunt qui belli homines primo, tum deinde poetæ,
Mox critici evaſêre, meri tum denique ſtulti.
Eſt, qui nec criticum nec vatem reddit, inerſque
Ut mulus, medium quoddam eſt aſinum inter equumque
Bellula ſemi-hominum vix pœne elementa ſcientem
Primula gens horum eſt, premitur quibus Anglia, quantum
Imperfecta ſcatent ripis animalcula nili,
Futile, abortivum genus, et prope nominis expers,
Uſque adeo æquivoca eſt, e quâ generantur, origo.
Hos centum nequeunt linguæ numerare, nec una
Unius ex ipſis, quæ centum ſola fatiget.
At tu qui famam ſimul exigis atque redonas
Pro meritis, criticique affectas nobile nomen.
Metitor te ipſum, prudenſque expendito quæ ſit
Judicii, ingenii tibi, doctrinæque facultas;
Si qua profunda nimis, cauto vitentor, et iſta
Linea, quâ coeunt ſtupor ingeniumque, notator.
Qui finem impoſuit rebus Deus omnibus aptum,
Humani vanum ingenii reſtrinxit acumen.
Qualis ubi oceani vis noſtra irrumpit in arva,
Tunc deſolatas alibi denudat arenas;
Sic animæ reminiſcendi dum copia reſtat,
Conſilii gravioris abeſt plerumque poteſtas;
Aſt ubi Phantaſiæ fulgent radiantia tela,
Mnemoſyne teneris cum formis victa liqueſcit.
Ingenio tantum muſa uni ſufficit una,
Tanta ars eſt, tantilla ſcientia noſtra videtur:
Non ſolum ad certas artes aſtricta ſequendas,
Sæpe has non niſi quâdam in ſimplice parte ſequatur.
Deperdas partos utcunque labore triumphos,
Dum plures, regum inſtar, aves acquirere lauros;
Sed ſua tractatu facilis provincia cuique eſt,
Si non, quæ pulchre ſciat, ut vulgaria, temnat.
Naturam ſequere imprimis, atque illius æquâ
Judicium ex normâ fingas, quæ neſcia flecti:
Illa etenim, ſine labe micans, ab origine divâ,
Clarâ, conſtanti, luſtrantique omnia luce,
Vitamque, ſpeciemque, et vires omnibus addat,
Et fons, et finis ſimul, atque criterion artis.
Quærit opes ex hoc theſauro ars, et ſine pompâ
Præſidet, et nullas turbas facit inter agendum.
Talis, vivida vis formoſo in corpore mentis,
Lætium toti inſpirans et robore maſſæ,
Ordinat et motus, et nervos ſuſtinet omnes,
Inter opus varium tamen ipſa abſcondita fallit.
Sæpe is, cui magnum ingenium Deus addidit, idem
Indigus eſt majoris, ut hoc benè calleat uti;
Ingenium nam judicio velut uxor habendum eſt
Atque viro, cui fas ut pareat uſque repugnat.
Muſæ quadrupedum labor eſt inhibere capiſtro,
Præcipites regere, at non irritare volatus
Pegaſos, inſtar equi generoſi, grandior ardet
Cum ſentit retinacula, nobiliorque tuetur.
Regula quæque vetus tantum obſervata peritis
Non inventa fuit criticis, debetque profectò
Naturæ aſcribi, ſed enim quam lima polivit;
Nullas naturæ divina monarchia leges,
Exceptis ſolum quas ſanxerit ipſa, veretur.
Qualibus, audiſtin' reſonat celeberrima normis
Græcia, ſeu doctum premit, indulgetve furorem?
Illa ſuos ſiſtit Parnaſſi in vertice natos,
Et, quibus aſcendêre docet, ſalebroſa viarum,
Sublimique manu dona immortalia monſtrat,
Atque æquis reliquos procedere paſſibus urget.
Sic magnis doctrina * ex exemplaribus hauſtâ,
Sumit ab hiſce, quod hæc duxerunt ab Jove ſummo.
Ingenuus judex muſaram ventilat ignes,
Et ſretus ratione docet præcepta placendi.
Ars critica officioſa Camœnæ ſervit, et ornat
Egregias veneres, plureſque irretit amantes.
Nunc vero docti longè diverſa ſequentes,
Contempti dominæ, vilem petiêre miniſtram;
Propriaque in miſeros veterunt tela poetas,
Diſcipulique ſuos pro more odêre magiſtros.
Haud aliter ſanè noſtrates pharmacopolæ
Ex medicûm crevit quibus ars plagiaria chartis,
Audaces errorum adhibent ſine mente medelas,
Et veræ Hippocratis jactant convicia proli.
Hi veterum authorum ſcriptis veſcuntur, et ipſos
Vermiculos, et tempus edax vicêre vorando.
Stultitiâ ſimplex ille, et ſine divite venâ,
Carmina quo fiant pacto miſerabilè narrat.
Doctrinam oſtentans, mentem alter perdidit omnem
Atque alter nodis vafer implicat enodando.
Tu quicumque cupis judex procedere rectè,
Fac veteris cujuſque ſtylus diſcatur ad unguem;
Fabula, materies, quo tendat pagina quævis;
Patria, religio quæ ſint, queis moribus ævum:
Si non intuitu cuncta hæc complecteris uno,
Scurra, cavilator—criticus mihi non eris unquam.
Ilias eſto tibi ſtudium, tibi ſola voluptas,
Perque diem lege, per noctes meditare ſerenas;
Hinc tibi judicium, hinc ortum ſententia ducat,
Muſarumque undas fontem bibe lætus ad ipſum.
Ipſe ſuorum operum ſit commentator, et author,
Mæonidiſve legas interprete ſcripta Marone.
† Cum cancret primum parvus Maro bella viroſque,
Nec monitor Phœbus tremulas jam velleret aures,
Legibus immunem criticis ſe fortè putabat,
Nil niſi naturam archetypam dignatus adire:
Sed ſimul ac caute mentem per ſingula volvit,
Naturam invenit, quacunque invenit Homerum.
Victus, et attonitus, maleſani deſinit auſi,
Jamque laboratum in numerum vigil omnia cogit,

* "Nec enim artibus editis factum eſt ut argumenta inveniremus, ſed dicta ſunt omnia antequam præciperentur, mox ea ſcriptores obſervata et collecta ediderunt. QUINTIL.

† "Cum canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthius aurem—Vellit." VIRG. Ecl. 6.

Cultaque Aristotelis metitur carmina normâ.
Hinc veterum discas præcepta veterier, illos
Sectator sic naturam sectaberis ipsam.
At vero virtus restat jam plurima, nullo
Describenda modo, nullâque parabilis arte,
Nam felix tam fortuna est, quam cura canendi.
Musicam in hoc reddit divina poesis, utramque
Multæ orant veneres quas verbis pingere non est,
Quasque artingere nil nisi summa peritia possit.
* Regula quandocunque minus diffusa videtur,
(Quum tantum ad propriam collinet singula metam)
Si modo consiliis inserviat ulla juvandis
Apta licentia, lex enim ista licentia fiat.
Atque ita quo citius procedat, calle relicto
Communi musæ fonipes bene devius erret.
Accidit interdum, ut scriptores ingenium ingens
Evehat ad culpam egregiam, maculasque micantes
Quas nemo criticorum audet detergere figat;
Accidit ut linquat vulgaria claustra furore
Magnanimo, rapiatque solutum lege decorem,
Qui, quum judicium non intercedat, ad ipsum
Cer properat, finemque illic simul obtinet omnes.
Haud aliter si forte jugo speculamur aprico,
Luminibus res arridenti, quas Dædella tellus
Parcior ostentare solet, velut ardua montis
Asperitas, scopulive excsi pendulus horror.
Cura tamen semper magna est adhibenda poesi,
Atque hic cum ratione insaniat author, oportet:
Et, quamvis veteres pro tempore jura refigunt,
Et leges violare suas regalitèr audent,
Tu caveas, moneo, quisquis nunc scribis, et ipsam
Si legem frangas, memor ejus respice finem.
Hoc semper tamen evites, nisi te gravis urget
Nodus, præmonstrantque authorum exempla priorum.
Ni facias, criticus totam implacabilis iram
Exercet, turpique notâ tibi nomen inurit.
Sed non me latuêre, quibus sua liberiores
Has veterum veneres vitio dementia vertit.
Et quædam tibi signa quidem monstrosa videntur,
Si per se vel perpendas, propiorave lustres,
Quæ rectâ cum constituas in luce locoque,
Formam conciliat distantia justa venustam.
Non aciem semper belli dux callidus artis
Instruit æquali serie ordinibusque decoris,
Sed se temporibusque locoque accommodat, agmen
Ce ardo jam, jamque fugæ simulachra ciendo.
Mentitur speciem erroris sæpe aflus, et ipse
Somniat emunctus judex, non dormit Homerus.
Alpice, laurus adhuc antiquis vernat in aris,
Quas rabidæ violare manus non amplius audent;
Flammarum a rabie tutas, Stygiæque veneno
Invidiæ, martisque minis et morsibus ævi.
Docta caterva, viden! fert ut fragrantia thura;
Audin ut omnigenis resonant præconia linguis!
Laudes usque adeo meritas vox quæque rependat,
Humanique simul generis chorus omnis adesto.
Salvere, O vates! nati melioribus annis,
Munus et immortale æternæ laudis adepti!
Queis juvenescit honos longo maturior ævo,
Ditior ut diffundit aquas, dum defluit amnis!
Vos populi mundique canent, sacra nomina, quos jam
Inventrix (sic diis visum est) non contigit ætas!
Pars aliqua, o utinam! sacro scintillet ab igne
Illi, qui vestra est extrema et humillima proles!
(Qui longe sequitur vos debilioribus alis
Lector magnanimus, sed enim, sed scriptor inandax)
Sic critici vani, me præcipiente, priores
Mirari, arbitrioque suo dissidere discant.
Omnibus ex causis, quæ animum corrumpere junctis
Viribus, humanumque solent obtundere acumen,
Pingue caput solita est momento impellere summo
Stultitiæ semper cognata superbia; quantum
Mentis nascenti fata invidere, profuso
Tantum subsidio fastûs superaddere gaudent;
Nam veluti in membris, sic sæpe animabus, inanes
Exundant vice † spirituum, vice sanguinis auræ
Suppetias inopi venit alma superbia menti,
Atque per immensum capitis se extendit inane!
Quod si recta valent ratio hanc dispergere nubem
Naturæ verique dies sincera refulget.
Cuicunque est animus penitus cognoscere culpas,
Nec sibi, nec sociis credat, verum omnibus aurem
Commodet, apponatque inimica opprobria lucro.
Ne musæ inviriles mediocritèr, aut fuge fontem
Castalium omnino, aut haustu te prolue pleno:
Istius laticis tibi mens absemia torpet
Ebria, sobrietasque redit revocata bibendo.
Intuitu mûsæ primo novitateque capta
Aspirat doctrinæ ad culmina summa juventus
Intrepida, et quoniam tunc mens est arcta, suoque
Omnia, metiur modulo, malè lippa labores
Ponè secuturos oculis non aspicit æquis:
Mox autem attonitæ jam jamque scientia menti
Crebrescit variata modis sine limite miris!
Sic ubi desertis conscendere vallibus Alpes
Aggredimur, nubesque humiles calcare videmur,
Protinus æternas superâsse nives, et in ipso
Inveniisse viæ lætamur limine finem:
His vero exactis tacito terrore stupemus
Durum crescentem magis et magis usque laborem,
Jam longus tandem prospectus læsa fagitat
Lumina, dam colles assurgunt undique sæti
Collibus, impositæque emergunt Alpibus Alpes.
† Ingeniosa leget judex perfectus eâdem
Quâ vates scripsit studiosus opuscula curâ,
Totum perpendet, censorque est parcus, ubi ardor
Exagitat naturæ animos et concitat æstrum;
Nec tam servili generosa libidine mutet
Gaudia, quæ bibulæ menti catus ingerit author.
Verum stagnantis mediocria carmina musæ,
Quæ reptant sub limâ et certâ lege stupescunt,
Quæ torpent uno erroris securâ tenore,
Hæc equidem nequeo culpare---et dormio tantum.
Ingenii, veluti naturæ, non tibi constant
Illecebræ formâ quæ certis partibus insit;
Nam te non reddit labium ve oculusve venustum,
Sed charitum cumulus, collectaque tela decoris.

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* "Neque tam sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit; non reprabo autem, sic utile est plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum authoritatibus, sequemur."
QUINT. lib. 2. cap. 13.

* Animalium scilicet.

† "Diligenter legendum est, ac pene ad scribendi sollicitudinem; nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia; sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus."
QUINTIL.

Sic ubi luſtramus perfectam inſignitèr ædem,
(Quæ Romam ſplendore, ipſumque ita perculit orbem)
Læta diu non ullâ inſimplice parte morantur
Lumina, ſed ſeſe per totum errantia pascunt;
Nil longum latumve nimis, nil altius æquo
Cernitur, illuſtris nitor omnibus, omnibus ordo.
Quod conſummatum eſt opus omni ex parte, nec uſquam
Nunc exſtat, nec erat, nec erit labentibus annis.
Quas ſibi proponat metas adverte, poeta
Ultra aliquid ſperare, illas ſi abſolvat, iniquum eſt;
Si recta ratione utatur, conſilioque
Perfecto, miſſis maculis, vos plaudite clamo.
Accidit, ut vates, veluti vafer Aulicus, erret
Sæpius errorem, ut vitet graviora, minorem.
Neglige, quas criticus, verborum fatilis anceps,
Leges edicit: nugas neſcire decorum eſt.
Artis cujuſdam tantum auxiliaris amantes
Partem aliquam plerique colunt vice totius; illi
Multa crepant de judicio, nihilominus iſtam
Stultitiam, ſua quam ſententia laudat, adorant.
Quixotus quondam, ſi vera eſt fabula, cuidam
Occurrens vati, criticum certamen inivit
Docta citans, graviterque tuens, tanquam arbiter alter
Dennisius, Græi moderatus fræna theatri;
Acriter id dein aſſeruit, ſtultum eſſe hebetemque,
Quiſquis Ariſtotelis poſſet contemnere leges.
Quid?—talem comitem nactus felicitèr author,
Mox tragicum, quod compoſuit, proferre poema
Incipit, et critici ſcitari oracula tanti.
Jam μυθον, τα παθη, τ'ηθη τροβλημα λυσινque et
Cætera de genere hoc equni deſcribat hianti
Quæ cuncta ad normam quadrarent, inter agendum
Si tantum prudens certamen omitteret author.
"Quid vero certamen omittes? excipit heros;
Sic venerando Sophi ſuadent documenta. "Quid ergo, [oportet,"
Armigerumque equitumque cohors ſcenam intret,
Forſan, at ipſa capax non tantæ ſcena catervæ eſt:
"Ædificave aliam—vel apertes utere campis."
Sic ubi ſuppoſito morofa ſuperbia regnat
Judicio, criticæque tenent faſtidia curæ
Vana locum, curto modulo æſtimat omnia cenſor,
Atque modo perverſus in artibus errat eodem,
Moribus ac multi, dum parte laborat in unâ.
Sunt, qui nil ſapiant, ſalibus niſi quæque redundet
Pagina, perpetuoque nitet diſtincta lepore,
Nil aptum ſoliti juſtumve requirere, latè
Si micet ingenii chaos, indiſcretaque moles.
Nudas naturæ veneres, vivumque decorem
Fingere, qui nequeunt, quorundam exempla ſecuti
Pictorum, haud gemmis parcunt, haud ſumptibus auri,
Ut ſeſe abſcondat rutilis inſcitia velis.
Vis veri ingenii * natura eſt cultior, id quod
Senſerunt multi, ſed jam ſcite exprimit unus,
Quod primo pulchrum intuitu, rectumque videtur
Et mentis menti ſimulachra repercutit ipſi.
Haud ſecus ac lucem commendant ſuaviter umbræ,
Ingenio ſic ſimplicitas ſuperaddit honorem:

* "Naturam intueamur, hanc ſequamur; id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt."
QUINTIL. lib. 8. cap. 3.

Nam fieri poſſit muſa ingenioſior æquo,
Et pereant tumidæ nimio tibi ſanguine venæ.
Nonnulli vero verborum in cortice ludunt,
Ornatuſque libri ſolos muliebriter ardent. [lis
Egregium ecce! ſtylum clamant! ſed ſemper ocel-
Præterevnt malè, ſi quid ineſt rationis, inunctis.
Verba, velut frondes, nimio cum tegmine opacant
Ramos, torpeſcunt mentis ſine germine. Prava
Rhetorice, vitri latè radiantis ad inſtar
Fulminatici, rutilos diffundit ubique colores;
Non tibi naturæ licet amplius ora tueri,
At malè diſcretis ſcintillant omnia flammis
Sed contra veluti jubar immutabile ſolis,
Quicquid contractat facundia, luſtrat et auget,
Nil variat, ſed cuncta oculo ſplendoris inaurat.
Eloquium mentis noſtræ quaſi veſtis habenda eſt,
Quæ ſi ſit ſatis apta, decentior inde videtur;
Scommata magnificis ornata procacia verbis
Indutos referunt regalia ſyrmata faunos;
Diverſis etenim diverſa vocabula rebus
Appingi fas eſt, aulæ velut aulica veſtis,
Alteraque agricolis, atque altera congruit urbi.
Quidam ſcriptores * antiquas vocibus uſi,
Gloriolam affectant, veterum æmula turba ſonorum,
Si mentem ſpectes juvenentur more recentum.
Tantula nugamenta ſtyloque operoſa vetuſto,
Docti derident ſoli placitura popello.
Hi nihilo magè felices quam comicus iſte
Fungoſo †, oſtentat abſurdo pepla tumore,
Qualia neſcio quis geſtavit nobilis olim;
Atque modo veteres doctos imitantur eodem,
Ac hominem veteri in tunicâ dum ſimia ludit.
Verba, velut mores, a juſtis legibus errant,
Si nimium antiquæ fuerint, nimiumve novatæ;
Tu cave ne tentes infueta vocabula primus,
Nec vetera abjicias poſtremus nomina rerum.
‡ Lævis an aſper eat verſus plerique requirunt
Cenſores, ſoloſque ſonos damnantve probantve;
Mille licet veneres formoſam Pierin ornent,
Stultitiâ vox argutâ celebrabitur una:
Qui juga Parnaſſi non ut mala corda repurgent,
Auribus ut placeant, viſunt: ſic fæpe profanos
Impulit ad reſonum pietas aurita facelium.
His ſolum criticis ſemper par ſyllaba cordi eſt,
Vaſto etſi uſque omnis ‖ pateat vocalis hiatu;

* "Abolita et abrogata retinere, inſolentiæ cujuſdam eſt, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ."
QUINTIL. lib. 1. cap. 6.

"Opus eſt ut verba a vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint, neque manifeſta; quia nil eſt odioſius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio, cujus ſumma virtus eſt perſpicuitas; quam ſi vitioſa, ſi egear interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ira veterum maxime nova." IBID.

† Ben Jonſon's Every Man in his Humour.

‡ "Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere ut per lævе ſeveros
Effugit juncturа ungues; ſcit tendere verſum,
Nec ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno."
PERSIUS, ſat. 1.

‖ "Fugemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem orationem reddunt."
CIC. AD HERENN. lib. 4.

Expletivaque fæpe fuas quoque fuppetias dent,
Ac verfum unum oneret levium heu! decas en!
pigra vocum;
Dum non mutato refonant malè cymbala planctu,
Atque augur mifer ufque fcio, quid deinde fequatur.
Quacunque afpirat clementior aura Fanovi,
Mox (nullus dubito) grariles vibrantur ariftæ,
Rivulus ut molli ferpit per lævia lapfu, [nos.
Lector, non temerè expectes, poft murmura, fonTum demum qua latè extremum ad diftichon, ipfa
Magnificum fine mente nihil, Sententia fplendet.
Segnis Hypermeter, audin? adeft, et claudicat, inftar
Anguis faucia terga trahentis, prorepentifque.
Hi proprias ftupeant nugas, tu difcere tentes,
Quæ tereti properant venâ, vel amabilè languent
Itaque fac laudes, ubi vivida Denhamii vis
Walleriæ condita fluit dulcedine muſæ.
Scribendi numerofa facultas provenit arte,
Ut foli inceffu faciles fluitare videntur,
Plectro morigeros qui callet fingere greffus.
Non folum afperitas teneras cavè verberet aures,
Sed vox quæque expreffa tuæ fit mentis imago.
Lerè edat Zephyrus fuſpiria blanda, politis
Lævius in numeris labatur læve fluentum;
At reboat, furit, eftuat æmula muſa ſonoris
Littoribus cum rauca horrendum impingitur unda.
Quando eft faxum Ajax vaſtâ vi volvere adortus,
Tatiè incedit verfus, multum perque laborem.
Non ita five Camilla cito falis æquora rafit,
Sive levis levitèrque terit, neque flectit ariftas.
Audin! Timothei * cœleſtia carmina, menti
Dulcibus alloquiis varios fuadentia motus!
Audin! ut alternis Lybici Juvis inclyta proles
Nunc ardet famam, ſolos nunc ſpirat amores,
Lumina nunc vivis radiantia volvere flammis,
Mox furtim fuſpiria, mox effundere fletum!
Dum Perſæ, Græcique pares ſentire tumultus
Diſcunt, victricemque lyram rex orbis adorat.
Muſica quid poterit corda ipſa fatentur, et audit
Timotheus noſtras merita cum laude Drydenus.
Tu fervare modum ſtudeas benè cautus, et iſtos
Queis aut nil placuiſſe poteit, aut omnia, vites.
Exiguas naſo maculas fufpendere noli,
Namque patent nullo ſtupor atque ſuperbia mentis
Clariùs indicio; neque mens eſt optima certè,
Non ſecus ac ſtomachus, quæcunque recuſat et odit
Omnia, difficilifque nihil tibi concoquit unquam.
Non tamen ideirco vegeti vis ulla leporis
Te tibi furripiat; mirari mentis ineptæ eſt,
Prudentis vero tantum optima quæque probare.
Majores res apparent per nubila vitæ,
Atque ita luminibus ſtupor ampliat omnia denſis.
His Galli minus arrident, illifque poetæ
Noſtrates, hodiemi alus, alifque vetuſti.
Sic † fidei ſimile, ingenium fectæ arrogat uni
Quiſque ſuæ; ſolis patet illis janua cœli
Scilicet, inque malam rem cætera turba jubentur.
Fruſtra autem immenſis cupiunt imponere metam
Muneribus Divûm, atque illius tela coarctant
Solis hyperboreas etiam qui temperat auras,
Non ſolum auſtrales genios fœcundat et auget.

* Alexander's Feaſt, or the Power of Muſic; an ode by Mr. Dryden.

† Chriſtianæ ſcilicet.

Qui primis latè ſua lumina ſparſit ab annis,
Illuſtrat præſens, ſummumque accenderet ævum.
(Cuique vices variæ tamen: et jam ſecula fœclis
Succedunt pejora, et jam meliora peractis)
Pro meritis muſam laudare memento, nec unquam
Neglige quod novitas diſtinguit, quodve vetuſtas.
Sunt qui nil proprium in medium proferre ſuêruntrunt,
Judiciumque ſuum credunt popularibus auris;
Tum vulgi quò exempla trahunt retrahuntque ſequuntur,
Tolluntque expoſitas latè per compita nugas.
Turba alia authorum titulos et nomina diſcit
Scriptoreſque ipſos, non ſcripta examinat. Horum
Peſſimus iſte cluet, ſi quem ſervilitèr ipſos
Vifere magnates ſtupor ambitioſus adegit.
Qui critice ad menſum domino ancillatur inepto,
Futilis ardelio, ſemper referenſque ferenſque
Nuntia nugarum. Quam pinguia, quam male nata
Carmina cenſentur, quæcunque ego fortè vel ullus
Pangere Apollineæ tentat faber improbus artis!
At ſiquis vero, ſiquis vir magnus adopter
Felicem mutam, quantus nitor ecce! venuſque
Ingenio accidunt! quam prodigialitèr acer
Fit ſtubito ſtylus! omnigenam venerabile numen
PræteXit ſacris culpam radiis, et ubique
Carmina culta nitent, et pagina parturit omnis.
Stultula plebs doctos ſtudioſa imitarier errat,
Ut docti nullos imitando fæpius ipſi;
Qui, ſi forte unquam plebs rectum viderit, (illis
Tanto turba odio eſt) conſultò lumina claudunt.
Talis ſchiſmaticus Chriſti, grege fæpe relicto,
Cœlos ingenii pro laude paſciſcitur ipſos.
Non deſunt quibus incertum mutatur in horas
Judicium, ſed ſemper eos ſententia ducit
Ultima palantes. Illis miſeranda camæna
More meretricis tractatur, nunc Dea certè,
Nunc audit vilis lupa: dum præpingue cerebrum,
Debilis et male munitæ ſtationis ad ioſtar,
Jam recti, jam ſtultitiæ pro partibus aſtat.
Si cauſam rogites, aliquis tibi dicat eundo
Quiſque dies teneræ præbet nova pabula menti,
Ut ſapimus magis atque magis. Nos docta propago
Scilicet et ſapiens proavos contemnimus omnes,
Heu! pariter noſtris temnenda nepotibus olim.
Quondam per noſtros dum turba ſcholaſtica fines
Regnavit, ſi cui quam plurima clauſula ſemper
In promptu, ille inter doctiſſimus audiit omnes;
Religioſa fides ſimul ac ſacra omnia naſci
Sunt viſa in litem; ſapuit ſat nemo reſelli
Ut ſe ſit paſſus. Jam gens inſulſa Scotiſtæ,
Intactique abaci Thomiſtæ pace fruentes
Inter aranceolos pandunt ſua retia fratres.
Ipſa fides igitur cum ſit variata, quid ergo,
Quid mirum ingenium quoque ſevaria induat ora?
Naturæ verique relictis ſimibus amens
Sæpius inſanire parat popularitèr author,
Expectatque ſibi vitalem hoc nomine famam,
Suppetit uſque ſuas plebi quia riſus ineptæ.
Hic ſolitus propriâ metiricr omnia normâ,
Solos, qui ſecum ſunt mente et partibus iiſdem
Approbat, ac vanos virtuti reddit honores,
Cui tantum ſibi larvata ſuperbia plaudit.
Partium in ingenio ſtudium quoque regnat aut aulâ,
Seditioque auget privatas publica rixas.

Drydeno obſtabant odium atque ſuperbia nuper
Et ſtupor omnigenæ latitans ſub imagine formæ,
Nunc criticus, nunc bellus homo, mox deinde ſacerdos:.
Attamen ingenium, joca cum ſiluêre, ſuperſtes
Vivit adhuc, namque olim utcunque ſepulta profundis
Pulchrior emerget tenebris tamen inclyta virtus.
Milbourni, rurſus ſi fas foret ora tueri,
Blackmorique novi reducem inſequeruntur; Homerus
Ipſe etiam erigeret vultus ſi forte verendos
Zoilus ex orco greſſus revocaret. Ubique
Virtuti malus, umbra velut nigra livor adhæret,
Sed verum ex vanâ corpus cognoſcitur umbrâ.
Ingenium, ſolis jam deficient ad inſtar
Inviſum, oppoſiti tenebras tantum arguit orbis,
Dum claro intemerata manent ſua lumina divo.
Sol prodit cum primum, atque intolerabile fulget
Attrahit obſcuros flammâ magnete vapores;
Mox vero pingunt etiam invida nubila callem
Multa coloratum, et creſcentia nubila ſpargunt
Uberius, geminoque die viridaria donant.
Tu primus meritus plaudas, a nihil ipſe meretur
Qui ſerus laudator adeſt. Brevis heu! brevis ævi
Participes noſtri vates celebrantur, et æquum eſt
Anguſtam quam primum affueſcant degere vitam.
Aurea nimirum jamdudum evanuit ætas,
Cum vates patriarchæ extabant mille per annos:
Jam ſpes deperiit nobis vita altera, famæ,
Noſtraque marceſcit ſexagenaria laurus!
Aſpicimus nati patriæ diſpendia linguæ,
Et veſtris Chaucer, olim geſtanda Drydena eſt.
Sic ubi parturuit mens dives imagine multâ
Pictori, calamoque interprete cœpit acuti
Concilium cerebri narrare coloribus aptis,
Protinus ad nutum novus emicat orbis, et ipſa
Evolvit manui ſeſe natura diſertæ;
Dulcia cum molles cocunt in fœdera fuci
Tandem maturi, liquidamque decentèr obumbrant
Admiſtis lucem tenebris, et euntibus annis
Quando opus ad ſummum perductum eſt culmen, et audent
Et vivâ formæ extantes ſpirare tabellâ:
Perfidus heu! pulchram color ævo prodidit artem,
Egregiuſque decor jam nunc fuit omnis, et urbes,
Et fluvii, pictique homines, terræque fuerunt!
Heu! dos ingenii, veluti quodcunque furore
Cæco proſequimur, nihil unquam muneris adfert,
Quod redimat cómitem, invidiam! juvenilibus annis
Nil niſi inane ſophos jactamus, et eſta voluptas
Vana, brevis, momento evanuit alitis horæ!
Flos veluti veris peperit quem prima juventus,
Ille viret, periitque virens ſine falce caducus.
Quid verò ingenium eſt quæſo? Quid ut illius ergo
Tantum inſudemus! nonne eſt tibi perfida conjux
Quam dominus veſtis, vicinia tota potita eſt;
Quo placuiſſe magis nobis fors obtigit, inde
Nata magis cura eſt. Quid enim? creſcentibus almæ
Muſæ muneribus populi ſpes creſcit avari.
Laus ipſa acquiri eſt operoſa, et lubrica labi;
Quin quoſdam irritare neceſſe eſt: omnibus autem
Nequaquam feciſſe ſatis datur: ingeniumque
Expallet vitium, devitat conſcia virtus,
Stulti omnes oderê, ſceleſti perdere guadent.
Quando adeo infeſtam ſeſe ignorantia præſtet,
Abſit, ut ingenium bello doctrina laceſſat!
Præmia propoſuit meritis olim æqua vetuſtas,
Et ſua laûs etiam conatos magno ſecuta eſt;
Quanquam etenim fortis duχ ſolus ovabat, at ipſis
Militibus crines pulchræ impediere corollæ.
At tunc qui bifidi ſuperarunt improba montis
Culmina, certatim ſocios detrudere tentant;
Scriptorem, quid enim! dum quemque philantia ducit
Zeletypum, inſtaurant certamina mutua vates,
Et ſeſe alterni ſtultis ludibria præbent.
Fert ægrê alterius, qui peſſimus audit honores,
Improbus improbuli vice fungitur author amici;
En fædis quam fæda viis mortalia corda
Cogit perſequier famæ maleſuada libido!
Ah! ne gloriolæ uſque adeo ſitis impia regnet,
Nec critici affectans, hominis ſimul exue nomen:
Sed candor cum judicio conjuret amicè,
Peccare eſt hominum, peccanti ignoſcere, divûm.
At vero ſi cui ingenuo præcordia bilis
Non deſpumatæ ſatis acri fæce laborant,
In ſcelera accenſas pejora exerceat iras,
Nil dubitet, ſeget præbent hæc tempora largam.
Obſcæno detur nulla indulgentia vati,
Ars licet ingenio ſuperaddita cerea flecti
Pectora pelliciat. Verum, hercule, juncta ſtupori
Scripta impura pari vano molimine prorſus
Invalidam æquiparant eunuchi turpis amorem.
Tunc ubi regnavit dives cum pace voluptas
In noſtris flos iſte molus caput extulit oris.
Tunc ubi rex facilis viguit, qui ſemper amore.
Conſiliis rarò, nunquam ſe exercuit armis:
Scripſerunt mimos proceres, meretricibus aulæ
Succeſſit regimen; nec non magnatibus ipſis
Affuit ingenium, ſtipendiaque ingenioſis.
Patriciæ in ſcenis ſpectavit opuſcula muſæ
Multa nurus, laſciva tuens, atque auribus hauſit
Omnia larvato ſecura modeſtia vultu.
Machina, virginibus quæ ventilat ora, pudicum
Dedicit clauſa officium, ad ludicra cachinnus
Increpuit, rubor ingenuus nihil amplius arſit.
Deinde ex externo traducta licentia regno
Audacis fæces Socini abſorbuit imas,
Sacrilegique ſacerdotes tum quemque docebant
Conati efficere, ut gratìs paradiſon adiret:
Ut populus patriâ cum libertate ſacratis
Aſſererent ſua jura locis, ne ſcilicit unquam
(Crediderim) Omnipotens foret ipſe potentior æquo.
Templa ſacram ſatiram jam tum violata ſilebant:
Et laudes vitii, vitio mirante, ſonabant!
Accenſi hinc muſæ Titanes ad aſtra ruerunt,
Legeque ſancitum quaſſit blaſphemia prælum.—
Hæc monſtra, O critici, contra hæc convertite telum,
Huc fulmen, tonitruque ſtyli torquete ſeveri,
Et penitus totum obnixi exonerate furorem!
At tales fugias, qui, non ſine fraude ſeveri,
Scripta malam in partem, livore interprete, vertunt;
Pravis omnia prava videntur, ut omnia paſſim

Ictericus propriâ ferrugine tingit ocellus.
Jam mores critici proprios, adverte, docebo;
Dimidia etenim eſt tibi ſola ſcientia virtus.
Non ſatis eſt ars, ingenium, doctrinaque vires
Quæque ſuas jungant, ſi non quoque candor honeſtis,
Et veri ſincerus amor ſermonibus inſint.
Sic tibi non ſolum quilque amplos ſolvet honores,
Sed te, qui criticum probat, exoptabit amicum.
Mutus, quando animus dubius tibi fluctuat, eſto;
Sin tibi confidis, dictis confide prudenter.
Quidam hebetes ſemper perſtant erroribus; at tu
Præteritas lætus culpas fateare, dies que
Quiſque dies redimat, criticoque examine tentet.
Hoc tibi non ſatis eſt, verum, quod præcipis, eſſe,
Veridici mala ruſticitas magè ſæpe moleſta eſt
Auribus, ingenuam quam verba ferentia fraudem;
Non ut præceptor, cave des precepta, reique
Ignaros, tanquam immemores, catus inſtrue: verax
Ipſe placet, ſi non careat candore, nec ullos
Judicium, urbanis quod fulget moribus, urit.
Tu nulli invideas monitus, rationis avarus
Si ſis, præ reliquis ſordes miſerandus avaris.
Ne vili obſequio criticorum jura refigas,
Nec fer judicium nimis officioſus iniquum;
Prudentem haud irritabis (ne finge) monendo,
Qui laude eſt dignus patiens culpabitur idem.
Conſultum meliùs criticis foret, illa maneret
Si nunc culpandi libertas. Appius autem,
Ecce! rubet, quoties loqueris, torvoque tremendus
Intuitu, reddit ſævi trucia ora gigantis
Jam picta in veteri magè formidanda tapete.
Hæc mittas tumidum tituloque et ſtemmate ſtultum,
Cui quædam eſt data jure licentia ſæpe ſtupendi;
Tales et libitum vates abſque indole, eâdem.
Quâ ſine doctrinâ doctores lege creantur.
Contemptis prudens ſatiris res linque tacendas,
Aſſentatorumque in amen exerceat artem,
Nominibus libros magnis gens gnara dicandi;
Quæ cum mendaci laudes effutiat ore,
Non magnè credenda eſt, quam quando perjerat olim
Non iteram pingues unquam conſcribere verſus.
Non raro eſt ſatius bilem cohibere ſuêſcas,
Humanuſque ſinas habetem ſibi plaudere: prudens
Hic taceas moneo, nihil indignatio prodeſt,
Feſſus eris culpando, ea gens haud feſſa canendo:
Nam temnens ſtimulos, tandum cum murmure curſum
Continuat, donec jam tandem, turbinis inſtar
Vapulet in torporem, et ſemper eundo quieſcat.
Talibus ex lapſu vis eſt reparata frequenti,
Ut tardi titubata urgent veſtigia mani.
Horum pleraque pars, cui nulla amentia deſit,
Tinnitu numerorum et amore feneſcit inani,
Perſtat difficili carmen deducere venâ,
Donec inexhauſto reſtat fæx ulla cerebro,
Relliquias ſtillat vix expreſſæ malè mentis,
Et miſeram invalidâ exercet prurigine muſam.
Sunt nobis vates hoc de grege, ſed tamen idem
Aſſirmo, criticorum ejuſdem ſortis abunde eſt.
Helluo librorum, qui ſudat, hebetque legendo,
Cui mens nugarum doctâ farragine turget.
Attentas propriæ voci malè recreat aures,
Auditorque ſibi ſolus miſer ipſe videtur.
Ille omnes legit authores, omneſque laceſſit
Durſcio infeſtus pariter magnoque Drydeno.
Judice ſub tali ſemper ſuratur, cinitve
Quiſque ſuum bonus author opus: non Garthius (illi
Si credas) proprium contextuit ipſe poema.
In ſcenis nova ſi coœmdia agatur, " amicus
" Hujus ſcriptor (ait) meus eſt, cui non ego " paucas
" Oſtendi maculas; ſed mens eſt nulla poetis."
Non locus eſt tam ſanctus, ut hunc expellere poſſit,
Nec templum in tuto eſt, pluſquam via; quin pete ſacras
Auſugiens aras, et ad aras iſte ſequetur
Occidetque loquendo; etenim ſtultus ruet ultro
Nil metuens, ubi ferre pedem vix angelus audet.
Diſſidit ſibimet ſapientia canta, breveſque
Excurſus tentans in ſe ſua lumina vertet;
Stultitia at præceps violento vortice currit
Non unquam tremefacta, nec unquam è tramite cedens,
Flumine ſulmineo ſe totam invicta profundit.
Tu vero quiſnam es monita inſtillare peritus,
Qui, quod ſcis, lætus monſtras, neque ſcire ſuperbis,
Non odio ductus pravove favore, nec ulli
Addictus ſectæ, ut pecces, neque cœcus, ut erres;
Doctus, at urbanus, ſincerus, at aulicus idem,
Adactèrque pudens mediâque humanus in irâ.
Qui nunquam dubites vel amico oſtendere culpas,
Et celebres inimicum haud parcâ laude merentem.
Furgato ingenio felix, ſed et infinito,
Et quod librorumque hominumque ſcientia ditat;
Colloquium cui come, animus ſummiſſus et ingens,
Laudandique omnes, ratio cum præcipit, ardor!
Tales extiterunt critici, quos Græcia quondam
Romaque mirata eſt natos melioribus annis.
Primus Ariſtoteles eſt auſus ſolvere navem,
Atque datis velis vaſtum explorare profundum.
Tutus iit longèque ignotas attigit oras
Lumina Mæoniæ obſervans radiantia ſtellæ.
Jam vates, gens illu, diu quæ lege ſoluta eſt,
Et fævæ capta eſt malè libertatis amore,
Lætantes dominum accipiunt, atque omnis eodem
Qui domuit naturam, exultat preſide muſa.
Nuſquam non grata eſt incuria comis Horati,
Qui nec opinantes nos erudit abſque magiſtro.
Ille ſuas leges, affabilis inſtar amici
Quam veras ſimul et quam claro more profundit!
Ille licet tam judicio quam divite venâ
Maximus, audacem criticum, non ſcriptor inaudax
Præſtaret ſe jure, tamen ſedatus ibidem
Cenſor, ubi cecinit divino concitus æſtro,
Carminibuſque eadem inſpirat, quæ tradidit Arte.
Noſtrates homines planè in contraria currunt,
Turba, ſtylo vehemens critico, ſed frigida Phœbo:
Nec malè vertendo Flaccum torſere poetæ
Abſurdi, magè quam critici ſine mente citando.
Aſpice, ut expoliat numeros Dionyſius * ipſi
Mæonidæ veneresque acceſſat ubique recentes!
Conditam ingenio jactat Petronius artem,
Cui doctrina ſcholas redolet ſimul et ſapit aulam.

* Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus.

Cum docti Fabii cumulata volumina verſas,
Optima perſpicuâ in ſerie documenta videre eſt,
Haud ſecus utilia ac apothecis condimus arma,
Ordine perpetuo ſita junctûrâque decorâ,
Non modo ut obtineat quo ſeſe oblectet ocellus,
Verum etiam in promptu, quando venit uſus, habenda [mænæ,
Te ſolum omnigenæ inſpirant, Longine, Ca-
Et propriam penitus tibi mentem animumque dederunt;
En! tibi proprofiti criticum fideique tanecem,
Qui vehemus ſua jura, ſed omnibus æqua miniſtrat;
Quo probat exemplo, quas tradit acumine leges,
Semper ſublimi ſublimior argumento!
Succeſſere diù ſibi tales, pulſaque fugit
Barbara præſcriptas exoſa licentia leges,
Româ perpetuo creſcente ſcientia crevit,
Atque artes aquilarum equitâre audacibus alis;
Sed tandem ſuperata iiſdem victoribus uno
Roma triumphata eſt muſis comitantibus ævo.
Dira ſuperſtitio et comes eſt bacchata tyrannis,
Et ſimul illa animos, hæc corpora ſub juga miſit
Credita ab omnibus omnia ſunt, ſed cognita nullis,
Et ſtupor eſt auſus titulo pietatis abuti!
Obruto diluvio ſic eſt doctrina ſecundo,
Et Monachis finita Gothorum exorſa fuerunt.
At vero tandem memorabile nomen Eraſmus,
(Cuique ſacerdoti jactandus, cuiqui pudendus)
Barbariæ obnixus torrentia tempora vincit,
Atque Gothos propriis ſacros de finibus arcet.
At Leo jam rurſus viden' ourea ſecula condit,
Sertaque neglectis revireſcunt laurea muſis!
Antiquus Romæ Genius de pulvere ſacro
Attollit ſublime caput. Tunc cœpit amari
Sculotura atque artes ſociæ, cælataque rupes
Vivere, et in pulchras lapides molleſcere formas;
Divinam harmoniam ſurgentia templa ſonabant,
Atque ſtylo et calamo Raphael et Vida * vigebant;
Illuſtris vates! cui laurea ſerta poetæ
Intertexta hederis critici geminata refulgent;
Jamque æquat claram tibi, Mantua Vida Cremonam,
Utque loci, ſic ſemper erit vicinia famæ.
Mox autem profugæ metuentes improba muſæ
Arma, Italos fines linquunt, inque Arctica migrant
Littora; ſed criticam ſibi Gallia vendicat artem.
Gens ullas leges, docilis ſervire, capeſſit,
Boiloviuſque vices domini gerit acer Horatî.
At fortes ſpernunt præcepta exerna Britanni,
Moribus indomiti quoque; nam pro jure furendi
Angliacus pugnat genius, Romamque magiſtram,
Romanumque jugum ſemper contemnere pergit.
At vero jam tum non defuit unus et alter
Corde, licet tumefacta minûs, magis alta gerentes,
Ingenii partes veri ſtudioſa fovendi
Inque baſi antiquâ leges et jura locandi.
Talis, qui cecinit doctrinæ exemplar et author,

" Ars bene ſcribendi naturæ eſt ſumma po-
" teſtas †."
Talis Roſcommon—bonus et doctiſſimus idem,
Nobilis ingenio magè nobilitatus honeſto;
Qui Graios Latioſque authores novit ad unguem,
Dum veneres texit pudibunda induſtria privas.
Talus Walſhius ille fuit---judex et amicus
Muſarum, cenſuræ æquus laudiſque miniſter,
Mitis peccantûm cenſor, vehemenſque merentûm
Laudator, cerebrum ſine mendo, et cor ſine fuco!
Hæc ſaltem accipias, lacrymabilis umbra, licibet,
Hæc debet mea muſa tuæ munuſcula famæ.
Illa eadem, infantem cujus tu fingere vocem,
Tu monſtrare viam; horridulus conponere plumas
Tu ſæpe eſt ſolitus—duce jam miſeranda remoto
Illa breves humili excurſus molimine tentat,
Nec jam quid ſublime, quid ingens amplius audet.
Illi hoc jam ſatis eſt—ſi hinc turba indocta docetur,
Docta recognoſcit ſtudii veſtigia priſci:
Cenſuram haud curat, famam mediocritèr adet,
Culpare intrepida, at laudis tamen æqua miniſtra;
Haud ulli prudens aſſentaturve notetve;
Se demum mendis haud immunem eſſe fatetur,
At neque faſtidit limâ, quando indiget, uti.

STANZAS, IN A SONG TO DAVID.

.. .. ..

Sublime invention, ever young,
Of vaſt conception, tow'ring tongue
To God th' eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltation taught,
Unrivall'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner ſtrains ſupreme.

His muſe, bright angel of his verſe,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Bleſt light, ſtill gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michael of his gloom
Th' Abiſhag of his age.

He ſung of God, the mighty ſource
Of all things, the ſtupendous force
On which all ſtrength depends,
From whoſe right arm, beneath whoſe eyes
All period, power, and enterpriſe
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the cluſt'ring ſpheres he made,
The glorious light, the ſoothing ſhade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill,
The multitudinous abyſs
Where ſecrecy remains in bliſs,
And wiſdom hides her ſkill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah ſaid
To Moſes; while earth heard in dread,
And, ſmitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around
All nature, without voice or ſound
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

.. ..

* Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verſe. He flouriſhed in the time of Leo X.

† Eſſay on poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE, D.D

Containing

VISION OF FANCY,
GENIUS AND VALOUR,
THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND,
FABLES OF FLORA,
PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS,
VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY,
COUNTRY JUSTICE,
ORIGIN OF THE VEIL,
OWEN OF CARRON,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
SONNETS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

A muſe that lov'd in nature's walks to ſtray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way;
To nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amuſements of life's vacant ſpring.
The friends of *Pope* indulge her native lays,
And *Glouceſter* joins with *Lyttleton* to praiſe.
Each judge of art, her ſtrain, though artleſs, loves;
And *Shenſtone* ſmil'd, and poliſh'd *Hurd* approves.

VERSES TO THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF LANGHORNE.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Langhorne, the preſent writer is ſorry that the information he has obtained is ſo ſcanty, that he muſt give his life to the world much more briefly than his rank in literature and poetry deſerves.

John Langhorne was born at Kirkby-Stephen, on "the banks of the Eden," in Weſtmoreland, as appears from Burn's "Hiſtory of Weſtmoreland," Vol. I. p. 549, his *Ode to the River Eden*, and his *Stanzas to the Genius of Weſtmoreland*, in the *Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy*, Vol. I. let. 25. The year of his birth is not aſcertained. His father was the Rev. Joſeph Langhorne of Winſton; who, dying when he was young, left him and his brother William to the care of his mother, whoſe virtues he has commemorated in his *Monody* on her death, 1759.

Source of my life, that led my tender years
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.

The place of his education is unknown, nor does it appear from what ſeminary he obtained the academical honours by which he was diſtinguiſhed. His name is not to be found in the liſt of graduates either of Oxford or Cambridge.

From ſome circumſtances which may be collected from his poems, he ſeems to have reſided, between the years 1756 and 1758, near Studley, in Yorkſhire. His *Elegy written among the Ruins of Pontefract Caſtle*, is dated 1756, and his *Verſes left with the Miniſter of Ripendon*, are dated 1758.

The firſt notice we find of him as an author was in 1758, when ſeveral pieces of poetry, written by him, were inſerted in "The Grand Magazine," a periodical work, publiſhed by Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review," which continued only three years.

His firſt publication was *The Death of Adonis, a Paſtoral Elegy, from Bion*, 4to, 1759; which was followed in the ſame year, by *The Tears of Muſic, a Poem to the Memory of Mr. Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden*, 4to.

After entering into holy orders, he became tutor to the ſons of Robert Cracroft, Eſq. of Hackthorne, in Lincolnſhire; and publiſhed at Lincoln a volume of *Poems on Several Occaſions*, 4to, 1760, for the benefit of a gentleman. In the preface to this volume, he ſays, "If any one into whoſe hands this work may fall, ſhould be diſſatisfied with his purchaſe, let him remember that they are publiſhed for the relief of a gentleman in diſtreſs; and that he has not thrown away five ſhillings in the purchaſe of a worthleſs book, but contributed ſo much to the aſſiſtance of indigent merit. I had rather have my readers feel that pleaſure which ariſes from the ſenſe of having done one virtuous deed, than all they can enjoy from the works of poetry and wit." The ſame year he publiſhed a *Hymn to Howe*, 4to.

In 1760, he was at Clare-hall, Cambridge, and wrote a *poem* on the acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty, and the year following, an *Ode* on the royal nuptials, printed in the Cambridge collection of verſes, and afterwards in *Solyman and Almena*.

Soon after, he removed to London, engaged as a writer in the "Monthly Review," eſpouſed the intereſt of Lord Bute, and became a frequent and ſucceſsful publiſher of various performances in proſe and verſe.

In 1762, he publiſhed *The Viceroy*, a panegyrical poem, addreſſed to the Earl of Halifax, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which was followed, in the ſame year, by *Solyman and Almena*, 12mo, an eaſtern tale; *Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthuſiaſm*, 8vo; and *The Viſions of Fancy, in four Elegies*.

In 1763, he ſtood forth in defence of Scotland, ſo rudely attacked by Churchill, in his celebrated *Prophecy of Famine*, and publiſhed *Genius and Valour, a Paſtoral Poem, written in Honour of a*

Sister-Kingdom, 4to. This poem is "inscribed to the Earl of Bute, as a testimony of respect from an impartial Englishman."

The same year he published *The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, in several Letters to and from Select Friends*, 2 vols, 12mo; *The Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, after she had taken the veil, now first published from the Original Manuscripts*, with a dedication to Warburton, 12mo; and *The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle I. to General Crawfurd, written at Belvidere*, near Dartford in Kent, 4to. The second edition of the *Effusions*, was published in 1766, with alterations and additions.

His connection with the "Monthly Review," and the desire he had shown of discountenancing the prejudices of the times, and of testifying his respect for the character of Lord Bute, in his *Genius and Valour*, exposed him, with Dr. Francis and Mr. Murphy, to the censure of Churchill, in the following lines of "The Candidate."

> Why may not *Langhorne*, simple in his lay,
> *Effusion* on *Effusion* pour away;
> With *Friendship* and with *Fancy* trifle here,
> Or sleep in *Pastoral* at *Belvidere*?
> Sleep let them all with dulness on her throne,
> Secure from any malice but their own.

In 1764, he published *Sermons*, 2 vols, 12mo.

Having dedicated the *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia* to Warburton, he became known to that eminent prelate, by whose interest, it may be presumed, he was, in December 1765, appointed assistant preacher at Lincoln's-Inn.

The same year, he published *The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia, from their first acquaintance, to the Departure of Theodosius*, 12mo, with a poetical dedication to Coleman; *The Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author, and Observations on his Genius and Writings*, 12mo; *Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*, 8vo; *The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle II. to William Langhorne, M. A.* 4to.

His brother, to whom he inscribed this *Epistle*, was himself a poet, and published "Job, a Poem," 4to, 1760, and "A poetical Paraphrase on some part of Isaiah," 4to, 1761. The habitudes of early affection seem to have been improved, by a similarity of taste and pursuits, into a friendship of uncommon ardour and sincerity.

> ——————— thou partner of my life and name,
> From one dear source, whom nature form'd the same,
> Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
> And more the friend than brother of my heart!

In 1766, he published his *Poetical Works*, in 2 vols, 12mo, with a poetical dedication to the Hon. Charles Yorke. This collection, included the pieces formerly printed separately, and *The Fatal Prophecy, a Dramatic Poem*, in five acts, written in 1765.

The same year, among other successful writers, he fell under the censure of Kelly, on account of some criticisms imputed to him in the "Monthly Review," in the following harsh and illiberal invective in his "Thespis, or Examination into the Merits of the Principal Performers at Drury-Lane." 4to

> Triumphant dunce, illustrious *Langhorne*, rise,
> And while whole worlds detest thee and despise,
> With rage uncommon, cruelly deny
> Thy hapless muse, ev'n privilege to die;
> While *Theodosius* basely torn from night,
> Reeks, festers, stinks, and putrifies to sight,
> And mad *Constantia* damns thy recreant name,
> To drive with Flecknoe down the sink of fame.
> Say, with what charm, what magic art thou blest,
> That grief or shame ne'er rankle in thy breast;
> That ev'n mere instinct never points a way
> To fly from man, and refuge from the day?
> Ne'er kindly tells thee of some pitying grave,
> To snatch the blockhead, and to hide the slave?—
> Oh! that like *Langhorne*, with a blushless face,
> I bore the stroke of merited disgrace;

Like him, with ſome fine apathy of ſoul,
I ſtood the thunder in its mightieſt roll,
Smil'd when the bolt indignantly was hurl'd,
Or gap'd unconſcious on a ſcorning world!
Then could I view, with temper in my look,
The juſt damnation of a favourite book;
Could ſee my labours, with unaching eye,
Form the grand outwork of a giblet-pye,
Pil'd in nice order for the ſuburb ſtalls,
Or ſent in carts to *Clement's* at St. Paul's.
Then the ſharp cenſure, or the biting jeer,
Had fall'n all-blunted on my nerveleſs ear;
And leagu'd perhaps with —— I might ſtand,
To ſave or damn at random through the land;
To blaſt each work of excellence e'er known,
And write eternal praiſes of my own.

About this time, he obtained or purchaſed the valuable Rectory of Blagdon in Somerſetſhire, and was appointed a Prebendary of Wells. He was alſo in the Commiſſion of the Peace for the county of Somerſet, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an active and uſeful magiſtrate.

On the 15th of January 1767, he married Miſs Cracroft, ſiſter of his former pupils; but his proſpects of happineſs from his union with this lady were ſoon clouded by her death, in childbed of a daughter.

This mournful event occaſioned his pathetic *Verſes to the Memory of a Lady; written at Sandgate Caſtle*, 1768, 4to. The death of his beloved wife was alſo lamented by two of his friends; Mr Cartwright, in a poem called "Conſtantia," and Mr. Abraham Portal, in ſome elegiac verſes printed in his works.

In the ſame month that proved fatal to this amiable perſon, died alſo in childbed the firſt wife of Scott, the poet of Amwell, who ſolaced his ſorrow, by compoſing an "Elegy" to the memory of one who had been dear to him; a copy of which he ſent to Langhorne. This ſimilarity of circumſtance and congenial affliction gave riſe to a friendſhip between theſe two poets, which, though they rarely correſponded, and more rarely met, continued without abatement till the death of Langhorne.

The ſame year, Shaw publiſhed his celebrated "Monody" on the death of his wife; which occaſioning ſome ſevere lines in a newſpaper, which were imputed to Langhorne, they produced a paper war between the two poets, which was conducted very liberally on either ſide.

In 1768, he publiſhed *Precepts of Conjugal Happineſs*; a poem addreſſed to his ſiſter-in-law, on her marriage, 4to.

About this time, he added the title of Doctor of Divinity to his name, which he probably obtained from the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

In 1769, he publiſhed *Frederick and Pharamond, or the Conſolations of Human Life*, 12mo; and *Letters ſuppoſed to have paſſed between M. de St. Evremond and Mr. Waller*, 2 vols, 12mo.

The year following, he publiſhed, in conjunction with his brother, *Plutarch's Lives, tranſlated from the Original Greek, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a New Life of Plutarch*, in 6 vols, 8vo.

In 1771, he publiſhed *The Fables of Flora*, 4to; and having intermitted his intercourſe with the preſs for one year, he publiſhed, in 1773, *The Origin of the Veil, a poem*, 4to; and *A Diſſertation, Hiſtorical and Political, on the Ancient Republics of Italy, from the Italian of Carlo Denina, with Original Notes and Obſervations*, 8vo.

In the ſummer 1773, he reſided for a few months at Weſton-Supra-Mare in Somerſetſhire, for the benefit of the ſea-air. At the ſame time, and for the ſame reaſon, the amiable and ingenious Miſs Hannah More reſided at Uphill, a mile from Weſton. Meeting one day upon the ſea-ſhore, Langhorne wrote with the end of his ſtick upon the ſand,

Along the ſhore
Walk'd Hannah More;
Waves, let this record laſt;
Sooner ſhall ye,
Proud earth and ſea,
Than what *ſhe* writes be paſt.

Miſs More ſcratched underneath with her whip,

Some firmer baſis, poliſh'd Langhorne, chooſe,
To write the dictates of thy charming muſe;
Her ſtrains in ſolid characters rehearſe,
And be thy tablet laſting as thy verſe.

Langhorne praiſed her wit, and copied the lines, which he preſented to her at a houſe near the ſea where they adjourned, and ſhe afterwards wrote under as follows:

Langhorne, whoſe ſweetly-varying muſe has power
To raiſe the penſive, crown the ſocial hour;
Whoſe very trifling has the charm to pleaſe,
With nature, wit, and unaffected eaſe;
How ſoon, obedient to thy forming hand,
The letters grew upon the flexile ſand.
Should ſome loſt traveller the ſcene explore,
And trace thy verſes on the dreary ſhore,
What ſudden joy would feaſt his eager eyes,
How from his eyes would burſt the glad ſurpriſe!
Methinks I hear, or ſeem to hear, him ſay,
This letter'd ſhore has ſmooth'd my toilſome way;
Hannah (he adds) though honeſt truths may pain,
Yet here I ſee an emblem of the twain,
As theſe frail characters with eaſe impreſt
Upon the yielding ſand's ſoft watery breaſt,
Which, when ſome few ſhort hours they ſhall have ſtood,
Shall ſoon be ſwept by yon impetuous flood.
Preſumptuous maid! ſo ſhall expire thy name,
Thou wretched feeble candidate for fame!
But Langhorne's fate in yon firm rock [Brean Down] I read,
Which rears above the cloud its towering head;
Long as that rock ſhall rear its head on high,
And lift its bold front to the azure ſky;
Long as theſe adamantine hills ſurvive,
So long, harmonious Langhorne! ſhalt thou live;
While envy's waves ſhall laſh and vainly roar,
And only fix thy ſolid baſe the more.

In 1774, he publiſhed *The Country Juſtice, a Poem, Part I.*; "written profeſſedly at the requeſt of his friend, countryman, and brother-juſtice, Dr. Burn, to whom it is addreſſed. "The diſtinction you have acquired on the ſubject," ſays the dedication, "and true taſte for the arts, gives that addreſs every kind of propriety."

It was followed, in 1775, by the *Second Part of the Country Juſtice*, 4to, which he dedicated, in ſome elegant introductory ſtanzas, to his pupil and brother-in-law, Robert Wilſon Cracroft, Eſq.

The year following, he publiſhed *The Proper Happineſs of Eccleſiaſtic Life, in a Public and Private Sphere; A Sermon preached before the Biſhop of Bath and Wells, at his Primary Viſitation at Axbridge, July* 4. 1776, 4to; and *The Love of Mankind the Fundamental Principle of the Chriſtian Religion; A Sermon preached before the Gentlemen Natives of the County of Somerſet, at their Annual Meeting, in the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, Briſtol, September* 16. 1776, 4to.

The ſame year, he publiſhed *Milton's Italian Poems tranſlated, and addreſſed to a Gentleman of Italy*, 4to; which was followed by *The Country Juſtice, Part III.* 4to, 1777; *and Owen of Carron, a Poem*, 4to, 1778, which was the laſt publication he gave to the world.

From this time, finding his health gradually declining, he no longer ſtrained his faculties with any literary compoſition. After a lingering illneſs, he died at Blagdon-Houſe, April 1. 1779. He married a ſecond time; but it is apprehended he left no iſſue by his ſecond marriage. After his death, an "Elegy to his Memory" was publiſhed by Mr. Portal; who mentions, that he left the care of his daughter, by his firſt marriage, to Mrs. Gillman, a lady whom he has frequently celebrated in his poems.

His *Poetical Works*, reprinted from the edition in 2 vols, 1766, with *The Precepts of Conjugal Happineſs, Verſes to the Memory of a Lady, Fables of Flora*, and *Owen of Carron*, &c. were collected into the edition of "The Engliſh Poets," 1790. His poems, originally printed in *The Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy, Theodoſius and Conſtantia*, and *Solyman and Almena*, are now, for the firſt time, collected into an edition of his works.

Long-winding vales, where cryſtal waters lave,
Where blithe birds warble, and where green-
woods wave,
A bright-hair'd ſhepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
Tun'd his ſweet pipe behind the yellow broom.
Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.
Light o'er his limbs a careleſs robe he flung;
Health rais'd his heart, and ſtrength his firm
nerves ſtrung.
His native plains poetic charms inſpir'd,
Wild ſcenes, where ancient fancy oft retir'd!
Oft led her fairies to the ſhepherd's lay,
By Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.
Nor only his thoſe images that rife
Fair to the glance of fancy's plaſtic eyes;
His country's love his patriot ſoul poſſeſs'd,
His country's honour fir'd his filial breaſt.
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
Her valour witneſs'd by the world of old,
Witneſs'd once more by recent heaps of ſlain
On Canada's wild hills, and Minden's plain,
To ſounds ſublimer wak'd his paſtoral reed——
Peace, mountain-echoes! while the ſtrains pro-
ceed.

Amyntor.

No more of Tiviot, nor the flowery braes,
Where the blithe ſhepherd tunes his lightſome
lays;
No more of Leader's fairy-haunted ſhore,
Of Athol's lawns, and Gledſwood-banks no more.
Unheeded ſmile my country's native charms,
Loſt in the glory of her arts and arms.
Theſe, ſhepherds, theſe demand ſublimer ſtrains
Than Clyde's clear fountains, or than Athol's
plains.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Shepherd, to thee ſublimer lays belong,
The force divine of ſoul-commanding ſong.
Theſe humble reeds have little learnt to play,
Save the light airs that cheer the paſtoral day.
Of the clear fountain and the fruitful plain
We ſing, as fancy guides the ſimple ſtrain.
If then thy country's ſacred fame demand
The high-ton'd muſic of a happier hand——
Shepherd, to thee ſublimer lays belong,
The force divine of ſoul-commanding ſong.

Amyntor.

In ſpite of faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,
Of various fortune and deſtructive age,
Fair Scotland's honours yet unchang'd are ſeen,
Her palms ſtill blooming, and her laurels green.
Freed from the confines of her Gothic grave,
When her firſt light reviving ſcience gave,
Alike o'er Britain ſhone the liberal ray,
From * Enſwith's mountains to the banks of Tay.
For James † the muſes tun'd their ſportive lays,
And bound the monarch's [illegible] with Chaucer's
bays.
Arch humour ſmil'd to hear his mimic ſtrain,
And plauſive laughter thrill'd through every vein.
When taſte and genius form the royal mind,
The favour'd arts a happier era find.

By James belov'd, the muſes tun'd their lyres
To nobler ſtrains, and breath'd diviner fires.
But the dark mantle of involving time
Has veil'd their beauties, and obſcur'd their rhyme.
Yet ſtill ſome pleaſing monuments remain,
Some marks of genius in each later reign.
In nervous ſtrains Dunbar's bold muſic flows,
And time yet ſpares the Thiſtle and the Roſe *.
O! while his courſe the hoary warrior ſteers
Through the long range of life-diſſolving years,
Through all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, envy, faction, jealouſy, and rage,
Ne'er may his ſcythe theſe ſacred plants divide,
Theſe plants by Heaven in native union tied!
Still may the flower its ſocial ſweets diſcloſe,
The hardy thiſtle ſtill defend the roſe.
Hail happy days! appeas'd by Margaret's
charms,
When rival valour ſheath'd his fatal arms.
When kindred realms unnatural war ſuppreſt,
Nor aim'd their arrows at a ſiſter's breaſt.
Kind to the muſe is quiet's genial day;
Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.
With bold Dunbar aroſe a numerous choir
Of rival bards, that ſtrung the Dorian lyre,
In gentle Henryſon's † unlabour'd ſtrain
Sweet Arethuſa's ſhepherd breath'd again:
Nor ſhall your tuneful viſions be forgot,
Sage Bellentyne ‡ and fancy-painting Scott ‖.
But, O my country! how ſhall memory trace
Thy bleeding anguiſh, and thy dire diſgrace?
Weep o'er the ruins of thy blaſted bays,
Thy glories loſt in either Charles's days?
When through thy fields deſtructive rapine ſpread,
Nor ſparing infants tears, nor hoary head.
In thoſe dread days the unprotected ſwain
Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his waſted plain.
Nor longer vocal with the ſhepherd's lay
Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Amyntor, ceaſe! the painful ſcene forbear,
Nor the fond breaſt of filial duty tear.
Yet in our eyes our fathers ſorrows flow,
Yet in our boſoms lives their laſting woe.
At eve, returning from their ſcanty fold,
When the long ſufferings of their ſires they told,
Oft have we ſigh'd the piteous tale to hear,
And infant wonder dropt the mimic tear.

Amyntor.

Shepherds, no longer need your ſorrows flow,
Nor pious duty cheriſh endleſs woe.
Yet ſhould remembrance, led by filial love,
Through the dark vale of old affliction's rove,

---

* *A chain of mountains near Folkſtone in Kent.*

† *James the Firſt, King of Scotland, author of the famous old ſong, intituled, "Chriſt's Kirk on the Green."*

* *A poem ſo called, written in honour of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage to James IV. King of Scots. By Mr. William Dunbar.*

† *Mr. Robert Henryſon, an ingenious paſtoral poet.*

‡ *Mr. John Bellentyne, Archdeacon of Murray, author of a beautiful allegorical poem, intituled, Virtue and Vice.*

‖ *Mr. Archibald Scott, in the year 1524, tranſlated the Viſion, a poem, ſaid to have been written in the year 1360. He was author of the Eagle and the Redbreaſt alſo, and ſeveral other pieces written with uncommon elegance for their day.*

The mournful ſhades of ſorrows paſt explore,
And think of miſeries that are no more;
Let thoſe ſad ſcenes that aſk the duteous tear,
The kind return of happier days endear.

Hail, Anna, hail! O may each muſe divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy ſhrine!
Grav'd on thy tomb this ſacred verſe remain,
This verſe, more ſweet than conqueſt's ſounding ſtrain.

" She bade the rage of hoſtile nations ceaſe,
" The glorious arbitreſs of Europe's peace."
She, through whoſe boſom roll'd the vital tide
Of Britain's monarchs in one ſtream allied,
Cloſ'd the long jealouſies of different ſway,
And law united ſiſter-realms obey.

Auſpicious days! when tyranny no more
Rais'd his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore.
When, long an exile from his native plain,
Safe to his fold return'd the weary ſwain;
Return'd, and, many a painful ſummer paſt,
Beheld the green bench by his door at laſt.

Auſpicious days! when Scots, no more oppreſt,
On their free mountains har'd the fearleſs breaſt.
With pleaſure ſaw their flocks unbounded feed,
And tun'd to ſtrains of ancient joy the reed.

Then, ſhepherds, did your wondering fires behold
A form divine, whoſe veſture flam'd with gold.
His radiant eyes a ſtarry luſtre ſhed,
And ſolar glories beam'd around his head.
Like that ſtrange power by fabling poets feign'd,
From eaſt to weſt his mighty arms he ſtrain'd.
A rooted olive in one hand he bore,
In one a globe, inſcrib'd with ſea and ſhore.
From Thames's banks to Tweed, to Tay he came,
Wealth in his rear, and Commerce was his name.

Glad induſtry the glorious ſtranger hails,
Rears the tall maſts, and ſpreads the ſwelling ſails;
Regions remote with active hope explores
Wild Zembla's hills, and Afric's burning ſhores.

But chief, Columbus, of thy various coaſt,
Child of the union, commerce boaſts his boaſt.
To ſeek thy new-found worlds, the vent'rous ſwain,
His laſs forſaking, left the lowland plain.
Aſide his crook, his idle pipe he threw,
And bade to muſic and to love adieu.

Hence, Glaſgow fair, thy wealth-diffuſing hand,
Thy groves of veſſels, and thy crowded ſtrand.
Hence, round his folds the moorland ſhepherd ſpies
New ſocial towns and happy hamlets riſe.

But me not ſplendour, nor the hopes of gain,
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.
Shall I, poſſeſs'd of all that life requires,
With tutor'd hopes, and limited deſires,
Change theſe ſweet fields, theſe native ſcenes of eaſe,
For climes uncertain, and uncertain ſeas?

Nor yet, fair commerce, do I thee diſdain,
Though guilt, and death, and riot, ſwell thy train.
Cheer'd by the influence of thy gladdening ray,
The liberal arts ſublimer works eſſay.
Genius for thee relumes his ſacred fires,
And ſcience nearer to her heaven aſpires.

The ſanguine eye of tyranny long cloſ'd,
By commerce foſter'd, and in peace repoſ'd.
No more her miſeries when my country mourn'd,
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.
Soon wandering fearleſs many a muſe was ſeen
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.
Soon, to the warblings of the paſtoral reed,
Started ſweet echo from the ſhores of Tweed.

O favour'd ſtream! where thy fair current flows,
The child of nature, gentle Thomſon roſe.
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery ſide,
With ſimple joy to ſee thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all their native charms array'd,
From climes remote the ſiſter Seaſons ſtray'd.

Long each in beauty beaſted to excel,
(For jealouſies in ſilver-boſoms dwell)
But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like heaven's fair rivals in the groves of Troy,
Yield to an humble ſwain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

Her naked charms, like Venus, to diſcloſe,
Spring from her boſom threw the ſhadowing roſe;
Far'd the pure ſnow that feeds the lover's fire,
The breaſt that thrills with exquiſite deſire;
Aſſum'd the tender ſmile, the melting eye,
The breath *favonian*, and the yielding ſigh.
One beauteous hand a wilding's bloſſom grac'd,
And one fell careleſs o'er her zoneleſs waiſt.

Majeſtic ſummer, in gay pride adorn'd,
Her rival ſiſter's ſimple beauty ſcorn'd.
With purple wreaths her lofty brows were bound,
With glowing flowers her riſing boſom crown'd.
In her gay zone, by artful fancy fram'd,
The bright roſe bluſh'd, the full carnation flam'd.
Her cheeks the glow of ſplendid clouds diſplay,
And her eyes flaſh inſufferable day.

With milder air the gentle Autumn came,
But ſeem'd to languiſh at her ſiſter's flame.
Yet, conſcious of her boundleſs wealth, ſhe bore
On high the emblems of her golden ſtore.
Yet could ſhe boaſt the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal ſmile, benevolent and bland.
Nor might ſhe fear in beauty to excel,
From whoſe fair head ſuch golden treſſes fell;
Nor might ſhe envy ſummer's flowery zone,
In whoſe ſweet eye the ſtar of evening ſhone.

Next the Pale Power, that blots the golden ſky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her ſtormy eye; [ground.
" Behold," ſhe cried, with voice that ſhook the
(The bard, the ſiſters trembled at the ſound)
" Ye weak admirers of a grape, or roſe,
" Behold my wild magnificence of ſnows!
" See my keen froſt her glaſſy boſom bare!
" Mock the faint ſun, and bind the fluid air!
" Nature to you may lend a painted hour,
" With you may ſport, when I ſuſpend my power.
" But you and nature, who that power obey,
" Shall own my beauty, or ſhall dread my ſway."
She ſpoke: the bard, whoſe gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to ſave,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praiſe.

Mute hes his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,
And truth and genius weep at Thomſon's tomb.
Yet ſtill the muſe's living ſounds pervade
Her ancient ſcenes of Caledonian ſhade.
Still nature flens to the tuneful lay,
On Kilda's mountain's and in Endermay.
Th' ethereal bri.liance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that ſtrikes the ſounding lyre;

Strains that on fancys's ſtrongeſt pinion riſe.
Conceptions vaſt, and thoughts that graſp the ſkies,
To the rapt youth that mus'd on * Shakſpeare's grave,
To Ogilvie the muſe of Pindar gave.'
† Time, as he ſung, a moment ceas'd to fly,
And lazy ‡ ſleep unfolded half his eye.
O wake, ſweet bard, the Theban lyre again;
With ancient valour ſwell the ſounding ſtrain.
Hail the high trophies by thy country won,
The wreaths that flouriſh for each valiant ſon.
While Hardyknute frowns red with Norway's gore,
Paint her pale matrons weeping on the ſhore.
Hark! the green clarion pouring floods of breath
Voluminouſly loud: high ſcorn of death
Each gallant ſpirit elates! ſee Rothſay's thane
With arm of mountain oak his firm bow ſtrain!
Hark! the ſtring twangs—the whizzing arrow flies;
The fierce Norſe falls—indignant falls—and dies.
O'er the dear urn, where glorious § Wallace ſleeps,
True valour bleeds, and patriot virtue weeps.
Son of the lyre, what high ennobling ſtrain,
What meed from thee ſhall generous Wallace gain?
Who greatly ſcorning an uſurper's pride,
Bar'd his brave breaſt for liberty, and died.
Boaſt, Scotland, boaſt thy ſons of mighty name,
Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame.
Souls that to death their country's foes oppos'd,
And life in freedom, glorious freedom clos'd.
Where, yet bewail'd, Argyll's ‖ warm aſhes lie,
Let muſic breathe her moſt perſuaſive ſigh.
To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,
Wiſe, generous, honeſt, eloquent and brave.
Genius and valour for Argyll ſhall mourn,
And his own laurels flouriſh round his urn.
O, may they bloom beneath a fav'ring ſky,
And in their ſhade reproach and envy die!

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES, 1762.

La raiſon ſçait que c'eſt un Songe,
Mais elle en faiſit les douceurs:
Elle a beſoin de ces fantomes,
Preſque tous les plaiſirs des hommes
Ne ſont que de douces erreurs. GRESSET.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have you borne thoſe hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once beſtrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove
Where winds the ſlow wave through the flowery plain,
To theſe fond arms you led the tyrant, love,
With fear, and hope, and folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careleſs diſtance, hung
Light on ſome pale branch of the oſier ſhade,
To lays of amorous blandiſhment you ſtrung,
And o'er my ſleep the lulling muſic play'd.

" Reſt, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
" Slides to thine ear this ſoftly breathing ſtrain;
" Sounds that move ſmoother than the ſteps of eaſe,
" And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

" In this fair vale eternal ſpring ſhall ſmile,
" And time unenvious crown each roſeate hour;
" Eternal joy ſhall every care beguile, [flower.
" Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every

" This ſilver ſtream, that down its cryſtal way,
" Frequent has led thy muſing ſteps along,
" Shall ſtill the ſame, in ſunny mazes play,
" And with its murmurs melodize thy ſong.

" Unfading green ſhall theſe fair groves adorn;
" Thoſe living meads immortal flowers unfold;
" In roſy ſmiles ſhall riſe each bluſhing morn,
" And every evening cloſe in clouds of gold.

" The tender loves that watch thy ſlumbering reſt,
" And round the flowers and balmy myrtles ſtrew, [breaſt,
" Shall charm, through all approaching life, thy
" With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

" The genial power that ſpeeds the golden dart,
" Each charm of tender paſſion ſhall inſpire;
" With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
" And feed the flame of ever-young deſire.

" Come, gentle loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
" The ſmiling bower with cluſter'd roſes ſpread;
" Come, gentle airs! with incenſe-dropping wing
" The breathing ſweets of vernal odour ſhed.

" Hark, as the ſtrains of ſwelling muſic riſe,
" How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
" Auſpicious glories beam along the ſkies,
" And powers unſeen the happy moments hail!

" Eceſtatic hours! ſo every diſtant day
" Like this ſerene on downy wings ſhall move;
" Riſe crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
" The faithful joys of fancy and of love."

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, thoſe ſoothing lays he ſung?
Children of fancy! Yes, your ſong was vain;
On each ſoft air though rapt attention hung,
And ſilence liſten'd on the ſleeping plain.

The ſtrains yet vibrate on my raviſh'd ear,
And ſtill to ſmile the mimic beauties ſeem,
Though now the viſionary ſcenes appear,
Like the faint traces of a vaniſh'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
Of all that youth, and love, and fancy frame,

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* *See Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakſpeare.*
† *Ode to Time. Ibid.*
‡ *Ode to Sleep. Ibid.*
§ *William Wallace, who after bravely defending his country againſt the arms of Edward I. was executed as a rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.*
‖ *Archibald, the third Duke of Argyll, died April 15. 1761.*

When painful anguiſh ſpeeds the piercing dart,
Or envy blaſts the blooming flowers of fame.

Nurſe of wild wiſhes, and of fond deſires,
The propheteſs of fortune, falſe and vain,
To ſcenes where peace in ruin's arms expires
Fallacious hope deludes her hapleſs train.

Go, fyren, go,——thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the ſhore;
Yet on the rock my drooping garments lie;
And let me periſh, if I truſt thee more.

Come, gentle quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy moſſy cell;
There unregarded in the peaceful ſhade,
With calm repoſe and ſilence let me dwell.

Come happier hours of ſweet unanxious reſt,
When all the ſtruggling paſſions ſhould ſubſide;
When peace ſhall claſp me to her plumy breaſt,
And ſmooth my ſilent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddeſs of the thoughtleſs eye,
Whom never cares or paſſions diſcompoſe,
O bleſt inſenſibility be nigh,
And with thy ſoothing hand my weary eyelids cloſe.

Then ſhall the cares of love and glory ceaſe,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardleſs in the arms of peace,
If theſe extol, or thoſe debaſe a name.

In Lyttelton though all the muſes praiſe,
His generous praiſe ſhall then delight no more,
Nor the ſweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the boſom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though malice, with inſidious guiſe
Of friendſhip, ope the unſuſpecting breaſt;
Nor then, though envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall theſe deprive me of a moment's reſt.

O ſtate to be deſir'd! when hoſtile rage
Prevails in human more than ſavage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark deſign invades the cheerful hour;
And draws the heart with ſocial freedom warm,
Its cares, its wiſhes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling inſidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings ſtill ſevere,
Yet not one foible in himſelf can find;
Another's faults to folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en wiſdom's ſelf is blind.

O let me ſtill, from theſe low follies free,
This ſordid malice, and inglorious ſtrife,
Myſelf the ſubject of my cenſure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, philoſophy, ſtill let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanneſs ſave;
Bring peace, bring quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

Bright o'er the green hills roſe the morning ray,
The wood-lark's ſong refounded on the plain;
Fair nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And ſmil'd through all her animated reign.

When young delight, of hope and fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain deſign'd.

" O born to thoughts, to pleaſures more ſublime
" Than beings of inferior nature prove!
" To triumph in the golden hours of time,
" And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

" High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
" In orient light this native landſcape ſmiles;
" For him ſweet hope diſarms the hand of care,
" Exalts his pleaſures, and his grief beguiles.

" Blows not a bloſſom on the breaſt of ſpring,
" Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
" Trills not a ſongſter of the ſoaring wing,
" But fragrance, health and melody ſucceed.

" O let me ſtill with ſimple nature live,
" My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
" Enjoy the bleſſings that ſhe meant to give,
" And calmly waſte my inoffenſive day!

" No titled name, no envy-teaſing dome,
" No glittering wealth my tutor'd wiſhes crave;
" So health and peace be near my humble home,
" A cool ſtream murmur, and a green tree wave.

" So may the ſweet Euterpe not diſdain
" At Eve's chaſte hour her ſilver lyre to bring;
" The muſe of pity wake her ſoothing ſtrain,
" And tune to ſympathy the trembling ſtring.

" Thus glide the penſive moments, o'er the vale
" While floating ſhades of duſky night deſcend:
" Nor left untold the lover's tender tale,
" Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

" To love and friendſhip flow the ſocial bowl!
" To Attic wit and elegance of mind;
" To all the native beauties of the ſoul,
" The ſimple charms of truth, and ſenſe refin'd!

" Then to explore whatever ancient ſage
" Studious from nature's early volume drew,
" To chaſe ſweet fiction through her golden age,
" And mark how fair the ſun flower, ſcience, blew!

" Haply to catch ſome ſpark of eaſtern fire,
" Heſperian fancy, or Aonian eaſe;
" Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
" Some ſtrain that love and Phœbus taught to pleaſe.

" When waves the gray light o'er the mountain's head,
" Then let me meet the morn's firſt beauteous ray;
" Carelefsly wander from my ſylvan ſhed,
" And catch the ſweet breath of the riſing day.

" Nor ſeldom, loit'ring as I muſe along,
" Mark from what flower the breeze its ſweetneſs bore;
" Or liſten to the labour-ſoothing ſong
" Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

" Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
" The green height gain'd, in muſeful rapture lie,
" Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
" Or look to nature with a lover's eye.

lutary and excellent *appointment and its purposes*. The description of *Ancient Justice Hall* succeeds, in which there are some exquisite strokes of humour and pleasantry. The moral character of a country justice, such as that of every magistrate ought to be, is admirably drawn. The *general motives for lenity* in the exercise of the justice's office, are enforced with much energy and benevolence. In his *apology for vagrants*, he pleads the probable misery of the *widow'd parent* who might have born one of those wretches, in the richest vein of fancy and pathos.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

His declaration against that pernicious species of vagrants known by the name of *gypsies*, will be read with peculiar pleasure.

The subject of the *Second Part* is the *protection of the poor*, in which he points out, with great energy, and well-placed satire, the evils that result from a deserted country and an overgrown metropolis. It is introduced by a *dedication*, which is equally moral and poetical. In the *Third Part*, he treats on *depredation*, *prisons*, and *filiation*, with the same pathetic elegance, benevolence, and well-placed satire. The *prose titles* to the several divisions of the poem, which break the thread of the subject, and interrupt the reader, rather unpleasingly, are omitted in the present edition.

His *Owen of Carron* is a pathetic tale, told with simplicity and elegance. The scene is laid in Scotland, in the reign of William the Lyon. The characters are interesting, and the events distressing. *Lady Ellen*, a Highland beauty, daughter of the *Earl of Moray*, after being unsuccessfully addressed by many suitors, meets with one who succeeds, but whose success proves fatal to herself. *Ellen* is casually met by the *Earl of Nithisdale*, who becomes enamoured of, and connected with her. This intercourse is observed by *Earl Barnard*, a rejected and jealous suitor, who provides a band of ruffians to assassinate his rival. *Ellen*, unconscious of her lover's fate, goes to meet him at the accustomed bower, and finds him dead.

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Nithisdale!
She said, and silent sunk away!

She is found by a friendly shepherd, who conveys her to his cottage, where she returns to life, but not to reason. Her situation at this juncture is finely described.

O, hide me in thy humble bower,
(Returning late to life, she said),
I'll bind thy crook with many a flower,
With many a rosy wreath thy head, &c.

Ellen, after recovering from her insanity, and residing some years with the shepherd, is espoused to *Lord Barnard*, the unsuspected murderer of her husband.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale, &c.

From this event, it can scarce be supposed that *Ellen* deserves much happiness. She had confided to the care of the shepherd a young Nithisdale, the *Owen of Carron*, who gives name to the poem. *Owen*, when arrived at years of understanding, adverting to some circumstances which he thinks inconsistent with his supposed birth and present situation, indulges a very natural anxiety.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?—
If I am but a shepherd's boy, &c.

The shepherdess, his foster-mother, previous to her death, reveals the secret, and *Owen* resolves to attempt an interview with his real mother, in the *halls of Lothian*. His resolution produces a dreadful catastrophe.

'Tis o'er—these locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air—

The trembling victim ſtraight he led,
Ere yet her ſoul's firſt fear was o'er,
He pointed to the ghaſtly head—
She ſaw—and ſunk to riſe to more.

The ſtory, which reminds us of "Gil Morrice," is ſkilfully told, and diſtinguiſhed by rich imagery, and flowing verſification; but the illicit commerce of *Nitlifdale* and *Ellen* ſhould not have paſſed unreproached, as if it were irreproachable

Of the pieces now firſt collected into his works, the *Hymn to the Riſing Sun*, *Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan*, *The Happy Villager*, *To Almena*, *Hymeneal*, *Song*, *Hymn to the Eternal Mind*, *Epitaphium Damonis*, *Epiſtles to Colman and Mr. Lamb*, and the verſes *Written in a Cottage-Garden at a Village in Lorrain*, are diſtinguiſhed by tenderneſs of ſentiment, luxury of deſcription, force of pathos, and harmony of numbers. The laſt, in pathetic ſimplicity and unaffected tenderneſs, is not to be ſurpaſſed by any thing of the kind in the Engliſh language. In the pieces taken from *Solyman and Almena*, the river *Eden* may be ſubſtituted for *Irwan*, without any local impropriety. His *Sonnets*, and ſmaller pieces, have their brighter paſſages, but require no diſtinct enumeration, or particular criticiſm.

THE WORKS OF LANGHORNE.

« Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!
« Sic poſitæ, quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores." VIRG.

TO THE HON.

CHARLES YORKE.

A MUSE that lov'd in nature's walks to ſtray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,
To nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amuſements of life's vacant ſpring;
Nor ſhalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,
If pure her increaſe, and unmix'd her flame.
She pours no flatt'ry into folly's ear,
No ſhameleſs hireling of a ſhameleſs peer,
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And Glouceſter joins with Lyttelton to praiſe.
Each judge of art her ſtrain, though artleſs loves;
And Shenſtone ſmil'd, and poliſh'd Hurd approves.
O may ſuch ſpirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praiſe, all envy I forgive——
Yet fairly be my future laurels won!
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's ſon!
Should his free ſuffrage own the favour'd ſtrain,
Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain—
Though with each charm thy poliſh'd lay ſhould pleaſe,
Glow into ſtrength, yet ſoften into eaſe;
Should Attic fancy brighten every line,
And all Aonia's harmony be thine;
Say would thy cares a grateful age repay?
Fame wreath thy brows, or fortune gild thy way?
Ev'n her own fools, if fortune ſmile, ſhall blame;
And envy lurks beneath the flowers of fame.
Yet, if reſolv'd ſecure of future praiſe,
To tune ſweet ſongs, and live melodious days,
Let not the hand that decks my holy ſhrine,
Round folly's head the blaſted laurel twine.
Juſt to thyſelf, diſhoneſt grandeur ſcorn;
Nor gild the buſt of meanneſs nobly born.
Let truth, let freedom ſtill thy lays approve!
Reſpect my precepts, and retain my love!"

PROEMIUM,

WRITTEN IN 1766.

IN Eden's * vale, when early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where Pembroke's † grottos, ſtrew'd with Sidney's bays,
Recall'd the dreams of viſionary days,
Thus the fond muſe, that ſooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic ſung, and what ſhe ſung was truth.
" Boy, break thy lyre, and caſt thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitleſs bay,

* *The river Eden, in Weſtmoreland.*

† *The Counteſs of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sydney dedicated his Arcadia, reſided at Appleby, a ſmall but beautiful town in Weſtmoreland, ſituated upon the Eden.*

HYMN TO HOPE, 1761.

Μουνη δ' αυτοθι ἘΛΠΙΣ ἐν ἀῤῥηκτοισι δομοισιν
Ενδον ἐμιμνε—— HES.

SUN of the ſoul! whoſe cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a ſmile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary ſteps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp diſſolve in endleſs day.

O come with ſuch an eye and mien,
As when by amorous ſhepherd ſeen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repoſe, belief, and fancy vain:
That towering on her wing ſublime,
Outſtrips the lazy flight of time,
Riots on diſtant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

O come! and to my penſive eye
Thy far-foreſeeing tube apply,
Whoſe kind deception ſteals us o'er
The gloomy waſte that lies before;

Still opening to the diſtant ſight
The ſunſhine of the mountain's height;
Where ſcenes of fairer aſpect riſe,
Elyſian groves, and azure ſkies.

Nor, gentle hope, forget to bring
The family of youth and ſpring;
The hours that glide in ſprightly round,
The mountain-nymphs with wild thyme crown'd;
Delight, that dwells with raptur'd eye
On ſtream, or flow'r, or field, or ſky:
And foremoſt in thy train advance
The loves and joys in jovial dance;
Nor laſt be expectation ſeen,
That wears a wreath of evergreen.

Attended thus by Belau's ſtreams,
Oft haſt thou ſooth'd my waking dreams,
When, prone beneath an oſier ſhade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid;
To thee and fancy all reſign'd,
What viſions wander'd o'er my mind!
Illuſions dear, adieu! no more
Shall I your fairy-haunts explore;
For hope withholds her golden ray,
And fancy's colours faint away.
To Eden's ſhores, to Enon's groves,
Reſounding once with Delia's loves,
Adieu! that name ſhall ſound no more
O'er Enon's groves, or Eden's ſhore:
For hope withholds her golden ray,
And fancy's colours faint away.

Life's ocean ſlept—the liquid gale
Gently mov'd the waving ſail.
Fallacious hope! with flattering eye
You ſmil'd to ſee the ſtreamers fly.
The thunder burſts, the mad wind raves,
From ſlumber wake the frighted waves:
You ſaw me, ſled me thus diſtreſt,
And tore your anchor from my breaſt.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again!
I love thee ſtill, though falſe and vain!
Forgive me, gentle hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.
To ſooth ambition's wild deſires;
To feed the lover's eager fires;
To ſwell the miſer's mouldy ſtore;
To gild the dreaming chemiſt's ore;
Are theſe thy cares? or more humane?
To looſe the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid ſight
The charms of liberty and light;
The tears of drooping grief to dry:
And hold thy glaſs to ſorrow's eye?

Or doſt thou more delight to dwell
With ſilence in the hermit's cell?
To teach devotion's flame to riſe,
And wing her veſpers to the ſkies;
To urge, with ſtill returning care,
The holy violence of prayer;
In rapt'rous viſions to diſplay
The realms of everlaſting day,
And ſnatch from time the golden key,
That opens all eternity?

Perchance, on ſome unpeopled ſtrand,
Whoſe rocks the raging tide withſtand,
Thy ſoothing ſmile, in deſerts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by famine, pain, and death.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to ſtray:
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes ſtrain
O'er the blue boſom of the main;
And meet where diſtant ſurges rave,
A white ſail in each foaming wave.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connection of the heart,
You the poor exile's ſteps attend,
The only undeſerting friend.
You wing the ſlow-declining year;
You dry the ſolitary tear;
And oft, with pious guile, reſtore
Thoſe ſcenes he muſt behold no more.

O moſt ador'd of earth or ſkies!
To thee ten thouſand temples riſe;
By age retain'd, by youth careſt,
The fame dear idol of the breaſt.
Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor,
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore;
With thee the ſimple hind is gay,
Whoſe toil ſupports the paſſing day.

The roſe-lip'd loves, that round their queen
Dance o'er Cythera's ſmiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power diſplay
In many a ſweetly-warbled lay.
Forever in thy ſacred ſhrine
Their unextinguiſh'd torches ſhine;
Idalian flowers their ſweets diffuſe,
And myrtles ſhed their balmy dews.
Ah! ſtill propitious, may'ſt thou deign
To ſooth an anxious lover's pain!
By thee deſerted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And ſtop the frequent-falling tear.

For me, fair hope, if once again,
Perchance, to ſmile on me you deign,
Be ſuch your ſweetly-rural air,
And ſuch a graceful viſage wear,
As when, with truth and young deſire,
You wak'd the lord of Hagley's lyre,
And painted to her poet's mind
The charms of Lucy, fair and kind.

But ah, too early loſt!——then go,
Vain hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah, no!——that thought diſtracts my heart:
Indulge me, hope, we muſt not part;
Direct the future as you pleaſe;
But give me, give me preſent eaſe.

Sun of the ſoul! whoſe cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a ſmile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary ſteps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp diſſolve in endleſs day.

GENIUS AND VALOUR.

A PASTORAL POEM.

Written in Honour of a Siſter-Kingdom, 1763.

Amyntor. Chorus of Shepherds.

WHERE Tweed's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath a lucid ſky;

Of his numerous profe writings, no editions have been called for fince his death, except of *Solyman and Almena*, *Theodofius and Conftantia*, and *Plutarch's Lives*, which have been frequently reprinted.

Of the domeftic manners and petty habits of Langhorne, few particulars have been recorded. His private character appears to have been very amiable and refpectable. All his contemporaries bear teftimony to his candour, probity, liberality of fentiment, and amiable benevolence. Tenderneſs, in every fenſe of the word, feems to have been his peculiar characteriftic. He had from his childhood, as he himſelf informs us, a remarkable turn for retirement; and frequently walked, when he was very young, two miles from home, to a ſolitary place, whoſe ſhady privacy aided contemplation. The romantic aſpect of his native country probably added to this innocent enthuſiaſm; and the rude contraſt of rocks, and woods, and waters, impreſſed ſomething of their own wild irregularity on his imagination. His poems abound with images and deſcriptions connected with the place of his nativity. In his fable of *The Garden Roſe and the Wild Roſe*, the recollection of the ſcenes of thoughtleſs gaiety and puerile amuſement, which he had long forſaken, reſtored to his mind the pleaſing images which were connected with them, and rekindled, in ſome meaſure, that enthuſiaſm which they firſt cheriſhed and inſpired.

——— *Enon's* wild and ſilent ſhade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid,
What time the *woodland genius* came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame—
Or, where the hermit *Belau* leads
Her waves through ſolitary meads,
And only feeds the deſert flower,
Where once ſhe ſooth'd my ſlumbering hour;
Or, rous'd by *Stanmore's* wint'ry ſky,
She wearies echo with her cry—
Where *Eden's* fairer waters flow
By *Milton's* bower, or *Oſly's* brow,
Or *Brockley's* alder-ſhaded cave;
Or, winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To ſound his holy ſlumbers near———

When he reſided in London, and became a writer of celebrity, his company was very earneſtly ſolicited; and he became as much diſtinguiſhed for his ſocial and convivial ſpirit, as for the force of his genius, and the amiable ſimplicity of his manners. He is recollected to have been a very conſtant viſitor at the Burton Ale-houſe, the ſign of the Peacock, in Gray's-Inn Lane, where he is ſuppoſed to have taken too liberally that ſubſtitute for the Caſtalian fountain, which the houſe ſupplied. His manner of living in the country was genial and elegant; and he died much lamented by his brother juſtices and convivial friends.

As a profe writer, few of his compoſitions have obtained much popularity, though they afford ſuch pregnant proofs of genius, taſte, and learning, as render them in general deſerving more attention than they have hitherto received.

His *Letters on Religious Retirement* are addreſſed to a lady of good ſenſe and fine accompliſhments, but unhappily a little tinctured with enthuſiaſm, and inclined to that ſort of melancholy and averſion to the rational pleaſures of ſociety, which naturally ariſes from miſtaken apprehenſions of the Supreme Being, and the abſurd notion of divine impulſes and illuminations. They contain a variety of ſtriking arguments and obſervations, clothed in elegant and pathetic language, not unlike the flowery ſtyle of Harvey, though applied to a very oppoſite purpoſe.

His *Solyman and Almena* is one of the moſt popular of his performances. In invention, originality, and intereſt, it is inferior to the "Raſelas" of Dr. Johnſon, and the "Almoran and Hamet" of Dr. Hawkeſworth. The deſign and tendency of the ſtory are more commendable than the execution. In venturing to ſport in the flowery fields of fiction, he has ſometimes forgotten the poet's precept, *convenientia fingere*. In the compoſition, few ſtrong marks of the eaſtern ſtyle or manners are viſible; but the defects of the ſtyle, though in general eaſy and elegant, is compenſated by the uſeful inſtruction it conveys. The deſign of the tale is perfectly chaſte and moral, tending to confirm the habits of virtue, and to inſpire us with a confidence in Providence.

In his *Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy*, he has ventured into the pleaſant province of humour; in which, if he does not make ſuch a diſtinguiſhed figure as Sterne, it ought to be remembered, that

few have ſucceeded in the art of agreeable trifling. The ſecond volume contains a variety of ingenious criticiſms, and remarks on the ſtudy of poetry, addreſſed to Mr. Cartwright, which evince his abilities as a claſſical ſcholar, and his good taſte in polite literature.

His *Theodoſius and Conſtantia* is founded on the unfortunate love tale told in the "Spectator," No 164. The deſign of the work is to inculcate many of the great duties of natural and revealed religion, and the practice of ſome of the moſt amiable virtues of private life. The merit of this moral and entertaining *Correſpondence* is very conſiderable. The letters are written in a polite and pleaſing ſtyle, though his manner is too poetical for proſe compoſition; his language too flowery, too luxuriant, and in ſome places too finely poliſhed for epiſtolary writing; in which art ſhould never want eaſe, nor elegance loſe ſight of nature.

His *Sermons* are in general animated, eloquent, and pathetic compoſitions; but they are ſometimes more verboſe, diffuſe, and affected, than a poliſhed taſte can patiently endure. They have been ſeverely cenſured by Mr. Mainwaring, in the preface to his "Sermons," 8vo, 1780; where, ſpeaking of ſpecimens of *falſe pathos*, he refers to ſermons "by writers of little judgment and no genius—to thoſe of Dr. Langhorne in particular, and of the Methodiſts in general, where the inſtances of *falſe pathos* are ſo numerous, and ſo eaſy to be found, that I think it needleſs to quote them." Again: "Although method cannot be too exact, it may be too ſtudiouſly diſplayed. There are ſermons of the firſt merit, in all other reſpects, that may juſtly be compared to fine ſkeletons, in which the bones, muſcles, and ſinews, are faſhioned, arranged, and adjuſted, in the moſt perfect manner; but a compoſition of this ſort, though ever ſo conſummate for its ſtrength and ſymmetry, can only be pleaſing to the eye of a virtuoſo. The extreme oppoſed to this is the looſe ſoft texture of Dr. Langhorne's ſtyle."

His *Memoirs of Collins*, though general and ſcanty, are elegantly written; and the *Obſervations on his Genius and Writings*, though ſometimes ſlight and nugatory, are commonly juſt and pertinent, and always lively and ingenious.

His *Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*, contain few obſervations that are new or ſtriking; but the compoſition is more cloſe and pure than the generality of his proſe writings.

In his *Frederick and Pharamond*, there is a liberality, as well as a rectitude of ſentiment, which merits the higheſt praiſe; but neither the conduct of the dialogue nor the ſtyle are commendable.

His *Letters between St. Evremond and Waller*, are in general characteriſtic and elegant, and do equal credit to his taſte and judgment.

Of *Plutarch's Lives*, the tranſlators have given a verſion that amply ſupplies the defects of that tranſlation to which Dryden lent his glorious name, written, as he himſelf acknowledges, by as many hands as there were lives. It had indeed been corrected in the editions 1727 and 1758, with great learning and abilities, as far as correction was poſſible; but the caſt and complexion could only be improved by a new work, which has been executed by the poetical brothers, with an elegance, fidelity, ſpirit, and preciſion, that merit the higheſt praiſe, and muſt for ever preclude the neceſſity of a ſubſequent verſion. The *Life of Plutarch* is well written; and the *Notes* are very valuable.

His tranſlation of *Denina's Diſſertation on the Ancient Republics of Italy*, is an acceſſion to Engliſh literature, that has received an additional value from his *Original Notes and Obſervations*.

As a poet, his compoſitions are diſtinguiſhed by undoubted marks of genius, a fine imagination, and a ſenſible heart. Imagery and enthuſiaſm, the great eſſentials of poetry, inſpirit all his works, and place them far above the ſtrain of vulgar compoſitions. The tenderneſs of love, and the ſoft language of complaint, were adapted to his genius, as well as elevation of thought, opulence of imagery, and the higheſt beauties of poetry. But the qualities for which he is chiefly diſtinguiſhed, are imagination, pathos and ſimplicity, animated ſentiment, opulence of alluſion, warmth and vivacity of expreſſion, and a melodious verſification. His ſentimental productions are exquiſitely tender and beautiful; his deſcriptive compoſitions ſhow a feeling heart and a warm imagination; and his lyric pieces are pregnant with the genuine ſpirit of poetical enthuſiaſm; but his ſtyle, in the midſt of much ſplendour and ſtrength, is ſometimes harſh and obſcure, and may be cenſured as deficient in eaſe and diſtinctneſs. His chief fault is redundant decoration, an affectation of falſe and unneceſſary ornament. He is not always contented with that conciſe and ſimple language which is ſufficient to expreſs his ſentiments, but is tempted to indulge in ſuperfluous diction, by the faſ-

inating charms of novelty or harmony. By giving way to the luxury of words and immoderate embelliſhment, he ſometimes, though rarely, violates ſimplicity, and becomes unavoidably inaccurate nd redundant. His ſentiments, however, are always juſt, often new, and generally ſtriking. A reat degree of elegance and claſſical ſimplicity runs through all his compoſitions; and his deſcripions of nature, rural imagery, pictures of private virtue and paſtoral innocence, have a judicious ſeection of circumſtances, a graceful plainneſs of expreſſion, and a happy mixture of pathos and ſeniment, which mark the ſuperior poet.

His *Death of Adonis* is a claſſical and ſpirited verſion of one of the moſt beautiful paſtoral poems f antiquity. The diction is eaſy and elegant, and the numbers muſical and flowing.

The *Poem to the Memory of Mr. Handel* may be conſidered as the genuine and animated wailings f poetry, who deplores her ſiſter's loſs in Handel, in very elegant and harmonious verſe. There s a conſiderable variety in the numbers, which are happily adapted to the ſubject, and modulated vith a judicious correſpondence to the images and the ſentiments. In the paſſage beginning, *I feel, I feel the ſacred impulſe*, &c. the pauſes and cadences of the numbers are ſo nervouſly ſweet and nutable, that it muſt revive the idea of a fine band in every reliſher of muſic.

The *Ode to the River Eden* is very pretty and fanciful. The ſtanza extends to ten lines of eight yllables, except the tenth, which, ſinking into ſix, changes the cadence agreeably enough. The expreſſion *laughing wing*, in the fourth ſtanza, is a bold, but very pardonable experiment in metaphorical language. Of the *Hymn to Hope*, the verſification is ſmooth, the diction elegant, the imagery agreeable, and the ſentiment is moſtly ſimple and pathetic. The *Viceroy* praiſes Lord Halifax with truth and delicacy, but little poetry.

The *Viſions of Fancy* are the effuſions of a contemplative mind, ſometimes plaintive, and always ſerious, but too attentive to the glitter of ſlight ornaments. The thoughts are pure, ſimple, and pathetic; and the lines are ſuch as elegy requires, ſmooth, eaſy, and flowing; but the diction is often affected, and the phraſe unſkilfully inverted. The *Autumnal Elegy*, and other pieces of that kind, deſerve a more unqualified commendation.

His *Genius and Valour* is a proper contraſt to the "Prophecy of Famine." If he does not exceed Churchill in the fire and force of his numbers, he is at leaſt equal to him in the eaſy and harmonious flow of his verſification. In that part of the paſtoral where he celebrates thoſe natives of North Britain who have been diſtinguiſhed for their genius and learning, the repreſentation of the *Four Seaſons* appearing to Thomſon, and claiming the palm, like the fabled competition of the rural goddeſſes before the royal ſhepherd on Mount Ida, is entitled to the higheſt praiſe. The *Seaſons* are diſtinguiſhed by a brilliancy of colouring, and a diſtinctneſs and propriety of attribute, that rival, if not ſurpaſs, what we meet with of the kind even in Thomſon. The deciſion contains an elegant compliment to the amiable "poet of the Seaſons."

——The bard, whoſe gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to ſave,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial praiſe,
But gives to each her picture for her praiſe.

In the *Firſt Epiſtle* on *The Enlargement of the Mind*, he recommends the ſtudy of Nature, in order to enlarge our minds by a due contemplation of her works. The plan is ſomewhat defective; but it poſſeſſes, in many parts, the conciſe and happy expreſſion, and the melodious verſification of Pope's "Eſſay on Man." In the *Second Epiſtle*, like the firſt, there is more poetry than plan. The panegyric on *Reaſon* is eminently beautiful, and the reflection on the proper culture of *the flower divine* is pathetic and ſpirited. The deſcription of thoſe *graceful arts* which flock round the throne of *Science*, particularly *Poetry*, *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and *Muſic*, is appropriate and ſtriking; and the elegiac lines to the memory of his friend General Craufurd, are tender and pathetic. The *Precepts of Conjugal Happineſs* contain much valuable inſtruction, delivered in chaſte and elegant diction, and eaſy and harmonous verſe.

The *Verſes to the Memory of a Lady* rank with the celebrated elegiac compoſitions of Lyttleton and Shaw, to which they are equal in poetical merit, and ſcarcely inferior in pathetic tenderneſs. They muſt pleaſe every body, becauſe there are beauties in them which affect every body. The following lines muſt touch every feeling heart:

See the laſt aid of her expiring ſtate,
See love, ev'n love has lent his darts to fate!
Oh! when beneath his golden ſhafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When crown'd with flowers he led the roſy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my ſoul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen ſtrew'd,
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd;
There each fair hope, each tenderneſs of life,
Each nameleſs charm of ſoft obliging ſtrife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleaſure, genius, fled,
And the beſt paſſions of my ſoul lie dead.——

Theſe pathetic verſes came ſo near the feelings of the preſent writer, when he experienced a ſimilar affliction nine years ago, that they hurt his peace of mind; and while he admired the poet and pitied the man, he ſaw his own miſeries in the ſtrongeſt point of view, and ſought, like him, a vain relief by compoſing a "Monody to the Memory of a Beloved Wife," in the ſame meaſure, which he extended, with a melancholy pleaſure that mourners only know, beyond the bounds which cuſtom has preſcribed to elegiac verſes. He has ſeen the ſcene he deſcribes, and knows how dreadful it is. He knows what it is to loſe one, that his eyes and heart have been long uſed to, and he never deſires to part with the remembrance of that loſs.

——————though the inexorable urn
Never to me ſhall her lov'd form return;
Though cold the breaſt that life's warm current fed,
And pale the cheek that modeſt beauty ſpread;
Though cloſ'd the eye that glanc'd endearing thought,
And mute the voice that living goodneſs taught;
Never from me ſhall her lov'd image part,
But live and reign unrivall'd in my heart;—
Ev'n death's dim ſhadow ſeeks to hide in vain,
The modeſt aſpect, and the ſmile humane!
In day's broad glare, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-ey'd phantom riſes to my ſight!
In vain—confeſt, I ſee my ANNA ſtand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand!
Faint on my lips th' unhallow'd ſounds expire,
That vainly emulate the muſe's fire;
Afreſh my tears in fond remembrance flow,
And riſing anguiſh ſtops the ſtrain of woe:
Bleeds in my breaſt with aggravated pain,
Throbs at my heart, and thrills in every vein!

In his *Fables of Flora*, the plan of fable is ſomewhat enlarged, and the province ſo far extended, that the original *narrative* and *moral* may be accompanied with imagery, deſcription, and ſentiment. The ſcenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and diſpoſition of poetry, where ſhe finds new objects, intereſts, and connections, to exerciſe her fancy and her powers. The plan is judicious, and the execution truly admirable. None of his compoſitions bear ſtronger marks of poetical invention and enthuſiaſm; none are diſtinguiſhed by ſimplicity, tenderneſs, and delicacy, in a more eminent degree; and none have a ſtronger tendency to promote the love of nature and the intereſts of humanity. Of theſe charming compoſitions, *The Sun-Flower and the Ivy*, *The Laurel and the Reed*, *The Violet and the Parſly*, *The Wall-Flower*, and *The Miſletoe and the Paſſion-Flower*, deſerve particular commendation. The two laſt are diſtinguiſhed by imagination, pathos, and ſublimity, in a ſuperior degree.

The *Origin of the Veil* is an elegant compliment to the fair ſex, expreſſed in his uſual melodious flow of verſification.

The *Country Juſtice* breathes throughout a laudable ſpirit of poetry and humanity; and is farther recommended to us by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant verſification. The *Firſt Part* opens with a retroſpective view of the forlorn ſtate of liberty and civil ſecurity in England before the inſtitution of juſtices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. He then celebrates this moſt fa-

" Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
" Led by fair fancy round the varied year:
" So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
" Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

" Firm be my heart to nature and to truth,
" Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
" So joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
" So hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY IV.

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!
Fond hopes of innocence and fancy born!
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
By flattering hope, the flowers that blew so fair;
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:
So fancy dreams; but fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
Where hope and joy and fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream spark-
ling bright, [wain:
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's

In radiant colours youth's free hand pourtrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence fancy conquer'd by the dart of pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
Their fairy race that fill'd her festive train;
Joy rears his wreath, and hope inverts her eye,
And folly wonders that her dream was vain.

A POEM,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HANDEL, 1760 *.

Spirits of music, and ye powers of song!
That wak'd to painful melody the lyre
Of young Jessides, when, in Sion's vale
He wept o'er bleeding friendship: ye that mourn'd
While freedom drooping o'er Euphrates' stream
Her pensive harp on the pale osier hung,
Begin once more the sorrow-soothing lay.
Ah! where shall now the muse fit numbers find?
What accents pure to greet thy tuneful shade,
Sweet harmonist? 'twas thine, the tender fall
Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the stream
Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,
And purer flow'd for thee,—all silent now
* Those airs that, breathing o'er the breast of
Thames,
Led amorous echo down the long, long vale,
Delighted: studious from thy sweeter strain
To melodize her own; when fancy-lorn,
She mourns in anguish o'er the drooping breast
Of young Narcissus. From their amber urns,
† Partiug their green locks streaming in the sun,
The naiads rose and smil'd: nor since the day,
When first by music, and by freedom led
From Grecian Acidale; nor since the day,
When last from Arno's weeping fount they came,
To smooth the ringlets of Sabrina's hair,
Heard they like minstrelsy—fountains and shades
Of Twit'nam, and of Windsor fam'd in song!
Ye heights of Clermont, and ye bowers of Ham!
That heard the fine strain vibrate through your
groves,
Ah! where were then your long-lov'd muses fled,
When Handel breath'd no more?—and thou, sweet
queen,
That nightly wrapt thy Milton's hallow'd ear
In the soft ecstasies of Lydian airs‡,
‡ That since attun'd to Handel's high-wound lyre
The lay by thee suggested; could'st not thou
Sooth with thy sweet song the grim § fury's
breast?
Cold-hearted death! his wanly-glaring eye
Nor virtue's smile attracts, nor fame's loud trump
Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd
To gentle sounds: the golden voice of song,
That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,
That sooths despair and pain, he hears no more,
Than rude winds, blust'ring from the Cambrian
cliffs,
The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair fame,
To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd hill,
Where science, leaning on her sculptur'd urn,
Looks conscious on the secret-working hand
Of nature; on the wings of genius borne,
To soar above the beaten walks of life,
Is like the paintings of an evening cloud,
Th' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy night
Spreads her black wings, and all the vision dies.
Ere long, the heart, that heaves this sigh to thee,
Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond lay
Which mourns at Handel's tomb, insulting time
Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain, per-
chance,
Thy sacred strain shall the hoar warrior spare;
For sounds like thine, at nature's early birth,
Arous'd him slumbering on the dead profound
Of dusky Chaos; by the golden harps
Of choral angels summon'd to his race:
And sounds like thine, when nature is no more,
Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils
Of twice ten thousand years.—O would his hand

* He died 14th April 1759.

* *The water-music.*

† Rorantesq. comas a fronte removit ad aures.
Ovid. Met.

‡ *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, set to music by Mr. Handel.*

§ *See Milton's Lycidas.*

Yet ſpare ſome portion of this vital flame,
The trembling muſe that now faint effort makes
On young and artleſs wing, ſhould bear thy praiſe
Sublime, above the mortal bounds of earth,
With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,
And, taught by ſeraphs, frame her ſong for thee.
I feel, I feel the ſacred impulſe—hark!
Wak'd from according lyres the ſweet ſtrains flow
In ſymphony divine; from air to air
The trembling numbers fly: ſwift burſts away
The flow of joy—now ſwells the flight of praiſe.
Springs the ſhrill trump aloft; the toiling chords
Melodious labour through the flying maze;
And the deep baſs his ſtrong ſound rolls away,
Majeſtically ſweet—Yet, Handel, raiſe,
Yet wake to higher ſtrains thy ſacred lyre:
The name of ages, the ſupreme of things,
The great Meſſiah aſks it; he whoſe hand
Led into form yon everlaſting orbs,
The harmony of nature—He whoſe hand
Stretch'd o'er the wilds of ſpace this beauteous ball,
Whoſe ſpirit breathes through all his ſmiling works
Muſic and love—yet Handel raiſe the ſtrain.
Hark! what angelic ſounds, what voice divine
Breathes through the raviſh'd air! my rapt ear feels
The harmony of heaven. Hail ſacred choir!
Immortal ſpirits, hail! If haply thoſe
That erſt in favour'd Paleſtine proclaim'd
Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,
Her piny mountains, and her golden vales,
Re-echo'd peace. But, oh! ſuſpend the ſtrains—
The ſwelling joy's too much for mortal bounds!
'Tis tranſport even to pain.
Yet, hark! what pleaſing ſounds invite mine ear
So venerably ſweet? 'Tis Sion's lute.
Behold her * hero? from his valiant brow
Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the ſword
Of vanquiſh'd Apollonius—The ſhrill trump
Through Bethoron proclaims th' approaching fight.
I ſee the brave youth lead his little band,
With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm
The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,
The Britiſh Henry, with his way-worn troop,
Subdu'd the pride of France—Now louder blows
The martial clangor; lo, Nicanor's hoſt!
With threat'ning turrets crown'd, ſlowly advance
The ponderous elephants———
The blazing ſun, from many a golden ſhield
Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!
How ſhall thy force, thy little force ſuſtain
The dreadful ſhock!
† The hero comes—'Tis boundleſs mirth and ſong,
And dance and triumph; every labouring ſtring,
And voice, and breathing ſhell, in concert ſtrain,
To ſwell the raptures of tumultuous joy.
O maſter of the paſſions and the ſoul,
Seraphic Handel! how ſhall words deſcribe
Thy muſic's countleſs graces, nameleſs powers!
When ‡ he of Gaza, blind, and ſunk in chains,
On female treachery looks greatly down,
How the breaſt burns indignant! in thy ſtrain,
When ſweet-voic'd piety reſigns to heaven,
Glows not each boſom with the flame of virtue?

O'er Jephtha's votive maid, when the ſoft lute
Sounds the ſlow ſymphony of funeral grief,
What youthful breaſt but melts with tender pity?
What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe?
O, longer than this worthy lay can live!
While fame and muſic ſooth the human ear!
Be this thy praiſe: to lead the poliſh'd mind
To virtue's nobleſt heights; to light the flame
Of Britiſh freedom, rouſe the generous thought,
Refine the paſſions, and exalt the ſoul
To love, to heaven, to harmony, and thee.

* *Judas Maccabæus.*
† *Chorus of youths in Judas Maccabæus.*
‡ *See the Oratorio of Samſon.*

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE I.

To General Craufurd. Written at Belvidere, 1763.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wild wiſh embraces humankind?
All pride of ſects, all party zeal above,
Whoſe prieſt is reaſon, and whoſe god is love;
Fair nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art---
Where is the man ſo welcome to my heart?
The ſightleſs herd ſequacious, who purſue
Dull folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and ſcorn
On different ſects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compaſſion view,
Pity their pride, but ſhun their error too.
From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains green,
Which nature rais'd, rejoicing to be ſeen,
Let us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praiſe,
Th' expanded thought, the boundleſs wiſh retain,
And let not nature moralize in vain.
O ſacred guide! preceptreſs more ſublime
Than ſages boaſting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (bluſh collegiate pride)!
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.
Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whoſe old walk the ſunbeam ſeldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man no more
Than fills ſome page of antiquated lore——
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wiſe,
The better knowledge of the world deſpiſe,
Think wiſdom center'd in a falſe degree,
And ſcorn the ſcholar of humanity? [know,
Something of men theſe ſapient drones may
Of men that liv'd two thouſand years ago.
Such human monſters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verſe and ancient ſtory drew!
If to one object, ſyſtem, ſcene confin'd,
The ſure effect is narrowneſs of mind.
'Twas thus St. Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forſook each ſocial duty---to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear ſyſtem fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched---to be wiſe.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghoſtly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beſide.
Though form'd with powers to graſp this ra-
tious ball,
Gods! to what meanneſs may the ſpirit fall?
Powers that ſhould ſpread in reaſon's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day?
When late where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple ſide,

Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led,
And fear's chill cloud forſook each bright'ning head,
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breaſt indignant, when you ſaw
The dome of murder conſecrate by law?
Where fiends. commiſſion'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.
O change me, powers of nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd lives.
Is nature, all-benevolent, to blame,
That half her offspring are their mother's ſhame?
Did ſhe ordain o'er this fair ſcene of things
The cruelty of prieſts, or pride of kings? [fame,
Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or
Is nature, all-benevolent, to blame?
"Yet ſurely once, my friend, ſhe ſeem'd to err;
"For W—ch—t was"—He was not made by her.
Sure, form'd of clay that nature held in ſcorn,
By fiends conſtructed, and in darkneſs born,
Roſe the low wretch, who, deſpicably vile,
Would ſell his country for a courtier's ſmile;
Would give up all to truth and freedom dear,
To dine with **** or ſome idiot peer,
Whoſe mean malevolence, in dark diſguiſe
The man that never injur'd him belies,
Whoſe actions bad and good two motives guide,
The ſerpent's malice, and the coxcomb's pride.
"Is there a wretch ſo mean, ſo baſe, ſo low?"
I know there is—aſk W—ch—t if he know.
O that the world were emptied of its ſlaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace,
In boundleſs love the reſt of human race.
But let not knaves miſanthropy create,
Nor feel the gall of univerſal hate.
Wherever genius, truth, and virtue dwell,
Poliſh'd in courts, or ſimple in a cell.
All views of country, ſects, and creeds apart,
Theſe, theſe I love and hold them to my heart.
Vain of our beauteous iſle, and juſtly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuouſly compare,
And boaſt, like children, of a favourite's ſhare.
Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields,
Than Arno's banks, or Andaluſia's fields,
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with ore,
Though flocks innumerous whiten every ſhore,
Why ſhould we, thus with nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inſcrib'd the doctrine of the ſocial mind.
See countleſs worlds of inſect being ſhare
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the ſame grove what muſic void of ſtrife!
Heirs of one ſtream what tribes of ſcaly life!
See earth, and air, and fire, and flood combine
Of general good to aid the great deſign!
Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's lurid plain,
Like a ſlow ſnake, his dirty winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the loſt bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious ſkies,
The blameleſs native with his clime deſpiſe,
As him who ſtill the poorer lot partakes
Of Biſcay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.
Yet look once more on nature's various plan!
Behold, and love her nobleſt creature, man!
She, never partial, on each various zone,
Beſtow'd ſome portion to the reſt unknown,
By mutual intereſt meaning thence to bind
In one vaſt chain the commerce of mankind.
Behold, ye vain diſturbers of an hour!
Ye dupes of faction! and ye tools of power!
Poor rioter's on life's contracted ſtage!
Behold, and loſe your littleneſs of rage!
Throw envy, folly, prejudice, behind!
And yield to truth the empire of the mind.
Immortal truth! O from thy radiant ſhrine,
Where light created firſt eſſay'd to ſhine;
Where cluſt'ring ſtars eternal beams diſplay,
And gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chaſe this moral, clear this ſenſual night,
O ſhed one ray of thy celeſtial light!
Teach us, while wandering through the vale below,
We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd prejudice convey,
Let pride perceive one mortifying ray;
Thy glaſs to fools, to infidels apply,
And all the dimneſs of the mental eye.
Plac'd on this ſhore of time's far-ſtretching bourn,
With leave to look on nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages ſink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's ſhort duties better be diſcharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?
Judg'd not the old philoſopher aright,
When thus ye preach, his pupils in his ſight?
"It matters not, my friends, how low or high,
Your little walk of tranſient life may lie;
Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,
And warring paſſions militate no more:
And truſt me, he who having once ſurvey'd
The good and fair, which nature's wiſdom made,
The ſooneſt to his former ſtate retires,
And feels the peace of ſatisfied deſires,
(Let others deem more wiſely if they can)
I look on him to be the happieſt man."
So thought the ſacred ſage, in whom I truſt,
Becauſe I feel his ſentiments are juſt.
'Twas not in luſtrums of long counted years
That ſwell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the ſplendid ſcenes of pain and ſtrife,
That wiſdom plac'd the dignity of life;
To ſtudy nature was the taſk deſign'd,
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind;
Learn from her works whatever truth admires,
And ſleep in death with ſatisfied deſires.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE II.

To William Langhorne, M A. 1765.

LIGHT heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burſt away.
At nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral ſun to ſhine,
Beam'd on the mind all reaſon's influence bright
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free ſoul, on truth's ſtrong pinion bent,
Had never languiſh'd in this ſhade forlorn.

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
'Tis our's to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of being live.
Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect good or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.
Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom nature form'd the same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each science that exalts the mind.
" Thou self-appointed lord of all below!
" Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
" For once let fancy's towering thoughts subside;
" Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
" A painting wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
" The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
" How soon, when nature gives him to the day,
" In strength exulting, does he bound away!
" By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
" Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
" No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
" Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
" Did he but know to reason and compare,
" See here the vassal, and the master there,
" What strange reflections must the scene afford,
" That show'd the weakness of his ruling lord."
Thus sophistry unfolds her spacious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant state.
For, grant the children of the flowery vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more.
" But why should life, so short by Heav'n or-
" dain'd,
" Be long to thoughtless infancy confin'd—
" To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
" Mourn through the languors of declining age?"
O blind to truth! to nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays.
Is man long helpless? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding see that love repaid!
Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away,
While sage experience, and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.
But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society?
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.
" That in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays——
Is nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."
O! still censorious? art thou then possess'd
Of reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
o infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?
To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight, sad convicts of the painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?
Conclude we then the progress of the mind,
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the soul impress't,
No birthright instinct acting on the breast,
No natal light, no beams from heaven display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.
When first the trembling eye perceives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!
When memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that faulters on its way;
When wise experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in her cause,
In nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and reason is her child:
On her fair stock the blooming cion grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.
All-beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day.
O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r.
From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigot'ry, or fear!
For this fair science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine court of dreaming schoolmen dwells;
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;

All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boaſt the empire of the eye or ear.
See favour'd firſt, and neareſt to the throne
By the rapt mien of muſing ſilence known,
Fled from herſelf, the pow'r of numbers plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by harmony and taſte.
There (but at diſtance never meant to vie)
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively painting! on her various face,
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, ſhe acts the character ſhe gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See Attic eaſe in ſculpture's graceful air,
Half looſe her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, ſhe ſmiling ſeems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.
Laſt, but not meaneſt of the glorious choir,
See muſic, lift'ning to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid dreſt
By nature, bears a field-flower on her breaſt.
O arts divine! O magic powers that move
The ſprings of truth, enlarging truth, and love!
Loſt in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And taſte and knowledge thus are virtue's friends.
Thus nature deigns to ſympathiſe with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that ſtrong attraction lies,
Which wakes the ſoul, and bids her graces riſe;
Lives in thoſe powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and ſtretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that ſocial kindneſs gave,
Which once—the reſt is ſilence and the grave.
O tears, that warm from wounded friendſhip flow!
O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that ſpeeds its paſſage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power ſuſpend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confeſt I ſee my Craufurd ſtand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand,
E'en death's dim ſhadow ſeeks to hide in vain,
That lib'ral aſpect, and that ſmile humane;
E'en death's dim ſhadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlaſting night.
Till the laſt ſigh of genius ſhall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
Till time, in league with envy and with death,
Blaſt the ſkill'd hand, and ſtop the tuneful breath,
My Craufurd ſtill ſhall claim the mournful ſong,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd ſo long.

ODE

TO THE RIVER EDEN *. 1759.

Delightful Eden! parent ſtream,
Yet ſhall the maids of memory ſay,
(When, led by fancy's fairy dream,
My young ſteps trac'd thy winding way)
How oft along thy mazy ſhore,
That many a gloomy alder bore,
In penſive thought their poet ſtray'd;
Or, careleſs thrown thy bank beſide,
Beheld thy dimly waters glide,
Bright through the trembling ſhade,

Yet ſhall they paint thoſe ſcenes again,
Where once with infant-joy he play'd
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below ſurvey'd:
Led by the roſy handed hours,
When time tripp'd o'er yon bank of flowers,
Which in thy cryſtal boſom ſmil'd;
Though old the god, yet light and gay,
He flung his glaſs and ſcythe away,
And ſeem'd himſelf a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whiſper to thy murmurs free;
Yet ruſtling ſeems to ſooth mine ear,
And trembles when I ſigh for thee.
Yet ſeated on thy ſhelving brim,
Can fancy ſee the naiads trim
Burniſh their green locks in the ſun;
Or at the laſt lone hour of day,
To chaſe the lightly glancing fay,
In airy circles run.

But, fancy, can thy mimic power
Again thoſe happy moments bring?
Canſt thou reſtore that golden hour,
When young joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When firſt in Eden's roſy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow ſincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breaſt,
With ſighs the tender thought ſuppreſt,
And look'd as angels ſmile.

O goddeſs of the cryſtal bow,
That dwell'ſt the golden meads among;
Whoſe ſtreams ſtill fair in memory flow,
Whoſe murmurs melodiſe my ſong!
Oh! yet thoſe gleams of joy diſplay,
Which brightening glow'd in fancy's ray,
When near the lucid urn reclin'd,
The dryad, nature, bar'd her breaſt,
And left, in naked charms impreſt,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of memory fair
No more in golden viſions play;
No friendſhip ſmooths the brow of care,
No Delia's ſmile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendſhip loſt to me,
'Tis yet ſome joy to think of thee,
And in thy breaſt this moral find—
That life, though ſtain'd with ſorrow's ſhowers,
Shall flow ſerene, while virtue pours
Her ſunſhine on the mind.

AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

TO —— ——. 1763.

While yet my poplar yields a doubtful ſhade,
Its laſt leaves trembling to the zephyr's ſigh,
On this fair plain, ere every verdure fade,
Or the laſt ſmiles of golden autumn die;

Wilt thou, my ——, at this penſive hour,
O'er nature's ruins hear thy friend complain;
While his heart labours with th' inſpiring power,
And from his pen ſpontaneous flows the ſtrain?

Thy gentle breaſt ſhall melt with kindred ſighs,
Yet haply grieving o'er a parent's bier;

* *In the county of Weſtmoreland.*

Poets are nature's children: when ſhe dies
Affection mourns, and duty drops a tear.

Why are ye ſilent, brethren of the grove,
Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre
So ſweetly tun'd to tenderneſs and love,
Shall love no more, or tenderneſs inſpire?

O, mix once more thy gentle lays with mine!
For well our paſſions, well our notes agree:
An abſent love, ſweet bird, may ſoften thine;
An abſent love demands a tear from me.

Yet, ere we ſlumber, ſongſters of the ſky,
Through the long night of winter, wild and drear:
O, let us tune, ere love and fancy die,
One tender farewell to the fading year!

Farewell ye wild hills, ſcatter'd o'er with ſpring!
Sweet ſolitude, where Flora ſmil'd unſeen!
Farewell each breeze of balmy-burden'd wing!
The violet's blue bank, and the tall wood green!

Ye tuneful groves of Belvidere adieu! [reſt!
Kind ſhades, that whiſper o'er my Cranford's
From courts, from ſenates, and from camps to you,
When fancy leads him, no inglorious gueſt.

Dear ſhades, adieu! where late the moral muſe,
Led by the dryad, ſilence, oft reclin'd,
Taught meanneſs to extend her little views,
And look on nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the woodland vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell the ſweet breath of the early gale,
And the dear glories of the cloſing day!

The nameleſs charms of high, poetic thought,
That ſpring's green hours to fancy's children bore;
The words divine, imagination wrote
On ſlumber's light leaf, by the murmuring ſhore.

All, all adieu! from autumn's ſober power
Fly the dear dreams of ſpring's delightful reign;
Gay ſummer ſtrips her roſy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waſte the glories of her train,

Yet autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er her golden ruins as we ſtray,
Sweet melancholy ſooths the muſing mind,
And nature's charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous Power, whom happy worlds adore,
With every ſcene ſome grateful change ſhe brings—
In winter's wild ſnows, autumn's golden ſtore,
In glowing ſummers, and in blooming ſprings!

O moſt belov'd! the faireſt and the beſt
Of all her works! may ſtill thy lover find
Fair nature's frankneſs in thy gentle breaſt;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the ſpring of ſmiling youth is o'er;
When ſummer's glories yields to autumn's ſway;
When golden autumn ſinks in winter's hoar;
And life declining yields its laſt weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age ſhall cloſe,
On thée my fond eye bend its trembling light:
Remembrance ſweet ſhall ſooth my laſt repoſe,
And my ſoul bleſs thee in eternal night.

TO THE SAME. 1763.

When pale beneath the frowning ſhade of death,
No ſoothing voice of love or friendſhip nigh,
While ſtrong convulſions ſeiz'd the lab'ring breath,
And life ſuſpended left each vacant eye;

Where, in that moment, fled th' immortal mind?
To what new region did the ſpirit ſtray?
Found it ſome boſom hoſpitably kind,
Some breaſt that took the wanderer in its way?

To thee my ——, in that deathful hour,
To thy dear boſom it once more return'd;
And wrapt in ————'s ſolitary bower,
The ruins of its former manſion mourn'd.

But didſt thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
O'er thy pale lover ſhed the generous tear?
From thoſe ſweet eyes did pity's ſoftneſs ſtart,
When fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didſt thou to Heav'n addreſs the forceful prayer,
Fold thy fair hands, and raiſe the mournful eye,
Implore each power benevolent to ſpare,
And call down pity from the golden ſky?

O, born at once to bleſs me and to ſave,
Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!
Thou too ſhalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow ſhall bloom the deathleſs bay.

Dear ſhades of genius! heirs of endleſs fame!
That in your laureat crowns the myrtle wove,
Snatch'd from oblivion beauty's ſacred name,
And grew immortal in the arms of love!

O, may we meet you in ſome happier clime!
Some ſafer vale beneath a genial ſky!
Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,
Diſeaſe, and death, and fear, and frailty fly!

TO THE SAME.

The Complaint of her Ring-Dove.

Far from the ſmiles of blue heſperian ſkies,
Far from thoſe vales, where flowery pleaſures dwell,
(Dear ſcenes of freedom loſt to theſe ſad eyes)!
How hard to languiſh in this lonely cell!

When genial gales relume the fires of love;
When laughing ſpring leads round the jocund year;
Ah, view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,
From every heart-felt joy ſecluded here!

To me no more the laughing ſpring looks gay;
Nor annual loves relume my languid breaſt;
Time ſlowly drags the long, delightleſs day,
Through one dull ſcene of ſolitary reſt.

Ah! what avails that dreaming fancy roves
Through the wild beauties of her native reign!
Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freſhening groves,
To wake to anguiſh in this hopeleſs chain?

Though fondly ſooth'd with pity's tendereſt care,
Though ſtill by ——'s gentle hand careſt,
For the free foreſt, and the boundleſs air,
The rebel, nature, murmurs in my breaſt.

Ah, let not nature, ——, plead in vain!
For kindneſs, ſure, ſhould grace a form ſo fair:
Reſtore me to my native wilds again,
To the free foreſt, and the boundleſs air.

TO THE SAME.

SONNET.

In the Manner of Petrarch. 1765.

On thy fair morn, O hope-inſpiring May!
The ſweeteſt twins that ever nature bore,
Where ——— vale her field-flower garland wove,
Young love and fancy met the genial day.
And, as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
A nymph of gentleſt mien their train before,
Came with a ſmile; and ſwain, ſhe cried, no more
To penſive ſorrow tune thy hopeleſs lay.
Friends of thy heart, ſee love and fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted boſom warms!
Delight, that rifles all the fragrant ſpring!
Fair-handed hope, that paints unfading charms!
And dove-like faith, that waves her ſilver wing.——
Theſe, ſwain, are thine; for ——— meets thy arms.

TO THE SAME.

Wrapped round a Noſegay of Violets. 1761.

Dear object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy, and ſolace of my care!
Whoſe gentle friendſhip ſuch a charm can give,
As makes me wiſh, and tells me how to live!
To thee the muſe with grateful hand would bring
Theſe firſt fair children of the doubtful ſpring.
O may they, fearleſs of a varying ſky,
Bloom on thy breaſt, and ſmile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue diſplay,
And ſweeter breathe their little lives away!

TO THE SAME.

On the Moral Reflections contained in her Anſwer to the above Verſes. 1761.

Sweet moraliſt! whoſe moving truths impart
At once delight and anguiſh to my heart!
Though human joys their ſhort-liv'd ſweets exhale,
Like the wan beauties of the waſted vale;
Yet truſt the muſe, fair friendſhip's flower ſhall laſt,
When life's ſhort ſunſhine, like its ſtorms, is paſt;
Bloom in the fields of ſome ambroſial ſhore,
Where time, and death, and ſickneſs, are no more.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF MAPS. 1765.

Realms of this globe, that ever-circling run,
And riſe alternate to embrace the ſun;
Shall I with envy at my lot repine,
Becauſe I boaſt ſo ſmall a portion mine?
If e'er in thought of Andaluſia's vines,
Golconda's jewels, or Potoſi's mines;
If theſe, or thoſe, if vanity forgot
The humbler bleſſings of my little lot;
Then may the ſtream that murmurs near my door,
The waving grove that loves its mazy ſhore,
Withhold each ſoothing pleaſure that they gave,
No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

THEODOSIUS TO CONSTANTIA. 1760.

Let others ſeek the lying aids of art,
And bribe the paſſions to betray the heart;
Truth, ſacred truth, and faith unſkill'd to feign,
Fill my fond breaſt, and prompt my artleſs ſtrain.
Say, did thy lover, in ſome happier hour,
Each ardent thought in wild profuſion pour;
With eager fondneſs on thy beauty gaze,
And talk with all the ecſtaſy of praiſe?
The heart ſincere its pleaſing tumult prov'd;
All, all declar'd that Theodoſius lov'd.
Let raptur'd fancy on that moment dwell,
When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;
When love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender ſigh,
Swell'd thy full breaſt, and fill'd thy melting eye.
O! bleſt for ever be th' auſpicious day,
Dance all its hours in pleaſure's golden ray!
Pale ſorrow's gloom from every eye depart!
And laughing joy glide lightly through the heart!
Let village-maids their feſtive brows adorn,
And with freſh garlands meet the ſmiling morn;
Each happy ſwain, by faithful love repaid,
Pour his warm vows, and court his village-maid.
Yet ſhall the ſcene to raviſh'd memory riſe:
Conſtantia preſent, yet ſhall meet theſe eyes;
On her fair arm her beauteous head reclin'd,
Her locks flung careleſs to the ſportful wind.
While love and fear contending in her face,
Fluſh every roſe, and heighten every grace.
O never, while of life and hope poſſeſt,
May this dear image quit my faithful breaſt!
The painful hours of abſence to beguile,
May thus Conſtantia look, Conſtantia ſmile!

ELEGY. 1760.

The eye of nature never reſts from care;
She guards her children with a parent's love;
And not a miſchief reigns in earth or air,
But time deſtroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill ſhall haunt the walks of life,
No vice in vain the human heart deprave,
The pois'nous flower, the tempeſt's raging ſtrife,
From greater pain, from greater ruin ſave.

Lavinia, form'd with every powerful grace,
With all that lights the flame of young deſire;
Pure eaſe of wit, and elegance of face,
A ſoul of fancy, and an eye all fire.

Lavinia!---Peace, my buſy fluttering breaſt!
Nor fear to languiſh in thy former pain:
At length ſhe yields---ſhe yields the needful reſt;
And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden ſtar, that leads the radiant morn,
Looks not ſo fair, freſh riſing from the main;
But her bent eyebrow bears forbidding ſcorn,---
But pride's fell furies every heart-ſtring ſtrain.

Lavinia, thanks to thy ungentle mind;
I now behold thee with indifferent eyes;
And reaſon dares, thou love as death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthleſs being to deſpiſe.

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
And fair proportions win the captive heart;
But let rank pride the pleasing form debase,
And love disgusted breaks his erring dart.

The youth that once the sculptur'd nymph admir'd,
Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,
If the vain form, with recent life inspir'd,
Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,
Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
Still may'st thou dream of splendour in thy train,
And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, sweet peace shall sooth my troubled mind,
And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;
Since reason dares, though love as death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

INSCRIPTION ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free, untainted mind;
The nurse, the pedant leave behind;
And all that superstition fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
Each thought that reason can't retain—
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
And range these various volumes o'er,
Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Remembering authors are but men.
Has fair philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove.
If the sweet muse thy pleasure gives,
With her, in yonder grove, she lives:
And if religion claims thy care,
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For first from nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

TO LORD GRANBY.

IN spite of all the rusty fools
That glean old nonsense in the schools;
Nature, a mistress, never coy,
Has wrote on all her works—enjoy.
Shall we then starve, like Gideon's wife,
And die to save a makeweight's life?
No, friend of nature, you disdain,
So fair a hand should work in vain.
But, good my lord, make her your guide,
And err not on the other side:
Like her, in all you deign to do,
Be liberal, but be sparing too.
When sly Sir Looby, night by night,
With his dear bags regales his sight;
And conscience, reason, pity, sleep,
Though virtue pine, though merit weep;
I see the keen reproaches fly
Indignant from your honest eye:
Each bounteous wish glows unconfin'd,
And your breast labours to be kind.
At this warm hour, my lord, beware
The servile flatterer's specious snare,
The fawning sycophant, whose art
Marks the kind motions of the heart;
Each idle, each insidious knave,
That acts the graceful, wise, or brave.
With festive beard, and social eye,
You've seen old hospitality;
Mounted astride the moss-grown wall,
The genius of the ancient hall.
So reverend, with such courtly glee,
He serv'd your noble ancestry;
And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,
For Russel, Rous, Plantagenet.
No lying porter levied there
His dues on all imported ware;
There, rang'd in rows, no livery'd train
E'er begg'd their master's beer again;
No flatterer's planetary face
'Plied for a bottle, or a place,
Toad-eating France, and fiddling Rome,
Kept their lean rascals starv'd at home.
" Thrice happy days!"
In this, 'tis true,
Old times were better than the new;
Yet some egregious faults you'll see
In ancient hospitality.
See motley crowds, his roof beneath,
Put poor society to death!
Priests, knights, and 'squires, debating wild,
On themes unworthy of a child;
Till the strange compliment commences,
To praise their host, and lose their senses.
Go then, my lord! keep open hall;
Proclaim your table free for all;
Go, sacrifice your time, your wealth,
Your patience, liberty, and health,
To such a thought-renouncing crew,
Such foes to care—ev'n care for you.
" Heav'ns! and are these the plagues that wait
" Around the hospitable gate—
" Let tenfold iron bolt my door,
" And the gaunt mastiff growl before;
" There, not one human creature pigh,
" Save, dear Sir Toby, you and I,
" In cynic silence let us dwell;
" Ye plagues of social life farewell!"
Displeases this? The modern way,
Perhaps, may please—a public day.
" A public day! detested name!
" The farce of friendship, and the shame.
" Did ever social freedom come
" Within the pale of drawing-room?
" See pictur'd round the formal crowd!
" How nice, how just each attitude!
" My lord approaches---what surprise!
" The pictures speak, the pictures rise!
" Thrice ten times told the same salute,
" Once more the mimic forms the mute.
" Meanwhile the envious rows between,
" Distrust and scandal walk unseen;
" Their poisons silently infuse,
" Till these suspect, and those abuse.
" Far, far from these, in some lone shade,
" Let me, in easy silence laid,
" Where never fools, or slaves intrude,
" Enjoy the sweets of solitude!"
What, quit the commerce of mankind!
Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!

Who fly to ſolitary reſt,
Are reaſon's ſavages at beſt.
Though human life's extenſive field
Wild weeds, and vexing brambles yield;
Behold her ſmiling vallies bear
Melliſluous fruits, and flowers fair!
The crowds of folly you deſpiſe---
Aſſociate with the good and wiſe;
For virtue, rightly underſtood,
Is to be wiſe, and to be good.

MONODY. 1759.

Ah, ſcenes belov'd! ah, conſcious ſhades,
That wave theſe parent-vales along!
Ye bowers, where fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric ſong,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In ſighs of ſolemn woe, in broken ſounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtleſs urn---
For her bewail theſe ſtreams of woe,
For her theſe filial ſorrows flow;
Source of my life, that led my tender years
With all a parent's pious fears;
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.
Careful ſhe mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footſteps ſtray:
She taught the ſtruggling paſſions to ſubſide;
Where ſacred truth and reaſon guide,
In virtue's glorious path to ſeek the realms of day.

Lamented goodneſs! yet I ſee
The fond affection melting in her eye:
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender ſigh;
As thoughtful, ſhe the toils ſurveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O beſt of parents! let me pour
My ſorrows o'er thy ſilent bed:
There early ſtrew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening ſhed---
Alas! are theſe the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
Theſe fruitleſs offerings that embalm the dead?

Then, fairy-ſeated hope, forbear---
No more thy fond illuſions ſpread;
Thy ſhadowy ſcenes diſſolv'd in air,
Thy viſionary proſpects fled;
With her they fled, at whoſe lamented ſhrine,
Love, gratitude, and duty, mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to reſign, [years.
Nor hopeful more to ſooth her long-declining

TO MRS. ———

In Tears for the Death of a Friend. 1762.

So feeble nature weeps o'er friendſhip's grave,
And mourns the rigour of that law ſhe gave:
Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire
All Pembroke's elegance, all Waldegrave's fire.
No more thoſe eyes in ſoft effulgence move,
No more that boſom feels the ſpark of love.

O'er thoſe pale cheeks the drooping graces mourn,
And fancy tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.
There hope at heav'n once caſt a doubtful eye,
Content repin'd, and patience ſtole a ſigh.
Fair friendſhip griev'd o'er ———'s ſacred bier,
And virtue wept, for —— dropt a tear.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

With ſenſe enough for half your ſex beſide,
With juſt no more than neceſſary pride;
With knowledge caught from nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly ſage—
Alas! how piteous, that in ſuch a mind
So many foibles free reception find!
Can ſuch a mind, ye gods! admit diſdain?
Be partial, envious, covetous, and vain?
Unwelcome truth! to love, to blindneſs clear!
Yet Gillman, hear it;—while you bluſh to hear.
That in your gentle breaſt diſdain can dwell,
Let knavery, meanneſs, pride that feel it, tell!
With partial eye a friend's defects you ſee,
And look with kindneſs on my faults and me.
And does no envy that fair mind o'erſhade?
Does no ſhort ſigh for greater wealth invade;
When ſilent merit wants the ſoſtering meed,
And the warm wiſh ſuggeſts the virtuous deed?
Fairly the charge of vanity you prove,
Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.
What charms, what arts of magic have conſpir'd
Of power to make ſo many faults admir'd?

FRAGMENT OF A POEM,

Written at Clare-Hall, on the King's Acceſſion. 1760.

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.. ..

While every gale the voice of triumph brings,
And ſmiling victory waves her purple wings;
While earth and ocean yield their ſubject powers,
Neptune his waves and Cybele her towers;
Yet will you deign the muſe's voice to hear,
And let her welcome greet a monarch's ear?
Yes; 'midſt the toils of glory ill-repaid,
Oft has the monarch ſought her ſoothing aid.
See Frederic court her in the rage of war,
Though rapid vengeance urge his hoſtile car:
With her repos'd in philoſophic reſt,
The ſage's ſunſhine ſmooths the warrior's breaſt.
Whate'er Arcadian fancy feign'd of old
Of halcyon days, and minutes plum'd with gold;
Whate'er adorn'd the wiſeſt, gentleſt reign,
From you ſhe hopes—let not her hopes be vain!
Riſe ancient ſuns! advance Pierian days!
Flow Attic ſtreams! and ſpring Aonian bays!
Cam, down thy wave in briſker mazes glide,
And ſee new honours crown thy hoary ſide!
Thy oſiers old ſee myrtle groves ſucceed!
And the green laurel meet the waving reed!

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.. ..

CÆSAR'S DREAM.

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN. 1758.

When rough Helvetia's hardy ſons obey,
And vanquiſh'd Belgia bows to Cæſar's ſway;

When ſcarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithleſs Gaul:
Tir'd freedom leads her ſavage ſons no more,
But flies, ſubdued, to Albion's utmoſt ſhore.
'Twas then, while ſtillneſs graſp'd the ſleeping air.
And dews ſlumbers ſeal'd the eye of care;
Divine ambition to her votary came:
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;
Her right a regal ſceptre ſeem'd to hold,
With gems far blazing from the burniſh'd gold.
And thus, "My ſon," the queen of glory ſaid;
'Immortal Cæſar, raiſe thy languid head.
" Shall night's dull chains the man of counſels bind?
" Or Morpheus rule the monarch of mankind?
" See worlds unvanquiſh'd yet await thy ſword!
" Barbaric lands, that ſcorn a Latian lord!
" See yon proud iſle, whoſe mountains meet the ſky,
" Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!
" What, though by nature's firmeſt bars ſecur'd,
" By ſeas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
" Shall Cæſar ſhrink the greateſt toils to brave,
" Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?"
She ſpoke—her words the warrior's breaſt inflame
With rage indignant, and with conſcious ſhame;
Already beat, the ſwelling floods give way,
And the fell genii of the rocks obey.
Already ſhouts of triumph rend the ſkies,
And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.
Quick round their chief his active legions ſtand,
Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand:
The hero roſe, majeſtically ſlow,
And look'd attention to the crowds below.
'Romans and friends! is there who ſeeks for reſt,
'By labours vanquiſh'd, and with wounds oppreſt?
'That reſpite Cæſar ſhall with pleaſure yield,
'Due to the toils of many a well fought field.
'Is there, who ſhrinks at thought of dangers paſt,
'The ragged mountain, or the pathleſs waſte---
'While ſavage hoſts, or ſavage floods oppoſe,
'Or ſhivering fancy pines in Alpine ſnows?
'Let him retire to Latium's peaceful ſhore;
'He once has toil'd, and Cæſar aſks no more.
'Is there a Roman, whoſe unſhaken breaſt
'No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depreſt?
'Who, doom'd through death's dread miniſters to go,
'Dares to chaſtiſe the inſults of a foe;
'Let him, his country's glory and her ſtay,
'With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
'A form divine, in heavenly ſplendour bright,
'Whoſe look threw radiance round the pall of night,
'With calm ſeverity approach'd and ſaid,
" Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.
" What! ſhall a Roman ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" And tamely ſee the Britons aid his foes?
" See them ſecure the rebel Gaul ſupply;
" Spurn his vain eagles and his power defy?
" Go! burſt their barriers, obſtinately brave;
" Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."

Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply.
The voice aſſenting ſpoke from every eye;
Nor, as the kindneſs that reproach'd with fear,
Were dangers dreadful, or were toils ſevere.

INSCRIPTION

IN A TEMPLE OF SOCIETY.

SACRED riſe theſe walls to thee,
Blithe-ey'd nymph, ſociety!
In whoſe dwelling, free and fair,
Converſe ſmooths the brow of care.
Who, when waggiſh wit betray'd
To his arms a ſylvan maid,
All beneath a myrtle tree,
In ſome vale of Arcady,
Sprung, I ween, from ſuch embrace,
The lovely contraſt in her face.
Perchance, the muſes as they ſtray'd,
Seeking other ſpring, or ſhade,
On the ſweet child caſt an eye
In ſome vale of Arcady:
And blitheſt of the ſiſters three,
Gave her to Euphroſyne.
The grace, delighted, taught her care
The cordial ſmile the placid air;
How to chaſe, and how reſtrain
All the fleet, ideal train;
How with apt words well combin'd,
To dreſs each image of the mind——
Taught her how they diſagree,
Awkward fear and modeſty,
And freedom and ruſticity.
True politeneſs how to know
From the ſuperficial ſhow;
From the coxcomb's ſhallow grace,
And the many modell'd face:
That nature's unaffected eaſe
More than ſtudied forms would pleaſe——
When to check the ſportive vein:
When to fancy yield the rein,
On the ſubject when to be
Grave or gay, reſerv'd or free:
The ſpeaking air, th' impaſſion'd eye,
The living ſoul of ſymmetry;
And that ſoft ſympathy which binds
In magic chains congenial minds.

INSCRIPTION

IN A SEQUESTERED GROTTO. 1763.

SWEET peace, that lov'ſt the ſilent hour,
The ſtill retreat of leiſure free;
Aſſociate of each gentle power,
And eldeſt born of harmony!

O, if thou own'ſt this moſſy cell,
If thine this manſion of repoſe:
Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,
With thee my wakeful eye to cloſe.

And though thoſe glittering ſcenes ſhould fade,
That pleaſure's roſy train prepares;——
What vot'ry have they not betray'd?
What are they more than ſplendid cares?

But ſmiling days exempt from care,
But nights, when ſleep, and ſilence reign;
Serenity with aſpect fair,
And love and joy are in thy train.

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION,

IN THE SAME GROTTO. 1756.

O FAIREST of the village born,
Content, inſpire my careleſs lay!
Let no vain wiſh, no thought forlorn
Throw darkneſs o'er the ſmiling day.
Forgett'ſt thou, when we wander'd o'er
The ſylvan Belau's * ſedgy ſhore,
Or rang'd the woodland wilds along;
How oft on Hérclay's † mountains high
We've met the morning's purple eye,
Delay'd by many a ſong?
From thee, from thoſe by fortune led;
To all the farce of life confin'd;
At once each native pleaſure fled,
For thou, ſweet nymph, was left behind.
Yet could I once, once more ſurvey
Thy comely form in mantle gray,
Thy poliſh'd brow, thy peaceful eye;
Where'er, forſaken fair, you dwell,
Though in this dim ſequeſter'd cell,
With thee I'd live and die.

LEFT WITH THE MINISTER OF RIPONDEN,

A ROMANTIC VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE. 1758.

THRICE happy you, whoe'er you are,
From life's low cares ſecluded far,
In this ſequeſter'd vale—!
Ye rocks on precipices pil'd!
Ye ragged deſerts, waſte and wild!
Delightful horrors hail!

What joy within theſe ſunleſs groves,
Where lonely contemplation roves,
To reſt in fearleſs eaſe!
Save weeping rills, to ſee no tear,
Save dying gales no ſigh to hear,
No murmur but the breeze.

Say, would you change that peaceful cell
Where ſanctity and ſilence dwell,
For ſplendour's dazzling blaze?
For all thoſe gilded toys that glare
Round high-born power's imperial chair,
Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah friend! ambition's proſpects cloſe,
And, ſtudious of your own repoſe,
Be thankful here to live;
For, truſt me, one protecting ſhed
And nightly peace, and daily bread
Is all that life can give.

---

* *A ſmall river in Weſtmoreland.*

† *A romantic village in the abovementioned county, formerly the ſeat of the Herclays, Earls of Carliſle.*

WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF

PONTECRAFT CASTLE. 1756.

RIGHT ſung the bard, that all-involving age,
With hand impartial deals the ruthleſs blow;
That war, wide-waſting, with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall ſpire, and ſky-crown'd turret low.

A pile ſtupendous, once of fair renown,
This mould'ring maſs of ſhapeleſs ruin roſe,
Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
And birds obſcene in ivy bow'rs repoſe

Oft the pale matron from the threat'ning wall,
Suſpicious, bids her heedleſs children fly;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full ſwiftly ſteps the frighted peaſant by.

But more reſpectful views th' hiſtoric ſage,
Muſing, theſe awful relicks of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hoſtile rage,
In Henry's and in Edward's dubious day.

He penſive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erſt have trod this deſolated ground;
Reflects how here unhappy Saliſbury bled,
When faction aim'd the death-diſpenſing wound.

Reſt, gentle rivers! and ill-fated Gray!
A flow'r or tear oft ſtrews your humble grave,
Whom envy ſlew, to pave ambition's way,
And whom a monarch wept in vain to ſave.

Ah! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne?
The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd!
Happier! to theſe the humble life unknown,
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the ſons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapleſs here inglorious Richard lay.
Yet many a prince, whoſe blood full dearly bought
The ſhameful triumph of the long-fought day.

Yet many a hero whoſe defeated hand
In death reſign'd the well-conteſted field,
Had in his offſpring ſav'd a ſinking land,
The tyrant's terror, and the nation's ſhield.

Ill could the muſe indignant grief forbear,
Should mem'ry trace her bleeding country's woes;
Ill could ſhe count, without a burſting tear,
Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd roſe!

While York, with conqueſt and revenge elate,
Inſulting triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities Henry's hapleſs fate,
Himſelf a captive, and his leaders ſlain?

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
To ſtem ambition, faction's rage to quell;
Happier! from theſe had fortune plac'd thee far,
In ſome lone convent, or ſome peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
That vanquiſh'd York, on Wakefield's purple green,
Proſtrate amidſt the common ſlaughter lay:

In vain fair vict'ry beam'd the glad'ning eye,
And, waving oft, her golden pinions, ſmil'd:
Full ſoon the flatt'ring goddeſs meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unſteady fortune's child.

Let Towton's field——but ceaſe the diſmal tale:
For much its horrors would the muſe appal,
In ſofter ſtrains ſuffice it to bewail
The patriot's exile, or the hero's fall.

Thus ſilver Wharf *, whoſe cryſtal-ſparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming ſhore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, ſeems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimſon wave no more.

FRAGMENT. 1762.

'Twas on time's birth-day, when the voice divine
Wak'd ſleeping nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, ſtruggled with created light;
The heav'n-born muſe, ſprung from the ſource ſublime
Of harmony immortal, firſt receiv'd
Her ſacred mandate. "Go, ſeraphic maid,
"Companion ſtill to nature! from her works
"Derive thy lay melodious; great like thoſe,
"And elegantly ſimple. In thy train,
"Glory, and deathleſs fame and fair renown
"Attendant ever, each immortal name,
"By thee deem'd ſacred, to yon ſtarry vault
"Shall bear, and ſtamp in characters of gold.
"Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
"The firm heart, where the love of human kind
"Inflames the patriot ſpirit, there to ſooth
"The toils of virtue with melodious praiſe:
"For thoſe, that ſmiling ſeraph bids thee wake
"His golden lyre; for thoſe, the young-ey'd ſun
"Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial ſpring
"Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his "boſom."
So ſpake the voice divine; the raptur'd muſe
In ſtrains like theſe, but nobler, fram'd her lay.
Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds auguſt,
Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! patriot hearts,
That, fearleſs of a tyrant's threatening arm,
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where hiſtory triumphs in your holy names
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why ſtreams my eye with pleaſure †? 'tis the joy
The ſoft delight that through the full breaſt flows,
From ſweet remembrance of departed virtue!
O Britain, parent of illuſtrious names,
While o'er thy annals memory ſhoots her eye,
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,
And emulous eſteem! hail, Sydney hail!
Whether Arcadian blithe, by fountain clear,
Piping thy love-lays wild or Spartan bold,
In freedom's van diſtinguiſh'd, Sydney, hail!
Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unſeen
Fall flowers: oft in thy vale of Penſhurſt fair
The ſhepherd wandering from his nightly fold,
Liſteneth ſtrange muſic, by the tiny breath
Of fairy minſtrels warbled.
On Raleigh's grave, O ſtrew the faireſt flowers,
That on the boſom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids!
Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme bring
To Raleigh's honour'd grave! There bloom the bay,
The virgin roſe, that bluſhing to be ſeen,
Folds its fair leaves; for modeſt worth was his:
A mind where truth philoſophy's firſt born,
Held her harmonious reign; a Briton's breaſt,
That, careful ſtill of freedom's holy pledge,
Diſdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Diſdain'd and dy'd! Where was thy ſpirit then,
Queen of ſea-crowning iſles, when Raleigh bled?
How well he ſerv'd thee, let Iberia tell!
Aſk proſtrate Cales, yet trembling at his name,
How well he ſerv'd thee; when her vanquiſh'd hand
Held forth the baſe bribe, how he ſpurn'd it from him,
And cried, I fight for Britain! Hiſtory riſe,
And blaſt the reigns that redden with the blood
Of thoſe that gave them glory!

* *A river near the ſcene of battle, in which were ſtain 35,000 men.*

† Exultat Animus Maximorum Virorum Memoriam percurrens." VAL. MAX.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF BION *. 1759.

Adonis dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.
The queen of beauty o'er his tomb ſhall ſhed
Her flowing ſorrows for Adonis dead;
For earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
Adonis dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.

* Bion the paſtoral poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet Σμυρναῖος; every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moſchus confirms this, when he ſays to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

——Νυν παλιν αλλον
Ὑιεα δακρυεις——

It is evident, however, that he ſpent much of his time in Sicily. Moſchus, as he tells us, was his ſcholar; and by him we are informed that his maſter was not a poor poet. "Thou haſt left to others thy riches," ſays he, "but to me thy poetry." It appears from the ſame author that he died by poiſon. The beſt edition of his works is that of Paris, by M. de Longue-Pierre, with a French tranſlation.

Ver. 1. Adonis, the favourite of Venus, was the ſon of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, though he is repreſented by Virgil as a ſhepherd.

Ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis.

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies,
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's laſt drops faintly flow,
In ſtreams of purple, o'er thoſe limbs of ſnow!
From the pale cheek the periſh'd roſes fly,
And death dims ſlow the ghaſtly gazing eye.
Kiſs, kiſs thoſe fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With ſoothing fondneſs ſtay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain!—ah! give the ſoothing fondneſs o'er!
Adonis feels the warm ſalute no more.
Adonis dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.
His faithful dogs bewail their maſter ſlain,
And mourning dryads pour the plaintive ſtrain.
Not the fair youth alone the wound oppreſt,
The queen of beauty bears it in her breaſt.
Her feet unſandal'd floating wild her hair,
Her aſpect woeful, and her boſom bare,
Diſtreſt, ſhe wanders the wild waſtes forlorn,
Her ſacred limbs by ruthleſs brambles torn,
Loud as ſhe grieves, ſurrounding rocks complain,
And echo through the long vales calls her abſent ſwain.
Adonis hears not: Life's laſt drops fall ſlow
In ſtreams of purple, down his limbs of ſnow.
The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus.

——Percuſſit Adonim
Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniverſary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Ariſtophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feaſt of Adonis among the chief feſtivals of the Athenians. The Syrians obſerved it with all the violence of grief, and the greateſt cruelty of ſelf-caſtigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian the Apoſtate made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feaſt of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus ſays that he was the favourite of Bacchus: Plutarch maintains that he and Bacchus are the ſame; and that the Jews abſtained from ſwines fleſh becauſe Adonis was killed by a boar. Auſonius, Epig. 30. affirms that Bacchus, Oſiris, and Adonis, are one and the ſame.

Ver. 21, 24. The lines in the original run thus:

Ἄγριον ἄγριον ἕλκος ἔχει κατὰ μηρὸν Ἄδωνις,
Μείζον δ' ἀ Κυθέρεια φερεῖ ποτικαρδιον ἕλκος.
Κεῖνον μεν μερόπων παῖδα φίλοι κύνες ὠρύσαντο,
Καὶ Νυμφαι κλαίουσιν ὀρειαδες.

The two firſt of theſe lines contain a kind of witticiſm, which it was better to avoid. This author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of theſe little affected turns of expreſſion, which Muſæus and others have been induſtrious to ſtrike out.

Theſe four verſes are tranſpoſed in the tranſlation for the ſake of the connection.

Ver. 27. This image of the ſorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with great beauty and propriety. Indeed, moſt modern poets ſeem to have obſerved it, and have profited by it in their ſcenes of elegiac woe.

Each rival grace that glow'd with conſcious pride,
Each charm of Venus with Adonis dy'd.
Adonis dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
And hollow groves return the ſaddening groan.
The ſwelling floods with ſea-born Venus weep,
And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep:
In melting tears the mountain-ſprings comply;
The flow'rs, low-drooping, bluſh with grief, and die.
Cythera's groves with ſtrains of ſorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her ſad cities ſing.
Hark! pitying echoes Venus' ſighs return;
When Venus ſighs, can aught forbear to mourn?
But when ſhe ſaw her fainting lover lie
The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh;
But ſtreaming when ſhe ſaw life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice ſhe cry'd:
Yet ſtay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiſs thee!—hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! ſtay,
And kiſs thy Venus, ere thoſe lips are clay.
Let thoſe dear lips by mine once more be preſt,
Till thy laſt breathe expire into my breaſt;
Then when life's ebbing pulſe ſcarce ſcarce can move,
I'll catch thy ſoul, and drink thy dying love.
That laſt-left pledge ſhall ſooth my tortur'd breaſt,
When thou art gone.——
When, far from me, thy gentle ghoſt explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming ſhores.
Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life impriſon'd whom the fates confine.
He comes! receive him to thine iron arms;
Bleſt queen of death! receive the prince of charms:
For happier thou, to whoſe wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.

Ver. 39. When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her Ἀφροδίτα; but this propriety perhaps was merely accidental, as he has given her the ſame appellation when ſhe wanders the deſert.

Ver. 42.
Ἀνθεα δ' ἐξ ὀδυνας ἐρυθρὰ νιτεται.——

Paleneſs being the known effect of grief, we do not at firſt ſight accept this expreſſion; but when we conſider that the firſt emotions of it are attended with bluſhes, we are pleaſed with the obſervation.

Ver. 43.
ἁ δὲ Κυθήρη
Παντας ἀνα κτιμπας καὶ ἀνα πτολιν ἀικλον ἀειδει.

This paſſage the ſcholiaſts have entirely miſunderſtood. They make Κυθήρη *Venus*, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name ſhe borrows from that iſland being always Κυθερεία, nor in the leaſt probability from the connection.

This proves that the iſland Cythera was the place where Adonis periſhed, notwithſtanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

The smiles of joy, the golden hours are fled;
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead
The loves around in idle sorrow stand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flow'ry pride!
Delight and beauty with Adonis dy'd.
Why didst thou, vent'rous, the wild chase explore,
From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar?
Far other sport might those fair limbs essay,
Than the rude combat, or the savage fray.
Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow;
And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.
But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain air,
The last sad office let thy hand supply,
Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.
That form repos'd beneath the bridal vest,
May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.
For lovely smile those lips, though void of breath,
And fair those features in the shade of death.
Haste, fill with flow'rs, with rosy wreaths his bed;
Perish the flow'rs! the prince of beauty's dead.
Round the pale corse each breathing essence strew,
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew;
Perish the balms, unable to restore
Those vital sweets of love that charm no more!
'Tis done—Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the useless bow.
Officious these the wat'ry urn supply,
Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding thigh.
O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,
As yet, though vain, solicitous to save.
All wild with grief, their hapless queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flow'ry tresses torn:
For nuptial airs and songs of joy, remain
The sad, slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain,
Who would not, when Adonis dies, deplore?
Who would not weep when Hymen smiles no more?
The graces mourn the prince of beauty slain,
Loud as Dione on her native main:
The fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below.
Vain hopeless grief! can living sounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal shade?
Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear
For the long sorrows of the mournful year.

Ver. 124. Numa seems to have borrowed the custom he instituted of mourning a year for the deceased from the Greeks. For though it is said only ten months were set apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his successor.

THE

HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE AND MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET. 1760.

O GOODNESS of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene;
Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of fame.

See foster'd in thy fav'ring shade
Each tender bard of verse divine!
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd, or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you slight the flowery crown
That fame wreathes round the favour'd head!
Whilst laurell'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy shades have led;
There form'd from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
Fabricius just, Camillus wise,
Those philosophic sons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possest,
Whose wishes never learnt to stray.
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies!
With reason's suffrage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
The northern or the southern shore,
He smiles at fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
Ev'n nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And bursting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O friendship fair, immortal maid;
The few caprice could never move,
The few whom interest never sway'd;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'st the peaceful cell,
On these descends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams dispel
The slumbers of the sober hour;
Which oft, array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus Sidon's monarch liv'd unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his little field
For the long glories of a throne——
There once more happy and more free
Than rank'd with Dido's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues blest,
These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapt in your Richmond's tranquil rest,
You pass, dear C——, your useful days.
Where Thames your silent vallies laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage
Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage
For ever brings the same repose;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happiness so sure.

SONNET CLXXIX.

TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH. 1765.

Though nobly born, to humble life resign'd;
The purest heart, the most enlighten'd mind;
A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
A cheerful spirit, with an aspect sage,—
The power that rules the planetary train
To her has given, nor shall his gifts be vain.
Put on her worth, her various praise to dwell,
The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
The muse herself would own the talk too hard,
Too great the labour for the happiest bard.
Dress that derives from native beauty grace,
And love that holds with honesty his place;
Action that speaks—and eyes whose piercing ray
Might kindle darkness, or obscure the day!

* * * * *

SONNET CCLXXIX.

FROM THE SAME. 1765.

Fall'n the fair column, blasted is the bay,
That shaded once my solitary shore!
I've lost what hope can never give me more,
Though sought from Indus to the closing day.
My twofold treasure death has snatch'd away,
My pride, my pleasure left me to deplore:
What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial sway,
Nor orient gold, nor jewels can restore.
O destiny severe of human kind!
What portion have we unbedew'd with tears?
The downcast visage, and the pensive mind
Through the thin veil of smiling life appears;
And in one moment vanish into wind
The hard-earn'd fruits of long laborious years.

SONNET CCLVII.

FROM THE SAME. 1765.

Where is that face, whose slightest air could move
My trembling heart, and strike the springs of love?
That heaven, where two fair stars, with genial ray
Shed their kind influence on life's dim way?
Where are that science, sense, and worth confest,
That speech by virtue, by the graces drest?
Where are those beauties, where those charms combin'd,
That caus'd this long captivity of mind?
Where the dear shade of all that once was fair,
The source, the solace of each amorous care;
My heart's sole sovereign, nature's only boast?
——Lost to the world, to me for ever lost!

SONNET CCXXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME. 1765.

Wail'd the sweet warbler to the lonely shade;
Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale;
Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,
Its banks, its flowery banks with verdure spread,
Where, by the charm of pensive fancy led,
All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,
Came the dear object whom I still bewail,
Came from the regions of the cheerless dead;
And why, she cry'd, untimely wilt thou die?
Ah why, for pity, shall those mournful fears,
Start in wild sorrow from that languid eye?
Cherish no more those visionary tears,
For me, who range yon light-invested sky!
For me, who triumph in eternal years!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

Lesbia, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say:
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers lose a day?

Setting suns shall rise in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the story:
We shall sleep and wake no more.

Give me then a thousand kisses,
Twice ten thousand more bestow,
Till the sum of boundless blisses
Neither we nor envy know.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

The gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn,
Along the grove, along the daizied green.
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,
'Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wint'ry sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,

To sooth keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain.
That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb perchance for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
Dull time has blasted the despairing year,
And winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
Yet not within the hospitable hall
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near,
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

TO A REDBREAST.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye:
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again
Well thou knowest the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store:
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

A CONTEMPLATION.

O Nature! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Duteous I bend before thy holy shrine:
To other hands be fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.

Bring gentlest love, bring fancy to my breast;
And if wild genius, in his devious way,
Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray:

I ask no more! for happier gifts than these,
The sufferer, man, was never born to prove,
But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
If lost to genius, fancy, and to love!

MENALCAS. A PASTORAL.

Now cease your sweet pipes, shepherds! cease your lays,
Ye warbling train, that fill the echoing groves
With your melodious love-notes! Die, ye winds,
That o'er Arcadian valleys blows! Ye streams,
Ye garrulous old streams, suspend your course,
And listen to Menalcas———

Menalcas.

Come fairest of the beauteous train that sport
On Ladon's flowery side, my Delia, come!
For thee thy shepherd, silent as he sits
Within the green wood, sighs; for thee prepares
The various wreaths in vain; explores the shade
Where lowly lurks the violet blue, where droops,
In tender beauty, its fair spotted bells
The cowslip: oft with plaintive voice he calls
The wakeful echo—What are streams or flowers,
Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
Young health, or music, or the voice of praise,
The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
Of evening gales, when Delia dwells afar?

TO THE REV. MR. LAMB.

Lamb, could the muse that boasts thy forming care
Unfold the grateful feelings of my heart,
Her hand for thee should many a wreath prepare,
And cull the choicest flowers with studious art.

For mark'd by thee was each imperfect ray
That haply wander'd o'er my infant mind;
The dawn of genius brighten'd into day,
As thy skill open'd, as thy lore refin'd.

Each uncouth lay that faulter'd from my tongue,
At eve or morn from Eden's murmurs caught;
Whate'er I painted, and whate'er I sung,
Though rude the strain, though artless was the draught.

You wisely prais'd, and fed the sacred fire,
That warms the breast with love and honest fame;
You swell'd to nobler heights my infant lyre,
Rais'd the low thought, and check'd th' exuberant flame.

O, could the muse in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree!
With joy I'd bind thy favour'd brows again,
With joy I'd form a fairer wreath for thee.

AN ODE.

TO THE GENIUS OF WESTMORELAND.

Hail, hidden power of these wild groves,
These uncouth rocks, and mountains gray!
Where oft, as fades the closing day,
The family of fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what sacred cell,
Coeval with the birth of time,
Wrapt in high cares, and thought sublime,
In awful silence dost thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;
Moaning along the distant gale,
Has fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has the seen thee glancing by;
Or down the summer evening sky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the sacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breast;
Those thoughts too high to be express,
Genius, if thou did'st once inspire;

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,
That in my native shades retir'd,
And once, once more by thee inspir'd,
In gratitude I pay.

HYMN TO PLUTUS.

GREAT God of wealth, before whose sacred throne
Truth, honour, genius, fame and worth lie prone!
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:
To thee a poet never kneel'd before.
Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wisdom that frown'd, and knowledge fraught with care!
Friendship that every veering gale could move!
And tantalizing hope, and faithless love!
These, these are slaves that in thy livery shine!
For wisdom, friendship, love himself is thine?
For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enlivening day;
For thee Asturia's shining sands explore,
And bear the splendours of Potosi's ore
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging sea,
And think, and toil, and wish, and wake for thee.
Farewell the scenes that thoughtless youth could please;
The flowery scenes of indolence and ease.
Where you the way with magic power beguile,
Bassora's deep, or Lybia's deserts smile.
Foes of thy worth, that, insolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign,
The frantic tribe of virtue shall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.
Away "The tears that pity taught to flow!"
Away that anguish for a brother's woe!
Adieu to these, and every tiresome guest,
That drain'd my fortunes or destroy'd my rest!
Ah, good Avaro! could I thee despise?
Thee, good Avaro; provident and wise?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've said!
I love Avaro; poor Avaro's dead.
Yet, yet I'm thine; for fame's unerring tongue
In thy sooth'd ear thus pours her silver song.
"Immortal Plutus! god of golden ease!
"Form'd every heart and every eye to please!
"For thee content her downy carpet spreads,
"And rosy pleasure swells her genial beds.
"'T thine to gild the mansions of despair;
"And beam a glory round the brows of care;
"To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours,
"With marble fountains, and ambrosial bowers."
O grant me, Plutus, scenes like those I sung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy strung.
For me their shades let other Studleys rear,
Though each tree's water'd with a widow's tear!
Detested god!—forgive me! I adore.
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more.
Should Delia, tender, generous, fair and free,
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee,
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.
Be hers the wealth all Heav'n's broad eye can view;
Grant her, good god, Don Philip and Peru.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheeks be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart.
Ye cares, O harden not my heart.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile:
Nor borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or depress,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.
Alike, the foolish, and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd;—and forgot its power to save——
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: It fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!

To Heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving ſorrows ſee!
Support them, ſweet humanity!

Life, fill'd with grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconſcious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part——to meet no more.
Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Aſſiſt them, ſweet humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet humanity!

EPISTLE TO MR. ——

From ſcenes where fancy no excurſion tries,
Nor truſts her wing to ſmoke-inveloped ſkies;
Far from the town's deteſted haunts remov'd,
And nought but thee deſerted that I lov'd;
From noiſe and folly and the world got free,
One truant thought yet only ſtays for thee.
What is that world which makes the heart its
ſlave?
A reſtleſs ſea revolving wave on wave:
There rage the ſtorms of each uncertain clime:
There float the wrecks of fortune and of time:
There hope's ſmooth gales in ſoft ſucceſſion blow,
While diſappointment hides the rock below.
The ſyren pleaſures tune their fatal breath,
And lull you to the long repoſe of death.
What is that world? at —— 'tis no more
Than the vext ocean while we walk the ſhore.
Loud roar the winds and ſwell the wild waves high,
Laſh the rude beach, and frighten all the ſky;
No longer ſhall my little bark be rent,
Since hope reſign'd her anchor to content.
Like ſome poor fiſher that, eſcap'd with life,
Will truſt no more to elemental ſtrife;
But ſits in ſafety on the green-bank ſide,
And lives upon the leavings of the tide:
Like him contented you your friend ſhall ſee,
As ſafe, as happy, and as poor as he.

TO A LADY.

ON READING AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY HER,

On the Search of Happineſs.

To ſeek the lovely nymph you ſing,
I've wander'd many a weary mile,
From grove to grove, from ſpring to ſpring;
If here or there ſhe deign'd to ſmile.

Nay, what I now muſt bluſh to ſay,
For ſure it hap'd in evil hour;
I once ſo far miſtook my way,
To ſeek her in the haunts of power.

How ſhould ſucceſs my ſearch betide,
When ſtill ſo far I wander'd wrong?
For happineſs on Arrowe's ſide,
Was liſtening to Maria's ſong.

Delighted thus with you to ſtay,
What hope have I the nymph to ſee;
Unleſs you ceaſe your magic lay,
Or bring her in your arms to me?

A MONODY.

INSCRIBED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

Being written in his Garden at Amwell, in Hertfordſhire, the beginning of the year 1769.

Friend of my genius! on whoſe natal hour,
Shone the ſame ſtar, but ſhone with brighter
ray;
Oft as amidſt thy Amwell's ſhades I ſtray,
And mark thy true taſte in each winding bower,
From my full eye why falls the tender ſhower?
While other thoughts than theſe fair ſcenes con-
vey, [away.
Bear on my trembling mind, and melt its powers

Ah me! my friend! in happier hours I ſpread
Like thee the wild walk o'er the varied plain;
The faireſt tribes of Flora's painted train,
Each bolder ſhrub that grac'd her genial bed,
When old Sylvanus, by young withes led,
Stole to her arms, of ſuch fair off-ſpring vain,
That bore their mother's beauties on their head.

Like thee, inſpir'd by love---'twas Delia's charms,
'Twas Delia's taſte the new creation gave:
For her my groves in plaintive ſighs would wave,
And call her abſent to their maſter's arms.

She comes---Ye flowers your faireſt blooms unfold!
Ye waving groves, your plaintive ſighs forbear!
Breathe all your fragrance to the amorous air,
Ye ſmiling ſhrubs whoſe heads are cloth'd with
gold!

She comes, by truth, by fair affection led,
The long lov'd miſtreſs of my faithful heart!
The miſtreſs of my ſoul, no more to part,
And all my hopes, and all my vows are ſped.
Vain, vain deluſions! dreams for ever fled!
Ere twice the ſpring had wak'd the genial hour,
The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,
And droop'd her gentle head,
And ſunk, for ever ſunk, into her ſilent bed.

Friend of my genius! partner of my fate!
To equal ſenſe of painful ſuffering born!
From whoſe fond breaſt a lovely parent torn,
Bedew'd thy pale cheek with a tear ſo late;---
Oh! let us mindful of the ſhort, ſhort date,
That bears the ſpoil of human hopes away,
Indulge ſweet memory of each happier day!
No! cloſe, for ever cloſe the iron-gate
Of cold oblivion on that dreary cell,
Where the pale ſhades of paſt enjoyments dwell,
And pointing to their bleeding boſoms ſay,
On life's diſaſtrous hour what varied woes await!

Let ſcenes of ſofter, gentler kind,
Awake to fancy's ſoothing call,

And milder on the penſive mind,
The ſhadowed thought of grief ſhall fall.
Oft as the ſlowly-cloſing day
Draws her pale mantle from the dew-ſtar's eye,
What time, the ſhepherd's cry
Leads from the paſtur'd hills his flocks away,
Attentive to the tender lay
That ſteals from Philomela's breaſt,
Let us in muſing ſilence ſtray,
Where Lee beholds in mazes flow
His uncomplaining waters flow, [reſt.
And all his whiſpering ſhores invite the charm of

IMITATIONS OF WALLER.

WALLER TO ST. EVREMOND.

O VALES of Penſhurſt now ſo long unſeen!
Forgot each ſecure ſhade, each winding green;
Thoſe lonely paths what art have I to tread,
Where once young love, the blind enthuſiaſt, led?
Yet if the genius of your conſcious groves
His Sidney in my Sachariſſa loves;
Let him with pride her cruel power unfold;
By him my pains let Evremond be told.

INSCRIPTIONS ON A BEECH TREE,

IN THE ISLAND OF SICILY.

SWEET land of muſes! o'er whoſe favour'd plains
Ceres and Flora held alternate ſway;
By Jove refreſh'd with life-diffuſing rains,
By Phœbus bleſt with every kinder ray!

O with what pride do I thoſe times ſurvey,
When freedom, by her ruſtic minſtrels led,
Danc'd on the green lawn many a ſummer's day,
While paſtoral eaſe reclin'd her careleſs head.

In theſe ſoft ſhades; ere yet that ſhepherd fled,
Whoſe muſic pierc'd earth, air, and Heaven and hell,
And call'd the ruthleſs tyrant of the dead
From the dark ſlumbers of his iron cell.

His ear unfolding caught the magic ſpell:
He felt the ſounds glide ſoftly through his heart;
The ſounds that deign'd of love's ſweet power to tell;
And as they told, would paint his golden dart.

Fix'd was the god; nor power had he to part,
For the fair daughter of the ſheaf-crown'd queen,
Fair without pride, and lovely without art,
Gather'd her wild flowers on the daiſied green.

He ſaw; he ſigh'd; and that unmelting breaſt,
Which arms the hand of death, the power of love confeſs'd.

THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE,

ON HER RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

YE holy cares that haunt theſe lonely cells,
Theſe ſcenes where ſalutary ſadneſs dwells;
Ye ſighs that minute the ſlow waſting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
O bid theſe paſſions for the world depart,
Theſe wild deſires, and vanities of heart,
Hide every trace of vice, of follies paſt,
And yield to Heaven the victory at laſt.

To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call purſue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty greet thy holy ſhrine:
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whoſe bounty bids me live.
The power that gave theſe little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confin'd their ſpace.
Spite of thoſe charms ſhall time, with rude eſſay,
Tear from the cheek the tranſient roſe away.
But the free mind, ten thouſand ages paſt,
Its Maker's form, ſhall with its Maker laſt.
Uncertain objects ſtill our hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the ſearch, and ſhort the date.
Yet ev'n that boon what thouſands wiſh to gain?
That boon of death, the ſad reſource of pain!
Once on my path all fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly ſwell:
Love touch'd my ſoul at leaſt with ſoft deſires,
And vanity there fed her meteor fires.
This truth at laſt the mighty ſcenes let fall,
An hour of innocence was worth them all.
Lord of my life! O, let thy ſacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away.
Deluding, flattering, faithleſs world adieu!
Long haſt thou taught me, God is only true!
That God alone I truſt, alone adore,
No more deluded, and miſled no more. [ceaſe!
Come, ſacred hour, when wavering doubts ſhall
Come holy ſcenes of long repoſe and peace!
Yet ſhall my heart, to other intereſts true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
Of penſive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at laſt, the triumph and the praiſe!
Great, gracious Maſter, whoſe unbounded ſway,
Felt through ten thouſand worlds, thoſe worlds obey;
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories ſhade
And deign t' eſpouſe the creature thou haſt made?
All other ties indignant I diſclaim,
Diſhonour'd thoſe and infamous to name!
O fatal ties, for which ſuch tears I've ſhed,
For which the pleaſures of the world lay dead!
That world's ſoft pleaſures you alone diſarm;
That world without you, ſtill might have its charm.
But now thoſe ſcenes of tempting hope I cloſe,
And ſeek the peaceful ſtudies of repoſe;
Look on the paſt as time that ſtole away,
And beg the bleſſings of a happier day.
Ye gay ſaloons, ye golden-veſted halls,
Scenes of high treats and heart-bewitching balls!
Dreſs, figure, ſplendour, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's ſcience to excel;
Even love that ambuſh'd in this beauteous hair,
No more ſhall lie, like Indian archers, there.
Go, erring love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a ſacrifice to Heaven!
Soon ſhall the veil theſe glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride!
The hapleſs lover ſhall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;
While calmly ſleep in each untortur'd breaſt
My ſecret ſorrow, and his ſighs profeſt.
Go, flattering train! and, ſlaves to me no more,
With the ſame ſighs ſome happier fair adore!

Your alter'd faith, I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet, (what woman is not frail?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love!
Yet were that ardour, which his breaſt inſpir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd;
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven reſign
The zeal, the ſervice that I boaſted mine!
O, change your falſe deſires ye flattering train!
And love me pious, whom ye lov'd profane!
These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakneſs ſhow,
But Heaven, to ſuch ſoft frailties leſs ſevere,
May ſpare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Thoſe gentle hearts that I muſt hold no more.

THE VICEROY:

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX *.

Firſt publiſhed in 1762.

'TWAS on time's birth-day, when the voice divine
Wak'd ſleeping nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, ſtruggl'd with created light;
The Heaven-born muſe, ſprung from the ſource ſublime
Of harmony immortal, firſt receiv'd
Her ſacred mandate. "Go, ſeraphic maid,
"Companion ſtill to nature! from her works
"Derive thy lay melodious, great, like thoſe,
"And elegantly ſimple. In thy train,
"Glory, and fair renown, and deathleſs fame
"Attendant ever, each immortal name,
"By thee deem'd ſacred, to yon ſtarry vault
"Shall bear, and ſtamp in characters of gold.
"Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
"The firm heart, where the love of human kind
"Inflames the patriot ſpirit, there to ſooth
"The toils of virtue with melodious praiſe:
"For thoſe, that ſmiling ſeraph bids thee wake
"His golden lyre; for thoſe, the young-ey'd ſun
"Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial ſpring
"Throws many a green wreath, liberal from his
"boſom."
So ſpake the voice divine, whoſe laſt ſweet ſound
Gave birth to echo, tuneful nymph, that loves
The muſe's haunt, dim grove, or lonely dale,
Or high wood old; and, liſtening while ſhe ſings,
Dwells in long rapture on each falling ſtrain.
O Halifax, an humble muſe that dwells
In ſcenes like theſe, a ſtranger to the world,
To thee a ſtranger, late has learn'd thy fame,
Even in this vale of ſilence; from the voice
Of echo learn'd it, and, like her, delights
With thy lov'd name, to make theſe wild woods vocal.
Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds auguſt,
Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! patriot hearts,
That, fearleſs of a tyrant's threatening arm,
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where hiſtory triumphs in your holy names,
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why ſtreams my eye with pleaſure! 'tis the joy
The ſoft delight that through the full breaſt flows,
From ſweet remembrance of departed virtue!
O Britain, parent of illuſtrious names,
While o'er thy annals memory ſhoots her eye
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love.
And emulous eſteem! hail, Sydney, hail!
Whether Arcadian blithe, by fountain clear,
Piping thy love lays wild, or Spartan bold,
In freedom's van diſtinguiſh'd, Sydney, hail!
Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unſeen
Fall flowers; oft in the vales of Penſhurſt fair
Menalca, ſtepping from his evening fold,
Liſteneth ſtrange muſic, from the tiny breath
Of fairy miniſtrels warbled, which of old,
Dancing to thy ſweet lays, they learned well.
On Raleigh's grave, O ſtrew the ſweeteſt flowers,
That on the boſom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village maids!
Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme bring [bay,
To Raleigh's honour'd grave! there bloom the
The virgin roſe, that, bluſhing to be ſeen,
Folds its fair leaves; for modeſt worth was his;
A mind where truth, philoſophy's firſt born,
Held her harmonious reign: A Briton's breaſt,
That, careful ſtill of freedom's holy pledge,
Diſdain'd the mean arts o' a tyrant's court,
Diſdain'd and died! where was thy ſpirit then,
Queen of ſea-crowning iſles, when Raleigh bled?
How well he ſerv'd thee, let Iberia tell!
Aſk proſtrate Cales, yet trembling at his name.
How well he ſerv'd thee; when her vanquiſh'd hand
Held forth the baſe bribe, how he ſpurn'd it from him,
And cried, I fight for Britain! liberty riſe,
And blaſt the reigns that redden with the blood
Of thoſe that gave them glory! happier days,
Gilt with a Brunſwick's parent ſmile, await
The honour'd Viceroy. More auſpicious hours
Shall Halifax behold, nor grieves to find
A favour'd land ungrateful to his care.
O for the muſe of Milton, to record
The honours of that day, when full conven'd
Hibernia's ſenate with one voice proclaim'd
A nation's high applauſe; when long oppreſt
With wealth-conſuming war, their eager love
Advanc'd the princely dignity's ſupport,
While Halifax preſided! O, belov'd
By every muſe, grace of the polith'd court,
The peaſant's guardian, then what pleaſure felt
Thy liberal boſom! not the low delight
Of fortune's added gifts, greatly declin'd;
No; 'twas the ſupreme bliſs that fills the breaſt,
Of conſcious virtue, happy to behold
Her cares ſucceſsful in a nation's joy.
But O, ye ſiſters of the ſacred ſpring,
To ſweeteſt accents tune the poliſh'd lay,

* *The reſolution of the Iriſh Houſe of Commons reſpecting the augmentation of the revenue of the Lord Lieutenant, Feb.* 26. 1762, *and his Excellency's ſpeech in conſequence thereof, Feb.* 27. *will both illuſtrate this poem, and ſhow the occaſion of it.*

The music of persuasion! you alone
Can paint that easy eloquence that flow'd
In Attic streams, from Halifax that flow'd,
When all Ierne listen'd. Albion heard,
And felt a parent's joy: no more, she cried,
No more shall Greece the man of Athens boast,
Whose magic periods smooth'd the listening wave
Of rapt Ilyssus. Rome shall claim no more
The flowery path of eloquence alone
To grace her consul's brow; for never spoke
Himeria's viceroy words of fairer phrase,
Forgetful of Alpheus' hastening stream,
When Arethusa stopp'd her golden tide,
And call'd her nymphs, and call'd her shepherd swains
To leave their sweet pipes silent. Silent lay
Your pipes, Hibernian shepherds. Liffey smil'd,
And on his soft hand lean'd his dimply cheek,
Attentive: "Once so Wharton spoke," he cried,
"Unhappy Whatton! whose young eloquence
"Yet vibrates on mine ear." Whatever powers,
Whatever genii old, of vale or grove
The high inhabitants, all throng'd to hear
Sylvanus came, and from his temples gray
His oaken chaplet flung, left hap'ly leaf,
Or interposing bough, should meet the sound,
And bar its soft approaches to his ear.
Pan ceas'd to pipe—a moment ceas'd---for then
Suspicion grew, that Phœbus in disguise
His ancient reign invaded: down he cast,
In petulance, his reed; but seiz'd it soon,
And fill'd the woods with clangor. Measures wild
The wanton satyrs danc'd, then listening stood,
And gaz'd with uncouth joy.
But hark! wild riots shake the peaceful plain,
The gathering tumult roars, and faction opes
Her blood-requesting eye. The frighted swain
Mourns o'er his wasted labours, and implores
His country's guardian. Previous to his wish
That guardian's care he found. The tumult ceas'd,
And faction clos'd her blood-requesting eye.
Be these thy honours, Halifax! and these
The liberal muse, that never stain'd her page
With flattery, shall record: from each low view,
Each mean connection free, her praise is fame.
O, could her hand in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree,
With joy she'd bind it on thy favour'd head,
And greet thy judging ear with sweeter strains!
Meanwhile pursue, in public virtue's path,
The palm of glory: only there will bloom
Pierian laurels. Should'st thou deviate thence,
Perish the blossoms of fair-folding fame!
Ev'n this poor wreath, that now affects thy brow,
Would lose its little bloom, the muse repine,
And blush that Halifax had stole her praise.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountain, spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!
See the golden god appear!
Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable grief, and care, and pain!
See the golden god advance!
On Taurus' heights his courses prance;
With him haste the vernal hours,
Breathing sweets, and drooping flowers.
Laughing Summer at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride;
And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of glory haste away!
From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head
O'er the misty mountains, spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!

A FAREWELL HYMN

TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where fancy led;
And sooth'd me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has ev'ning clos'd my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks, I've stray'd,
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by!
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flow'ry banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these, and Irwan's vale!

THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

Virtue dwells in Arden's vale;
There her hallow'd temples rise;
There her incense greets the skies,
Grateful as the morning gale!
There, with humble peace, and her,
Lives the happy villager;
There the golden smiles of morn
Brighter every field adorn;
There the sun's declining ray
Fairer paints the parting day:
There the woodlark louder sings,
Zephyr moves on softer wings,
Groves in greener honours rise,
Purer azure spreads the skies;
There the fountains clearer flow,
Flowers in brighter beauty blow;
For, with peace and virtue, there
Lives the happy villager.

Diſtant ſtill from Arden's vale
Are the woes the bad bewail;
Diſtant fell remorſe, and pain,
And frenzy ſmiling o'er her chain!
Grief's quick pang, deſpair's dead groan,
Are in Arden's vale unknown:
For with peace and virtue, there
Lives the happy villager!
In his hoſpitable cell,
Love, and truth, and freedom dwell;
And, with aſpect mild and free,
The graceful nymph, ſimplicity.
Hail, ye liberal graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden's vale:
For, with peace and virtue, there
Lives the happy villager!

TO ALMENA.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE IRWAN.

WHERE trembling poplars ſhade their parent vale,
And tune to melody the mountain gale;
Where Irwan murmurs muſically flow,
And breathing breezes through his oſiers blow;
Friend of my heart, behold thy poet laid
In the dear ſilence of his native ſhade!
Ye ſacred vales, where oft the muſe, unſeen,
Led my light ſteps along the moon-light green;
Ye ſcenes, where peace and fancy held their reign
For ever lov'd, and once enjoy'd again!
Ah! where is, now, that nameleſs bliſs refin'd;
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind?
As ſweet the wild roſe bears its balmy breaſt;
As ſoon, the breeze with murmurs ſooths to reſt;
As ſmooth, the ſtream of ſilver Irwan flows;
As fair, each flower along his border blows:
Yet dwells not here that nameleſs bliſs refin'd,
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind.
Is it that knowledge is allied to woe;
And are we happy, only e'er we know?
Is it that hope withholds her golden ray,
That fancy's fairy viſions fade away?
Or can I, diſtant far from all that's dear,
Be happy or ly when Almena's near?
That truth, the feelings of my heart diſcloſe:
Too dear the friendſhip for the friend's repoſe.
Thus mourn'd the muſe, when, through his oſiers wild,
The hill-born Irwan rais'd his head, and ſmil'd:
"Child of my hopes," he fondly cried, "forbear:
"Nor let thy Irwan witneſs thy deſpair.
"Has peace indeed forſook my flow'ry ſhore?
"Shall fame, and hope, and fancy, charm no more?
"Though fame and hope in kindred air depart,
"Yet fancy ſtill ſhould hold thee to her heart:
"For, at thy birth, the village hind has ſeen
"Her light wings waving o'er the ſhadowy green;
"With roſy wreaths ſhe crown'd the new-born hours,
"And rival fairies fill'd thy bed with flowers:
"In vain—if grief ſhall waſte thy blooming years,
"And life diſſolve in ſolitude and tears——"

THE AMIABLE KING.

The free-born muſe her tribute rarely brings,
Or burns her incenſe to the power of kings;
But virtue ever ſhall her voice command,
Alike a ſpade or ſceptre in her hand.
Is there a prince untainted with a throne,
That makes the intereſt of mankind his own;
Whoſe bounty knows no bounds of time or place;
Who nobly feels for all the human race:
A prince that acts in reaſon's ſteady ſphere,
No ſlave to paſſion, and no dupe to fear;
A breaſt where mild humanity reſides,
Where virtue dictates, and where wiſdom guides;
A mind that, ſtretch'd beyond the years of youth,
Explores the ſecret ſprings of taſte and truth:
Theſe, theſe are virtues which the muſe ſhall ſing;
And plant, for theſe, her laurels round a king:
Britannia's monarch! this ſhall be thy praiſe;
For this, be crown'd with never-fading bays!

HYMENEAL

On the Marriage of his preſent Majeſty.

AWAKE, thou everlaſting lyre!
That once the mighty Pindar ſtrung,
When rapt with more than mortal fire,
The gods of Greece he ſung:
Awake!
Arreſt the rapid foot of time again
With liquid notes of joy, and pleaſure's melting ſtrain.

Crown'd with each beauteous flower that blows
On Acidalia's tuneful ſide;
With all Aonia's roſy pride,
Where numerous Aganippe flows;
From Theſpian groves and fountains wild,
Come, thou yellow-veſted boy,
Redolent of youth and joy,
* Fair Urania's favour'd child!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io Hymen, haſte away!

Daughter of the genial main!
Queen of youth and roſy ſmiles,
Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles;
Come with all thy Paphian train!
O, give the fair that blooms for Britain's throne,
Thy melting charms of love, thy ſoul-enchanting zone!

Daughter of the genial main!
Bring that heart-diſſolving power,
Which once in Ida's ſacred bower
The ſoul of Jove oppos'd in vain:
The fire of gods thy conquering charms confeſs'd;
And, vanquiſh'd, ſunk, ſunk down on Juno's ſoft'ring breaſt.

She comes, the conſcious ſea ſubſides;
Old ocean curbs his thund'ring tides:
Smooth the ſilken ſurface lies,
Where Venus' flowery chariots flies:
Paphian airs in ambuſh ſleep
On the ſtill boſom of the deep;
Paphian maids around her move,
Keen-ey'd hope, and joy, and love:
Their roſy breaſts a thouſand Cupids lave;
And dip their wanton wings, and beat the buxom wave.

* *See Catullus.*

But mark, if more than vulgar mien,
With regal grace and radiant eye,
A form in youthful majesty!
Britain, hail thy favour'd queen!
For her the conscious sea subsides;
Old ocean curbs his thund'ring tides:
O'er the glassy bosom'd main
Venus leads her laughing train:
The Paphian maids move graceful by her side;
And o'er the buxom waves the rosy Cupids ride.

Fly, ye fairy-footed hours!
Fly, with aromatic flowers!
Such as bath'd in orient dews,
Beauty's living glow diffuse;
Such as in Idalia's grove
Breathe the sweets, the soul of love!

Come, genial god of chaste delight,
With wreaths of festive roses crown'd,
And torch that burns with radiance bright,
And liberal robe that sweeps the ground!
Bring thy days of golden joy,
Pleasures pure, that never cloy!
Bring to Britain's happy pair,
All that's kind, and good, and fair!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io, Hymen, haste away!

Daughters of Jove! ye virgins sage,
That wait on Camus' hoary age;
That oft his winding vales along
Have smooth'd your silver-woven song;
O wake once more those lays sublime,
That live beyond the wrecks of time!
To crown your Albion's boasted pair,
The never-fading wreath prepare;
While her rocks echo to this grateful strain,
"The friends of freedom and of Britain reign!"

SONG.

'Tis o'er, the pleasing prospect's o'er!
My weary heart can hope no more—
Then welcome, wan despair!
Approach with all thy dreadful train;
Wild anguish, discontent, and pain,
And thorny-pillow'd care!

Gay hope, and ease, and joy, and rest,
All, all that charms the peaceful breast,
For ever I resign.
Let pale anxiety instead,
That has not where to lay her head,
And lasting woe be mine.

It comes! I feel the painful woe—
My eyes for Solyman will flow
In silent grief again;
Who wand'ring o'er some mountain drear,
Now hap'ly sheds the pensive tear,
And calls on me in vain.

Perhaps, along the lonely shores,
He now the sea's blue breast explores,
To watch the distant sail;
Perhaps, on Sundah's hills forlorn,
He faints, with aching toil o'erborne;
And life's last spirits fail.

Ah, no!—the cruel thought forbear!
Avaunt, thou fiend of fell despair,
That only death canst give!
While Heav'n eternal rules above,
Almena yet may find her love,
And Solyman may live!

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

Life of the world, Immortal Mind!
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast;
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man;
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal Source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through error's maze, through folly's night,
The lamp of reason lends me light.
When stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
Ev'n then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay love with all his smiling train,
And peace and joy are here again.
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give:
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Prefixed to the Correspondence of Theodosius and Constantia.

To live beneath the golden star of love,
With happier fancy, passions more refin'd;
Each softening charm of tenderness to prove,
And all the finer movements of the mind—
From gifts like these, say, what the boasted gain
Of those who exquisitely feel or know?

The skill from pleasure to extract its pain,
And open all the avenues of woe.
Yet shall we, Colman, at these gifts repine?
Implore cold apathy to steel the heart?
Would you that sensibility resign,
And with those powers of genius would you part?

Ah no my friend! nor deem the verse divine,
That weakness wrote in Petrarch's gentle strain
When once he own'd at love's unfeeling shrine,
"A thousand pleasures were not worth one "pain."

The dreams of fancy sooth the pensive heart;
For fancy's urn can new delights dispense:
The power of genius purer joys impart;
For genius brightens all the springs of sense.
O thou of every muse-ennobled mind,
Far, far above the grovelling crowd to rise!—
Leave the low train of trifling cares behind,
Assert its birthright, and affect the skies!

Let gold divine, the pride of power to scorn;
On fortune's little vanity look down!
With nobler gifts, to farrer honours born,
Than fear, or folly, fancies in a crown!

As far such boon that nature's hand bestows,
Or worthless glare of fortune's train exceeds,
As yonder orb whose beam eternal glows,
Outshines the transient meteor that it feeds.

To paint me, Colman, let thy genius strive,
As much as can as much hast thou to pay;
For true friendship wit correctly wise,
And sentiment's soul-pervading ray.

Then shalt thou mingle from the various face,
To paint the nice diversities of mind,
The quick change character to trace,
Or place thee now, and fine the task assign'd.
Soon seize the pen! the sacred hour departs!
Nor lured by kindness longer lend thine ear:
The flower tale of two ingenious hearts
Would rob thee of a moment and a tear.

London, Nov. 10. 1764.

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE-GARDEN,

AT A VILLAGE IN LORRAIN.

Occasioned by a Tradition concerning a Tree of Rosemary.

"Arbustum inquitur."

O thou, whom love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
Or ever mute smooth'd thy quill,
Or pipe wak'd thy genial reed.
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Stranger if thy lot has laid
Thee to hone scenes of busy life,
Full lordly may'st thou rue the strife
Of wear passions ill repaid.
In a garden live with me,
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year
O'er the village maid n's grave,
That, one memorial-sprig to save,
Bore it from a lover's bier;
And homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of simplicity,

And soon, her cottage window near
With care my slender stem she plac'd;
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd,
And cherish'd fair remembrance dear:
For love sincere, and friendship free
Are children of simplicity.

When past was many a painful day
Slow-pacing o'er the village green,
In white were all its maidens seen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah death! what sacrifice to thee,
The ruins of simplicity.

One generous swain her heart approv'd,
A youth whose fond and faithful breast
With many an artless sigh confess'd,
In nature's language, that he lov'd.
But stranger, 'tis no tale to thee,
Unless thou lov'st simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,
And soon her rosy cheek was pale;
The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the slow bell toll'd——
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger if thy pity bleed,
Will thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lov'st simplicity!

THE PASTORAL PART OF
MILTON'S EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

O for the soft lays of Himera's maids!
The strains that oft in Arethusa's shades
Tun'd to wild sorrow on her mournful shore,
When Daphnis, Hylas, Bion breath'd no more!
Theme's vocal wave shall every note prolong,
And all his villas learn the Doric song.

How Thyrsis mourn'd his long-lov'd Damon dead;
What sighs he utter'd, and what tears he shed—
Ye dim retreats, ye wandering fountains know;
Ye desert wilds bore witness to his woe:
Where oft in grief he past the tedious day,
Or lonely languish'd the dull night away.

Twice had the fields their blooming honours bore,
And Autumn twice resign'd his golden store,
Since Thyrsis left the pleasing toils of love,
To woo the sweet muse in the Lydian shade.
Crown'd with her favour, when he sought again
His flocks forsaken, and his native plain;
When to his old elm's wonted shade return'd—
Then—then, he miss'd his parted friend—and mourn'd.
And go, he cry'd, my tender lambs adieu!
Your wretched master has no time for you.

Yet are there pow'rs divine in earth or sky?
Gods can they be who destin'd thee to die?
And shalt thou mix with shades of vulgar name?
Lost thy fair honours, and forgot thy fame?

Not he, the god whose golden wand restrains
The pale-ey'd people of the gloomy plains,
Of Damon's fate shall thus regardless be,
Or suffer vulgar shades to herd with thee.
Then go, he cry'd, &c.

Yet while one strain my trembling tongue may try,
Not unlamented, shepherd, shalt thou die.
Long in these fields thy fame shall flourish fair,
And Daphnis only greater honours share;
To Daphnis only purer vows be paid,
While Pan or Pales loves the village shade.
If truth or science may survive the grave,
Or, what is more, a poet's friendship save.
Then go, &c.

These, these are thine: For me what hopes remain?
Save of long sorrow, and of anguish vain.
For who, still faithful to my side, shall go, [snow?
Like thee, through regions clad with chilling
Like thee, the rage of fiery summers bear,
When fades the wan flower in the burning air?
The lurking dangers of the chase essay,
Or sooth with song and various tale the day?
Then go, &c.

To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart?
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?
Whose gentle counsels put those cares to flight?
Whose cheerful converse cheat the tedious night?
The social hearth when autumn's treasures store,
Chill blow the winds without, and through the bleak elm roar.
Then go, &c.

When the fierce suns of summer noons invade,
And Pan reposes in the green-wood shade,
The shepherds hide, the nymphs plunge down the deep, [sleep.
And waves the hedge-row o'er the ploughman's
Ah! who shall charm with such address refin'd,
Such Attic wit, and elegance of mind?
Then go, &c.

Alas! now lonely round my fields I stray,
And lonely seek the pasture's wonted way.
Or in some dim vale's mournful shade repose—
There pensive wait the weary day's slow close,
While showers descend, the gloomy tempest raves,
And o'er my head the struggling twilight waves.
Then go, &c.

Where once fair harvest cloth'd my cultur'd plain,
Now weeds obscene and vexing brambles reign;
The groves of myrtle and the clustering vine
Delight no more, for joy no more is mine.
My flocks no longer find a master's care,
Ev'n piteous as they gaze with looks of dumb despair.
Then go, &c.

Thy hazel, Tyt'rus, has no charms for me;
Nor yet thy wild ash, lov'd Alphesibee.
No more shall fancy weave her rural dream,
By Ægon's willow, or Amynta's stream,
The trembling leaves, the fountain's cool serene,
The murmuring zephyr, and the mossy green—
These smile unseen, and those unheeded play,
I cut my shrubs, and careless walk'd away.
Then go, &c.

Mopsus, who knows what fates the stars dispense,
And solves the grove's wild warblings into sense,
This Mopsus mark'd—what thus thy spleen can move?
Some baleful planet, or some hopeless love?
The star of Saturn oft annoys the swain,
And in the dull cold breast long holds his leaden reign.
Then go, &c.

The nymphs too, piteous of their shepherd's woe,
Came the sad cause solicitous to know.
Is this the port of jocund youth, they cry,
That look disgusted, and that downcast eye?
Gay smiles and love on that soft season wait;
* He's twice a wretch whom beauty wounds too late.
Then go, &c.

One gentle tear the British Chloris gave,
Chloris the grace of Maldon's purple wave—
In vain—my grief no soothing words disarm,
Nor future hopes, nor present good can charm.
Then go, &c.

The happier flocks one social spirit moves,
The same their sports, their pastures and their loves;
Their hearts to no peculiar object tend,
None knows a favourite, or selects a friend.
So heard the various natives of the main,
And Proteus drives in crowds his scaly train.
The feather'd tribes too find an easier fate;
The meanest sparrow still enjoys his mate;
And when by chance or wearing age she dies,
The transient loss a second choice supplies.
Man, hapless man, for ever doom'd to know
The dire vexations that from discord flow,
In all the countless numbers of his kind,
Can scarcely meet with one congenial mind.
If haply found, death wings the fatal dart,
The tender union breaks, and breaks his heart.
Then go, &c.

Ah me! what error tempted me to go
O'er foreign mountains, and through Alpine snow?
Too great the price to mark in Tyber's gloom
The mournful image of departed Rome!
Nay, yet immortal, could she boast again
The glories of her universal reign.
And all that Maro left his fields to see,
Too great the purchase to abandon thee!
To leave thee in a land no longer seen!—
Bid mountains rise, and oceans roll between!—
Ah! not embrace thee!—not to see thee die!
Meet thy last looks, or close thy languid eye!
Not one fond farewell with thy shade to send,
Nor bid thee think of thy surviving friend!
Then go, &c.

Ye Tuscan shepherds, pardon me this tear!
Dear to the muse, to me for ever dear!

---

* *Milton seems to have borrowed this sentiment from Guarini.*

Che se t'assale a la canuta etate
Amoroso talento,
Havrai doppio tormento,
E di quel, che potendo non volesti,
E di quel, che volendo no potrai.

The youth I mourn a Tuſcan title bore.—
See * Lydian Lucca for her ſon deplore!
O days of eeſtaſy! when rapt I lay
Where Arno wanders down his flow'ry way,—
Pluck'd the pale violet, preſs'd the velvet meäd,
Or bade the myrtle's balmy fragrance bleed!—
Delighted, heard amid the rural throng
Menalcas ſtrive with Lycidas in ſong.
Oft would my voice the mimic ſtrain eſſay,
Nor haply all unheeded was my lay:
For, ſhepherds, yet I boaſt your generous meed,
The oſier baſket, and compacted reed.
Francino crown'd me with a poet's fame,
And Dati † taught his beechen groves my name.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

Firſt publiſhed in 1767.

Friend, ſiſter, partner of that gentle heart,
Where my ſoul lives, and holds her deareſt part;
While love's ſoft raptures theſe gay hours employ,
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy,
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear,
The moral muſe, nor deem her ſong ſevere?
Through the long courſe of life's unclouded day,
Where ſweet contentment ſmiles on virtue's way;
Where fancy opes her ever-varying views,
And hope ſtrews flowers, and leads you as ſhe ſtrews;
May each fair pleaſure court thy favour'd breaſt,
By truth protected, and by love careſs'd!
So friendſhip vows, nor ſhall her vows be vain;
For every pleaſure comes in virtue's train;
Each charm that tender ſympathies impart,
The glow of ſoul, the tranſports of the heart,
Sweet meanings that in ſilent truth convey
Mind into mind, and ſteal the ſoul away,
Theſe gifts, O virtue, theſe are all thy own;
Loſt to the vicious, to the vain unknown!
Yet bleſt with theſe, and happier charms than theſe,
By nature form'd, by genius taught to pleaſe,
Ev'n you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Muſt yield your human ſacrifice to pain;
The wizard care ſhall dim thoſe brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns and bid the waters riſe.
With mind unbroke that darker hour can bear,
Nor once his captive, drag the chains of care,
Hope's radiant ſunſhine o'er the ſcene to pour,
Nor future joys in preſent ills devour,
Theſe arts your philoſophic friend may ſhow,
Too well experienc'd in the ſchool of woe.
When ſinks the heart, by tranſient grief oppreſt,
Seek not reflection, for it wounds the breaſt,
While memory turns, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Paſt ſcenes of pain is ſtudious to explore,
Forgets its joys, and thinks its ſuff'rings o'er.
To life's horizon forward turn your eye,
Paſs the dim cloud, and view the height'ning ſky:
On hope's kind wing more genial climes ſurvey,
Let fancy join, but reaſon guide your way,
For fancy, ſtill to tender woes inclin'd,
May ſooth the heart, but miſdirects the mind.
The ſource of half our anguiſh, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill-train'd children, ſtill their treatment ſuch,
Reſtrain'd too rarely, or indulg'd too much.
Hence hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuſe to live;
Hence ſpleen-ey'd fear, o'eracting caution's part,
Betrays thoſe ſuccours reaſon lends the heart.
Yet theſe, ſubmitted to fair truth's controul,
Theſe tyrants are the ſervants of the ſoul:
Through vales of peace the dove-like hope ſhall ſtray,
And bear at eve her olive branch away,
In ev'ry ſcene ſome diſtant charm deſcry,
And hold it forward to the bright'ning eye;
While watchful fear, if fortitude maintain
Her trembling ſteps, ſhall ward the diſtant pain.
Should erring nature caſual faults diſcloſe,
Wound not the breaſt that harbours your repoſe:
For ev'ry grief that breaſt from you ſhall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are paſt,
But pains from thoſe we love are pains that laſt.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its ſhade the tender paſſions die.
Love, like the flower that courts the ſun's kind ray,
Will flouriſh only in the ſmiles of day;
Diſtruſt's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt deſtroys.
O ſhun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coaſt,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's loſt;
By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
The ſpeech contemptuous, and the ſcornful air.
If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,
While peace weaves flow'rs to Hymen's golden chain,
If tranquil days, if hours of ſmiling eaſe,
The ſenſe of pleaſure, and the pow'rs to pleaſe,
If charms like theſe deſerve your ſerious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!
Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aſpect's cold, and jealouſy his name.
His hideous birth his wild diſorders prove,
Begot by hatred on deſpairing love!
Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell ſire with angry curſes tore
His ſable hair—Diſtruſt beholding ſmil'd,
And lov'd her image in her future child.
With cruel care, induſtrious to impart
Each painful ſenſe, each ſoul-tormenting art,
To doubt's dim ſhrine her hapleſs charge ſhe led,
Where never ſleep reliev'd the burning head,
Where never grateful fancy ſooth'd ſuſpenſe,
Or the dear charms of eaſy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever-reſtleſs care,
And all the dire aſſociates of deſpair.

---

* *The Tuſcans were a branch of the Peloſgi that migrated into Europe not many ages after the diſperſion. Some of them marched by land as far as Lydia, and from thence detached a colony under the conduct of Teſrenus to Italy.*

† *When Milton was in Italy, Carlo Dati was profeſſor of philoſophy at Florence.—A liberal friend to men of genius and learning, as well foreigners as his own countrymen.—He wrote a panegyric and ſome poems on Lewis XIV. beſides other tracts.*

Hence all the woes he found that peace deſtroy,
And daſh with pain the ſparkling ſtream of joy.
When love's warm breaſt, from rapture's trembling height,
Falls to the temp'rate meaſures of delight;
When calm delight to eaſy friendſhip turns,
Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns.
Unerring nature, in each purpoſe kind,
Forbids long tranſports to uſurp the mind;
For, oft diſſolv'd in joy's oppreſſive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.
True tender love one even tenor keeps;
'Tis reaſon's flame, and burns when paſſion ſleeps.
The charm connubial, like a ſtream that glides
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
With many a plant along its genial ſide,
With many a flower that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a ſhade, where peace in rapturous reſt
Holds ſweet affiance to her fearleſs breaſt,
Pure in its ſource, and temp'rate in its way,
Still flows the ſame, nor finds its urn decay.
O bliſs beyond what lonely life can know,
The ſoul-felt ſympathy of joy and woe!
The magic charm which makes e'en ſorrow dear,
And turns to pleaſure the partaken tear!
Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart
The ſoft endearments of the ſocial heart!
Long to your lot may ev'ry bleſſing flow,
That ſenſe, or taſte, or virtue can beſtow!
And O, forgive the zeal your peace inſpires,
Or teach that prudence which itſelf admires.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY *.

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

"Nec tamen Ingenio, quantum ſervire dolori."

Let others boaſt the falſe and faithleſs pride,
No nuptial charm to know, and known, to hide,
With vain diſguiſe from nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verſe, the god of tender vows inſpires,
Dwells on my ſoul, and wakens all her fires.
Dear ſilent partner of thoſe happier hours,
That paſs'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's bowers!
If yet thy gentle ſpirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler ſphere;
If yet that pity which, of life poſſeſt,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breaſt;
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endleſs night may ſpare;
Oh! while my ſoul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm ſighs, and kiſs her bleeding ſtrains.
Wild, wretched wiſh! can pray'r, with feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the ſtatued ear of death?
Let patience pray, let hope aſpire to pray'r!
And leave me the ſtrong language of deſpair!
Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lyttletons, ye ſhining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient ſtrain,
Your ſlow'ry grief, your impotence of pain.

Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The ſearching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how ſouls to ſouls impart
Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the heart!
Not like the ſtream that down the mountain's ſide,
Tunefully mourn, and ſparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze, that ſighs at evening hour
On the ſoft boſom of ſome folding flower;
Your ſtronger grief, in ſtronger accents borne,
Had ſooth'd the breaſt with burning anguiſh torn.
The voice of ſeas, the winds that roule the deep,
Far-ſounding floods that tear the mountains ſteep;
Each wild and melancholy blaſt that raves
Round theſe dim towers, and ſmites the beating waves—
This ſooths my ſoul—'tis nature's mournful breath,
'Tis nature ſtruggling in the arms of death!—
See the laſt aid of her expiring ſtate,
See love, ev'n love, has lent his darts to fate *!
Oh! when beneath his golden ſhafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the roſy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my ſoul away—
Could fear, could fancy at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen ſtrew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.
There each fair hope, each tenderneſs of life,
Each nameleſs charm of ſoft obliging ſtrife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleaſure, genius, fled,
And the beſt paſſions of my ſoul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a ſhade.
O come! ye ſofter ſorrows to my breaſt!
Ye lenient ſighs, that ſlumber into reſt!
Come, ſoothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,
We'll bear the freſh roſe to yon honour'd grave,
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at leaſt the luxury of woe!
Ye holy ſuff'rer's that in ſilence wait
The laſt ſad refuge of relieving fate!
That reſt at eve beneath the cypreſs' gloom,
And ſleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waſte the ſlow departing day,
And wear with you, th' uncolour'd hours away.
Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely ailes,
Where reſignation folds her arms, and ſmiles;
Where holy faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Conſtantia † ſleeps,
There, let me there in ſweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd paſſions die.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

Warm from this heart while flows the faithful line,
The meaneſt friend of beauty ſhall be mine.
What love, or fame, or fortune could beſtow,
The charm of praiſe, the eaſe of life I owe
To beauty preſent, or to beauty fled,
To Hertford, living, or Caernervon dead,
To Tweedale's taſte, to Edgecumbe's ſenſe ſerene,
And, envy ſpare this boaſt, to Britain's queen.
Kind to the lay that all unlabour'd flow'd,
Whatfancy caught, where nature's pencil glow'd‡;

* *Wife of the author. She was daughter to Mr. Cracroft of Lincolnſhire.*

* *The lady died in child-bed.*
† *See Spectator, No.* 164.
‡ *The Fables of Flora.*

She saw the path to new, though humble fame,
Gave me her praise, and left me fools to blame.
Strong in their weakness are each woman's charms,
Dread that endears, and softness that disarms:
The timorous eye retiring from applause,
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,
Marks of our power these humble graces prove,
And, dash'd with pride, we deeper drink of love.
Chief of those charms that hold the heart in thrall,
At thy fair shrine, O modesty, we fall.
Not Cynthia rising o'er the wat'ry way,
When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;
Not the pure ether of Eolian skies,
That drinks the day's first glories as they rise,
Not all the tints from even'ng-clouds that break,
Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;
When o'er that cheek, undisciplined by art,
The sweet suffusion rushes from the heart.
Yet the soft blush, untutor'd to controul,
The glow that speaks the susceptible soul,
Led by nice honour and by decent pride,
The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;
Taught beauty's bloom the fearching eye to shun,
As early flowers blow fearful of the sun.
Far as the long records of time we trace *,
Still flow'd the veil o'er modesty's fair face:
The guard of beauty, in whose friendly shade,
Safe from each eye the feature'd soul is laid,—
The pensive thought that paler looks betray,
The tender grief that steals in tears away,
The hopeless wish that prompts the frequent sigh,
Bleeds in the blush, or melts upon the eye.
The man of faith through Gerar doom'd to stray,
A nation waiting his eventful way,
His fortune's fair companion at his side,
The world his promise, Providence his guide,
Once, more than virtue dar'd to value life,
And called a sister whom he own'd a wife.
Mistaken father of the faithful race,
Thy fears alone could purchase thy disgrace,
"Go," to the fair, when conscious of the tale,
Said Gerar's prince, "thy husband is thy veil †."
O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!
When Hymen's altar never held a stain;
When his pure torch shed undiminish'd rays,
And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!
For faith like this fair Greece was early known,
And claim'd the veil's first honours as her own.
Ere half her sons, o'er Asia's trembling coast,
Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue lost;
Ere he, whom Circe fought to charm in vain,
Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,
In youth's gay bloom he plied th' exulting oar,
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore:

Free to Nerician * gales the vessel glides,
And wild Eurotas † smooths his warrior-tides;
For amorous Greece, when love conducts the way,
Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.
No object her's but love's impression knows,
No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows;
Her groves ‡, her mountains have his power confest,
And Zephyr sigh'd not but for Flora's breast.
'Twas when Hesperus in sweetest whispers stray'd,
Far o'er Laconia's plains from Eva's § shade;
When soft-ey'd spring resum'd his mantle gay,
And lean'd luxurious on the breast of May,
Love's genial banners young Ulysses bore
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore.
With all that soothes the heart, that wins, or
All princely virtues, and all manly charms, [warms,
All love can urge, or eloquence persuade,
The future hero woo'd his Spartan maid.
Yet long he woo'd——In Sparta, slow to yield,
Beauty, like valour, long maintain'd the field.
"No bloom so fair Messene's banks disclose;
"No breath so pure o'er Tempe's bosom blows;
"No smile so radiant throws the genial ray
"Through the fair eye-lids of the opening day;
"But deaf to vows with fondest passion prest,
"Cold is the wave of Hebrus' wint'ry breast,
"Penelope regards no lover's pain,
"And owns Ulysses eloquent in vain.
"To vows that vainly waste their warmth in air,
"Insidious hopes that lead but to despair,
"Affections lost, desires the heart must rue,
"And love, and Sparta's joyless plains adieu!
"Yet still this bosom shall one passion share,
"Still shall my country find a father there.
"Ev'n now the children of my little reign
"Demand that father, of the faithless main;
"Ev'n now, their prince solicitous to save,
"Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful wave.
"But not for him their hopes, or fears alone!
"They seek the promis'd partner of his throne;
"For her their incense breathes, their altars blaze,
"For her to Heaven the supplicant eye they raise.
"Ah! shall they know their prince implor'd in vain?
"Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?"
There spoke the virtue that her soul admir'd,
The Spartan soul, with patriot ardour fir'd.
"Enough!" she cried—"be mine to bear a part
"In him, who holds his country to his heart.
"Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,
"And with that virtue, every virtue lives ‖."
Pleas'd that the nobler principles could move
His daughter's heart, and soften it to love,
Icarius own'd the auspices divine,
Wove the fair crown ¶, and bless'd the holy shrine.

---

* *Plato mentions two provinces in Persia, one of which was called Queen's Girdle the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchasing these parts of her Majesty's dress. It was about the middle of the 11th century, that the eastern women on taking the vow of virginity, assumed that veil which before had been worn by the Pagan Priestesses, and which is used by the religious among the Romanists now.*

† "He is the vaile of thine eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others."
GEN. xx. 16. VET. TRAN.

* *From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called Nericia.*

† *The Spartan river.*

‡ "E mentre ch' Alberghe Amore." TASSO.

§ *A mountain in Peloponnesus.*

‖ "Omnes omnium Caritates," &c. CIC.

¶ *The women of ancient Greece at the marriage ceremony wore garlands of flowers, probably as emblems of purity, fertility and beauty. Thus Euripides.*

But ah! the dreaded parting hour to brave!
Then ſtrong affection griev'd for what it gave.
Should he the comfort of his life's decline,
His life's laſt charm to Ithaca reſign?
Or, wand'ring with her to a diſtant ſhore,
Behold Eurotas' long-lov'd banks no more?
Expoſe his gray hairs to an alien ſky,
Nor on his country's parent boſom die *?
" No, prince," he cried; " for Sparta's happier
" plain,
" Leave the lov'd honours of thy little reign,
" The grateful change ſhall equal honours bring;
" —Lord of himſelf, a Spartan is a king."
When thus the prince, with obvious grief oppreſt,
" Canſt thou not force the father from thy breaſt?
" Not without pain behold one child depart,
" Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart?
" —Not for all Sparta's, all Euboea's plains"---
He ſaid, and to his courſers gave the reins.
Still the fond ſire purſues with ſuppliant voice,
Till mov'd, the monarch yields her to her choice.
" Thou mine by vows, by fair affection mine,
" And holy truth, and auſpices divine;
" This ſuit let fair Penelope decide,
" Remain the daughter, or proceed the bride."
O'er the quick bluſh her friendly mantle fell,
And told him all that modeſty could tell.
No longer now the father's fondneſs ſtrove
With patriot virtue, or acknowledg'd love,
But on the ſcene that parting ſighs endear'd,
Fair modeſty's † firſt honour'd fane he rear'd.
The daughter's form the pictur'd goddeſs wore,
The daughter's veil ‡ before her bluſhes bore,
And taught the maids of Greece this ſovereign law---
She moſt ſhall conquer, who ſhall moſt withdraw.

——αλλ' ὄμως
Σοι κατασϕας' ἐγω νιν ἠγον, ὡς γαμουμενην.
IPH. IN AUL.

The modern Greek ladies wear theſe garland in various forms, whenever they appear dreſſed; and frequently adorn themſelves thus for their own amuſement, and when they do not expect to be ſeen by any but their domeſtics.

Voyage Literaire de la Greece.

* *The ancients eſteemed this one of the greateſt misfortunes that could befall them. The Trojans thought it the moſt lamentable circumſtance attending the loſs of their pilot Palinurus, that his body ſhould lie in a foreign country.*

" ——Ignotâ Palinure jacebis Arenâ. VIRG.

† *Pauſanias, who has recorded the ſtory on which this little poem is founded, tells us, that this was the firſt temple erected to modeſty in Greece.*

‡ *See the Veil of Modeſty in the Muſæum Capitolinum.* vol. iii. *and for further proofs of its high antiquity, ſee Hom. Odyſſ. l. 6.*

Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he ſays,

Et crines feſtina ligat Peplumque fluentem
Allevat——

Iphig. in Taur. act 4. and Colut. Rapt. Helen. v. 381. l. 1. where Hermione tears her gold-embroidered veil on the diſappearance of Helen:

——Aureum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM IN THREE PARTS.

To Richard Burn, LL. D. one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for the Counties of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland.

DEAR SIR,

A POEM written profeſſedly at your requeſt, naturally addreſſes itſelf to you. The diſtinction you have acquired on the ſubject, and your taſte for the arts, give that addreſs every kind of propriety. If I have any particular ſatisfaction in this publication, beſide what ariſes from my compliance with your commands, it muſt be in the idea of that teſtimony it bears to our friendſhip. If you believe, that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the poem itſelf, you will not be miſtaken; for I am,

Dear Sir,
Your truly affectionate brother,
And faithful humble ſervant,

Somerſetſhire, April 25. 1774. THE AUTHOR.

PART I.

IN Richard's days, when loſt his paſtur'd plain,
The wand'ring Briton fought the wild woods reign,
With great diſdain beheld the feudal hord
Poor life-let vaſſals of a Norman lord;
And, what no brave man ever loſt, poſſeſs'd
Himſelf---for freedom bound him to her breaſt.
Lov'ſt thou that freedom? by her holy ſhrine,
If yet one drop of Britiſh blood be thine,
See, I conjure thee, in the deſert ſhade,
His bow unſtrung, his little houſehold laid,
Some brave forefather; while his fields they ſhare,
By Saxon, Dane, or Norman, baniſh'd there!
And think he tells thee, as his ſoul withdraws,
As his heart ſwells againſt a tyrant's laws,
The war with fate though fruitleſs to maintain,
To guard that liberty he lov'd in vain.
Were thoughts like theſe the dream of ancient time?
Peculiar only to ſome age, or clime?
And does not nature thoughts like theſe impart,
Breathe in the ſoul, and write upon the heart?
Aſk on their mountains yon deſerted band,
That point to Paoli with no plauſive hand;
Deſpiſing ſtill, their freeborn ſouls unbroke,
Alike the Gallic and Ligurian yoke!
Yet while the patriot's gen'rous rage we ſhare,
Still civil ſafety calls us back to care;
To Britain loſt in either Henry's day,
Her woods, her mountains one wild ſcene of prey!
Fair peace from all her bounteous vallies fled,
And law beneath the barbed arrows bled.
In happier days, with more auſpicious fate,
The far-fam'd Edward heal'd his wounded ſtate;
Dread of his foes, but to his ſubjects dear,
Theſe learn'd to love, as thoſe are taught to fear,
Their laurell'd prince with Britiſh pride obey,
His glory ſhone their diſcontent away.
With care the tender flow'r of love to ſave,
And plant the olive on diſorder's grave,
For civil ſtorms freſh barriers to provide,
He caught the fav'ring calm and falling tide;

The social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair justice rais'd her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.
Oft, where old Ait in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales;
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade;
With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In Gothic guise such mansion have oft found.
Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that fore bedizen nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have mov'd my spleen
With Venus and the graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shop-man, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But spare my Venus, spare each sister grace,
Ye cits, that fore bedizen nature's face!
Ye royal architects, whose antic taste,
Would lay the realms of sense and nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkies in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall,
On the plain precincts of the ancient hall.
For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's perroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.
Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oaks high furbase rears
The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.
Th' enormous antlers here recal the day
That saw the forest monarch forc'd away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain past,
Not finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!
Here fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown old,
Hangs his gray brush, the felon of the fold.
Oft as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to ev'ry tenant of the vale.
Here, where of old the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread!
Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast surloin
Vied in round magnitude---Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.
These, and such antique tokens that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gew-gaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water in the walks of Kew.
Through these fair vallies, stranger, hast thou stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the magistratial chair?
There Herbert sat---The love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the feature'd soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and mercy's melting shade:
Justice that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair equity, and reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart---
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.
Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty master of this ball
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the patriarch's truth, however loth,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.
Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?
Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!
O Edward, here thy fairest laurels fade!
And thy long glories darken into shade!
While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,
The deeds of valour that for thee were done,

While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,
Fir'd thy high ſoul, and flouriſh'd on thy head,
Thoſe veterans to their native ſhores return'd,
Like exiles wander'd, and like exiles mourn'd;
Or, left at large no longer to bewail,
Were vagrants deem'd, and deſtin'd to a jail!
Were there no royal, yet uncultur'd lands,
No waſtes that wanted ſuch ſubduing hands?
Were Creſſy's heroes ſuch abandon'd things?
O fate of war! and gratitude of kings!
The gipſy-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their ſtrong thirſt of liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common ſhore.
For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When ſummer ſuns lead flow the ſultry day,
In moſſy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid ſky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the ſun the duſky Elfins ſtrain
The ſable eye, then ſnugging, ſleep again;
Oft as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.
Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the miniſter of fate!
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly ſhade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;
And ruſty halfpence purchaſe hopes of gold.
But, ah! ye maids, beware the gipſy's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapleſs Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in ſweeteſt ſtrains has ſung!
The parſon's maid—ſore cauſe had ſhe to rue
The gipſy's tongue; the parſon's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter ſigh'd to know
What Vellum's ſprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by thoſe glances which at church he ſtole,
Her father nodding to the pſalm's ſlow drawl;
Long had ſhe ſigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a ſure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all ſhe told, for true:
She knew the future, for the paſt ſhe knew.
Where, in the darkling ſhed, the moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horſe chaiſe,
Villaria ſat, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe ſhe fought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either ſide the crooked ſixpence ſeek;
Twice were thoſe hands withdrawn from either ſide,
To ſtop the titt'ring laugh, the bluſh to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice ſhe in fortune's devious way!
"Ere yet," ſhe cry'd, "ten rolling months are o'er,
"Muſt ye be mothers; maids, at leaſt, no more.
"With you ſhall ſoon, O lady fair, prevail
"A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
"To Marian, once of Colin Clout the ſcorn,
"Shall bumpkin come, and bumpkinets be born."
Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd ſore,
That ten ſhort months had ſuch events in ſtore;
But holding firm what village-maids believe,
That ſtrife with fate is milking in a ſieve;
To prove their prophet true, though to their coſt,
They juſtly thought no time was to be loſt.

Theſe foes to youth, that ſeek, with dang'rous art,
To aid the native weakneſs of the heart;
Theſe miſcreants from thy harmleſs village drive,
As waſps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM.

To Robert Wilſon Cracroft, Eſq.

Born with a gentle heart, and born to pleaſe
With native goodneſs, of no fortune vain,
The ſocial aſpect of inviting eaſe,
The kind opinion, and the ſenſe humane;

To thee, my Cracroft, whom, in early youth,
With lenient hand and anxious love I led
Through paths where ſcience points to manly truth,
And glory gilds the manſions of the dead.

To thee this offering of maturer thought,
That, ſince wild fancy flung the lyre aſide,
With heedful hand the moral muſe hath wrought,
That muſe devotes, and bears with honeſt pride.

Yet not that period of the human year,
When fancy reign'd, ſhall we with pain review,
All nature's ſeaſons different aſpects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due.

Not that in youth we rang'd the ſmiling meads,
On Eſſex' ſhores the trembling angle play'd,
Urging at noon the ſlow boat in the reeds,
That wav'd their green uncertainty of ſhade:

Nor yet the days conſum'd in Hackthorn's vale,
That lonely on the heath's wild boſom lies,
Should we with ſtern ſeverity bewail,
And all the lighter hours of life deſpiſe.

For nature's ſeaſons different aſpects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due;
Awhile ſhe freed us from the ſcourge of care,
But told us then—for ſocial ends we grew.

To find ſome virtue trac'd on life's ſhort page,
Some mark of ſervice paid to human kind,
Alone can cheer the wint'ry paths of age,
Alone ſupport the far-reflecting mind.

Oh! often thought—when Smith's diſcerning care
To further days prolong'd this failing frame!
To die was little—But what heart could bear
To die, and leave an undiſtinguiſh'd name?

Blagdon-Houſe, Feb. 22. 1775.

PART II.

* Yet, while thy rod reſtrains the needy crew,
Remember that thou art their monarch too.
King of the beggars!—Lov'ſt thou not the name?
O, great from Ganges to the golden Thame!
Far-ruling ſovereign of this begging ball,
Low at thy footſtool other thrones ſhall fall.
His alms to thee the whiſker'd Moor convey †,
And Pruſſia's ſturdy beggar own thy ſway;

* *Refers to the concluſion of the firſt part.*

† *The Mahometan princes ſeem to have a regular ſyſtem of begging. Nothing ſo common as to hear that*

Courts, senates—all to Baal that bend the knee *,
King of the beggars, these are fiefs to thee!
But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrescency of power forego,
That pride of kings, humanity's first foe.
Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!
If, when from Heav'n severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day, [tray;
More strong than Teniers' pencil could por-
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said)
"These people come from far, and have no bread."
Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish-officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbrac'd hand the grasp'd hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed.
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage controul;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wint'ry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—
But time untenants—hah! what feest thou there?
"Horror!—by Heav'n, extended on a bed
"Of naked fearn, two human creatures dead!
"Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
"Cold, breathless!"
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told.
They died through want—
"By every power I swear,
"If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
"Through whose default of duty, or design,
"These victims fell, he dies."
They fell by thine
"Infernal!---Mine!---by---"
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.
When thy good father held this wide demain,
The voice of sorrow never mourn'd in vain.
Sooth'd by his pity, by his bounty fed,
The sick found medicine, and the aged bread.
He left their interest to no parish-care,
No bailiff urg'd his little empire there:
No village-tyrant starv'd them, or oppress'd;
He learn'd their wants, and he those wants redress'd.
Ev'n these, unhappy! who, beheld too late,
Smote thy young heart with horror at their fate,
His bounty found, and destin'd here to keep
A small detachment of his mountain-sheep.
Still pleas'd to see them from the annual fair
Th' unwritten history of their profits bear;
More nobly pleas'd those profits to restore,
And, if their fortune fail'd them, make it more.
When nature gave her precept to remove
His kindred spirit to the realms of love,
Afar their anguish from thy distant ear,
No arm to save, and no protection near,
Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,
Thy bailiff seiz'd their little flock, and sold.
Their want contending parishes survey'd,
And this disown'd, and that refus'd to aid:
A while, who should not succour them, they tried,
And in that while the wretched victims died.
"I'll scalp that bailiff—sacrifice."
In vain
To rave at mischief, if the cause remain!
O days long lost to man in each degree!
The golden days of hospitality!
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife,
To fill the noblest offices of life;

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the Dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are dissatisfied with their presents. It must be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that it is better to beg than to steal.

* "—— Tu poscis vilia rerum,
"Quamvis fers te nullius egentem." Hor.

When wealth was virtue's handmaid, and her gate
Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate;
The poor at hand their natural patrons faw,
And lawgivers were fupplements of law!
Loft are thofe days, and fafhion's boundlefs fway
Has borne the guardian magiftrate away.
Save in Auguſta's ſtreets, or Gallia's ſhore,
The rural patron is beheld no more.
No more the poor his kind protection ſhare,
Unknown their wants, and unreceiv'd their prayer.
Yet has that fafhion, long ſo light and vain,
Reform'd at laſt, and led the moral train,
Have her gay vot'ries nobler worth to boaſt
For nature's love, for nature's virtue loſt?
No—fled from theſe, the ſons of fortune find
What poor reſpect to wealth remains behind.
The mock regard alone of menial ſlaves,
The worſhipp'd calves of their outwitting knaves!
Foregone the ſocial, hoſpitable days,
When wide vales echoed with their owner's praiſe,
Of all that ancient conſequence bereft,
What has the modern man of faſhion left?
Does he, perchance, to rural ſcenes repair,
And "waſte his ſweetneſs" on the eſſenc'd air?
Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye ſcouring ſeas! and ye ſulphureous ſprings!
And thou, Brighthelmſtone, where no cits annoy,
(All borne to Margate, in the Margate-hoy)
Where, if the haſty creditor advance,
Lies the light ſkiff, and ever-bailing France,
Do thou defend him in the dog-day-ſuns!
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!
While the grim catchpole, the grim porter ſwear,
One that he is, and one, he is not there,
The tortur'd us'rer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a ſigh.
O, from each title folly ever took,
Blood! Maccarone! Ciciſbeo! or Rook!
From each low paſſion, from each low reſort,
The thieving alley, nay, the righteous court,
From Bertie's, Almack's, Arthur's, and the neſt
Where Judah's ferrets earth with Charles unbleſt;—
From theſe and all the garbage of the great,
At honour's, freedom's, virtue's call—retreat!
Has the fair vale, where reſt, conceal'd in flowers,
Lies in ſweet ambuſh for thy careleſs hours,
The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuſe,
Bathes its ſoft wing in aromatic dews,
The ſtream to ſooth thine ear, to cool thy breaſt,
That mildly murmurs from its cryſtal reſt;—
Have theſe leſs charms to win, leſs power to pleaſe,
Than haunts of rapine, harbours of diſeaſe?
Will no kind ſlumbers o'er thine eyelids creep.
Save where the ſullen watchman growls at ſleep?
Does morn no ſweeter, purer breath diffuſe
Than ſteams through alleys from the lungs of Jews?
And is thy water, pent in putrid wood,
Bethesda-like, when troubled only good?
Is it thy paſſion Linley's voice to hear,
And has no mountain-lark detain'd thine ear?
Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing;
For, truſt me, man was never meant to ſing:
And all his mimic organs e'er expreſt,
Was but an imitative howl at beſt.
Is it on Garrick's attitude you doat?
See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!
Like Lear's, his beard deſcends in graceful ſnow,
And wild he looks upon the world below.
Superior here the ſcene in every part!
Here reigns great nature, and there little art!
Here let thy life aſſume a nobler plan,
To nature faithful, and the friend of man!
Unnumber'd objects aſk thy honeſt care,
Beſide the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:
Far as thy power can ſave, thy bounty bleſs,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redreſs.
Seeſt thou afar yon ſolitary thorn,
Whoſe aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward ſhepherd's eye,
A few ſeem ſtraggling in the evening ſky!
Not many ſuns have haſtened down the day,
Or bluſhing moons immers'd in clouds their way,
Since there, a ſcene that ſtain'd their ſacred light,
With horror ſtopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe juſt born that ſigns of life expreſt,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeleſs breaſt.
The pitying robber, conſcious that, purſu'd,
He had no time to waſte, yet ſtood and view'd,
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he ſtole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.
Far other treatment ſhe who breathleſs lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.
Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of reſt,
And all the mother throng'd about her breaſt,
The ruffian officer oppos'd her ſtay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,
So far beyond the town's laſt limits drove,
That to return were hopeleſs, had ſhe ſtrove.
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguiſh, ſhe expir'd—the reſt I've told.
"Now let me ſwear—For by my ſoul's last ſigh
"That thief ſhall live, that overſeer ſhall die."
Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,
Loſt by that pity which his ſteps delay'd!
No ſoul-diſcerning Mansfield ſat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal juſtice firſt aſſign'd the gaol,
Or urg'd, as Camplin would have urg'd his tale.
The living object of thy honeſt rage,
Old in parochial crimes, and ſteel'd with age,
The grave church-warden!—unabaſh'd he bears
Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers;
And pours, with all the blaſphemy of praiſe,
His creeping ſoul in Sternhold's creeping lays!

PART III.

O, NO! Sir John—the muſe's gentle art
Lives not to blemiſh, but to mend the heart.
While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,
We hold the harpies of his life in hate.

Ingenuous youth, by nature's voice addreſt,
Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling breaſt;
Can form no wiſh the dire effects to prove
Of lawleſs valour, or of venal love.
Approves the fondneſs of the faithful maid,
And mourns a generous paſſion unrepaid.
Yet would I praiſe the pious zeal that ſaves
Imperial London from her world of knaves;
Yet would I count it no inglorious ſtrife
To ſcourge the peſts of property and life.
Come then, long ſkill'd in theft's illuſive ways,
Lord of the clue that thrids her mighty maze!
Together let us beat all Giles's fields,
Try what the night-houſe, what the round-houſe yields,
Hang when we muſt, be candid when we pleaſe,
But leave no bawd, unlicens'd, at her eaſe.
Say firſt, of thieves above, or thieves below,
What can we order till their haunts we know?
Far from St James's let your Nimrods ſtray,
But ſtop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient victualler, we've been told, of late,
Has kept bad hours, encourag'd high debate;
That thoſe without ſtill pelting thoſe within,
Have ſtunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their din;
That if you cloſe his private walls inveſt,
'Tis odds, you meet with ſome unruly gueſt—
Good Lord, Sir John, how would the people ſtare,
To ſee the preſent and the late Lord-mayor *
Bow to the majeſty of Bow-ſtreet chair!
Illuſtrious chiefs! can I your haunts paſs by,
Nor give my long-lov'd liberty a ſigh!
That heavenly plant which long unblemiſh'd blew,
Diſhonour'd only, only hurt by you!
Diſhonour'd, when with harden'd front you claim
To deeds of darkneſs her diviner name!
For you grim licence ſtrove with Hydra breath
To ſpread the blaſts of peſtilence and death:
Here for poor vice, for dark ambition there
She ſcatter'd poiſon through the ſocial air.
Yet here, in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,
When with black wing ſhe ſwept the weſtern main!
When with low labour, and inſidious art,
She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!
Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
Fair honour's foil, and liberty's diſgrace!
With ſpleen I ſee your wild illuſions ſpread
Through the long region of a land miſled;
See commerce ſink, ſee cultivation's charms
Loſt in the rage of anarchy and arms!
And thou, O Ch—m, once a nation's pride,
Borne on the brighteſt wave of glory's tide!
Haſt thou the parent ſpurn'd, the erring child
With proſpects vain to ruin's arms beguil'd?
Haſt thou the plans of dire defection prais'd
For the poor pleaſure of a ſtatue rais'd?
Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
From Charles quite graceleſs, up to Grafton's grace!

* *This was written during the mayoralty of* 1776.

Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,
And the cham'd knife * invites the paltry whore;
Though far, methinks, the choiceſt gueſts are fled,
And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the dead,
Wilkes, who in death would friendſhip's vows fulfil,
True to his cauſe, and dines with Humphrey ſtill—
Where ſkulks each dark, where roams each deſperate wight,
Owls of the day, and vultures of the night—
Shall we, O Knight! with cruel pains explore,
Clear theſe low walks, and think the buſineſs o'er?
No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,
Where juſtice ſleeps, and depredation reigns.
Wrapt in kind darkneſs, you no ſpleen betray,
When the gilt nabob lacqueys all the way:
Harmleſs to you his towers, his foreſts riſe,
That ſwell with anguiſh my indignant eyes;
While in thoſe towers raz'd villages I ſee,
And tears of orphans watering every tree.
Are theſe mock-ruins that invade my view?
Theſe are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.
That column's trophied baſe his bones ſupply;
That lake the tears that ſwell'd his ſable eye!
Let here, O Knight! their ſteps terrific ſteer
Thy hue and cry, and looſe thy bloodhounds here.
Oh mercy! thron'd on his eternal breaſt,
Who breath'd the ſavage waters into reſt;
By each ſoft pleaſure that thy boſom ſmote,
When firſt creation ſtarted from his thought;
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye;
When on his works was written—Theſe muſt die!
If ſecret ſlaughter yet, nor cruel war
Have from theſe mortal regions forc'd thee far,
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,
Oh, ſtretch thy healing wings o'er human kind!
—For them I aſk not, hoſtile to thy ſway,
Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey:
For them I plead not, who, in blood embrued,
Have every ſofter ſentiment ſubdued.
Yet, gentle power, thy abſence I bewail,
When ſeen the dark, dark regions of a gaol;
When found alike in chains and night cnclos'd,
The thief detected, and the thief ſuppos'd!
Sure, the fair light, and the ſalubrious air,
Each yet-ſuſpected priſoner might ſhare.
—To lie, to languiſh in ſome dreary cell,
Some lothed hold, where guilt and horror dwell,
Ere yet the truth of ſeeming facts be tried,
Ere yet their country's ſacred voice decide,
Britain, behold thy citizens expos'd,
And bluſh to think the Gothic age encloſs'd!
Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to taze
That peſt of James's puritanic days,
The ſavage law † that barb'rouſly ordains,
For female virtue loſt a felon's pains!—
Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate ſevere,
To toil and chains a long-enduring year.
Th' unnatural monarch, to the ſex unkind,
An owl obſcene, in learning's ſunſhine blind!
Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,
Benches of knaves, and parliaments of fools!

* *Chained to the table, to prevent depredations.*
† 7. Jac. C. 4.

Fanatic fools, that, in thoſe twilight times,
With wild religion cloak'd the worſt of crimes!—
Hope we from ſuch a crew, in ſuch a reign,
For equal laws, or policy humane?
Here then, O Juſtice, thy own power forbear;
The ſole protector of th' unpitied fair.
Though long entreat the ruthleſs overſeer;
Though the loud veſtry teaze thy tortur'd ear;
Though all to acts, to precedents appeal,
Mute be thy pen, and vacant reſt thy ſeal.
Yet ſhalt thou know, nor is the difference nice,
The caſual fall, from impudence of vice.
Abandon'd guilt by active laws reſtrain,
But pauſe —— if virtue's ſlighteſt ſpark remain.
Left to the ſhameleſs laſh, the hard'ning goal,
The faireſt thoughts of modeſty would fail.
The downcaſt eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to aſk her innocence again;
The plaintive babe, that ſlumb'ring ſeem'd to lie
On her ſoft breaſt, and wakes at the heav'd ſigh;
The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of ſhame;
How loth they leave a gentle breaſt to blame!
Hear then, O Juſtice! thy own power forbear;—
The ſole protector of th' unpitied fair!

MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS,

TRANSLATED;

And Addreſſed to a Gentleman of Italy.

ADDRESS:

TO SIG. MOZZI, OF MACERATA.

To thee, the child of claſſic plains,
The happier hand of nature gave
Each grace of fancy's finer ſtrains,
Each muſe that mourn'd o'er Maro's grave.

Nor yet the harp that Horace ſtrung,
With many a charm of eaſy art;
Nor yet what ſweet Tibullus ſung,
When beauty bound him to her heart;

Nor all the gentle Provence knew,
Where each breeze bore a lover's ſigh,
When Petrarch's ſweet perſuaſion drew
The tender woe from Laura's eye;

Nor aught that nobler ſcience ſeeks,
What truth, what virtue muſt avoid;
Nor aught the voice of nature ſpeaks,
To thee unknown, or unenjoy'd.

O wiſe beyond each weaker aim,
That weds the ſoul to this low ſphere,
Fond to indulge the feeble frame,
That holds a while her priſoner here!

Truſt me, my friend, that ſoul ſurvives
(If e'er had muſe prophetic ſkill),
And when the fated hour arrives,
That all her faculties ſhall fill,

Fit for ſome nobler frame ſhe flies,
Afar to find a ſecond birth;
And, flouriſhing in fairer ſkies,
Forſakes her nurſery of earth.

Oh! there, my Mozzi, to behold
The man that mourn'd his country's wrong,
When the poor exile left his fold,
* And feebly dragg'd his goat along!

On Plato's hallow'd breaſt to lean,
And catch that ray of heavenly fire,
Which ſmooth'd a tyrant's ſullen mien,
And bade the cruel thought retire!

Amid thoſe fairy-fields to dwell,
Where Taſſo's favour'd ſpirit ſaw
What—numbers none but his could tell,
What—pencils none but his could draw!

And oft at eve, if eve can be
Beneath the ſource of glory's ſmile,
To range Elyſian groves, and ſee
That nightly viſitant—ere while,

Who, when he left immortal choirs,
To mix with Milton's kindred ſoul,
The labours of their golden lyres
Would ſteal, and whiſper whence he ſtole.

Auſonian bard, from my fond ear
By ſeas and mountains ſever'd long,
If, chance, theſe humble ſtrains to hear,
You leave your more melodious ſong,

Whether, advent'rous, you explore
The wilds of Apenninus' brow,
Or, muſing near Loretto's † ſhore,
Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow;

The muſes' gentle offering ſtill
Your ear ſhall win, your love ſhall woo;
And theſe ſpring-flowers of Milton fill
The favour'd vales where firſt they grew.

For me, depriv'd of all that's dear,
Each fair, fond part'ner of my life,
Left with a lonely oar to ſteer,
Through the rude ſtorms of mortal ſtrife;—

When care, the felon of my days,
Expands his cold and gloomy wing,
His load when ſtrong affliction lays
On hope, the heart's elaſtic ſpring,

For me what ſolace yet remains,
Save the ſweet muſe's tender lyre;
Sooth'd by the magic of her ſtrains,
If, chance, the felon, care, retire?

Save the ſweet muſe's tender lyre,
For me no ſolace now remains!
Yet ſhall the felon, care, retire;
Sooth'd by the magic of her ſtrains.

Blagdon-houſe, June 26. 1776.

SONNET I.

O LADY fair, whoſe honour'd name is borne
By that ſoft vale, where Rhyne ſo loves to ſtray,
And ſees the tall arch crown his wat'ry way!
Sure happy he, though much the muſe's ſcorn,
Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
Who never felt that ſpirit's charmed ſway,
Which gentle ſmiles, and gentle deeds adorn,
Though in thoſe ſmiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue though thoſe deeds diſplay!
Sure happy he, who that ſweet voice ſhould hear

* Hanc etiam vix Tityre duce. VIRG.
† *Within a few miles of Macerata.*

Mould the ſoft ſpeech, or ſwell the tuneful ſtrain,
And conſcious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond attention from his cloſed ear;
Who, piteous of himſelf, ſhould timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

SONNET II.

As o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light
Of evening falls, the village maiden hies
To foſter ſome fair plant with kind ſupplies;
Some ſtranger plant, that yet in tender plight,
But feebly buds, ere ſpring has open'd quite
The ſoft affections of ſerener ſkies:
So I, with ſuch like gentle thought deviſe
This ſtranger tongue to cultivate with care,
All for the ſake of lovely lady fair,
And tune my lays, in language little tried
By ſuch as wont to Tamis' banks repair,
Tamis forſook for Arno's flowery ſide,
So wrought love's will that ever ruleth wide!

SONNET III.

Charles, muſt I ſay, what ſtrange it ſeems to ſay,
This rebel heart that love hath held as naught,
Or, hap'ly, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive ſteal away;
This ſimple heart hath now become his prey.
Yet hath no golden treſs this leſſon taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that ſhames the riſing day:
Oh no!—'twas beauty's moſt celeſtial ray,
With charms divine of ſovereign ſweetneſs fraught!
The noble mien, the ſoul-diſſolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The voice, that breathing melody ſo rare,
Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle ſky!
Charles, when ſuch miſchief arm'd this foreign fair,
Small chance had I to hope this ſimple heart ſhould fly.

SONNET IV.

In truth, I feel my ſun in thoſe fair eyes,
So ſtrongly ſtrike they, like that powerful ray,
Which falls with all the violence of day
On Lybia's ſands—and oft, as there ariſe
Hot waſting vapours from the ſource where lies
My ſecret pain; yet, hap'ly, thoſe may ſay,
Who talk love's language, theſe are only ſighs,
That the ſoft ardours of the ſoul betray *.

SONNET V.

An artleſs youth, who, ſimple in his love,
Seem'd little hopeful from his heart to fly,
To thee that heart, O lady! nor deny
The votive gift he brings; ſince that ſhall prove
All change, and fear, and falſity above;
Of manners that to gentle deeds comply,
And courteous will, that never aſketh why.
Yet, mild as is the never-wrathful dove,
Firmneſs it hath, and fortitude to bear
The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate;
From envy far, and low-deſigning care,
And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await;
With the ſweet muſe, and ſounding lyre elate,
And only weak, when love had entrance there.

CANZON.

Gay youths and frolic damſels round me throng,
And, ſmiling, ſay, why, ſhepherd, wilt thou write
Thy lays of love advent'rous to recite
In unknown numbers and a foreign tongue?
Shepherd, if hope hath ever wrought thee wrong,
Afar from her and fancy's fairy light
Retire—ſo they to ſport with me delight;
And other ſhores, they ſay, and other ſtreams
Thy preſence wait; and ſweeteſt flowers that blow,
Their ripening blooms reſerve for thy fair brow,
Where glory ſoon ſhall bear her brighteſt beams;
Thus they, and yet their ſoothing little ſeems;
If ſhe, for whom I breathe the tender vow,
Sing theſe ſoft lays, and aſk the mutual ſong,
This is thy language, love and I to thee belong!

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" Sylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur,
" Intactos—— VIRG.

To the Counteſs of Hertford.

MADAM,

There is a tax upon the name of the Counteſs of Hertford, an hereditary obligation to patroniſe the muſes; and in times like theſe, when their influence, I will not ſay their reputation, is on the decline, they can by no means diſpenſe with ſo eſſential a privilege. I entreat you, Madam, to take the following poems under your protection. They were written with an unaffected wiſh to promote the love of nature and the intereſts of humanity. On the credit of ſuch motives, I lay them at your feet, and beg to be eſteemed,

Madam, your moſt devoted and moſt obedient ſervant, John Langhorne.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the following poems, the plan of fable is ſomewhat enlarged, and the province ſo far extended, that the original narrative and moral may be accompanied with imagery, deſcription, and ſentiment. The ſcenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and diſpoſition of poetry; where ſhe finds new objects, intereſts, and connections, to exerciſe her fancy and her powers. If the execution, therefore, be unſucceſsful, it is not the fault of the plan, but of the poet.

FABLE I.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

As duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,

* *The* Concetti *of the Italian, in the concluſion of this ſonnet were ſo obſtinate, that it ſeemed ſcarce poſſible to reduce them into any reputable form of tranſlation. Such trifling liberties as the tranſlator ſhall appear to have taken with theſe poems, muſt be imputed to a deſire of getting over blemiſhes of the ſame kind.*

The holy ſiſters ſtill repair,
What time the roſy morning calls:

So fair each morn, ſo full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
To meet the power ſhe lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the riſing ſky,
Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
Still there her fond obſervant eye,
And there her golden breaſt ſhe turn'd.

When calling from their weary height
On weſtern waves his beams to reſt,
Still there ſhe fought the parting light,
And there ſhe turn'd her golden breaſt.

But ſoon as night's invidious ſhade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves, and drooping head,
Full ſore ſhe griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower diſplay'd,
The holy ſiſters ſmil'd to ſee,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful ſtill, though meant for kind,
The praiſe that falls on envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
The canker'd ivy chanc'd to hear.

And "See," ſhe cry'd, "that ſpecious flower,
"Whoſe flattering boſom courts the ſun,
"The pageant of a gilded hour,
"The convent's ſimple hearts hath won!

"Obſequious meanneſs! ever prone
"To watch the patron's turning eye;
"No will, no motion of its own!
"'Tis this they love, for this they ſigh:

"Go, ſplendid ſycophant! no more
"Diſplay thy ſoft ſeductive arts!
"The flattering clime of courts explore,
"Nor ſpoil the convent's ſimple hearts.

"To me their praiſe more juſtly due,
"Of longer bloom and happier grace!
"Whom changing months unalter'd view,
"And find them in my fond embrace."

"How well," the modeſt flower reply'd,
"Can envy's wreſted eye elude
"The obvious bounds that ſtill divide
"Foul flattery from fair gratitude.

"My duteous praiſe each hour I pay,
"For few the hours that I muſt live;
"And give to him my little day,
"Whoſe grace another day may give.

"When low this golden form ſhall fall,
"And ſpread with duſt its parent plain,
"That duſt ſhall hear his genial call,
"And riſe, to glory riſe, again.

"To thee, my gracious pow'r, to thee
"My love, my heart, my life, are due!
"Thy goodneſs gave that life to be,
"Thy goodneſs ſhall that life renew.

"Ah me! one moment from thy ſight
"That thus my truant-eye ſhould ſtray!
"The God of glory ſets in night;
"His faithleſs flower has loſt a day."

Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head;
And ſudden tears her breaſt bedew'd:
Conſenting tears the ſiſters ſhed,
And, wrapp'd in holy wonder, view'd.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
"Behold," the aged abbeſs cries,
"An emblem of that happier fate,
"Which Heav'n to all but us denies.

"Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
"No charm but duty's charm can move;
"We ſhed no tears but holy tears
"Of tender penitence and love.

"See there the envious world pourtray'd
"In that dark look, that creeping pace!
"No flower can bear the ivy's ſhade,
"No tree ſupport its cold embrace.

"The oak that rears it from the ground,
"And bears its tendrils to the ſkies,
"Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
"And in its pois'nous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they, by love or duty led,
With pleaſure heard, or ſeem'd to hear.

Yet one leſs duteous, not leſs fair,
(In convents ſtill the tale is known),
The fable heard with ſilent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that ſmil'd along the day,
And droop'd in tears at ev'ning's fall,
Too well ſhe found her life diſplay,
Too well her fatal lot recal.

The treacherous ivy's gloomy ſtrain,
That murder'd what it moſt embrac'd,
Too well that cruel ſcene convey'd,
Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with ſilent horror ſhook,
With ſighs ſhe fought her lonely cell;
To the dim light ſhe caſt one look,
And bade once more the world farewell.

FABLE II.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the ſhades of life,
And ſhun the ſplendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful ſtrife
To riſk ambition's loſing game:

That, far from envy's lurid eye,
The faireſt fruits of genius rear,
Content to ſee them bloom and die
In friendſhip's ſmall, but kindly ſphere.

Than vainer flowers though ſweeter far,
The evening primroſe ſhuns the day;
Blooms only to the weſtern ſtar,
And loves its ſolitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's cloſing hour,

On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
"In pity's simple thought he cries,
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
"Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
"The hamlet's little train behold;
"Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
"When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
"When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
"For flowers he rifles all the meads,
"For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
"On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
"Let smiling suns those gems illume!
"Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain:

Live unseen!
By moon-light shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour
Guard thy emblematic flower.

FABLE III.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

The reed that once the shepherd blew
On cold Cephisus' hallow'd side,
To Sylla's cruel bow apply'd,
Its inoffensive master slew.

---

* *The reeds on the banks of the Cephisus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.*

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music sooth the thirst of death.

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly—
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephisus, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed:
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting, sigh'd each trembling reed.

"Fair offspring of my waves," he cry'd,
"That bind my brows, my banks adorn;
"Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
"For music, peace, and beauty born!

"Ah, what unheedful have we done?
"What demons here in death delight?
"What fiends that curse the social sun?
"What furies of infernal night?

"See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed!
"Each heart in harmony that vy'd,
"Smote by its own melodious reed,
"Lies cold along my blushing side.

"Back to your urn, my waters, fly,
"Or find in earth some secret way;
"For horror dims yon conscious sky,
"And hell has issued into day."

Through Delphi's holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began.

"In vain Cephisus sighs to save
"The swain that loves his wat'ry mead,
"And weeps to see his reddening wave,
"And mourns for his perverted reed:

"In vain my violated groves
"Must I with equal grief bewail,
"While desolation sternly roves,
"And bids the sanguine hand assail.

"God of the genial stream, behold
"My laurel shades of leaves so bare!
"Those leaves no poet's brows unfold,
"Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.

"Like thy fair offspring, misapply'd,
"Far other purpose they supply;
"The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
"And on his frowsful temples die.

"Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
"Whom wounded nature sues in vain;
"Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
"And cries, indignant,—"They are men."

FABLE IV.

THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

As Dee, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
By mountains sore'd his way to steer
Along the lake of Pimble Mere,

Darts ſwiftly through the ſtagnant maſs,
His waters trembling as they paſs,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unſullied as they flow—
So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could thought and fancy glide;
Could hope as ſprightly hold her courſe,
As firſt ſhe left her native ſource,
Unfought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah; they will not, will not laſt—
When life's firſt fairy ſtage is paſt,
The glowing hand of hope is cold;
And fancy lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before,
We turn the former proſpect o'er;
And find in mem'ry's faithful eye
Our little ſtock of pleaſures lie.

Come then, thy kind receſſes ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of hope!
Come with thy viſionary train;
And bring my morning ſcenes again!

To Enon's wild and ſilent ſhade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the woodland genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.—

Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through ſolitary meads;
And only feeds the deſert flower,
Where once ſhe ſooth'd my ſlumb'ring hour;
Or rous'd by Stainmore's wint'ry ſky,
She wearies Echo with her cry;
And oft, what ſtorms her boſom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare—

Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Oſty's brow,
Or Brokley's alder-ſhaded cave,
Or winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To ſound his holy ſlumbers near.—

To theſe fair ſcenes of fancy's reign,
O memory! bear me once again:
For, when life's varied ſcenes are paſt,
'Tis ſimple nature charms at laſt.
'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
Th' indulgent pow'r his prayer approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd roſe could fade,
Reſtor'd him to the ſcenes he lov'd.

A roſe, the poet's fav'rite flower,
From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore;
No fairer bloom in Eſher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's ſnowy hair:
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's ſweeteſt bluſh was there.

When ſhe, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for ſhades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's ſhade
The flowers that all-uncultur'd grew,
When there the ſplendid roſe diſplay'd
Her ſwelling breaſt, and ſhining hue,

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of ſimpler bloom, but kindred race,
The penſive Eglantine complain'd.—

"Miſtaken youth," with ſighs ſhe ſaid,
"From nature and from me to ſtray!
"The bard, by ſplendid forms betray'd,
"No more ſhall frame the purer ray.

"Luxuriant, like the flaunting roſe,
"And gay the brilliant ſtrains may be,
"But far in beauty, far from thoſe,
"That flowed to nature and to me."

The poet felt, with fond ſurpriſe,
The truths the ſylvan critic told;
And "though this courtly roſe," he cries,
"Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

"Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
"Wild ſweetneſs which no words expreſs,
"And charms in thy ſimplicity,
"That dwell not in the pride of dreſs."

FABLE V.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artleſs breaſt
The god of fond deſires repair;
Implore him for a gentle gueſt,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's ſoul-enchanting ſmile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should theſe thy wand'ring eye beguile,
And ſteal thy wareleſs heart away;

That heart ſhall ſoon with ſorrow ſwell,
And ſoon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous boſom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial ſtore.

Far from his hive one Summer day,
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to ſee.

The morn, the noon in play he paſs'd,
But when the ſhades of ev'ning came,
No parent brought the due repaſt,
And faintneſs ſeiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by inſtinct led,
The boſom of a flower he ſought,
Where ſtreams mourn'd round a moſſy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a panſy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent ſkies
A velvet ſhade and purple hue.

The tints that ſtream'd with gloſſy gold,
The velvet ſhade, the purple hue,
e ſtranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous boſom flew.

Not fonder haſte the lover ſpeeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He ſprings on more than mortal feet:

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When ſtealing near her orient breaſt;
Then felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When firſt the golden bloom he preſt.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic ſpell!
So never paſſion three betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he ſeeks thoſe virtues there;
No ſoul-ſuſtaining charms abound;
No honey'd ſweetneſs to repair
The languid waſte of life is found.

An aged bee, whoſe labours led
Through thoſe fair ſprings, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pity'd to behold.

" Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
" That courts thine eye with fair attire;
" Who ſmiles to win the heedleſs heart,
" Will ſmile to ſee that heart expire.

" This modeſt flower of humbler hue,
" That boaſts no depth of glowing dyes,
" Array'd in unbeſpangled blue,
" The ſimple clothing of the ſkies—

" This flower, with balmy ſweetneſs bleſt,
" May yet thy languid life renew;"
He ſaid, and to the violet's breaſt
The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

From Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial day:
Where flowers a bolder gem diſcloſe,
And deeper drink the golden ray:

From Bactria's vales to Britain's ſhore
What time the crown imperial came,
Full high the ſtately ſtranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eaſtern ſtate,
In all the eaſtern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it ſtrange in diſtant time,
That freedom even to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime!

Through purple meads, and ſpicy gales,
Where Strymon's * ſilver waters play,
While far from hence their goddeſs dwells,
She rules with delegated ſway.

That ſway the crown imperial ſought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival, call'd the meadow's queen.

" In climes of orient glory born,
" Where beauty firſt and empire grew;
" Where firſt unfolds the golden morn,
" Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

" In light's ethereal beauty dreſt,
" Behold," he cried, " the favour'd flower,
" Which Flora's high commands inveſt
" With enſigns of imperial power!

" Where proſtrate vales, and bluſhing meads,
" And bending mountains own his ſway,
" While Perſia's lord his empire leads,
" And bids the trembling world obey;

" While blood bedews the ſtraining bow,
" And conqueſt rends the ſcatter'd air,
" 'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
" And reign in envied glory there:

" Then lowly bow, ye Britiſh flowers!
" Confeſs your monarch's mighty ſway,
" And own the only glory yours,
" When fear flies trembling to obey."

He ſaid, and ſudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran;
With modeſt air, and milder ſtrain,
When thus the meadow's queen began.

" If vain of birth, of glory vain,
" Or fond to bear a regal name,
" The pride of folly brings diſdain,
" And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

" If war my peaceful realms aſſail,
" And then, unmov'd by pity's call,
" I ſmile to ſee the bleeding vale,
" Or feel one joy in nature's fall:

" Then may each juſtly vengeful flower
" Purſue her queen with generous ſtrife,
" Nor leave the hand of lawleſs power
" Such compaſs on the ſcale of life.

" One ſimple virtue all my pride!
" The wiſh that flies to miſery's aid;
" The balm that ſtops the crimſon tide †
" And heals the wound that war has made."

Their free conſent by zephyrs borne,
The flowers their meadow's queen obey;
And fairer bluſhes crown'd the morn,
And ſweeter fragrance fill'd the day.

FABLE VII.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

' Why loves my flower, the ſweeteſt flower
" That ſwells the golden breaſt of May,
" Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
" To waſte her ſolitary day?

" Why, when the mead, the ſpicy vale,
" The grove and genial garden call,
" Will ſhe her fragrant ſoul exhale,
" Unheeded on the lonely wall?

---

* *The Ionian Strymon.*

† *The property of that flower.*

" For never ſure was beauty born
" To live in death's deſerted ſhade!
" Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
" My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus pity wak'd the tender thought,
And by her ſweet perſuaſion led,
To ſeize the hermit-flower I ſought,
And bear her from her ſtony bed.

I ſought---but ſudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And ſmote my heart with holy fear---
The genius of the ruin ſpoke.

" From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
" The honours of the dead to ſpoil,
" Or take the ſole remaining meed,
" The flower that crowns their former toil!

" Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
" Or fond to grace this barren ſhade;
" 'Tis nature tells her to beſtow
" Her honours on the lonely dead.

" For this obedient zephyrs bear
" Her light ſeeds round yon turret's mold,
" And undiſpers'd by tempeſts there,
" They riſe in vegetable gold.

" Nor ſhall thy wonder wake to ſee
" Such deſert ſcenes diſtinction crave;
" Oft have they been, and oft ſhall be
" Truth's, honour's, valour's, beauty's grave.

" Where longs to fall that rifted ſpire,
" As weary of th' inſulting air;
" The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
" The lover's ſighs are ſleeping there.

" When that too ſhakes the trembling ground,
" Borne down by ſome tempeſtuous ſky,
" And many a ſlumb'ring cottage round
" Startles---how ſtill their hearts will lie!

" Of them who, wrapt in earth ſo cold,
" No more the ſmiling day ſhall view,
" Should many a tender tale be told;
" For many a tender thought is due.

" Haſt thou not ſeen ſome lover pale,
" When evening brought the penſive hour,
" Step ſlowly o'er the ſhadowy vale,
" And ſtop to pluck the frequent flower?

" Thoſe flowers he ſurely meant to ſtrew
" On loſt affection's lowly cell;
" Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
" Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

" Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
" Been taught her firſt roſe to reſign?
" With vain but pious fondneſs borne
" To deck thy Nancy's honour'd ſhrine!

" 'Tis nature pleading in the breaſt,
" Fair memory of her works to find;
" And when to fate ſhe yields the reſt,
" She claims the monumental mind.

" Why, elſe, the o'ergrown paths of time
" Would thus the letter'd ſage explore,
" With pain theſe crumbling ruins climb,
" And on the doubtful ſculpture pore?

" Why ſeeks he with unwearied toil
" Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
" Reclaim his long-aſſerted ſpoil,
" And lead oblivion into day?

" 'Tis nature prompts, by toil or fear
" Unmov'd, to range through death's domain:
" The tender parent loves to hear
" Her childrens' ſtory told again.

" Treat not with ſcorn his thoughtful hours,
" If haply near theſe haunts he ſtray;
" Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
" That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

FABLE VIII.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE *.

'Twas on the border of a ſtream
A gaily-painted tulip ſtood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And ſure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wiſtful eye,
Than crimſon fading into gold,
In ſtreaks of fairer ſymmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects ſuperior ſtate,
And thus in empty fancy ſwells.

" O luſtre of unrivall'd bloom!
" Fair painting of a hand divine!
" Superior far to mortal doom,
" The hues of heaven alone are mine!

" Away, ye worthleſs, formleſs race!
" Ye weeds, that boaſt the name of flowers,
" No more my native bed diſgrace,
" Unmeet for tribes ſo mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the ſun
" Aſſociate with the ſhrubs of earth?
" Ye ſlaves, your ſovereign's preſence ſhun!
" Reſpect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, ſullen evergreen!
" Shalt thou my ſhining ſphere invade,
" My noon-day beauties beam unſeen,
" Obſcur'd beneath thy duſky ſhade!"

" Deluded flower!" the myrtle cries,
" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
" The meaneſt ſhrub that you deſpiſe,
" The meaneſt flower has merit more.

" That daiſy, in its ſimple bloom,
" Shall laſt along the changing year;
" Bluſh on the ſnow of winter's gloom,
" And bid the ſmiling ſpring appear.

" The violet that, thoſe banks beneath,
" Hides from thy ſcorn its modeſt head,
" Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
" When thou art in thy duſty bed.

---

* *This fable was firſt publiſhed in a Collection of Letters, ſuppoſed to have paſſed between St. Evremond and Waller.*

" Ev'n I, who boaſt no golden ſhade,
" Am of no ſhining tints poſſeſs'd,
" When low thy lucid form is laid,
" Shall bloom on many a lovely breaſt.

" And he, whoſe kind and foſtering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breaſt my flowrets wear,
" And walk regardleſs o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friend'ly ſcreen
" That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy paſſion to be ſeen,
" Prolongs the tranſitory day.

" But kindly deeds with ſcorn repaid,
" No more by virtue need be done;
" I now withdraw my duſky ſhade,
" And yield thee to thy darling ſon."

Fierce on the flower the ſcorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder ſmell.

Expanded by the ſearching fire,
The curling leaves the breaſt diſcloſ'd:
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expoſ'd.

But when the ſun was ſliding low,
And evening came, with dews ſo cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And fought her bending leaves to fold.

Thoſe leaves, alas! no more would cloſe;
Relax'd, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the riſing gale.

FABLE IX.

THE BEE-FLOWER*.

Come, let us leave this painted plain;
This waſte of flowers that palls the eye:
The walks of nature's wilder reign
Shall pleaſe in plainer majeſty.

Through thoſe fair ſcenes, where yet ſhe owes
Superior charms to Brockman's art,
Where, crown'd with elegant repoſe,
He cheriſhes the ſocial heart ---

Through thoſe fair ſcenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon paſture mountains reſt;
Come, brother dear! come, nature's child!
With all her ſimple virtues bleſt.

---

* *This is a ſpecies of the Orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnſhire, Worceſterſhire, Kent, and Hertfordſhire. Nature has formed a bee apparently feeding on the breaſt of the flower with ſo much exactneſs, that it is impoſſible at a very ſmall diſtance to diſtinguiſh the impoſition. For this purpoſe, ſhe has obſerved an economy different from what is found in moſt other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genius of the Orchis, or Satyrion, for ſeems profeſſedly to have made uſe of for her paintings, and on the different ſpecies has drawn the perfect forms of different inſects, ſuch as bees, flies, butterflies, &c.*

The ſun far-ſeen on diſtant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled ſeas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On Beachborough's airy heights ſhall pleaſe.

Nor lifeleſs there the lonely ſcene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breaſt
How cloſe the buſy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breaſt,
The ambroſial gold that ſwells his thighs!

Regardleſs, whilſt we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his taſk he plies;
Or ſees he no intruder near,
And reſts in ſleep his weary eyes.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;---we'll ſet the captive free---
I ſought the living bee to find,
And found the picture of a bee.

Attentive to our trifling ſelves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and theſe her ſports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That life's majeſtic ſource may be
In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember ſtill, 'tis nature's plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, ſhe firſt in man
Inſpir'd the imitative mind.

As conſcious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power *;
That power with leading hand ſhe ſhows,
And paints a bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet his human hands!
Oft, as his ſhapely form he tears,
Aghaſt the frighted ploughman ſtands.

See where, in yonder orient ſtone,
She ſeems ev'n with herſelf at ſtrife,
While fairer from her hand is ſhown
The pictur'd, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a ſhining pebble bear,
Where oft her ſtudious hand engraves
The perfect form and leaves it there.

O long, my Paxton †, boaſt her art;
And long her love of laws fulfil:
To thee ſhe gave her hand and heart,
To thee, her kindneſs and her ſkill!

FABLE X.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

In yonder green wood blows the broom;
Shepherds, we'll truſt our flocks to ſtray,

---

* *The well known Fables of the Painter and Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly aroſe from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.*

† *An ingenious Portrait Painter in Rathbone Place.*

Court nature in her ſweeteſt bloom,
And ſteal from care one ſummer-day.

From him * whoſe gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed Hume with roſes binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where flow the fairy Fortha winds.

And oh! that he † whoſe gentle breaſt
In nature's ſofteſt mould was made,
Who left her ſmiling works impreſt
In characters that cannot fade;

That he might leave his lowly ſhrine,
Though ſofter there the ſeaſons fall—
They come, the ſons of verſe divine,
They come to fancy's magic cell.

——————" What airy ſounds invite
" My ſteps not unreluctant, from the depth
" Of Shene's delightful groves? Repoſing there,
" No more I hear the buſy voice of men
" Far-toiling o'er the globe—ſave to the call
" Of ſoul-exalting poetry, the ear
" Of death denies attention. Rous'd by her,
" The genius of ſepulchral ſilence opes
" His drowſy cells, and yields us to the day.
" For thee, whoſe hand, whatever paints the
" Spring,
" Or ſwells on Summer's breaſt, or loads the lap
" Of Autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whoſe rites
" At nature's ſhrine with holy care are paid
" Daily and nightly; boughs of brighteſt green,
" And every faireſt roſe, the god of groves,
" The queen of flowers, ſhall ſweeter ſave for thee,
" Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
" Tunefully trifling. Fair philoſophy,
" And nature's love, and every moral charm
" That leads in ſweet captivity the mind
" To virtue—ever in thy neareſt cares
" Be theſe, and animate thy living page
" With truth reſiſtleſs, beaming from the ſource
" Of perfect light immortal---Vainly boaſts
" That golden broom its ſunny robe of flowers:
" Fair are the ſunny flowers; but, fading ſoon
" And fruitleſs, yield the foreſter's regard
" To the well-loaded wilding---Shepherd, there
" Behold the fate of ſong, and lightly deem
" Of all but moral beauty."
——————" Not in vain"---
I hear my Hamilton reply
(The torch of fancy in his eye),
" 'Tis not in vain," I hear him ſay,
" That nature paints her works ſo gay;
" For, fruitleſs though that fairy broom,
" Yet ſtill we love her laviſh bloom.
" Cheer'd with that bloom, yon deſert wild
" Its native horrors loſt, and ſmil'd.
" And oft we mark her golden ray,
" Along the dark wood ſcatter day.
" Of moral uſes take the ſtrife;
" Leave me the elegance of life.
" Whatever charms the ear or eye,
" All beauty and all harmony;
" If ſweet ſenſations they produce,
" I know they have their moral uſe.
" I know that nature's charms can move
" The ſprings that ſtrike to virtue's love."

* *William Hamilton of Bangour.*
† *Thomſon.*

FABLE XI.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a druid ſleeps,
Where ſtops the paſſing gale to moan;
The rock he hollow'd, o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted ſtone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy aſhes reſt:
The ſchool-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin bleſt.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in ſtolen hour,
The druid's magic miſletoe,
The holy hermit's paſſion-flower.

The offerings on the myſtic ſtone
Penſive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deep'ning groan
Iſſued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it ſtill---Doſt thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy ſtart?
The ſound ſtill vibrates through mine ear---
The horror ruſhes on my heart.

Unlike to living ſounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
But, grinding through ſome ſcrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it ſtill---" Depart," it cries:
" No tribute bear to ſhades unbleſt:
" Know, here a bloody druid lies,
" Who was not nurs'd at nature's breaſt.

" Aſſociate he with demons dire,
" O'er human victims held the knife,
" And pleas'd to ſee the babe expire,
" Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

" Behold his crimſon-ſtreaming hand
" Erect!---his dark, fix'd, murd'rous eye!"
In the dim cave I ſaw him ſtand;
And my heart died---I felt it die.

I ſee him ſtill---Doſt thou not ſee
The haggard eyeball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the ſable ſhade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aſpect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorſe a prey?

What wretched—Hark!—the voice replies;
" Boy, bear theſe idle honours hence!
" For, here a guilty hermit lies
" Untrue to nature, virtue, ſenſe.

" Though nature lent him powers to aid
" The moral cauſe, the mutual weal;
" Thoſe powers he ſunk in this dim ſhade,
" The deſperate ſuicide of zeal.

" Go, teach the drone of ſaintly haunts,
" Whoſe cell's the ſepulchre of time;
" Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
" His life is one continued crime.

" And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
" No ſymbols thoſe of ſyſtems vain!

" They have the duties of their hour;
" Some bird, ſome inſect, to ſuſtain."

[In Kirkby-Stephen church-yard is the following monumental inſcription, which, from the ſtrain of modeſty, filial piety, and unaffected ſimplicity, with which it is adorned, may be thought not unworthy of reprinting from Burn's " Hiſtory of Weſtmorland, &c."]

1762.

To the Memory of the REV. JOSEPH LANGHORNE *of Winton, and* ISABEL *his Wife.*

HER, who to teach this trembling hand to write,
Toil'd the long day, and watch'd the tedious night,
I mourn, though number'd with the heavenly huſt;
With her the means of gratitude are loſt.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

OWEN OF CARRON.

I.

ON Carron's ſide the primroſe pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why ſtream your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primroſe pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening ſtar ſat in his eye,
The ſun his golden treſſes gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who reſts in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, hiſtoric ſtone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
He ſleeps beneath the waving ſhade.

There many a flowery race hath ſprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since firſt his ſimple dirge he ſung;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet ſtill, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear ſo ſimply ſweet
Far echo'd from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's * day,
When Scotland's honours flouriſh'd ſtill,
That Moray's earl, with mighty ſway,
Bare rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful ſtore
The fairer plains of Carron ſpread;
In fortune rich, in offſpring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her ſhining breaſt that glows,
To Ellen's † charms were earth and ſtone.

For her the youth of Scotland ſigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And ſmoother Italy apply'd,
And many an Engliſh baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts aſſail'd,
No foreign loves her breaſt beguile,
And England's honeſt valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous ſmile.

" Ah! woe to thee, young Nithiſdale,
" That o'er thy cheek thoſe roſes ſtray'd,
" Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
" Thy voice, the muſic of the ſhade!

" Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
" Alone to thy ſoft tale would yield?
" For ſoon thoſe gentle arms ſhall prove
" The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward ſiſter ſpoke,
And caſt a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen ſhe broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She ſpoke and vaniſh'd—more unmov'd
Than Moray's rocks, when ſtorms inveſt,
The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd,
With aught that fear, or fate ſuggeſt.

For love, methinks, hath power to raiſe
The ſoul beyond a vulgar ſtate;
Th' unconquer'd banners he diſplays,
Controul our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on ſummer's ſofteſt eve,
Of clouds that wander'd weſt away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were ſtill,
And the waves ſlept againſt the ſhore,
And the ſun, ſunk beneath the hill,
Left his laſt ſmile on Lammermore *.

Led by thoſe waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breaſt,
Her wonted bower ſweet Ellen ſought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and ſooth'd her into reſt.

IV.

There is ſome kind and courtly ſprite
That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
Throws ſunſhine on the maſk of night,
And ſmiles at ſlumber's powerleſs chains:

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this ſoft hour that ſprite was there,
And ſpread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with ſweeter ſounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight:
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unſuſpecting ſight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,

---

* *William the Lyon, king of Scotland.*

† *The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithſdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was eſteemed one of the faireſt women in Europe, inſomuch that ſhe had ſeveral ſuitors and admirers in foreign courts.*

* *A chain of mountains running through Scotland, from eaſt to weſt.*

In ſcenes where fair Armida's wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in ſimple ſhow;
Nor Indian mines nor orient ſhores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their ſhining ſtores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms,
The wild roſe wound her damaſk flower;
The woodbine lent her ſpicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The aſh, that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's bloſſom bluſhing fair,
Combin'd to form the flowery ſhade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breaſt,
The cowſlip's ſweet, reclining head,
The violet of ſky-woven veſt,
Was all the fairy ground beſpread.

But, who is he, whoſe locks ſo fair
Adown his manly ſhoulders flow?
Beſide him lies the hunter's ſpear,
Beſide him ſleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle ſprite,
Thy ſweet ſeductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And inſtant vaniſhes in air.

V.

Haſt thou not found at early dawn
Some ſoft ideas melt away,
If o'er ſweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,
The ſprite of dreams hath bid thee ſtray?

Haſt thou not ſome fair object ſeen,
And, when the fleeting form was paſt,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea laſt?

Thou haſt—and oft the pictur'd view,
Seen in ſome viſion counted vain,
Has ſtruck thy wond'ring eye anew,
And brought the long-loſt dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's ſpear,
With locks adown his ſhoulder ſpread,
Young Nithiſdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon paſs'd away,
And fill'd her ſilver urn again,
When in the devious chaſe to ſtray,
Afar from all his woodland train.

To Carron's banks his fate conſign'd;
And, all to ſhun the fervid hour,
He ſought ſome friendly ſhade to find,
And found the viſionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden ſtar of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—Who is he whoſe ringlets fair,
Diſorder'd o'er his green veſt flow,
Reclin'd to reſt—whoſe ſunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that ſprite's illuſive gueſt,
(Ah me! that ſprites can fate controul!)
That lives ſtill imag'd on her breaſt,
That lives ſtill pictur'd in her ſoul.

As when ſome gentle ſpirit fled
From earth to breathe Elyſian air,
And in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft ſudden pleaſure ruſhes o'er
Reſiſtleſs, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate reſtore
The object of its former flame.

So Ellen ſtood—leſs power to move
Had he, who, bound in ſlumber's chain,
Seem'd hap'ly, o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chaſe again.

She ſtood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight and melting love
Seiz'd all her ſoul; ſhe came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She ſtrives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerleſs captive fly—
The new cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Haſt thou not ſeen ſome azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And ſkirt the reddening cloud's ſoft beam
What time the ſun was haſting nigh?

Thou haſt—and thou canſt fancy well
As any muſe that meets thine ear,
The ſoul-ſet eye of Nithiſdale,
When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd—that ſilence broke;
" Hail goddeſs of theſe groves (he cry'd),
" O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
" O let me in thy ſervice bide!

" For thee I'll climb the mountains ſteep,
" Unwearied chaſe the deſtin'd prey,
" For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
" And part the ſprays that vex thy way."

For thee—" O ſtranger, ceaſe," ſhe ſaid,
And ſwift away, like Daphne, flew,
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her boſom grew.

VIII.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's ſteps, and bleſs'd his ſuit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

O love! within thoſe golden vales,
Thoſe genial airs where thou waſt born,
Where nature, liſtening thy ſoft tales,
Leans on the roſy breaſt of morn.

Where the ſweet ſmiles, the graces dwell,
And tender ſighs the heart remove,
In ſilent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O ſoul-ſubduing love!

Ah! wherefore ſhould grim rage be nigh,
And dark diſtruſt, with changeful face,
And jealouſy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;

And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her abſent hour
He watch'd with all a miſer's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal ſoul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy ſway controul,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her abſent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he ſees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithiſdale!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis ſhe (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance ſwift purſue?
No—that would all his hopes deſtroy;
Moray would vaniſh from his view,
And rob him of a miſer's joy.

Unſeen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his ſlaves, his ruffian band,
"And haſte to yonder groves," he cries,
"And ambuſh'd lie by Carron's ſtrand:

"What time ye mark from bower or glen
"A gentle lady take her way,
"To diſtance due, and far from ken,
"Allow her length of time to ſtray.

"Then ranſack ſtraight that range of groves.—
"With hunter's ſpear, and veſt of green;
"If chance a roſy ſtripling roves,—
"Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian ſlaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way;
Though ſtay'd by many a tender ſigh,
She can no longer, longer ſtay.

Penſive, againſt yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wond'ring ſtill how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the deſert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one ſtruck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is loſt in ſleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale!
Ah! could we marvel ye ſhould weep;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain gales were ſtill,
And the wave ſlept againſt the ſhore,
And the ſun ſunk beneath the hill,
Left his laſt ſmile on Lammermore.

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And ſoon ſhe'll meet her Nithiſdale.

She'll meet him ſoon—for, at her ſight,
Swift as the mountain deer he ſped;
The evening ſhades will ſink in night—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! ſhe will chide thy trifling ſtay,
E'en now the ſoft reproach ſhe frames:
"Can lovers brook ſuch long delay?
"Lovers that boaſt of ardent flames!"

He comes not—weary with the chaſe,
Soft ſlumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll ſteal one dear embrace,
We'll gently ſteal on his repoſe.

This is the bower—we'll ſoftly tread—
He ſleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's ſplendid train;
Their miſtreſs dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens ſeek in vain.

Her pillow ſwells not deep with down;
For her no balms their ſweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Preſs'd by her lovely cheek as pale:

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The brown its yellow leaf hath ſhed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the ſoft ſtar of orient day,
When clouds involve his roſy light,
Darts through the gloom a tranſient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And flow its languid orb unfolds,—
What, are thoſe bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows ſhe beholds!

What was that form ſo ghaſtly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay!
'Twas ſome poor youth—"Ah Nithiſdale!"
She ſaid, and ſilent ſunk away:

XII.

The morn in the mountains ſpread,
The woodlark trills his liquid ſtrain—
Can morn's ſweet muſic rouſe the dead?
Give the ſet eye its ſoul again?

A ſhepherd of that gentler mind
Which nature not profuſely yields,
Seeks in theſe lonely ſhades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghaſt he ſtands—and ſimple fear
O'er all his paly viſage glides—
"Ah me! what means this miſery here?
"What fate this lady fair betides!"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life he finds has but retir'd:—
With haſte he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

"O hide me in thy humble bower,"
Returning late to life ſhe ſaid;
"I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
"With many a roſy wreath thy head.

"Good ſhepherd, haſte to yonder grove,
"And, if my love aſleep is laid,

" Oh! wake him not; bu[illegible]x move
" Some pillow to that g[illegible]ead.

" Sure, thou wilt know him, ſhepherd ſwain,
" Thou know'ſt the ſun riſe o'er the ſea—
" But oh! no lamb in all thy train
" Was e'er ſo mild, ſo mild as he."

" His head is on the wood-moſs laid;
" I did not wake his ſlumber deep—
" Sweet ſing the redbreſt o'er the ſhade—
" Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
When ſoften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more ſweet than they,
Found her fair ſoul, and wand'ring near,
The ſtranger, reaſon, croſs'd her way.

Found her fair ſoul,—Ah! ſo to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! ſure, the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wiſh of woe!

XIV.

On melancholy's ſilent urn
A ſofter ſhade of ſorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely ſhade
The ſlow-conſuming hour ſhe'll weep,
Till nature ſeeks her laſt left aid.
In the ſad ſombrous arms of ſleep.

" Theſe jewels, all unmeet for me,
" Shalt thou," ſhe ſaid, " good ſhepherd, take;
" Theſe gems will purchaſe gold for thee,
" And theſe be thine for Ellen's ſake.

" So ſail thou not, at eve or morn,
" The roſemary's pale bough to bring—
" Thou know'ſt where I was found forlorn—
" Where thou haſt heard the redbreaſt ſing.

" Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
" Or aid thy ſhepherdeſs's care,
" For I will ſhare her humble toil,
" And I her friendly roof will ſhare."

XV.

And now two longſome years are paſt
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at laſt,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has ſhe left one object dear,
That wears love's ſunny eye of joy—
Is Nithiſdale reviving here?
Or is it but a ſhepherd's boy?

By Carron's ſide a ſhepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed:
He wears love's ſunny eye of joy,
And birth he little ſeems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant ſleep
C oſes beneath a mother's ſmile,
Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more with fond attention dear,
She ſeeks th' unſpoken wiſh to find;
No more ſhall ſhe, with pleaſure's tear,
See the ſoul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breaſt?
Is ſhe the friend of ſtern controul?
Wears ſhe the deſpot's purple veſt?
Or fetters ſhe the free-born ſoul?

Where, worſt of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy childrens breaſts to bind?
Gav'ſt thou the Promethean flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great nature's—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege ſhe gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps ſome feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'ſt not that thy Nithiſdale
Was low laid by his ruffian band,

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human ſacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love! thy bard ſhall own,
Where two congenial ſouls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own ſplendour bright.

But if no radiant ſtar of love,
O Hymen! ſmile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight ſhall prove,
Thy lamp a ſad ſepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's ſlow wandering wing,
Borne many a year unmark'd with ſpeed—
Where is the boy by Carron's ſpring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! thoſe flowers he binds no more;
No early charm returns again;
The parent nature keeps in ſtore
Her beſt joys for her little train.

No longer heed the ſun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breaſt he can,
Reaſon has lent her quiv'ring light,
And ſhown the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the firſt human heir of earth
With penſive eye himſelf ſurvey'd,
And all unconſcious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's ſhade.

In penſive thought ſo Owen ſtray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greeneſt glade,
He fondly fram'd this ſimple ſong.

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?

Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy?

A ſilken veſt like mine ſo green
In ſhepherd's hut I have not ſeen—
Why ſhould I in ſuch veſture joy,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy?

I know it is no ſhepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me ſure a idle toy,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from ſhepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a ſhepherd's boy.

And, O thou ſilent picture fair,
That lov'ſt to ſmile upon me there,
O ſay, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a ſhepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
Seeſt thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hov'ring o'er his ſong?

His little heart is large with love:
He ſweetly hails his ev'ning ſtar;
And fate's more pointed arrows move
Inſidious from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The ſhepherdeſs whoſe kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Muſt now their ſilent manſions ſhare,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

" O tell me, parent, if thou art,
" What is this lovely picture dear?
" Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
" Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?

" Ah, youth! to leave thee loth am I,
" Though I be not thy parent dear;
" And would'ſt thou wiſh, or ere I die,
" The ſtory of thy birth to hear?

" But it will make thee much bewail,
" And it will make thy fair eye ſwell—"
She ſaid, and told the woeſome tale,
As ſooth as ſhepherdeſs might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that ſorrow doom'd to ſhare
Has worn the frequent ſeal of woe,
Its ſad impreſſions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin flow.

But when that ſeal is firſt impreſt,
When the young heart its pain ſhall try,
From the ſoft, yielding, trembling breaſt,
Oft ſeems the ſtartled ſoul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleneſs cloth'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor ſtatue as it ſtands.

The ſimple guardian of his life
Look'd wiſtful for the tear to glide;
But, when ſhe ſaw his tearleſs ſtrife,
Silent, ſhe lent him one—and dy'd.

XXV.

" No I am not a ſhepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he ſaid,
" Ah, where is now the promis'd joy
" Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

" O picture de[illegible]or her lov'd ſake
" How fondly could my heart bewail!
" My friendly ſhepherdeſs, O wake,
" And tell me more of this ſad tale.

" O tell me more of this ſad tale—
" No; thou enjoy thy gentle ſleep!
" And I will go to Lothian's vale,
" And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
" O! art thou there." the full heart ſaid,
" O! art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, ſhe is there: from idle ſtate
Oft has ſhe ſtole her hour to weep;
Think how ſhe " by thy cradle ſat,"
And how ſhe "fondly ſaw thee ſleep *."

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And ſtill he blots the parent's name,
For that he fears might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's ſmiling ſide
Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moſs,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languiſh'd for its partner's loſs.

This ſcene he choſe, this ſcene aſſign'd
A parent's firſt embrace to wait,
And many a ſoft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore thoſe lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unproſperous prove!
Ah! ſafely paſs yon dargerous door!

XXVIII.

" She comes not;—can ſhe then delay?"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
" Whatever filial love could ſay,
" To her I ſaid, and call'd her dear.

" She comes—Oh! No—encircled round,
" 'Tis ſome rude chief with many a ſpear.
" My hapleſs tale that earl has found—
" Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er thoſe locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown thoſe cheeks ſo fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the ſever'd head in air.

That ſtreaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guiſe to Lothian's halls;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
" Know'ſt thou theſe—Ellen of the vale?"
The pictur'd bracelet ſoon ſhe knew,
And ſoon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim ſtraight he led,
Ere yet her ſoul's firſt fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghaſtly head—
She ſaw—and ſunk to riſe no more.

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*See the ancient Scottiſh ballad called Gil Morrice.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MICHAEL BRUCE.

Containing

LOCHLEVEN, DAPHNIS, THE MOUSIAD,	‖	ELEGIES, PASTORALS, ODES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thus ſung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameleſs deſerts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he ſtray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while ſlow diſeaſe
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blaſts
Of dark December ſhook his humble cot.

LOCHLEVEN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF BRUCE.

THE few melancholy particulars which form the ſlender hiſtory of the life of BRUCE, were firſt given to the world by Logan, the editor of his works; and have ſince received every poſſible recommendation and embelliſhment from the elegant pen of Lord Craig, one of the judges of the Court of Seſſion, in the 36th number of the "Mirror."

A ſhort life paſt in obſcurity, and in the ſilent acquiſition of knowledge, cannot be expected to abound in viciſſitudes or occurrences intereſting to curioſity; but particular circumſtances may exiſt, to render the life of a young man of genius, depreſſed by ſituation, and aſpiring to literature and to poetry under the preſſure of indigence, peculiary intereſting to benevolence and to learning.

The affecting and well-written paper in the "Mirror," attributed to Lord Craig, has been diſtinguiſhed by the moſt reſpectable literary journaliſts of our nation, with particular marks of attention; a circumſtance to which, beſides the attraction between good writing and competent judges, it is natural to ſuppoſe, the gratification of a ſenſibility and a curioſity common to the liberal and inquiſitive, ariſing from the benevolent attempt, to reſcue from oblivion the name and writings of an ingenious and amiable young poet, contributed in no inconſiderable degree.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are partly taken from the brief narrative of Logan, and partly from information furniſhed by his relations, and collected from the periſhing remains of his epiſtolary correſpondence, communicated to the preſent writer, by the kindneſs of the Rev. Dr. George Baird, Principal of the Univerſity of Edinburgh.

The intelligence which he has obtained is general and ſcanty; but he has this gratification from producing it, that it gives him, at once, an opportunity of reflecting on the liberal and friendly aſſiſtance of Dr. Baird, and of recording his eſteem and veneration for the talents and virtues of the unfortunate poet, and his humane and benevolent exertions to leſſen the wants, and alleviate the afflictions of his aged mother, which deſerve a more ample encomium than this brief memorial can beſtow.

Michael Bruce was born at Kinneſswood, in the pariſh of Portmoak, in Kinroſsſhire, March 27. 1746. He was deſcended of a family, in no reſpect illuſtrious, but in bearing a name that is renowned by the valour and patriotiſm of King Robert I, and diſtinguiſhed by the taſte and ſcience of the Houſe of Kinroſs. His father, Alexander Bruce, was by trade a weaver, who inherited nothing from his parents but their piety, induſtry, and integrity, for which he was diſtinguiſhed among his neighbours. His mother, Anne Bruce, was of a family of the ſame rank in that neighbourhood, and remarkable for nothing but her exemplary prudence and frugality, and the innocence and ſimplicity of her manners. They had eight children, of whom the poet was the fifth. Of theſe eight only two ſurvive; James, a weaver in Kinneſswood, a man of reſpectable character, and though uneducated, not unacquainted with books, nor without a taſte for metrical compoſition; and Mary, married to one Arnot in that neighbourhood. Both parents were Seceders, of the claſs called Burghers.

The firſt years of his life did not paſs without diſtinction. He very early diſcovered a genius ſuperior to the common, which his parents had the penetration to diſcern, and the merit to improve, by giving him a polite and liberal education.

The delicacy of his conſtitution, which was remarkable from his earlieſt years, and the uncommon proficiency which he made in the learning taught at the ſchool of the village, probably determined them to educate him for the clerical profeſſion; an object of common ambition among perſons of inferior rank in North Britain, and for which, it may be ſuppoſed, their peculiar impreſſions of religion gave them a ſtrong predilection.

After paſſing through the uſual courſe of ſchool education at Portmoak, and the neighbouring town of Kinroſs, he was ſent, in 1762, to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where he applied himſelf, during the four ſucceeding years, to the ſeveral branches of literature and philoſophy, with remarkable aſſiduity and ſucceſs. Of the Latin and Greek languages he acquired a maſterly knowledge; and he made eminent progreſs in metaphyſics, mathematics, and moral and natural philoſophy. But the Belles Lettres was his favourite purſuit, and poetry his darling ſtudy. The poets were his perpetual companions. He read their works with avidity, and with a congenial enthuſiaſm. He caught their ſpirit as well as their manner, and though he ſometimes imitated their ſtyle, he was a poet from inſpiration. Nature had tuned his ear to harmony, and ſown the ſeeds of poetical enthuſiaſm in his mind.

Before he left ſchool, he gave evident ſigns of a propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry, in which he was greatly encouraged, from an acquaintance which he had contracted, when very young, with Mr. David Arnot of Portmoak, the patron and director of his youthful ſtudies.

Mr. Arnot cultivated a ſmall farm, on the banks of Lochleven, which he inherited from his parents, and is now poſſeſſed by his ſon. He was a man of excellent ſenſe and piety, and had a cultivated taſte, and an acquaintance with claſſical learning, moral philoſophy, poetry, and criticiſm, much ſuperior to his opportunities of improvement, and his rank in life. He gave his young friend the firſt perception of good poetry, by putting into his hands the "Paradiſe Loſt" of Milton, the "Seaſons" of Thomſon, the poems of Pope, and the dramas of Shakſpeare.

Beſides the advantage of ſo intelligent and ſincere an adviſer as Mr. Arnot, he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. David Pearſon, of Eaſter Balgeedie, a village adjoining to Kinneſswood, a man of ſtrong parts, and of a ſerious, contemplative, and inquiſitive turn, who had improved his mind by a diligent and ſolitary peruſal of ſuch books as came within his reach; and, having a peculiar predilection for that branch of ſtudy which ſoon became the favourite object of his purſuit, contributed not a little to lead him to the love of reading and the ſtudy of poetry. This worthy and reſpectable man is now living at Eaſter-Balgeedie.

In the company of Arnot and Pearſon, he paſſed much of his time in the country, and to them, from time to time, he imparted the occaſional fallies of his genius, receiving from them ſuch advice as tended greatly to ripen his judgment, and improve his natural taſte for metrical compoſition.

Among the companions of his youthful and claſſical ſtudies, he lived in habits of the moſt familiar intimacy with Mr. George Henderſon, and a Mr. Dryburgh; young men of ingenuity and ability, whoſe kindneſs ſupplied him with books, and whoſe converſation improved his powers, that were now gradually expanding. Mr. Dryburgh went before him in November 1766. Mr. Henderſon became afterwards a clergyman, of the Burgher denomination, at Glaſgow, and died in 1793.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an acquaintance with Logan, then a ſtudent at the Univerſity. A ſimilarity of taſte, and of purſuits, ſoon brought on an intimacy between theſe two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Bruce.

While he was proſecuting his favourite ſtudies, and improving his taſte, he ſeems to have felt in common with thoſe who poſſeſs a genius, of which imagination and feeling are the ſtrongeſt characteriſtics, that penſive melancholy, which is ever attendant upon poetical enthuſiaſm, and frequently the concomitant of the beſt diſpoſition and principles, and the certain teſt of a generous and ſuſceptible heart, conſcious of rectitude of conduct and unmerited adverſity.

His letters from Edinburgh to Mr. Arnot, in 1763, written chiefly as exerciſes in the compoſition of Latin, contain ſeveral reflections of a ſolemn and ſerious caſt. In a letter to him, dated Nov. 27. 1764, he thus indulges a train of thought, produced by adverſe circumſtances, but tempered by a rational piety. "I daily meet with proofs, that money is a neceſſary evil. When in an auction I often ſay to myſelf, how happy ſhould I be if I had money to purchaſe ſuch a book! How well ſhould my library be furniſhed, *niſi obſtat res anguſta domi!*

My lot forbids—nor circumſcribes alone
My growing virtues, but my crimes confines.

"Whether any virtues ſhould have accompanied me in a more elevated ſtation is uncertain; but that a number of vices, of which my ſphere is incapable, would have been its attendants, is unqueſ-

tionable. The Supreme Wiſdom has ſeen this meet, and the Supreme Wiſdom cannot err." In the ſame letter he writes him, "I am entered to the Hebrew and Natural Philoſophy. The Hebrew ſeems to be a very dry and dull ſtudy, as well as difficult." Of the ſtudy of Natural Philoſophy, he ſpeaks more favourably; but complains, with the eagerneſs of youthful curioſity, of the diſproportionate length of the preliminary lectures.

In Dec. 12. 1764, he writes him, "I am in health, excepting a kind of ſettled melancholy (for which I cannot account), which has ſeized on my ſpirits."

During the ſame ſeſſion of the College, he writes him, March 27. *dies natalis*, 1765, "I am in great concern juſt now for a ſchool. When I was over laſt, there was a propoſal made by ſome people of theſe parts to keep one at Gairny-Bridge. What it may turn out to, I cannot tell." The poſtſcript to this letter is remarkable, as it ſhows his extreme delicacy in avoiding any occaſion of offending the religious prejudices of his parents. "I aſk your pardon for the trouble I have put you to by theſe books I have ſent. The fear of a diſcovery made me chooſe this method. I have ſent Shakſpeare's Works, 8 vols, Pope's Works, 4 vols, and Fontenelle's "Plurality of Worlds."

In March 1765, he wrote an *Elegy on the Death of Mr. M'Ewen*, a reſpectable Burgher clergyman, author of a "Treatiſe on the Scripture Types," and "Eſſays on Various Subjects," well known in the religious world. At the end of the ſeſſion, the ſcheme of proviſion, that was planned for him, was accompliſhed; and, during the ſummer, he taught the ſchool at Gairny-Bridge, near Kinroſs, kept for the education of the children of ſome farmers in the neighbourhood, who allowed him his board and a ſmall ſalary.

At this place he wrote his beautiful *Monody to the Memory of William Arnot*, ſon of his friend Mr. Arnot, a boy of an amiable diſpoſition, and of very promiſing abilities. The original manuſcript, now lying before the preſent writer, is prefaced by the following manly letter to Mr. Arnot, dated Gairny-Bridge, May 29. 1765. "Walking lately by the church-yard at your town, which inſpires a kind of veneration for our anceſtors, I was ſtruck with theſe beautiful lines of Mr. Gray, in his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard."

> Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire.

"And immediately I called to mind your ſon, whoſe memory will be ever dear unto me; and with reſpect to that place, put the ſuppoſition out of doubt. I wrote the moſt part of this poem the ſame day; which I ſhould be very ſorry if you look upon as a piece of flattery. I know you are above flattery; and if I know any thing of my own mind, I am ſo too. It is the language of the heart. I think a lie in verſe and proſe the ſame. The verſification is irregular, in imitation of Milton's Lycidas."

About this time, he probably wrote his *Alexis*, a paſtoral; in which he celebrates, under the name of *Eumelia*, an amiable young woman, the daughter of the perſon with whom he reſided at Gairny-Bridge, whoſe modeſt beauty, and artleſs ſimplicity, had made an impreſſion on his ſuſceptible heart. She is likewiſe celebrated under the name of *Peggy*, in a *Paſtoral Song*, to the tune of "The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie," and a ſong called *Lochleven no more*, in imitation of "Lochaber no more," printed in the "Edinburgh Magazine." She had been for ſome time his ſcholar; and is now living.

In the beginning of the ſeſſion of the College, 1765-1766, he became a Student of Divinity, as appears by Mr. Arnot's letter to him, dated Portmoak, Nov. 21. 1766, in which he "congratulates him on his undertaking a ſecond degree of probation, and wiſhes him the beſt ſucceſs, as you have," he ſays, "one of the beſt ſubjects for exerciſing your genius, and giving proof of your talents." And adds, "I hope, if opportunity be given, to have an octavo leaf of any remarkables I can collect on it, 'twixt this and your return. You'll undoubtedly know the form of ſuch exerciſes, and accordingly you'll be doing your beſt." The ſucceſs of his theological exerciſes is not known.

In the Summer 1766, he quitted the ſchool at Gairny-Bridge, for one at a place called Forreſt-Mill, near Alloa, in Clackmannanſhire, in which he appears to have met with leſs encouragement than he expected.

"What I enjoyed of any thing," he writes Mr. Arnot, July 28. 1766, "was always in the hope of it. I expected to be happy here, but I am not; and my ſanguine hopes are the reaſon of my diſ-

appointment. The eaſieſt part of my life is paſt, and I was never happy——Things are not very well in this world; but they are pretty well; they might have been worſe, and as they are, may pleaſe us, who have but a few ſhort days to uſe them. This ſcene of affairs, though a very perplexed, is a very ſhort one; and in a little all will be cleared up. Let us endeavour to pleaſe God, our fellow creatures, and ourſelves. In ſuch a courſe of life, we ſhall be as happy as we can be in ſuch a world as this. Thus you, who cultivate your farm with your own hands, and I, who teach a dozen blockheads for bread, may be happier than he, who, having more than he can uſe, tortures his brain to invent new methods of killing himſelf with the ſuperfluity."

At this place, he began and finiſhed his poem called *Lochleven;* of which he gives the following humorous account to Mr. Arnot, in the letter above quoted. " I have wrote a few lines of a deſcriptive poem, *cui titulus eſt, Lochleven;* you may remember you hinted ſuch a thing to me; ſo I have ſet about it, and you may expect a dedication. I hope it will ſoon be finiſhed, as I every week add two lines, blot out ſix, and alter eight. You ſhall hear the plan when I know it myſelf."

Of ſome part of the ſcenery of *Lochleven*, he gives the following account in a letter to Mr. Pearſon, Dec. 7. 1766. " On the day before St. Luke's fair in Kinroſs, I made a voyage to the *Inch* of *Lochleven*, that being the time, you know, at which they bring the cattle out of it. The middle and higheſt part of it, is covered with ruins. The foundations are viſible enough, and it ſeems to have been a very large building. The whole is divided into a great many little ſquares, from which it appears not an unplauſible conjecture, that not only a church, as they tell us, but a monaſtery had ſtood in it. To the weſtward of this, and in the lower ground, a deep dyke, in the form of a trench, is cut on the north and eaſt ſides of a plain piece of ground, not unlike a bowling-green. I can give no gueſs at the uſe of this, though it evidently appears to be the work of art. I fought among the ruins, and on the ſtone of the little houſe which ſtands in it, for ſome marks or inſcriptions, but to no purpoſe. I could find nothing farther to aſſiſt my conjectures. I would have examined [*a word is wanting here in the MS.*], had not the maſons been in ſuch a hurry to be gone. They who conſider it in no other view, than as capable of feeding a dozen or fourteen cattle, when their work was over, would not ſtay a minute longer, had it been to diſcover the great toe of St. Moak, who is buried there. My deſcription of it, in the poem *Lochleven* (which by the by is now finiſhed), runs thus:

> Fronting where Gairny pours his ſilent ſtream
> Into the lake, an iſland lifts its head,
> Gratly and wild, &c.

The poem is addreſſed to Mr. Arnot, whoſe character he has drawn to great advantage, under the name of *Agricola*,

> ——————The wiſe, the good,
> By nature formed for the calm retreat;
> The ſilent path of life, learn'd, but not fraught
> With ſelf-importance——————
> Enamour'd of the ſhade, but not moroſe.
> Politeneſs, rais'd in courts by frugal rules,
> With him ſpontaneous grows. Not books alone,
> But man his ſtudy, and the better part;
> To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
> The various ſcenes of life with God's applauſe.

He is ſuppoſed to have commemorated his friend Henderſon in the following lines, under the name of *Lælius*.

> Nor ſhall the muſe forget thy friendly heart,
> O *Lælius!* partner of my youthful hours:
> How often, riſing from the bed of peace,
> We would walk forth to meet the ſummer morn,
> Inhaling health, and harmony of mind;
> Philoſophers and friends——————

He alludes, very pathetically, to the unfavourable circumſtances in which it was written, in the following lines, at the concluſion:

> Thus ſung the youth, amid unfertile wilds,
> And nameleſs deſerts, unpoetic ground!

Far from his friends he ſtray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while ſlow diſeaſe
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blaſts
Of dark December ſhook his humble cot.

In November 1766, he loſt his friend Dryburgh. In the concluſion of a letter to Mr. Pearſon, Nov. 20. accompanied by ſome *lines to Dr. Millar*, written for him in teſtimony of his gratitude, on his recovery from ſickneſs; he expreſſes his feelings on this mournful event in a ſtrain of exquiſite tenderneſs, and ſublime piety: "I have not many friends, but I love them well. Scarce one enjoys the ſmiles of this world in every reſpect; and in every friend I ſuffer. Death has been among the few I have. Poor Dryburgh! but he's happy. I expected to have been his companion through life, and that we ſhould have ſtept into the grave together. But Heaven has ſeen meet to diſpoſe of him otherwiſe.—What think you of this world? I think it is very little worth. You and I have not a great deal to make us fond of it. And yet I would not change my condition with the moſt wealthy unfeeling fool in the univerſe, if I were to have his dull hard heart into the bargain.—Farewell, my rival in immortal hope! my companion (I truſt) for eternity. Though far diſtant, I take thee to my heart. Souls ſuffer no ſeparation from the obſtruction of matter or diſtance of place. Oceans may roll between us, and climates interpoſe in vain. The whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind. Farewell, through boundleſs ages, fare thou well. May'ſt thou ſhine when the ſun is darkened. May'ſt thou live and triumph when time expires. It is at leaſt poſſible we may meet no more in this foreign land, this gloomy apartment of the univerſe of God. But there is a better world in which we may meet to part no more. Adieu!"

In a letter to Mr. Pearſon, dated December 24, he laments his ſecluſion from the world, and reflects on the hardſhips which poverty laid on his delicate frame, and too ſuſceptible mind, in a ſtrain of tender melancholy, which cannot fail to awaken the ſympathy of every reader of ſenſibility. "It is more than probable, the next you receive from me (if ever you receive another), will bear date 1767. I can remember, I could write (or at leaſt ſcratch) my name with the year 1752. In that year I learnt the elements of pencraft; and it is now fourteen years ſince; a goodly term for one to be a ſcholar all that time. And what have I learned? Much that I need to unlearn; and I have need that one ſhould teach me this—that I know nothing.—I lead a melancholy kind of life in this place. I am not fond of company. But it is not good that a man be ſtill alone. And here I can have no company, but what is worſe than ſolitude. If I had not a lively imagination, I believe I ſhould fall into a ſtate of ſtupidity and delirium. I have ſome evening ſcholars; the attending on whom, though few, ſo fatigues me, that the reſt of the night I am quite dull and low-ſpirited. Yet I have ſome lucid intervals, in the time of which I can ſtudy pretty well."

In the autumn 1766, his conſtitution, which was ill calculated to encounter the auſterities of his native climate, the exertions of daily labour, and the rigid frugality of humble life, began viſibly to decline. Towards the end of the year, his ill health, aggravated by the indigence of his ſituation, and the want of thoſe comforts and conveniences which might have foſtered a delicate frame, to maturity and length of days, terminated in a deep conſumption.

During the winter, he quitted his employment at Forreſt-Mill, and with it all hopes of life, and returned to his native village, to receive thoſe attentions and conſolations which his ſituation required, from the anxiety of parental affection, and the ſympathy of friendſhip. Convinced of the hopeleſs nature of his diſeaſe, and feeling himſelf every day declining, he contemplated the approaches of death with calmneſs and reſignation, and continued at intervals to compoſe verſes, and to correſpond with his friends.

His laſt letter to Mr. Pearſon (a copy of which is preſerved in the hand-writing of Mr. Birrel), concludes with an *Allegorical Deſcription of Human Life*, at once ſo beautiful and ſo intereſting, that it is impoſſible to avoid tranſcribing it. It ſtrongly reminds us of Addiſon's "Viſion of Mirza."

"If morning dreams preſage approaching fate,
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid this life, and all the world, adieu!

"A few mornings ago, as I was taking my walk on an eminence, which commands a view of the Forth, with the veſſels ſailing along, I ſat down, and taking out my Latin Bible, opened by accident

at a place in the book of Job, ix. 25. "Now my days are paſſed away as the ſwift ſhips." Shutting the book, I fell a muſing on this affecting compariſon. Whether the following happened to me in a dream or waking reverie, I cannot tell——But, I fancied myſelf on the bank of a river, or ſea, the oppoſite ſide of which was hid from view, being involved in clouds of miſt. On the ſhore ſtood a multitude, which no man could number, waiting for paſſage. I ſaw a great many ſhips taking in paſſengers, and ſeveral perſons going about in the garb of pilots offering their ſervice. Being ignorant and curious to know what all theſe things meant, I applied to a grave old man who ſtood by, giving inſtructions to the departing paſſengers. His name, I remember, was the *Genius of Human Life*. "My ſon," ſaid he, "you ſtand on the banks of the ſtream of *Time*, all theſe people are bound for *Eternity*, that undiſcovered country from whence no traveller ever returns. The country is very large, and divided into two parts; the one is called the *Land of Glory*, the other the *Kingdom of Darkneſs*. The names of theſe in the garb of pilots, are, *Religion*, *Virtue*, *Pleaſure*. They who are ſo wiſe as to chooſe *Religion* for their guide, have a ſafe, though frequently a rough paſſage; they are at laſt landed in the happy climes, where ſighing and ſorrow for ever fly away; they have likewiſe a ſecondary director, *Virtue*; but there is a ſpurious Virtue who pretends to govern by himſelf; but the wretches who truſt to him, as well as theſe who have *Pleaſure* for their pilot, are either ſhipwrecked, or caſt away on the *Kingdom of Darkneſs*. But the veſſel in which you muſt embark, approaches; you muſt begone; remember what depends upon your conduct."—No ſooner had he left me, than I found myſelf ſurrounded by thoſe pilots I mentioned before; immediately I forgot all that the old man ſaid to me; and, ſeduced by the fair promiſes of *Pleaſure*, choſe him for my director; we weighed anchor with a fair gale, the ſky ſerene, the ſea calm; innumerable little iſles lifted their green heads around us, covered with trees in full bloſſom; diſſolved in ſtupid mirth, we were carried on, regardleſs of the paſt, of the future unmindful. On a ſudden, the ſky was darkened, the winds roared, the ſeas raged, red roſe the ſand from the bottom of the troubled deep, the angel of the waters lifted up his voice. At that inſtant a ſtrong ſhip paſſed by; I ſaw *Religion* at the helm; "Come out from among them," he cried. I and a few others threw ourſelves out into his ſhip. The wretches we left were now toſſed on the ſwelling deep, the waters on every ſide poured through the riven veſſel; they curſed the Lord;—when lo! a fiend roſe from the deep, and in a voice like diſtant thunder, thus ſpoke, "I am Abaddon, the firſt-born of Death, ye are my prey, open thou abyſs to receive them." As he thus ſpoke, they ſunk, and the waves cloſed over their heads. The ſtorm was turned into a calm, and we heard a voice ſaying, "Fear not, I am with you; when you paſs through the waters, they ſhall not overflow you." Our hearts were filled with joy; I was engaged in diſcourſe with one of my new companions, when one from the top of the maſt, cried out, "Courage, my friends, I ſee the fair haven, the land that is yet afar off." Looking up, I found it was a certain friend, who had mounted up for the benefit of contemplating the country before him; upon ſeeing you, I was ſo affected, I ſtarted and awaked. Farewell! my friend, farewell!"

He lingered through the winter; and in the ſpring, he wrote an *Elegy* on his own approaching death, in which he inſerted the ſtanza above quoted, with ſome alterations. This was the laſt compoſition he lived to finiſh. By degrees his weakneſs increaſed, till he was worn gradually away; and he expired July 6. 1767. in the 21ſt year of his age. His life was innocent, and his end pious. His father ſurvived him ſeveral years. His mother is now living in the 86th year of her age. Weighed down by accumulated diſtreſſes, ſhe ſtill cheriſhes his memory with tenderneſs, and derives a kind of mournful conſolation from the occaſional bounty of ſome gentlemen, who were warm admirers of his merit.

Soon after his death, his poems were ſubjected to the reviſal and correction of his friend Logan, who gave them to the world in a ſmall duodecimo volume, intituled, *Poems on Several Occaſions, by Michael Bruce*, printed at Edinburgh in 1770, probably by ſubſcription, as it was not advertiſed for ſale, with a preface, containing a ſhort account of his life and character.

It is remarkable, that no account is given in the preface, of the ſtate in which the poems came into the editor's poſſeſſion, nor of the proceſs which he obſerved in preparing them for publication.

As the practice of making one writer ſpeak by the ſenſe of another, has a tendency to confound the claims of individual merit, it is to be regretted, that Logan withheld from the public an account of the ſhare which he had in the publication.

According to the information of Dr. Baird, the ballad of *Sir James the Roſs*, and the ſtory of *Lomond* and *Levina*, in the poem *Lochleven*, are ſuppoſed to have received conſiderable additions and embelliſhments from the pen of Logan; and it muſt not be concealed, that in a MS. copy of *Lochleven*, in Dr. Baird's poſſeſſion, this fictitious incident, as it now ſtands, appears to have received an addition of about 200 lines. If this copy received the laſt reviſion of Bruce, the evidence of the ſuppoſed interpolation might be admiſſible; but, as it is not ſaid to be the identical copy given to Logan, and as the additions are ſo conſonant to the ſtyle of the poem, it is probable that the ſupplemental lines might be the reſult of a ſubſequent reviſion. *Sir James the Roſs* was printed in a newſpaper in Bruce's life-time; and, according to the information of a friend who ſaw it ſome years ago, in the poſſeſſion of a lady, it is not remarkably different from the ballad as it ſtands in Logan's edition.

" To make up a miſcellany," ſays the preface, " ſome poems wrote by different authors, are inſerted, all of them originals, and none of them deſtitute of merit. The reader of taſte will eaſily diſtinguiſh them from thoſe of Mr. Bruce, without their being particulariſed by any mark."

The propriety of uniting the poems of Bruce, and the " poems of different authors," in the ſame publication, may be reaſonably doubted; eſpecially as they have no apparent reſemblance or poetical relation; but, undoubtedly, the pieces belonging to Bruce ought to have been diſtinguiſhed by ſome particular mark; for the internal evidence, as the preſent writer has experienced in ſeveral inſtances, is a fallacious and uncertain diſtinction.

Of this poetical miſcellany, *The Eagle, Crow, and Shepherd, a fable; Alexis, a paſtoral; Daphnis, a monody; Anacreontic to a Waſp; The Moufiad; Lochleven*, and the *Elegy written in Spring*,—are the only pieces which Dr. Baird aſſigns to Bruce. The preſent writer has ventured to give him *A Paſtoral Song*, and *Sir James the Roſs*, upon evidence which Dr. Baird admits, with ſome exceptions in favour of Logan; and he is unwilling to deprive him of the *Daniſh Odes*, which have exceeding merit, and have not been claimed by Logan. The " Ode to a Cuckoo," and the " Chorus of Elyſian Bards," were contributed by Logan. The " Vernal Ode" is attributed to the late Sir James Foulis, Bart. of Collington. Of the remaining pieces the authors are unknown.

The attention of the public having been called to this collection, by Lord Craig, in the " Mirror" 1779, it was reprinted in 12mo, 1784. A new edition, including ſeveral of his unpubliſhed pieces, which had not been ſubmitted to the inſpection of Logan, *A Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, Philocles, an elegy, The Vanity of our Deſire of Immortality, A Story in the Eaſtern Manner*, &c. is now printing at Edinburgh, for the benefit of his mother, under the ſuperintendence of Dr. Baird. A ſubſcription has been opened for that purpoſe; and there ſeems little doubt, from the zeal with which individuals, prompted at once by benevolence, and the admiration of genius, have come forward, that a ſum will be raiſed equal to the old woman's comfortable maintenance during the latter days of her life.

His poems, reprinted from the edition 1770, together with *Lochleven no more*, reprinted from the " Edinburgh Magazine," the *Elegy on Mr. M'Ewen*, and *Verſes to Dr. Millar*, ſelected by the preſent writer from his MS. letters, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. Copies of his unpubliſhed pieces, reviſed by a friend of Dr. Baird, have been promiſed by the learned editor, and, it is hoped, will be communicated in due time for the uſe of this edition. Some anonymous *Elegiac Verſes on the Death of Michael Bruce* are reprinted from the fourth volume of the " Aſylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1793.

His character may be eaſily collected from this account of his life. It was truly amiable and reſpectable. In his manners, he was modeſt, gentle, and mild; in his diſpoſition, he was friendly, affectionate, and ingenuous. He united an ardent and enlightened ſenſe of religion, with a lively imagination and a feeling heart. Tenderneſs, in every ſenſe of the word, and piety, equally remote from enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition, were his peculiar characteriſtics.

" *Michael Bruce* lives now no more," ſays Logan, who knew him well, " but in the remembrance of his friends. No leſs amiable as a man, than valuable as a writer; endowed with good nature and good ſenſe, humane, friendly, benevolent; he loved his friends, and was beloved by them with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the era of youth and innocence."

" Nothing, methinks," ſays Lord Craig, " has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the conſideration of genius, thus depreſſed by ſituation, ſuffered to pine in obſcurity, and ſometimes, as in the caſe of this unfortunate young man, to periſh, it may be, for want of thoſe comforts and

conveniencies which might have fostered a delicacy of frame, or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet, skirted with a circle of old oak trees, about three miles on this side of Kinross) where *Michael Bruce* resided, I never look on his dwelling, a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *fashed window* at the end, instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeysuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it; I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man, to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

As a poet, he is characterized by elegance, simplicity, and tenderness, more than sublimity, invention, or enthusiasm. He has more judgment and feeling, than genius or imagination. He is an elegant and pleasing, though not a very animated or original writer. His compositions are the production of a tender fancy, a cultivated taste, and a benevolent mind; and are distinguished by an amiable delicacy, and simplicity of sentiment, and a graceful plainness of expression, free from the affectation of an inflated diction, and a profusion of imagery, so common in juvenile productions. His thoughts are often striking, sometimes new, and always just; and his versification, though not exquisitely polished, is commonly easy and harmonious.

His *Lochleven* is the longest and most elaborate of his poetical compositions. It is a descriptive poem, written in blank verse, the structure of which he seems to have particularly studied, as it exhibits a specimen of considerable strength and harmony in that measure. Though the nature of the subject approaches nearly to that of Thomson, of whom he was a great admirer, his style is very different, being wholly free from that unnatural swell and pomp of words, which too often disfigure the beautiful descriptions of Thomson. It represents an extensive and beautiful prospect in an animated and pleasing manner. It has much appropriate description and picturesque imagery; and it is rendered interesting by poetical fictions, historical allusions, and moral reflections. But it is not without defects; there is a redundance of thought in some instances, and a carelessness of language in others. He has, however, availed himself of every circumstance that could with propriety be introduced to decorate his poem. The story of *Lomond* and *Levina* is happily introduced, and simply and pleasingly related. It is said to have been enlarged by Logan, and is perhaps too long. The picture of *the man of sorrows new risen from the bed of pain* is natural and striking. *Lochleven Castle*, the *Inch*, the *Limestone Quarries*, the rivers *Po*, *Queech*, *Leven*, and *Gairny*, "on whose banks he first tuned the Doric reed," are graphically and poetically described. The compliment to *Lælius* is a pleasing digression, and the description of the character and dwelling of *Agricola*, towards the conclusion, has great merit. The poem is local; and though local description is far more adapted to the pencil than the pen, yet it will be perused with delight by poetical lovers of rural imagery; and must be peculiarly pleasing to those who are familiar with the picturesque scenery of *Lochleven*.

His *Daphnis* is an elegy on a deceased friend, written in the pastoral form, and, in general, well preserves the rural character. It has, however, but little of the bucolic cant, now so fashionable. If any trite rural topics occur, they are heightened and adorned with the graces of sentiment, and the most delicate touches of picturesque beauty. It may be considered as an effusion of mellowed sorrow, which can recapitulate past pleasures, in all their minutiæ of circumstance and situation, and select such images as are proper to the kind of composition in which it chooses to convey itself. It is a professed imitation of Milton's "Lycidas," in which there is perhaps more poetry than sorrow; but the poetry is in such an exquisite strain, that he who desires to know, whether he has a true taste for poetry or not, should consider whether he is highly delighted or not with the perusal of "Lycidas." Whether it should be considered as a model of composition, has been doubted. Some have supposed that the arbitrary disposition of the rhymes produces a wild melody, adapted to the expression of sorrow; and others have thought the couplet and tetrastic, with their stated returns of rhyme, preferable. To decide the point might be difficult; but if the enthusiasm and beauty of the poetry could not reconcile Dr. Johnson to the "uncertain rhymes" of "Lycidas," the common readers of poetry will probably incline to favour the regular form. With Milton in view, Bruce is not a servile imitator. He has an original manner of his own. Milton is his model for versification, and he sometimes copies his thoughts and his language. But his poem is not a perpetual tissue of

the obſolete phraſeology, Gothic combinations, remote alluſions, obſcure opinions, and mythological perſonages of "Lycidas." The poem, as it now ſtands, has ſeveral lines which are not in the copy ſent to Mr. Arnot; the reſult, probably, of a ſubſequent emendation.

Of his *Alexis*, the principal merit conſiſts in the ſimplicity of the language, and the harmony of the verſification. The images are not new, and the deſcriptions and ſentiments are trite and common.

His *Sir James the Roſs* is probably "the poem in "the Journal," which was wrote," he tells Mr. Pearſon, "in one afternoon, begun about four, and finiſhed before I went to bed. I never tried any thing which fell in with my inclination ſo. The *Hiſtorical Ballad* is a ſpecies of writing by itſelf. The common people confound it with the *Song*, but in truth they are widely different. A *Song* ſhould never be hiſtorical. It is founded generally on ſome one thought, which muſt be proſecuted and exhibited in every light, with a quickneſs and turn of expreſſion peculiar to itſelf. The *Ballad*, again, is founded on ſome paſſage of hiſtory, or (what ſuits its nature better) of tradition. Here the poet may uſe his liberty, and cut and carve as he has a mind. I think it a kind of writing remarkably adapted to the Scottiſh language." The diſtinction is juſt, and beautifully exemplified. The hiſtorical ballad demands the niceſt execution, and the moſt artful management. The ſimplicity that ſuits it is even unattainable by genius, without that chaſtiſed taſte which ſeldom appears in poets of the higheſt claſs. It admits of magnificence of ideas, and of the ſublime; but ſhould be careful not to deviate from nature. The marvellous air, and the ſupernatural actors, which figure and pleaſe in the grandeur of the epic, would here be extravagant and diſproportioned. The incidents ſhould be ſtriking, the ſituations important, and tending to forward the action, the deſign without perplexity, the parts in proper relation to it, and to each other, the ſentiments delicate and noble. To theſe requiſites, *Sir James the Roſs* is, in general, conformable. Whether we conſider the beautiful ſimplicity of the ſtory, the delicacy of its ſituations, the pathos of its diſcoveries, the exact delineation of the manners of the times to which it refers, the genuine ſtrokes of nature and of paſſion, or the unremitting animation of the whole, we cannot but highly admire the mixture it exhibits of genius and of art. The ſtory on which it is founded, though romantic, is intereſting, and the more ſo, as there is reaſon to believe it is in ſome meaſure authentic. It is a tale of tenderneſs and diſtreſs; and challenges a place with the "Hardyknute" of his countryman, Sir John Bruce of Kinroſs, the "Owen of Carron" of Langhorne, and other ſucceſsful imitations of the ancient hiſtorical ballad. This exquiſite ballad is ſaid to have received ſome embelliſhments from Logan.

His *Daniſh Odes* are compoſitions of a ſuperior order. They poſſeſs, in an uncommon degree, the true fire of poetry, and harmony of verſification. They appear to be modelled upon the "Norſe Odes" of Gray, and, in their contexture and tone, are much in the wild and wizard ſtrains of his Runic lyre. He probably thought this kind of minſtrelſy beſt adapted to expreſs the magic myſteries and romantic enthuſiaſm of the Gothic mythology. Aſſuming the fire and enthuſiaſm of the old Runic bards, he gives full ſcope to the wildneſs of a glowing imagination, and the energy of forcible conception. But his ideas of Scandinavian poetry ſeem to have riſen no higher than the imitations of Gray, which are in all probability ſuch as he alone was capable of making them. They are *inſtinct with fire* and poetical enthuſiaſm. They are in perfection *the enthuſiaſtic words—the words that burn—of the muſes*. In ſublimity of conception, grandeur of imagery, and magnificence of phraſeology, he is inferior to Gray; but he has more ſimplicity, perſpicuity, and elegance. His firſt *Ode*, in particular, breathes the high ſpirit of lyric enthuſiaſm. It is truly Runic, and truly Grayan.

His *Elegy, written in Spring*, is characterized by energy, ſimplicity, pathos, and melody, in the higheſt degree. From the circumſtances in which it was written, the nature of its ſubject, and the merit of its execution, it has obtained an uncommon ſhare of popularity. The influences and effects of *Spring* are expreſſed by a ſelection of ſuch imagery as are adapted to ſtrike the imagination by lively pictures. The manner in which he deſcribes its effects upon himſelf, is ſo pathetically circumſtantial, and ſo univerſally intereſting, that it powerfully awakens all our tenderneſs.

——————but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life, with health are flown.

"A young man of genius," ſays Lord Craig, "in a deep conſumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himſelf every moment going faſter to decline, is an object ſufficiently intereſting; but how

much muſt every feeling on the occaſion be heightened, when we know, that this perſon poſſeſſed ſo much dignity and compoſure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the ſubject!

"In the French language, there is a much admired poem of the Abbé de Chaulieu, written in expectation of his own death, to the Marquis de la Farre, lamenting his approaching ſeparation from his friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the Abbé de Chaulieu, has alſo written a poem on his own approaching death, which cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it."

Several poets of our nation, in ſimilar circumſtances, have left compoſitions on the ſame ſubject; and more than one poet has been ambitious of the fame of poetic compoſition, a few hours before the perils of an engagement, when the attention of moſt men would be naturally occupied by more important concerns, than the adjuſtment of ſyllables, or the modulation of a period.

Dorſet, "the grace of courts, the muſe's pride," on the day before the memorable ſea-fight in 1665, is ſaid to have compoſed the celebrated ſong, "To all you Ladies now at Land," with equal tranquillity of mind, and promptitude of wit.

The tender, the ſentimental Abbé de Chaulieu, has left a poem on his approaching death, equally remarkable for elegance and feeling. Bruce muſt have heard of Dorſet, and, it may be, of the Abbé de Chaulieu, as he was no ſtranger to the language in which he wrote; but he is purely original in his thoughts. Nor can we deny to him the praiſe of collectedneſs and ſtrength of mind in a ſuperior degree. He views, without diſmay, the inſidious approaches of an incurable diſeaſe, which generally ſelects, for its prey, the faireſt and moſt amiable victims; and without pretending to that apathy, ſurely unnatural to man in ſuch circumſtances, he feels and acknowledges the gloominеſs of his proſpects; but turns his eyes in ſearch of comfort to a world beyond the grave.

There let me ſleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes;
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

His ludicrous pieces, the *Mouſiad*, and *Anacreontic to a Waſp*, evince the verſatility of his genius. They are not void of humour and pleaſantry, but add little to his reputation. His *Songs* are tender and eaſy; and well preſerve the turn of the popular ballads which he imitates. His *Verſes to Dr. Millar*, and *Elegy on Mr. M'Ewen*, have ſome effuſions of ſentiment and delineations of character that are not without merit; but they require no diſtinct examination or particular criticiſm.

"If images of nature," ſays Logan, "that are beautiful and new; if ſentiments, warm from the heart, intereſting and pathetic; if a ſtyle, chaſte with ornament, and elegant with ſimplicity; if theſe, and many other beauties of nature and art, are allowed to conſtitute true poetic merit, the following poems will ſtand high in the judgment of men of taſte."

THE WORKS OF BRUCE.

POEMS.

LOCHLEVEN.

Hail, native land! where on the flow'ry banks
Of Leven, beauty ever-blooming dwells;
A wreath of roſes, dropping with the dews
Of morning, circles her ambroſial locks
Looſe waving o'er her ſhoulders; where ſhe treads,
Attendant on her ſteps, the bluſhing Spring
And Summer wait, to raiſe the various flow'rs
Beneath her footſteps; while the cheerful birds
Carol their joy, and hail her as ſhe comes
Inſpiring vernal love and vernal joy.
Attend, Agricola! who to the noiſe
Of public life, preferr'ſt the calmer ſcenes
Of ſolitude, and ſweet domeſtic bliſs,
Joys all thine own! attend thy poet's ſtrain,
Who triumphs in thy friendſhip, while he paints
The paſt'ral mountains, the poetic ſtreams,
Where raptur'd contemplation leads thy walk,
While ſilent evening on the plain deſcends.
Between two mountains, whoſe o'erwhelming tops,
In their ſwift courſe, arreſt the bellying clouds,
A pleaſant valley lies. Upon the ſouth,
A narrow op'ning parts the craggy hills;
Through which the lake, that beautifies the vale,
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,
And wid'ning by degrees, it ſtretches north
To the high Ochil, from whoſe ſnowy top
The ſtreams that feed the lake flow thund'ring down.
The twilight trembles o'er the miſty hills,
Twinkling with dews; and whilſt the bird of day
Tunes his ethereal note, and wakes the wood,
Bright from the crimſon curtains of the morn,
The ſun appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heaven and earth.
O now, while nature ſmiles on all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowſlip-cover'd banks,
O Leven! and the landſcape meaſure round.
From gay Kinroſs, whoſe ſtately tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, tranſported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various chequer'd ſcene,
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glitt'ring ſtreams,
To ruin'd Arnot; or aſcend the height
Of rocky Lomond, where a riv'let pure
Burſts from the ground, and through the crumbled crags
Tinkles amuſive. From the mountain's top,
Around me ſpread, I ſee the goodly ſcene!
Encloſures green, that promiſe to the ſwain
The future harveſt; many colour'd meads;
Irriguous vales, where cattle low, and ſheep
That whiten half the hills; ſweet rural farms
Oft interſpers'd, the ſeats of paſt'ral love
And innocence, with many a ſpiry dome
Sacred to Heav'n, around whoſe hallow'd walls
Our fathers ſlumber in the narrow houſe.
Gay, beauteous villas, boſom'd in the woods,
Like conſtellations in the ſtarry ſky,
Complete the ſcene. The vales, the vocal hills,
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,
Send out a gen'ral ſong; 'tis beauty all
To poet's eye, and muſic to his ear.
Nor is the ſhepherd ſilent on his hill,
His flocks around; nor ſchool-boys, as they creep,
Slow-pac'd, tow'rds ſchool; intent, with oaten pipe
They wake by turns wild muſic on the way.
Behold the man of ſorrows hail the light!
New riſen from the bed of pain, where late,
Toſs'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,
He wak'd the long dark night, and wiſh'd for morn.
Soon as he feels the quick'ning beam of Heav'n,
And balmy breath of May, among the fields
And flow'rs he takes his morning walk: his heart
Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe;
Health ſtrews her roſes o'er his cheek; renew'd
In youth and beauty, his unbidden tongue
Pours native harmony, and ſings to Heaven.
In ancient times, as ancient bards have ſung,
This was a foreſt. Here the mountain-oak
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top
The eagle mark'd his prey; the ſtately aſh
Rear'd high his nervous ſtature, while below
The twining alders darken'd all the ſcene.
Safe in the ſhade, the tenants of the wood
Aſſembled, bird and beaſt. The turtle-dove
Coo'd, amorous, all the live-long ſummer's day.
Lover of men, the piteous redbreaſt plain'd,
Sole-ſitting on the bough. Blithe on the buſh,
The blackbird, ſweeteſt of the woodland choir,
Warbled his liquid lay; to ſhepherd ſwain
Mellifluous muſic, as his maſter's flock,
With his fair miſtreſs and his faithful dog,
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,
In ſportive races, through the foreſt flew
With feet of wind; and vent'ring from the rock,

The snow-white coney fought his ev'ning meal.
Here too the poet, as inspir'd at eve
He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook
That piecemeal printed ruins in the rock,
Beheld the blue-eyed sisters of the stream,
And heard the wild note of the fairy throng
That charm'd the queen of heav'n, as round the tree
Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,
With sky-blue mantles glitt'ring in her beam.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name,
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
Arose a cottage green with ancient turf,
Half-hid in hoary trees, and from the north
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.
Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks
Of age, yet youth was ruddy on his cheek;
His farm his only care; his sole delight
To tend his daughter beautiful and young,
To watch her paths, to fill her lap with flow'rs,
To see her spread into the bloom of years,
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
His age's hope, the apple of his eye,
Belov'd of Heav'n, his fair Levina grew
In youth and grace, the naiad of the vale.
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs
Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
Soft-temper'd with a smile. The light of Heav'n,
And innocence, illum'd her virgin eye,
Lucid and lovely as the morning star.
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
Of valley lily, op'ning in a show'r;
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
The glory of the year, when first she comes
Array'd, all-beauteous, with the robes of heav'n,
And breathing summer breezes, from her locks
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs.
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more,
And better far than beauty, in her looks
Appear'd; the maiden blush of modesty;
The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;
Health's freshest rose, the sunshine of the soul;
Each height'ning each, effus'd o'er all her form
A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.

Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
The rival shepherds of the neighb'ring dale
Who laid the spoils of summer at her feet,
And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
But pure as buds before they blow, and still
A virgin in her heart, she knew not love;
But all alone, amid her garden fair,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
She spent her days; her pleasing task to tend
The flowers; to lave them from the water-spring;
To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath,
Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.
In youth the index of maturer years,
Left by her school-companions at their play,
She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,
Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
And hemm'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glin,
She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their names.
Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,
Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd
That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

Her garden stretch'd along the river side,
High up a sunny bank: on either side,
A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,
An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.
Transplanted here by her creative hand,
Each herb of nature, full of fragrant sweets,
That scents the breath of Summer; every flow'r,
Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
In shepherds garland, and adorns the year,
In beauteous clusters flourish'd; nature's work,
And order, finish'd by the hand of art.
Here gowans, natives of the village green,
To daisies grew. The lilies of the field
Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun.
Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
Unfrequent scatter'd, as by nature's hand,
Shaded the flow'rs, and to her Eden drew
The earliest concerts of the Spring, and all
The various music of the vocal year:
Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth
Her life she led; one summer's day, serene
And fair without a cloud; like poet's dream
Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,
And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,
Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
And love and joy lead on immortal youth.

'Twas on a Summer's day, when early show'rs
Had wak'd the various vegetable race
To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd
Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd,
To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,
That nature's hand creative pours at will,
Beauty unbounded! over earth's green lap,
Gay without number, in the day of rain.
O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,
Sweet as the season, and at times awak'd
The echoes of the vale, with native notes
Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet;
Sweet as th' hosannahs of a form of light,
A sweet-tongu'd seraph in the bow'rs of blis.

Her, as she halted on a green hill top,
A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,
In golden ringlets, glitt'ring to the sun,
Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green,
Like thine, O nature! to her rosy cheek
Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf
The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft
He look'd to heav'n, and oft he met her eye
In all the silent eloquence of love;
Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began.
"Fair wanderer of the wood! what heav'nly pow'r
Or providence, conducts thy wand'ring steps
To this wild forest, from thy native seat
And parents, happy in a child so fair?
A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,
Thy dress bespeaks; but in majestic mien,
And eye, bright as the morning star, confess
Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:
As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
Her virgin-orb, appears the queen of heav'n,
And with full beauty gilds the face of night.
Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex
And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,

Come, let us crop the roſes of the brook,
And windings of the wood: ſoft under ſhade,
Let us recline by moſſy fountain ſide,
While the wood ſuffers in the beam of noon.
I'll bring my love the choice of all the ſhades;
Firſt fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;
And cluſt'ring nuts that burniſh in the beam.
O wilt thou bleſs my dwelling, and become
The owner of theſe fields? I'll give thee all
That I poſſeſs, and all thou ſeeſt is mine."

Thus ſpoke the youth, with rapture in his eye,
And thus the maiden with a bluſh began:
"Beyond the ſhadow of theſe mountains green,
Deep-boſom'd in the vale, a cottage ſtands,
The dwelling of my ſire, a peaceful ſwain;
Yet at his frugal board health ſits a gueſt,
And fair contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door
The needy paſs'd or the way-faring man.
His only daughter, and his only joy,
I feed my father's flock; and, while they reſt,
At times retiring, loſe me in the wood,
Skill'd in the virtues of each ſecret herb
That opes its virgin boſom to the moon.
No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows
Than the ſweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers.—But ſooner might the weed
That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
Preſume to match with yonder mountain oak,
That ſtands the tempeſt and the bolt of heav'n,
From age to age the monarch of the wood—
O! had you been a ſhepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beſide me, and to reſt
With me at noon in theſe delightful ſhades,
I might have liſten'd to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd
Whole ſummer ſuns away. At even-tide,
When heaven and earth in all their glory ſhine
With the laſt ſmiles of the departing ſun;
When the ſweet breath of Summer ſeaſt the ſenſe,
And ſecret pleaſure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone, in converſe ſweet,
Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon
To hear the muſic of true lover's vows.
But fate forbids, and fortune's potent frown,
And honour, inmate of the nobleſt breaſt,
Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
Ceaſe, beauteous ſtranger! ceaſe, beloved youth!
To vex a heart that never can be your's."

Thus ſpoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,
Beyond the partial purpoſe of her tongue,
Perſuaſion gain'd. The deep enamour'd youth
Stood gazing on her charms, and all his ſoul
Was loſt in love. He graſp'd her trembling hand,
And breath'd the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows
Of love; "O virgin! faireſt of the fair!
My one beloved! Were the Scottiſh throne
To me tranſmitted through a ſcepter'd line
Of anceſtors, thou, thou ſhould'ſt be my queen,
And Caledonia's diadems adorn
A fairer head than ever wore a crown."

She redden'd like the morning, under veil
Of her own golden hair. The woods among,
They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning; parted then,
The happieſt pair on whom the ſun declin'd.

Next day he found her on a flow'ry bank,
Half under ſhade of willows, by a ſpring,
The mirror of the ſwains, that o'er the meads,
Slow-winding, ſcatter'd flow'rets in its way.
Through many a winding walk and alley green,
She led him to her garden. Wonder-ſtruck,
He gaz'd, all eye, o'er th' enchanting ſcene:
And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the flow'rs,
Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd
The beautiful creatreſs; and awak'd
The echo in her praiſe. Like the firſt pair,
Adam and Eve, in Eden's bliſsful bow'rs,
When newly come from their Creator's hand,
Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
In fond endearments, in embraces ſweet,
That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
And found the Paradiſe that Adam loſt.
Nor did the virgin, with falſe modeſt pride,
Retard the nuptial morn: ſhe fix'd the day
That bleſs'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes
An age of gold, the heav'n of happineſs
That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

And now the morning, like a roſy bride,
Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
Her beauteous robes of light: the naiad ſtreams,
Sweet as the cadence of a poet's ſong,
Flow'd down the dale: the voices of the grove,
And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,
Sung over head, and there was joy in heaven.
Ris'n with the dawn, the bride, and bridal-maids,
Stray'd through the woods, and o'er the vales, in queſt
Of flow'rs, and garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs,
To ſtrew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.

Fair in the boſom of the level lake
Roſe a green iſland, cover'd with a ſpring
Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,
And blooming from afar. High in the midſt,
Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
Grew ever green, and every month renew'd
Its blooms and apples of Heſperian gold,
Here ev'ry bride, as ancient poets ſing,
Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
For many a coming year. Levina now
Had reach'd the iſle with an attendant maid,
And pull'd the myſtic apples, pull'd the fruit;
But wiſh'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
Not fonder fought the firſt created fair
The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
The ſource of human wo. Two plants aroſe
Fair by the mother's ſide, with fruits and flow'rs
In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour ſhe rooted from the ground.
At once the iſland ſhook, and ſhrieks of wo
At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
Her whole frame ſhook, the blood forſook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her dy'd.
Trembling, and pale, and boding woes to come,
They ſeiz'd the boat, and hurried from the iſle.

And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
And ſaw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy,
They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
Sent by the angry demon of the iſle,
A whirlwind roſe: it laſh'd the furious lake
To tempeſt, overturn'd the boat, and ſunk
The fair Levina to a watery tomb.

Her ſad companions, bending from a rock,
Thrice ſaw her head, and ſupplicating hands
Held up to heav'n, and heard the ſhriek of death:
Then over head the parting billow clos'd,
And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays,
The muſe relates; and ſure each tender maid
For her ſhall heave the ſympathetic ſigh,
And hap'ly my Emmelia (for her ſoul
Is pity's ſelf), as, void of houſehold cares,
Her ev'ning walk ſhe bends beſide the lake,
Which yet retains her name, ſhall ſadly drop
A tear, in mem'ry of the hapleſs maid,
And mourn with me the ſorrows of the youth,
Whom from his miſtreſs death did not divide.
Robb'd of the calm poſſeſſion of his mind,
All night he wander'd by the ſounding ſhore,
Long looking o'er the lake, and ſaw at times
The dear, the dreary ghoſt of her he lov'd;
Till love and grief ſubdu'd his manly prime,
And brought his youth with ſorrow to the grave.

I knew an aged ſwain, whoſe hoary head
Was bent with years, the village chronicle,
Who much had ſeen, and from the former times
Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth
In winter ev'nings, to the gaping ſwains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;
And how of old, in Britain's evil days,
When brothers againſt brothers drew the ſword
Of civil rage, the hoſtile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the ſword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then theſe fair foreſts and Elyſian ſcenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
Barren and black, by ſwift degrees aroſe
A muriſh fen; and hence the lab'ring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mould'ring trunks
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now ſober induſtry, illuſtrious power!
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy; now, ſweating, glides
The ſhining ploughſhare; tames the ſtubborn ſoil;
Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marſh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harveſts, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand, behold the village riſe,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whoſe aged tops, the joyful ſwains
At even-tide, deſcending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd ſmoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The ſtreet reſounds with labour's various voice,
Who whiſtles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
Their gray-hair'd grandſires, ſitting in the ſun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the ſtaff,
The well-remember'd ſtories of their youth
Recount, and ſhake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a proſpect riſes to the eye,
Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleaſant, and for ever new!
Swells th' exulting thought, expands the ſoul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas ruſhes on the mind.
Imagination rouſes at the ſcene,
And backward, through the gloom of ages paſt,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her ſwains and roſy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's bliſsful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! green on either hand
Thy meadows ſpread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's ſunny ſide,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks
Feed undiſturb'd, and fill the echoing air
With muſic, grateful to the maſter's ear.
The traveller ſtops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the ſcenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and muſic. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old gray ſtone,
Sole ſitting, ſuns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himſelf he ſings.

How beautiful around the lake outſpreads
Its wealth of waters, the ſurrounding vales
Renews, and holds a mirror to the ſky,
Perpetual fed by many ſiſter-ſtreams,
Haunts of the angler! Firſt, the gulfy Po,
That through the quacking marſh and waving reeds
Creeps ſlow and ſilent on. The rapid Queech,
Whoſe foaming torrents o'er the broken ſteep
Burſt down impetuous, with the placid wave
Of ſlow'ry Leven, for the canine pike
And ſilver eel renown'd. But chief thy ſtream,
O Gairny! ſweetly winding, claims the ſong.
Firſt on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant graſs; while twilight meek,
Enrob'd in miſt, ſlow-ſailing through the air,
Silent and ſtill, on ev'ry cloſed flow'r
Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields
No noiſe was heard, ſave where the whiſp'ring reeds
Wav'd to the breeze, or in the duſky air
The ſlow-wing'd crane mov'd heav'ly o'er the lee,
And ſhrilly clamour'd as he ſought his neſt.
There would I ſit, and tune ſome youthful lay,
Or watch the motion of the living fires,
That day and night their never-ceaſing courſe
Wheel round th' eternal poles, and bend the knee
To him the Maker of yon ſtarry ſky,
Omnipotent! who, thron'd above all heav'ns,
Yet ever preſent through the peopl'd ſpace
Of vaſt creation's infinite extent,
Pours life, and bliſs, and beauty, pours himſelf,
His own eſſential goodneſs, o'er the minds
Of happy beings, through ten thouſand worlds.

Nor ſhall the muſe forget thy friendly heart,
O Lelius! partner of my youthful hours;
How often, riſing from the bed of peace,
We would walk forth to meet the ſummer morn,
Inhaling health and harmony of mind;
Philoſophers and friends; while ſcience beam'd,
With ray divine as lovely on our minds
As yonder orient ſun, whoſe welcome light
Reveal'd the vernal landſcape to the view.
Yet oft, unbending from more ſerious thought,
Much of the looſer follies of mankind, [laugh;
Hum'rous and gay, we'd talk, and much would
While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
Imagination offer'd to our view.

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn
Into the lake, an island lifts its head,
Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd
Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd
Of old, as fame reports, religion dwelt
Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd
That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times
Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons
(Before the triple-crowned giant fell)
Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits.
Here superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;
Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight-hour,
In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek th' appointed meal.
From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild;
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night.
Perhaps th' afflicted genius of the lake,
That leaves the wat'ry grot, each night to mourn
The waste of time, his desolated isles
And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
Of high Lochleven castle, famous once,
Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line;
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by th' wint'ry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While from above the owl, musician dire!
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.
Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand.
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year;
Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
Within a step of the devouring grave;
When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone,
And ev'ry appetite before him dead.
Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east
The sun hangs hov'ring o'er th' Atlantic wave.
Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side,
Seren'd with all the music of the morn,
Attentive let me sit; while from the rock,
The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,
Bounding elastic from th' indented grass,
At every fall it springs, and thund'ring shoots,
O'er rocks and precipices, to the plain.
And let the shepherd careful tend his flock
Far from the dang'rous steep; nor, O ye swains!
Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears
Yon wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse
Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man!
Cheerful and strong went forth at rising morn
To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,
His sad companions bare him lifeless home.
Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,
Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,
Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;
When now arriv'd the instrument of death,
And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
Drank up his blood: such was the will of Heav'n.
How wide the landscape opens to the view!
Still as I mount, the less'ning hills decline,
Till high above them northern Grampius lifts
His hoary head, bending beneath a load
Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields
I see the Cheviot hills, the ancient bounds
Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight
Brave Piercy and the gallant Douglas bled,
The house of heroes, and the death of hosts!
Wat'ring the fertile fields, majestic Forth,
Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,
With many a vessel trim, and oared bark,
In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er
The wealth and product of far distant lands.
But chief mine eye on the subjected vale
Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees,
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
The tow'ring smoke of early fire ascends,
And the shrill cock proclaims th' advanced morn.
How blest the man! who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world.
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the Sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age.
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good,
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starched fool;
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.
Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.
Deep in the bottom of the flow'ry vale,
With blooming fallows and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs
At ev'ning cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young,
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives

The ſtealing foot of time. Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our foreſathers, and the hallow'd fane,
Where ſwains aſſembling worſhip, let us walk,
In ſoftly-ſoothing melancholy thought,
As night's ſeraphic bard, immortal Young!
Or ſweet-complaining Gray; there ſee the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,
Oft miſs'd the prize, the weary racer reſts.

Thus ſung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameleſs deſerts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he ſtray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while ſlow diſeaſe
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blaſts
Of dark December ſhook his humble cot.

DAPHNIS:

A MONODY.

*To the Memory of Mr. William Arnot *.*

No more of youthful joys, or love's fond dreams,
No more of morning fair, or ev'ning mild,
While Daphnis lies among the ſilent dead
Unſung; though long ago he trod the path,
The dreary road of death——
Which ſoon or late each human foot muſt tread:
He trod the dark uncomfortable wild, [beams,
By faith's pure light, by hope's heav'n-op'ning
By love, whoſe image gladdens mortal eyes,
And keeps the golden key that opens all the ſkies.

Aſſiſt, ye muſes!—and ye will aſſiſt;
For Daphnis, whom I ſing, to you was dear:
Ye lov'd the boy, and on his youthful head
Your kindeſt influence ſhed.—
So may I match his lays, who to the lyre
Wail'd his loſt Lycidas by wood and rill:
So may the muſe my grov'ling mind inſpire
To ſing a farewell to thy aſhes bleſt;
To bid fair peace to be thy gentle ſhade;
To ſcatter flow'rets, cropt by fancy's hand,
In ſad aſſemblage round thy tomb,
If water'd by the muſe, to lateſt time to bloom.

Oft by the ſide of Leven's cryſtal lake,
Trembling beneath the cloſing lids of light,
With ſlow ſhort-meaſur'd ſteps we took our walk:
Then he would talk
Of argument far, far above his years;
Then he would reaſon high,
Till from the eaſt the ſilver queen of night
Her journey up heav'n's ſteep began to make,
And ſilence reign'd attentive in the ſky.

O happy days! for ever, ever gone!
When o'er the flow'ry green we ran, we play'd
With blooms bedrop'd by youthful ſummer's hand;
Or, in the willow-ſhade,
We mimic caſtles built among the ſand,
Soon by the ſounding ſurge to be beat down,
Or ſweeping winds; when, by the ſedgy marſh,
We heard the heron, and the wild duck harſh,
And ſweeter lark, tune his melodious lay
At higheſt noon of day.
Among the antic moſs-grown ſtones we'd roam,
With ancient hieroglyphic figures grac'd,
Winged hour-glaſſes, bones, and ſkulls, and ſpades,
And obſolete inſcriptions by the hands
Of other ages; ah, I little thought
That we then play'd o'er his untimely tomb!

Where were ye, muſes! when the leaden hand
Of death, remorſeleſs, cloſ'd your Daphnis' eyes?
For ſure ye heard the weeping mother's cries;
But the dread pow'r of fate what can withſtand?
Young Daphnis ſmil'd at death; the tyrant's darts
As ſtubble counted. What was his ſupport?
His conſcience, and firm truſt in him whoſe ways
Are truth; in him who ſways
His potent ſceptre o'er the dark domains
Of death and hell; who holds his ſtrait'ned reins
Their banded legions: "Through the darkſome
vale [ray;
"He'll guide my trembling ſteps with heav'nly
"I ſee the dawning of immortal day,"
He ſmiling ſaid, and died!—

Hail and farewell, bleſt youth! ſoon haſt thou left
This evil world! Fair was thy thread of life,
But quickly by the envious ſiſters ſhorn:
Thus have I ſeen a roſe with riſing morn
Unfold its glowing bloom, ſweet to the ſmell,
And lovely to the eye; when a keen wind
Hath tore its bluſhing leaves, and laid it low,
Stripp'd of its ſweets.—Ah, ſo,
So Daphnis fell! long ere his prime he fell!
Nor left he on theſe plains his peer behind;
Theſe plains, that mourn their loſs, of him bereft,
No more look gay, but deſert and forlorn.

Now ceaſe your lamentations, ſhepherds, ceaſe!
Though Daphnis died below, he lives above;
A better life, and in a fairer clime,
He lives; no ſorrow enters that bleſt place,
But ceaſeleſs ſongs of love and joy reſound;
And fragrance floats around,
By fanning zephyrs from the ſpicy groves,
And flow'rs immortal wafted; aſphodel
And amaranth, unfading, deck the ground,
With fairer colours than, ere Adam fell,
In Eden bloom'd: there happ'ly he may hear
This artleſs ſong. Ye pow'rs of verſe, improve
And make it worthy of your darling's ear,
And make it equal to the ſhepherd's love!

Thus, in the ſhadow of a frowning rock,
Beneath a mountain's ſide, ſhaggy and hoar,
A homely ſwain, tending his little flock,
Rude, yet a lover of the muſe's lore,
Chanted his Doric ſtrain till cloſe of day,
Then roſe, and homeward ſlowly bent his way.

* *Son of Mr. David Arnot of Portmoak, near Kinroſs.*

ALEXIS:

A PASTORAL.

Upon a bank with cowſlips cover'd o'er,
Where Leven's waters break againſt the ſhore;
What time the village fires in circles talk,
And youths and maidens take their evening walk;
Among the yellow broom Alexis lay,
And view'd the beauties of the ſetting day.

Full well you might obſerve ſome inward ſmart,
Some ſecret grief hung heavy at his heart.
While round the field his ſporting lambkins play'd,
He rais'd his plaintive voice, and thus he ſaid:

Begin, my pipe, a ſoftly mournful ſtrain:
The parting ſun ſhines yellow on the plain;
The balmy weſt-wind breathes along the ground:
Their evening ſweets the flow'rs diſpenſe around;
The flocks ſtray bleating o'er the mountain's brow,
And from the plain th' anſw'ring cattle low;
Sweet chant the feather'd tribes on every tree,
And all things feel the joys of love, but me.
Begin, my pipe, begin the mournful ſtrain;
Eumelia meets my kindneſs with diſdain.
Oft have I try'd her ſtubborn heart to move,
And in her icy boſom kindle love:
But all in vain—ere I my love declar'd,
With other youths her company I ſhar'd;
But now ſhe ſhuns me, hopleſs and forlorn,
And pays my conſtant paſſion with her ſcorn.
Begin, my pipe, the ſadly-ſoothing ſtrain,
And bring the days of innocence again.
Well I remember in the ſunny ſcene
We ran, we play'd together on the green.
Fair in our youth, and wanton in our play,
We toy'd, we ſported the long ſummer's day.
For her I ſpoil'd the gardens of the ſpring,
And taught the goldfinch on her hand to ſing.
We ſat and ſung beneath the lover's tree;
One was her look and it was fix'd on me.
Begin, my pipe a melancholy ſtrain:
A holiday was kept on yonder plain;
The feaſt was ſpread upon the flow'ry mead,
And ſkillful Thyrſis tun'd his vocal reed;
Each for the dance ſelects the nymph he loves,
And every nymph with ſmiles her ſwain approves:
The ſetting ſun beheld their mirthful glee,
And left all happy in their love, but me.
Begin, my pipe, a ſoftly mournful ſtrain:
O cruel nymph! O moſt unhappy ſwain!
To climb the ſteepy rock's tremendous height,
And crop its herbage is the goat's delight;
The flow'ry thyme delights the humming bees,
And blooming wilds the bleating lambkins pleaſe;
Daphnis courts Chloe under every tree.
Eumelia, you alone have joys for me!
Now ceaſe, my pipe, now ceaſe the mournful ſtrain:
Lo, yonder comes Eumelia o'er the plain!
Till ſhe approach I'll lurk behind the ſhade,
Then try, with all my art, the ſtubborn maid:
Though to her lover cruel and unkind,
Yet time may change the purpoſe of her mind.
But vain theſe pleaſing hopes! already ſee,
She hath obſerv'd, and now ſhe flies from me!
Then ceaſe, my pipe, the unavailing ſtrain:
Apollo aids, the nine inſpire in vain:
You, cruel maid! refuſe to lend an ear;
No more I ſing, ſince you diſdain to hear.
This pipe Amyntas gave, on which he play'd:
"Be thou its ſecond lord," the dying ſhepherd ſaid.
No more I play: now ſilent let it be;
Nor pipe, nor ſong, can e'er give joy to me.

THE EAGLE, CROW, AND SHEPHERD.

A FABLE.

Beneath the horror of a rock,
A ſhepherd careleſs fed his flock.
Souſe from its top an eagle came,
And ſeiz'd upon a ſporting lamb:
Its tender ſides his talons tear,
And bear it bleating through the air.
This was diſcover'd by a crow,
Who hopp'd upon the plain below.
"You ram," ſays he, "becomes my prey;"
And, mounting, haſtens to the fray,
Lights on his back—when lo, ill luck!
He in the fleece entangled ſtuck;
He ſpreads his wings, but can't get free,
Struggling, in vain, for liberty.
The ſhepherd ſoon the captive ſpies,
And ſoon he ſeizes on the prize.
His children, curious, crowd around,
And aſk what ſtrange fowl he has found.
"My ſons," ſaid he, "warn'd by this wretch,
"Attempt no deed above your reach:
"An eagle not an hour ago,
"He's now content to be a crow."

PASTORAL SONG.

To the Tune of—The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

In May, when the gowans appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and the foreſt are ſeen;
Where lillies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns up ſprung,
The yellow-hair'd laddie oft whiſtled and ſung.

But neither the ſhades, nor the ſweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled on bloſſoming bow'rs,
Could pleaſure his eye, or his ear entertain;
For love was his pleaſure, and love was his pain.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, while his flocks all around
Drew nearer and nearer, and ſigh'd to the ſound:
Around, as in chains, lay the beaſts of the wood,
With pity diſarmed, with muſic ſubdu'd.

Young Jeſſy is fair as the ſpring's early flower,
And Mary ſings ſweet as the bird in her bower:
But Peggy is fairer and ſweeter than they;
With looks like the morning, with ſmiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen,
Of virtue the goddeſs, of beauty the queen:
One hour in her preſence an era excels,
Amid courts, where ambition with miſery dwells.

Fair to the ſhepherd the new-ſpringing flow'rs,
When May and when morning lead on the gay hours:
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

Sweet to the ſhepherd the wild woodland ſound,
When larks ſing above him, and lambs bleat around:
But Peggy far ſweeter can ſpeak and can ſing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the ſpring.

When in beauty ſhe moves by the brook of the plain,
You would call her a Venus new ſprung from the main:
When ſhe ſings, and the woods with their echoes reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

Ye pow'rs, that preſide over mortal eſtate!
Whoſe nod ruleth nature, whoſe pleaſure is fate,
O grant me, O grant me the heav'n of her charms!
May I live in her preſence, and die in her arms!

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Of all the Scottiſh northern chiefs,
Of high and mighty name,
The braveſt was Sir James the Roſs,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his ſhoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large,
And large his flocks of ſheep,
And num'rous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountains ſteep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Roſs,
A firm and warlike band;
Five hundred warriors drew the ſword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he ſtood
Againſt the Engliſh keen,
Ere two and twenty op'ning ſprings
The blooming youth had ſeen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare:
Even Marg'ret on the Scottiſh throne
Was never half ſo fair.

Long had he woo'd, long ſhe refus'd
With ſeeming ſcorn and pride;
Yet oft her eyes confeſs'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At length ſhe bleſs'd his well-try'd love,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin-heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her brother, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their paſſion diſapprov'd;
He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth ſhe lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a ſhady-wood;
Where on the bank, beſide the burn,
A blooming ſaugh-tree ſtood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To watch what they might ſay.

When thus the maid began: "My ſire
"Our paſſion diſapproves;
"He bids me wed Sir John the Grame,
"So here muſt end our loves.

"My father's will muſt be obey'd,
"Nought boots me to withſtand;
"Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
"Shall bleſs thee with her hand.

"Soon will Matilda be forgot,
"And from thy mind effac'd;
"But may that happineſs be thine,
"Which I can never taſte!"

"What do I hear? is this thy vow?"
Sir James the Roſs replied;
"And will Matilda wed the Græme,
"Though ſworn to be my bride?

"His ſword ſhall ſooner pierce my heart,
"Than reave me of thy charms"—
And claſp'd her to his throbbing breaſt,
Faſt lock'd within her arms.

"I ſpoke to try thy love," ſhe ſaid,
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
"The grave ſhall be my bridal bed,
"If Græme my huſband be.

"Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiſs,
"In witneſs of my troth;
"And every plague become my lot,
"That day I break my oath."

They parted thus—the ſun was ſet:
Up haſty Donald flies;
And, "Turn thee, turn thee, beardleſs youth!
He loud inſulting cries,

Soon turn'd about the fearleſs chief,
And ſoon his ſword he drew;
For Donald's blade before his breaſt
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

"This for my brother's ſlighted love;
"His wrongs ſit on my arm."—
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And ſav'd himſelf from harm.

Returning ſwift, his ſword he rear'd
Fierce Donald's head above;
And through the brain, and craſhing bone,
The furious weapon drove.

Life iſſued at the wound; he fell,
A lump of lifeleſs clay:
"So fall my foes," quoth valiant Roſs,
And ſtately ſtrode away.

Through the green-wood in haſte he paſs'd
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
Beneath Matilda's windows ſtood,
And thus on her did call:

"Art thou aſleep, Matilda fair?
"Awake, my love, awake!
"Behold thy lover waits without,
"A long farewell to take.

"For I have ſlain fierce Donald Græme,
"His blood is on my ſword;
"And far, far diſtant are my men,
"Nor can defend their lord.

"To Sky I will direct my flight,
"Where my brave brothers bide,
"And raiſe the mighty of the iſles
"To combat on my ſide."

"O do not ſo," the maid replied,
"With me till morning ſtay;
"For dark and dreary is the night,
"And dang'rous is the way.

" All night I'll watch thee in the park;
" My faithful page I'il ſend,
" In haſte to raiſe the brave Clan Roſs,
" Their maſter to defend."

He laid him down beneath a buſh,
And wrapp'd him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At diſtance ſtood the maid.

Swift ran the page, o'er hill and dale,
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Græme
With twenty of his men.

" Where goeſt thou, little page?" he ſaid,
" So late who did thee ſend?"
" I go to raiſe the brave Clan Roſs,
" Their maſter to defend.

" For he has ſlain fierce Donald Græme,
" His blood is on his ſword;
" And far, far diſtant are his men,
" Nor can aſſiſt their lord."

" And has he ſlain my brother dear?"
The furious chief replies:
" Diſhonour blaſt my name, but he
" By me ere morning dies.

" Say, page, where is Sir James the Roſs?
" I will thee well reward."
" He ſleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
" Matilda is his guard."

They ſpurr'd their ſteeds, and furious flew,
Like light'ning o'er the lea:
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda ſtood without the gate,
Upon a riſing ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
All ear to every ſound.

" Where ſleeps the Roſs?" began the Græme,
" Or has the felon fled?
" This hand ſhall lay the wretch on earth,
" By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin ſhrieking heard:
Straight up he roſe, and drew his ſword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

" Your ſword laſt night my brother ſlew,
" His blood yet dims its ſhine;
" And, ere the ſun ſhall gild the morn,
" Your blood ſhall reek on mine."

" Your words are brave," the chief return'd;
" But deeds approve the man.
" Set by your men, and, hand to hand,
" We'll try what valour can."

With dauntleſs ſtep he forward ſtrode,
And dar'd him to the fight:
The Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the braveſt four,
Sunk down beneath his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd the poor revenge,
And ſought their haughty lord.

Behind him baſely came the Græme,
And wounded in the ſide:
Out ſpouting came the purple-ſtream,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the ſword,
Nor ſunk he to the ground,
Till through his en'my's heart his ſword
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
Fell breathleſs on the clay;
And down beſide him ſunk the Roſs,
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda ſaw, and faſt ſhe ran:
" O ſpare his life," ſhe cried;
" Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
" Let her not be denied."

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

" In vain Matilda begs the life
" By death's arreſt deny'd;
" My race is run—adieu, my love!"—
Then clos'd his eyes, and dy'd.

The ſword, yet warm from his left ſide,
With frantic hand ſhe drew:
" I come, Sir James the Roſs," ſhe cry'd,
" I come to follow you."

The hilt ſhe lean'd againſt the ground,
And bar'd her ſnowy breaſt,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

ANACREONTIC.

TO A WASP.

The following is a Ludicrous Imitation of the uſual Anacreontics; the Spirit of compoſing which was raging, a few years ago, among all the Sweet Singers of Great Britain.

WINGED wand'rer of the ſky!
Inhabitant of heav'n high!
Dreadful with thy dragon tail,
Hydra-head, and coat of mail!
Why doſt thou my peace moleſt?
Why doſt thou diſturb my reſt?
When in May the meads are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, white and green!
And the gardens, and the bow'rs,
And the foreſts, and the flow'rs,
Don their robes of curious dye,
Fine confuſion to the eye!
Did I——chaſe thee in thy flight?
Did I——put thee in a fright?
Did I——ſpoil thy treaſure hid?
Never—never—never did.
Envious nothing, pray beware;
Tempt mine anger, if you dare.
Truſt not in thy ſtrength of wing;
Truſt not in thy length of ſting.

Heav'n nor earth ſhall thee defend;
I thy buzzing ſoon will end.
Take my counſel, while you may;
Devil take you, if you ſtay.
Wilt---thou---dare---my---face---to---wound?---
Thus, I fell thee to the ground.
Down among the dead men, now
Thou ſhalt forget thou ere wait thou.
Anacreontic bards beneath,
Thus ſhall wail thee after death.

Chorus of Elyſian Bards *.

" A waſp for a wonder,
" To Paradiſe under
" Deſcends: ſee, he wanders
" By Styx's meanders!
" Behold, how he glows,
" Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows!
" He ſweats in a trice,
" In the regions of ice!
" Lo! he cools, by God's ire,
" Amidſt brimſtone and fire!
" He goes to our king,
" And he ſhows him his ſting.
" (God Pluto loves ſatire,
" As women love attire);
" Our king ſets him free,
" Like fam'd Euridice.
" Thus a waſp could prevail
" O'er the devil and hell,
" A conqueſt both hard and laborious!
" Though hell had faſt bound him,
" And the devil did confound him,
" Yet his ſting and his wing were victorious."

THE MOUSIAD.

A MINOR EPIC POEM.

In the Manner of Homer.

A FRAGMENT.

In ancient times, ere traps were fram'd,
Or cats in Britain's iſle were known;
A mouſe, for pow'r and valour fam'd,
Poſſeſs'd in peace the regal throne.

A farmer's houſe he nightly ſtorm'd
(In vain were bolts, in vain were keys);
The milk's fair ſurface he deform'd,
And digg'd entrenchments in the cheeſe.

In vain the farmer watch'd by night,
In vain he ſpread the poiſon'd bacon;
The mouſe was wiſe as well as wight,
Nor could by force or fraud be taken.

His ſubjects follow'd where he led,
And dealt deſtruction all around;
His people, ſhepherd-like, he fed:
Such mice are rarely to be found!

But evil fortune had decreed
(The foe of mice as well as men),
The royal mouſe at laſt ſhould bleed,
Should fall---ne'er to ariſe again.

Upon a night, as authors ſay,
A luckleſs ſcent our hero drew,
Upon forbidden ground to ſtray,
And paſs a narrow cranny through.

That night a feaſt the farmer made,
And joy unbounded fill'd the houſe;
The fragments in the pantry ſpread,
Afforded bus'neſs to the mouſe.

He eat his fill, and back again
Return'd; but acceſs was deny'd.
He ſearch'd each corner, but in vain;
He found it cloſe on every ſide.

Let none our hero's fears deride;
He roar'd (ten mice of modern days,
As mice are dwindl'd and decay'd,
So great a voice could ſcarcely raiſe).

Rous'd at the voice, the farmer ran,
And ſeiz'd upon his hapleſs prey.
With entreaties the mouſe began,
And pray'rs, his anger to allay.

" O ſpare my life," he trembling cries;
" My ſubjects will a ranſom give,
" Large as thy wiſhes can deviſe;
" Soon as it ſhall be heard I live."

" No, wretch!" the farmer ſays in wrath,
" Thou dy'ſt; no ranſom I'll receive."
" My ſubjects will revenge my death,"
He ſaid---" this dying charge I leave."

The farmer lifts his armed hand,
And on the mouſe inflicts an wound;
What mouſe could ſuch a blow withſtand!
He fell, and, dying, bit the ground.

Thus Lambris fell, who flouriſh'd long,
(I half forgot to tell his name);
But his renown lives in the ſong,
And future times ſhall ſpeak his fame.

A mouſe, who walk'd about at large
In ſafety, heard his mournful cries;
He heard him give his dying charge,
And to the reſt he frantic flies.

Thrice he eſſay'd to ſpeak, and thrice
Tears, ſuch as mice may ſhed, fell down.
" Revenge your monarch's death," he cries;
His voice half ſtifl'd with a groan.

But having reaſſum'd his ſenſes,
And reaſon, ſuch as mice may have,
He told out all the circumſtances,
With many a ſtrain and broken heave.

Chill'd with ſad grief, th' aſſembly heard;
Each dropp'd a tear, and bow'd the head:
But ſymptoms ſoon of rage appear'd,
And vengeance, for the royal dead.

Long ſat they mute: at laſt uproſe
The great Hypenor, blameleſs ſage!
A hero born to many woes;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age.

His bulk ſo large, his joints ſo ſtrong,
Though worn with grief, and paſt his prime

* *The Chorus is ſaid to be the production of Logan.*

Few rats could equal him, 'tis ſung,
As rats are in theſe dregs of time.

Two ſons, in battle brave, he had,
Sprung from fair Lalage's embrace;
Short time they grac'd his nuptial bed,
By dogs deſtroy'd in cruel chaſe.

Their timeleſs fate the mother wail'd,
And pin'd with heart-corroding grief:
O'er every comfort it prevail'd,
Till death, advancing, brought relief.

Now he's the laſt of all his race,
A prey to woe: he inly pin'd;
Grief pictur'd ſat upon his face;
Upon his breaſt his head reclin'd.

"And, O my fellow mice!" he ſaid,
"Theſe eyes ne'er ſaw a day ſo dire,
"Save when my gallant children bled.
"O wretched ſons! O wretched ſire!

"But now a gen'ral cauſe demands
"Our grief, and claims our tears alone,
"Our monarch, ſlain by wicked hands,
"No iſſue left to fill the throne.

"Yet, though by hoſtile man much wrong'd,
"My counſel is, from arms forbear,
"That ſo your days may be prolong'd;
"For man is Heav'n's peculiar care."

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis paſt: the iron north has ſpent his rage;
Stern winter now reſigns the length'ning day;
The ſtormy howlings of the winds aſſuage,
And warm o'er ether weſtern breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the ſource,
From ſouthern climes, beneath another ſky,
The ſun, returning, wheels his golden courſe;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen ſhore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempeſts roar.

Loos'd from the bands of froſt, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of ſpring is ſeen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves the hoſpitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty aſh diſcloſe:
The blooming hawthorn variegates the ſcene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
Puts on the robe ſhe neither ſew'd nor ſpun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the ſun.

Soon as o'er eaſtern hills the morning peers,
From her low neſt the tufted lark up ſprings;
And, cheerful ſinging, up the air ſhe ſteers;
Still high ſhe mounts, ſtill loud and ſweet ſhe ſings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet ſits, and tricks his gloſſy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes reſound.

While the ſun journeys down the weſtern ſky,
Along the greenſward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blitheſome ſhepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and friſk around.

Now is the time for thoſe who wiſdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of ſpring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaſter ſtudied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wiſeſt of mankind;
Thus Heav'n-taught Plato trac'd th' Almighty cauſe,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Aſhley gather'd academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomſon, as the ſeaſons roll,
Taught them to ſing the great Creator's praiſe,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've ſung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Though froſty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempeſts, warn'd in vain.

Then ſleep my nights, and quiet bleſs'd my days;
I fear'd no loſs, my mind was all my ſtore;
No anxious wiſhes e'er diſturb'd my eaſe; [more.
Heav'n gave content and health—I aſk'd no

Now ſpring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in th' inconſtant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments, whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt;
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning dreams preſage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poet's tell, are true.
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with ſtill ſilence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the cloſe of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes

The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day, [arise.
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn

TO JOHN MILLAR, M. D.

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILLNESS.

(Written in the name of Mr. David Pearson.)

A RUSTIC youth (he seeks no better name),
Alike unknown to fortune and to fame,
Acknowledging a debt he ne'er can pay,
For thee, O Millar! frames the artless lay.
That yet he lives, that vital warmth remains,
And life's red tide bounds briskly through his veins;
To thee he owes.—His grateful heart believe,
And take his thanks sincere, 'tis all he has to give.
Let traders brave the flood in quest of gain,
Kept with disquietude, as got with pain;
Let heroes, tempted by a sounding name,
Pursue bright honour in the fields of fame.
Can wealth or fame a moment's ease command
To him who sinks beneath affliction's hand?
Upon the wither'd limbs fresh beauty shed;
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. MACEWEN *.

MACEWEN gone! and shall the mournful muse,
A tear unto his memory refuse!
Forbid it all ye powers that guard the just,
Your care his actions, and his life your trust.
The righteous perish!—is Macewen dead!
In him religion, virtue's friend, is fled.
Modest in strife, bold in religion's cause,
He sought true honour in his God's applause.
What manly beauties in his works appear,
Close without straining, and concise though clear.
Though short his life, not so his deathless fame,
Succeeding ages shall revere his name.
Hail, blest immortal, hail! while we are tost,
Thy happy soul is landed on the coast,
That land of bliss, where, on the peaceful shore,
Thou view'st, with pleasure, all the dangers o'er;
Laid in the silent grave, thy honour'd dust
Expects the resurrection of the just.

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* *Author of a Treatise on the Scriptures, Types and Figures, and "Essays on Various Subjects."*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Containing

ELLA,
GODDWYN,
BATTLE OF HASTINGS,
BALLADE OF CHARITIE,
ELINOURE AND JUGA,
BETHE OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN,

THE TOURNAMENT,
ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS,
ECLOGUES,
ELEGIES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Behold yon ſhade, he bears an antique roll;
With many a 'ſcutcheon clad, and many a ſcroll;
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of *Briſtowe's* plain,
That pour'd in *Rowley's* garb his ſolemn ſtrain.
A ſtripling ſcarcely, and y t more than man,
His race was ended, ere it well began.
Th' indignant ſpirit tower'd o'er little men,
He look'd through nature with an angel's ken,
And ſcorn'd, with conſcious pride, this petty ſtage,
The tardy homage of a thankleſs age.
The furies wrung his agonizing ſoul,
And deſperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

PRESTON'S EPISTLE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

EDINBURGH;

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

ANNO 1795.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

For the perſonal and literary hiſtory of CHATTERTON, "the boy of Briſtol," the world is obliged to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the original editor of the "Poems ſuppoſed to be written by Rowley," 1777; Lord Oxford, author of "Two Letters to the Editor of Chatterton's Miſcellanies," 1779; Mr. Herbert Croft, author of "Love and Madneſs," 1780; Dr. Milles, editor of "Rowley's Poems," in 4to, 1782; Mr. Bryant, author of "Obſervations on Rowley's Poems," 1782; Mr. Warton, author of "An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley;" Mr. Malone, author of "Curſory Obſervations on the Poems attributed to Rowley," 1782; Mr. Badcock, writer of the articles on the Rowleian Controverſy, in the "Monthly Review," 1782; and Dr. George Gregory, writer of the article CHATTERTON, in the fourth volume of the "Biographia Britannica," printed ſeparately in 1789.

The elegant and accurate narrative of Mr. Croft derives an additional value and importance, from being the vehicle of Chatterton's letters to his mother, and an intereſting letter from his ſiſter, Mrs. Newton. The laboured narratives of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant exhibit ſtrong proofs of the temerity and credulity of the learned writers; but they contain ſomething to amuſe curioſity, and ſomething to afford information; particularly the anecdotes furniſhed by his patrons Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barret; and the intelligence communicated by his companions, Mr. Thiſtlewaite, Mr. Smith, Mr. Ruddal, Mr. Carey, &c. The candid and comprehenſive narrative of Dr. Gregory, "contains all the particulars which are known concerning that extraordinary character, collected in one view," and form a valuable addition to the ſtock of biographical narratives, already in the poſſeſſion of the public.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from the narratives of Mr. Croft and Dr. Gregory, with the addition of ſuch particulars, as ſubſequent communications in that valuable miſcellany, the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other publications, have ſupplied.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Briſtol, November 20. 1752. The office of ſexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Briſtol, had continued in different branches of his family for more than 150 years. John Chatterton, the laſt of the name who enjoyed that office, died in 1748. His father, Thomas Chatterton, was the nephew of the ſexton. In the early part of life, he had been in the ſtation of a writing-uſher to a claſſical ſchool, was afterwards engaged as a ſinging man of the Cathedral of Briſtol; and latterly, was maſter of the free ſchool in Pyle-ſtreet, in that city. He died in Auguſt 1752, about three months before the birth of his ſon.

By the premature loſs of his father, he was deprived of that careful attention which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties that circumſtances or diſpoſition might oppoſe to the attainment of knowledge.

At the age of five years, he was committed to the care of Mr. Love, who had ſucceeded his father in the ſchool in Pyle-ſtreet; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardneſs of genius incapacitated him from receiving inſtruction in the ordinary methods, and he was remanded to his mother, as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement.

She was rendered extremely unhappy by the unpromiſing aſpect of his infant faculties, till he *fell in love*, as ſhe expreſſed herſelf, with the illuminated capitals of an old muſical manuſcript in French, which enabled her to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read, from an old black-lettered Teſtament or Bible; and it is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that his peculiar attachment to antiquities, may, in a conſiderable degree, have reſulted from this circumſtance.

On the 3d of Auguſt 1760, when he wanted a few months of eight years of age, he was admitted into Colſton's charity-ſchool, in St. Auguſtin's Back, in Briſtol. In this inſtitution, the boys are boarded in the houſe, clothed, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The ſchool hours, in ſummer, are from ſeven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be abſent from ſchool, except on Saturdays and faint-days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon, till between ſeven and eight in the evening.

The firſt years of his reſidence at this ſeminary paſſed without notice, and, perhaps, without effort. His ſiſter, indeed, in her letter to Mr. Croft, remarks, that he very early diſcovered a thirſt for preeminence, and that even before he was five years old, he was accuſtomed to preſide over his playmates. To the ſame purpoſe, it is ſaid, that when very young, a manufacturer promiſed to make the family a preſent of ſome earthen ware, and that on aſking him what device he would have painted on his;—"paint me," ſaid he, "an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."

It appears from Mr. Thiſtlewaite's letter, publiſhed by Dr. Milles, that he formed a connection with Chatterton, towards the latter end of 1763, by means of his intimacy with Mr. Thomas Philips, the aſſiſtant maſter of the charity ſchool, who poſſeſſed a taſte for hiſtory and poetry; and by his attempts in verſe, excited a degree of literary emulation among the elder boys. It is very remarkable, that Chatterton is ſaid to have appeared altogether an idle ſpectator of thoſe poetical conteſts; he apparently poſſeſſed neither inclination nor ability for literary purſuits, nor does Mr. Thiſtlethwaite believe, that he attempted a ſingle couplet during the firſt three years of his acquaintance with him. Whatever grounds Mr. Thiſtlethwaite might have for his opinion, Chatterton, doubtleſs, at that period was poſſeſſed of a vigour of underſtanding, of a quickneſs of penetration, a boldneſs of imagination, far ſuperior to the talents of his companions.

If he produced any compoſitions, his exquiſite taſte led him to ſuppreſs them. In the mean time, he was laying in ſtores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment.

About his tenth year, his ſiſter informs us, he acquired a taſte for reading, and began to hire books from a circulating library, with the triſle allowed him for pocket-money.

As his taſte was different from children of his own age, his diſpoſitions were alſo different. Inſtead of the thoughtleſs levity of childhood, he poſſeſſed the gravity, penſiveneſs, and melancholy of maturer life. "His ſpirits," his ſiſter ſays, "were rather uneven; ſometimes ſo gloomed, that for many days together, he would ſay very little, and that by conſtraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful." His intimates in the ſchool were few, and thoſe of the moſt ſerious caſt.

In the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read; and he was particularly ſolicitous to borrow books. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of ſeventy, conſiſting chiefly of hiſtory and divinity.

The earlieſt exiſting ſpecimen of his compoſition, is a poem called the *Apoſtate Will*, printed in "Love and Madneſs," which appears by the date, April 14. 1764, to have been written at the age of eleven years and a half, and was probably tranſcribed from the remains of a pocket-book, which his ſiſter had made him a preſent of, as a new-year's gift, and which he returned at the end of the year, filled with writing, chiefly poetry.

This fact is a ſtrong contradiction to Mr. Thiſtlethwaite's aſſertion; but Chatterton might, at that time, exerciſe himſelf in compoſition, without being under any neceſſity of imparting his compoſitions to Mr. Thiſtlethwaite or Mr. Philips.

At twelve years old, he was confirmed by the Biſhop. His ſiſter adds, that he made very ſenſible and ſerious remarks on the awfulneſs of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it.

He ſoon after, during the week in which he was door-keeper, made ſome verſes on the *Laſt Day*, and paraphraſed the ninth chapter of *Job*, and ſome chapters of *Iſaiah*.

The bent of his genius, however, more ſtrongly inclined him to ſatire, of which he was tolerably laviſh on his ſchool-fellows; nor did the upper maſter, Mr. Warner, eſcape the rod of his reprehenſion.

From what has been related, it is probable, that he was no favourite with Mr. Warner; he, however, found a friend in the under maſter, Mr. Haynes, who conceived for him a ſtrong and affectionate attachment.

Mr. Thiſtlethwaite, in the letter already quoted, ſays, that Chatterton informed him, that he was in poſſeſſion of certain old MSS. which had been found, depoſited in a cheſt, in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent one to Philips, which he ſhowed him, and which he is confident was *Elenoure* and *Juga*, afterwards publiſhed in the "Town and Country Magazine for May 1769." "I endeavoured," ſays he, "to aſſiſt Philips in inveſtigating the meaning of the lines; but, from an almoſt total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography in which they were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted." There appears good reaſon for ſuſpecting ſome miſtake in Mr. Thiſtlethwaite's narrative, either as to the date, or ſome other circumſtance; ſince both his mother and ſiſter affirm, that he knew nothing of the parchments brought from Redcliffe church, till after he had left ſchool.

Under all the diſadvantages of education, the acquiſitions of Chatterton were ſurpriſing. Beſides the variety of reading which he had gone through, Mr. Croft remarks, he had ſome knowledge of muſic; had acquired a taſte for drawing, which afterwards he greatly improved; and the uſher of the ſchool aſſerted, he had made a rapid progreſs in arithmetic.

An extraordinary effect of his diſcovering an employment adapted to his genius, is remarked in his ſiſter's letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn; but, it was obſerved, that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry.

On the 1ſt of July 1767, he left the charity ſchool, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, of Briſtol, for ſeven years; the apprentice-fee was ten pounds; the maſter was to find him in meat, drink, clothes, and lodging; the mother in waſhing, and mending. He ſlept in the ſame room with the foot-boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at ſome diſtance; and except the uſual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home.

Mr. Lambert affords the moſt honourable teſtimony in Chatterton's favour, with reſpect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to ſpend the evening with his mother and ſome friends. Once, and but once, he thought himſelf under the neceſſity of correcting him; and that was for ſending a very abuſive anonymous letter to his old ſchoolmaſter, a ſhort time after he was bound to him. He, however, accuſes him of a ſullen and gloomy temper, which particularly diſplayed itſelf among the ſervants. Chatterton's ſuperior abilities, and ſuperior information, with the pride which uſually accompanies theſe qualities, doubtleſs rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the kitchen, where his ignorant aſſociates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to deſpiſe thoſe accompliſhments which he held in the higheſt eſtimation; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate perſons, muſt undoubtedly be rather diſguſting than agreeable to a mind like his.

Mr. Lambert's was a ſituation not unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leiſure. His maſter's buſineſs conſumed a very ſmall portion of his time; frequently, his ſiſter ſays, it did not engage him above two hours in a day.

While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular buſineſs interfered, his ſtated employment was to copy precedents, a book of which, containing 344 folio pages, cloſely written by Chatterton, is ſtill in poſſeſſion of Mr. Lambert, as well as another of about thirty pages. The office library contained nothing but law books, except an old edition of Cambden's "Britannia."

He ſeems to have had a very early predilection for old words and *black-letter lore*. His ſiſter relates, that ſoon after his apprenticeſhip, and ſome months before he was fifteen, he "wrote a letter to an old ſchool-mate (then at New-York), conſiſting of a collection of all the hard words in the Engliſh language," and "requeſted him to anſwer it." He that could collect *hard words* for a letter, might collect *old ones* for a poem.

He had continued this courſe of life for upwards of a year; not, however, without ſome ſymptoms of an averſion to his profeſſion, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world.

In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Briſtol was finiſhed. At that time, there appeared in Fœlix Farley's "Briſtol Journal," an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating, that "the following deſcription of *The Friars firſt Paſſing over the Old Bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuſcript," and ſigned *Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis*. The paper demonſtrates ſtrong powers of invention, and uncommon knowledge of ancient cuſtoms.

Mr. Ruddal informed Mr. Croft that he aſſiſted Chatterton in diſguiſing *ſeveral* pieces of parchment with the appearance of age, juſt before *The Account of Paſſing the Bridge* appeared in Farley's "Journal;" that after they had made ſeveral experiments, Chatterton ſaid, "this will do, now I will black *the* parchment;" and that Chatterton told him, after the *Account* appeared in the newſpaper, that *the* parchment which he had blacked and diſguiſed after their experiments, was what he had ſent to the printer, containing the *Account*.

So ſingular a memoir could not fail to excite curioſity, and many perſons became anxious to ſee the original. After much inquiry, it was found that the manuſcript was brought to the printer by Chatterton. "To the threats of thoſe," ſays Mr. Croft," who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtineſs, and a refuſal to give any account." He at firſt alleged that he was employed to tranſcribe the contents of certain manuſcripts by a gentleman, who alſo had engaged him to furniſh complimentary verſes, inſcribed to a lady, with whom that gentleman was in love. On being farther preſſed, he at laſt declared, that he had received the paper, together with many other manuſcripts, from his father, who had found them in a large cheſt, in the upper room, over the chapel, on the north ſide of Redcliffe church.

When rents were received, and kept in ſpecie, it was uſual for corporate bodies to keep the writings and rents of eſtates, left for particular purpoſes, in cheſts appropriated to each particular benefactor, and called by the benefactor's name.

Over the north porch of Redcliffe church, which was founded or rebuilt, in the reign of Edward IV. by Mr. William Canynge, a merchant of Briſtol, there is a kind of muniment room, in which were depoſited ſix or ſeven cheſts, one of which in particular was called *Mr. Canynge's cofre*. This cheſt, it is ſaid, was ſecured by ſix keys, intruſted to the miniſter, procurator of the church, mayor, and church wardens, which, in proceſs of time, were loſt.

In 1727, a notion prevailed, that ſome title-deeds and other writings of value were contained in *Mr. Canynge's cofre:* in conſequence of which, an order of veſtry was made that the cheſt ſhould be opened under the inſpection of an attorney, and that theſe writings which appeared of conſequence ſhould be removed to the ſouth porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principle cheſt, but the others, which were alſo ſuppoſed to contain writings, were broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were kept, and the other manuſcripts were left expoſed, as of no value.

Chatterton's father, having free acceſs to the church, by means of his uncle, the ſexton, carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments for covering copy-books and Bibles.

At his death, his widow being under the neceſſity of removing, carried the remainder to her own habitation; where, according to her account, they continued neglected, or were converted into thread papers, till her ſon took notice of them and carried them away, telling her, "that he had found a treaſure."

The account which he thought proper to give of them, and which he wiſhed to be believed, was, that they were poetical, and other compoſitions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom he at firſt called a monk, and afterwards a ſecular prieſt of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Catcott, a pewterer in Briſtol, having heard of Chatterton's pretended diſcovery, was introduced to him, and ſoon after obtained from him, very readily, without any reward, *The Briſtow Tragedy*, and Rowley's *Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's Anceſtor*. In a few days he brought ſome more, among which was the *Yellow Roll*.

Theſe pieces were immediately communicated to Mr. Barret, a reſpectable ſurgeon in Briſtol, then engaged in writing the hiſtory of that city, whoſe friendſhip and patronage, by theſe means, Chatterton was fortunate enough to ſecure.

During the firſt converſations which Mr. Catcott had with him, he heard him mention the names of moſt of the poems, ſince printed, as being in his poſſeſſion.

He afterwards grew more ſuſpicious and reſerved; and it was but rarely, and with difficulty, that any more originals could be obtained from him.

He confeſſed to Mr. Catcott that he had deſtroyed ſeveral, and ſome which he owned to have been in his poſſeſſion, were never afterwards ſeen. One of theſe was the *Tragedy of the Apoſtate*, of

which only a ſmall part has been preſerved by Mr. Barret. The ſubject of it was the apoſtacy of a perſon from the Chriſtian to the Jewiſh faith.

Mr. Barret, however, obtained from him, at different times, ſeveral fragments in verſe and proſe, written upon vellum; and he aſſerted them to be a part of Rowley's manuſcripts. A *fac ſimile* of one of theſe fragments, the *Account of William Canynge's Feaſt*, engraved by Mr. Strutt, is publiſhed in Mr. Tyrwhitt's and Dr. Milles's edition of Rowley's Poems. The hand-writing is not the record hand uſed in the fifteenth century. The Arabian numerals, 63, are perfectly modern, and exactly ſuch as Chatterton himſelf was accuſtomed to make.

The friendſhip of Mr. Barret and Mr. Catcott was of conſiderable advantage to Chatterton. He ſpent many agreeable hours in their company. His ſiſter ſays, that after he was introduced to their acquaintance, his ambition daily and perceptibly increaſed, and he would frequently ſpeak in raptures of the undoubted ſucceſs of his plan for future life. "When in ſpirits, he would enjoy his riſing fame; and, confident of advancement, he would promiſe his mother and I ſhould be partakers of his ſucceſs."

Mr. Barret lent him ſeveral medical books, and, at his requeſt, gave him ſome inſtructions in ſurgery.

His taſte was verſatile, and his ſtudies various. In 1768 and 1769, Mr. Thiſtlethwaite frequently ſaw him, and deſcribes in a lively manner, the employment of his leiſure hours. "One day he might be found buſily employed in the ſtudy of heraldry and Engliſh antiquities, both of which are numbered among the moſt favourite of his purſuits; he next diſcovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed, amidſt the ſubtilties of metaphyſical diſquiſitions, or loſt and bewildered in the abſtruſe labyrinths of mathematical reſearches; and theſe again neglected and thrown aſide, to make room for muſic and aſtronomy, of both of which ſciences, his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even phyſic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen and Hippocrates with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric."

With a view of perfecting himſelf in the ſtudy of Engliſh antiquities, he borrowed Skinner's "Etymologicon," and Benſon's "Saxon Vocabulary," of Mr. Barret, which he ſoon returned as uſeleſs, moſt of the interpretations being in Latin.

He was furniſhed by Mr. Green, a bookſeller in Briſtol, with "Kerſey's Dictionary," and "Speght's Chaucer," the "Gloſſary" to which he carefully tranſcribed. Theſe books, together with "Bailey's Dictionary," which he ſtudied very cloſely, ſupplied him with the language of Rowley's Poems. Whatever plan he adopted, he entered upon with an earneſtneſs and fervour almoſt unexampled. Like Milton, he believed he was more capable of writing well at ſome particular times than at others; and the full of the moon was the ſeaſon when he imagined his genius to be in perfection; at which time he generally devoted a conſiderable portion of the night to compoſition.

His Sundays were continually ſpent in walking alone into the country about Briſtol; and from theſe excurſions, he never failed to bring home drawings of churches, or other objects which had impreſſed his romantic imagination.

His attention was not confined to the ſuppoſed poems of Rowley; he wrote a variety of pieces, chiefly ſatirical, both in proſe and verſe, which he ſent to the "Town and Country Magazine."

One of the firſt of his pieces which appeared, was a letter on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds, dated Briſtol, February 4. 1769, and ſigned *Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis;* and in the ſame Magazine, a poem was inſerted on Mr. Alcock of Briſtol, ſigned *Aſaphides*, attributed to him, which has been claimed by one Lockſtone, a linen-draper in Briſtol.

In the ſame Magazine for March, are ſome pretended extracts from Rowley's manuſcripts; and in different numbers for the ſucceeding months, ſome pieces, called *Saxon Poems*, written in the ſtyle of Oſſian.

In March 1769, he wrote to the Hon. Horace Walpole, the preſent Earl of Orford, offering to furniſh him with ſome account of a ſeries of great painters and engravers, who had flouriſhed at Briſtol, which, he ſaid, had been lately diſcovered, with ſome old poems, in that city. His letter was left at Bathurſt's, Mr. Walpole's bookſeller, with an Ode or Sonnet, of two or three ſtanzas, in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard I. (the era of which he firſt fixed upon for his forgeries), as a ſpecimen of the poems which were found.

" Richard of Lyon's heart to fight is gone."

Mr. Walpole had juſt before been made the inſtrument of introducing into the world Macpherſon's " Oſſian." A ſimilar application, therefore, ſerved at once to awaken his ſuſpicion. He, however, anſwered Chatterton's letter, deſiring further information; and in reply was informed, that " he was the ſon of a poor widow, who ſupported him with great difficulty; that he was apprentice to an attorney, but had a taſte for more elegant ſtudies;" and hinted a wiſh, that Mr. Walpole would aſſiſt him in emerging from ſo dull a profeſſion, by procuring him ſome place, in which he might purſue the natural bias of his genius. He affirmed, that great treaſures of ancient poetry had been diſcovered at Briſtol, and were in the hands of a *perſon*, who had lent him the ſpecimen already tranſmitted, as well as the pieces which accompanied this letter, among which was *Elinour and Juga*, " an abſolute modern paſtoral," as Mr. Walpole terms it, " thinly ſprinkled with old words."

In the mean time, the poems were communicated by Mr. Walpole to Gray and Maſon; and theſe excellent and impartial judges, at firſt ſight, pronounced them forgeries; " the language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient."

Mr. Walpole, though convinced of his intention to impoſe upon him, could not help admiring the ſpirit of poetry which animated theſe compoſitions. His reply was cold and diſcouraging. He hinted his ſuſpicions of the authenticity of the ſuppoſed MSS., and complained, in general terms, of his want of power to be a patron, and adviſed him to purſue the line of buſineſs in which he was placed, as moſt likely to ſecure a decent maintenance for himſelf, and enable him to aſſiſt his mother.

This frigid reception, extracted immediately from Chatterton " a peeviſh anſwer," as Mr. Walpole terms it; demanding to have the MSS. returned, *as they were the property of another gentleman;* and Mr. Walpole, either offended at his warm and independent ſpirit, or pleaſed to be diſengaged from the buſineſs in ſo eaſy a manner, proceeded on a journey to Paris, without taking any farther notice of him

On his return, he found a letter from Chatterton, in a ſtyle, as he terms it, " ſingularly impertinent," expreſſive of much reſentment on account of the detention of his poems, roughly demanding them back again, and adding, " that Mr. Walpole would not have dared to uſe him ſo ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowneſs of his circumſtances."

" My heart," ſays Mr. Walpole, in his " Letters" to the editor of Chatterton's *Miſcellanies*, " did not accuſe me of inſolence to him. I wrote an anſwer to him, expoſtulating with him on his injuſtice, and renewing good advice; but, upon ſecond thoughts, reflecting that he might be abſurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire, and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now ſorry, I returned all to him;" and never afterwards heard from him, or of him, during his life.

The affront was poignantly felt by Chatterton, though it is perhaps more than repaid by the ridiculous portrait which he has exhibited of Mr. Walpole, in the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, under the character of " the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has ſpent his whole life in conjectures." He has however, paid him a compliment, in his *Verſes to Miſs M. R.* printed in the " Town and Country Magazine," for January 1770.

To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With *Walpole's* mental taſte.

Mr. Walpole has incurred much cenſure for his rejection of Chatterton, " as if his rejection had driven him to deſpair." But to aſcribe to his neglect the dreadful cataſtrophe, which happened nearly two years after, would be the higheſt degree of injuſtice and abſurdity. It appears from his elegant and ſpirited narrative of theſe tranſactions, that he afterwards regretted that he had not ſeen this extraordinary youth, and that he did not pay a more favourable attention to his correſpondence. But, to be neglected in life, and regretted and admired, when theſe paſſions can be no longer of ſervice, has been the uſual fate of genius and learning.

Chatterton, however, in part adopted Mr. Walpole's advice, by continuing with his maſter a full twelvemonth after this tranſaction; but without applying himſelf to the duties of his profeſſion, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leiſure of which he was deſirous.

He paſt his hours of leiſure in reſpectable company; and his ſiſter ſays, that "he viſited his mother regularly moſt evenings before nine o'clock, and they were ſeldom two evenings together without ſeeing him."

"He would frequently," ſhe ſays, "walk the College Green with the young girls, that ſtatedly paraded there to ſhow their finery;" but ſhe is perſuaded that the reports which charged him with libertiniſm, are ill-founded. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to form an acquaintance with Miſs Rumſey, a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might ſoften that auſterity of temper, which had reſulted from ſolitary ſtudy. He addreſſed a poem to her, and they commenced, Mrs. Newton adds, a correſponding acquaintance.

Early in 1769, it appears from a poem on *Happineſs*, addreſſed to Mr. Catcott, that he had imbibed the principles of infidelity; one of the effects of which was, to render the idea of ſuicide familiar, and to diſpoſe him to think lightly of the moſt ſacred depoſit with which man is intruſted by his Creator.

The progreſs, however, from ſpeculative to practical irreligion, is not ſo rapid as is commonly ſuppoſed. The greateſt advantage of a ſtrict and orderly education, is the reſiſtance which virtuous habits, early acquired, oppoſe to the allurements of vice.

The editor of his *Miſcellanies* has aſſerted, that his "profligacy was at leaſt as conſpicuous as his abilities;" but he has rather grounded his aſſertion on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of ſome of his productions, than on perſonal knowledge, or a correct review of his conduct.

Of few young men in his ſituation it can be ſaid, that during a courſe of nearly three years, he ſeldom encroached upon the ſtrict limits which were aſſigned him, with reſpect to his hours of liberty; that his maſter could never accuſe him of improper behaviour; and that he had the utmoſt reaſon to be ſatisfied he never ſpent his hours in any but reſpectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected ſimplicity which ſo eminently characteriſes her letter, moſt powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory.

The teſtimony of Mr. Thiſtlethwaite is not leſs explicit or leſs honourable to Chatterton. "The opportunities," ſays he, "which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, juſtify me in ſaying, that while he lived at Briſtol, he was not the debauched character he has been repreſented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleaſures, and regular in his exerciſes, he was undeſerving of the aſperſion. I admit, that among his papers may be found many paſſages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertiniſm groſs and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of theſe paſſages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wiſh he had never written; but which I nevertheleſs believe to have originated, rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of ſingularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example."

But though it may not be the effect of infidel principles to plunge the perſon who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate courſe of flagrant and ſhameleſs depravity, they ſeldom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the ſport of ſome paſſion unfriendly to our happineſs and proſperity.

On the 14th of April 1770, he wrote a paper, intituled, *The Laſt Will and Teſtament of Thomas Chatterton*, in which he indicated his deſign of committing ſuicide on the following day. The paper was probably rather the reſult of temporary uneaſineſs, than of that fixed averſion to his ſituation, which he conſtantly manifeſted; but Mr. Lambert conſidered it as no longer prudent, after ſo deciſive a proof, to continue him in the houſe; he accordingly diſmiſſed him immediately from his ſervice, in which he had continued two years, nine months, and thirteen days.

The activity of his mind during this ſhort period is almoſt unparalleled. The greateſt part of his compoſitions, both under the name of Rowley and his own, was written before April 1770, he being then aged ſeventeen years and five months; and of the former, they were almoſt all produced a twelvemonth earlier, before April 1769. But our ſurpriſe muſt decreaſe, when we conſider that he ſlept but little, and that his whole attention was directed to literary purſuits.

Encouraged by the moſt liberal promiſes of aſſiſtance and employment from ſeveral bookſellers and printers in London, he now reſolved to try his fortune in the metropolis, which he flattered himſelf would afford him a more enlarged field for the ſucceſsful exerciſe and diſplay of his abilities; and he entered on his new plan of life with his uſual enthuſiaſm.

"I interrogated him," ſays Mr. Thiſtlethwaite, "as to the object of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to purſue on his arrival in London." His anſwer was remarkable. "My firſt attempt," ſaid he, "ſhall be in the literary way; the promiſes I have received are ſuffi-

cient to diſpel doubt; but ſhould I, contrary to my expectation, find myſelf deceived; I will, in that caſe, turn Methodiſt preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever; and a new ſect may eaſily be deviſed. But if that too ſhould fail me, my laſt and final reſource is a piſtol."

Before he quitted Briſtol, he had entered deeply into politics, and had embraced the patriotic party. In March 1770, he wrote a ſatirical poem, called *Kew Gardens*, conſiſting of 1300 lines, againſt the Princeſs of Wales, Lord Bute, and their friends in London and Briſtol; which has not been printed. He wrote alſo another political ſatire, called *The Whore of Babylon*, conſiſting of near 600 lines, which is in the poſſeſſion of a friend of Mr. Catcott; an invective in proſe againſt Biſhop Newton, ſigned *Decimus*: and an indecent ſatirical poem, called *The Exhibition*, occaſioned by the improper behaviour of a perſon in Briſtol. Moſt of the ſurgeons in Briſtol are delineated in it. Some of the deſcriptive paſſages in this poem have great merit. Thus ſpeaking of a favourite organiſt, he ſays,

> He keeps the paſſions with the ſound in play,
> And the ſoul trembles with the trembling key.

In the latter end of April 1770, he bade his native city a final adieu. In a letter to his mother, dated April 20th, he deſcribes, in a lively ſtyle, the little adventures of his journey, and his reception from his patrons, the bookſellers and printers, with whom he had correſponded, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Dodſley, &c, From all of them he profeſſes to have received great encouragement, that all approved of his deſign, and that he ſhould probably be ſoon ſettled. He deſires his mother to call upon Mr. Lambert. "Show him this," ſays he, with uncommon dignity and ſpirit, "or tell him, if I deſerve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one; if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me."

His firſt habitation, after his arrival in London, was at Mr. Walmſley's, a plaſterer in Shoreditch, to whom he was introduced by a relation of his, a Mrs. Ballance, who reſided in the ſame houſe.

Of his firſt eſtabliſhment his report is favourable. "I am ſettled," ſays he, in a letter to his mother, dated May 6. "and in ſuch a ſettlement as I could deſire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine, and ſhall engage to write a Hiſtory of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that ſum. Occaſional Eſſays for the daily papers will more than ſupport me. What a glorious proſpect!"

In conſequence of his engagements with the different magazines, we find him, about the ſame time, ſoliciting communications from his poetical and literary friends at Briſtol, and deſiring them to read the "Freeholder's Magazine."

In a letter dated May 14, he writes in the ſame high flow of ſpirits. He ſpeaks of the great encouragement which genius meets with in London; adding with exultation, "If Rowley had been a Londoner, inſtead of a Briſtowyan, I might have lived by copying his works;" yet it does not appear that any of Rowley's pieces, except the *Balade of Charitie*, were exhibited after he left Briſtol. He exhorts his ſiſter to "improve in copying muſic, drawing, and every thing which requires genius," obſerving, that although in Briſtol's mercantile ſtyle thoſe things may be uſeleſs, if not a detriment to her, *here* they are very profitable."

His engagements at that period appear to have been numerous; for, beſides his employment in the magazines, he ſpeaks of a connection he had formed with a doctor in muſic, to write ſongs for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c.; and, in a letter of the 30th to his ſiſter, he mentions another with a bookſeller, "the brother of a lord," (a Scotch one indeed,) to compile a voluminous hiſtory of London, to appear in numbers, for which he was to have his board at the bookſeller's houſe, and a handſome premium. "Aſſure yourſelf," he adds, "every month ſhall end to your advantage. I will ſend you two ſilks this ſummer. My mother ſhall not be forgotten."

Party-writing, however, ſeems to have been one of his favourite employments. It was agreeable to the ſatirical turn of his diſpoſition, and it gratified his vanity, by the proſpect of elevating him into immediate notice. When Mrs. Ballance recommended it to him to endeavour to get into ſome office, he told her, "he hoped, with the bleſſing of God, very ſoon to be ſent priſoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune."

In his letter to his mother, May 6, he ſays, "Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings ſince I firſt correſponded with the bookſellers here. I ſhall viſit him next week. He affirmed that what Mr.

Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth, and expreſſed a deſire to know the author. By means of another bookſeller, I ſhall be introduced to Townſend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter coffeehouſe, and know all the geniuſes there. A character is now unneceſſary; an author carries his character in his pen."

He informs his ſiſter, that if money flowed as faſt upon him as honours, he would give her a portion of five thouſand pounds. This extraordinary elevation of ſpirits aroſe from an introduction to the celebrated patriotic Lord Mayor, Beckford.

Chatterton had, it ſeems, addreſſed an eſſay to him, which was ſo well received, that it encouraged him to wait upon his Lordſhip, in order to obtain his approbation, to addreſs a ſecond letter to him, on the ſubject of the City Remonſtrance. " His Lordſhip," adds he, " received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call upon him again. The reſt is a ſecret."

His inclination, doubtleſs, led him to eſpouſe the party of Oppoſition; but he complains that " no money is to be got on that ſide of the queſtion; intereſt is on the other ſide; but he is a poor author who cannot write on both ſides. I believe I may be introduced (or if I am not, I'll introduce myſelf) to a ruling power in the Court party."

When Beckford died, he is ſaid to have been almoſt frantic, and to have exclaimed that he was ruined. He ſolaced his grief, by writing an *Elegy* on his death, which contains more of frigid praiſe than ardent feeling.

Indeed, that he was ſerious in his intention of writing on both ſides, and that he " alternately flattered and ſatirized all ranks and parties," is evident from the following liſt of pieces, written by him, but never publiſhed, which Lord Orford has preſerved.

" *The Flight:* addreſſed to Lord Bute. In forty ſtanzas of ſix lines each. Thus indorſed: ' Too long for the Political Regiſter—Curtailed in the digreſſions—Given to Mr. Mortimer.' *Kew Gardens*—A ſatirical rhapſody of ſome hundred lines in Churchill's manner, againſt perſons in power. *The Dowager, a Tragedy*,—Unfiniſhed—only two ſcenes. *Verſes addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. Catcott, on his Book on the Deluge:* ridiculing his ſyſtem and notions.—[*inſerted in the ſupplement to Chatterton's Miſcellanies.*] *To a great Lady.* A very ſcandalous addreſs, ſigned *Decimus*. On the back of this is written, ' (Jeremiah Dyſon, Eſq. by the Whiſperer, 10s. 6d. a column).' *To C. Jenkinſon, Eſq.* an abuſive letter, ſigned *Decimus* (or *Probus*, as it ſhould ſeem from the indorſement): beginning thus: ' Sir, As the nation has been long in the dark in conjecturing the miniſterial agent, &c.' *To Lord Mansfield.* A very abuſive letter, ſigned *Decimus* (or *Æneneius*, as it ſhould ſeem from the indorſement): beginning thus:——' My Lord, I am not going to accuſe you of puſillanimity,' &c. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark on the margin: ' Proſecution will lie upon this.' *An Introductory Eſſay* to a political paper, ſet up by him, called the *Moderator*, in favour of adminiſtration: thus beginning, ' To enter into a detail of the reaſons which induced me to take up the title of this paper,' &c. *To Lord North;* a letter ſigned the *Moderator*, and dated May 26. 1770: beginning thus:——' My Lord, It gives me a painful pleaſure,' &c. This is an encomium on adminiſtration for rejecting the Lord Mayor Beckford's Remonſtrance. *A Letter to the Lord Mayor Beckford*, ſigned *Probus;* dated May 26. 1770.—This is a violent abuſe of government for rejecting the Remonſtrance, and begins thus: ' When the endeavours of a ſpirited people to free themſelves from an unſupportable ſlavery.'—On the back of this eſſay, which is directed to Cary, [a particular friend of Chatterton in Briſtol,] is this indorſement: ' Accepted by Bingley, ſet for and thrown out of the North Briton, 21ſt June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.

	£.	s.	d.
' Loſt by his death, on this eſſay,	1	11	6
' Gained in Elegies,	2	2	0
' ——— in Eſſays,	3	3	0
' Am glad he is dead by	3	13	6

" Eſſays," he ſays to his ſiſter, " on the patriotic ſide, fetch no more than what the copy is ſold for. On the other hand, unpopular eſſays will not even be accepted, and you muſt pay to have them printed, but then you ſeldom loſe by it. Courtiers are ſo ſenſible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it."

On this ſandy foundation of party writing, Chatterton erected a viſionary fabric of future greatneſs. It was a common aſſertion with him, "that he would ſettle the world before he had done."

In a letter to his ſiſter, July 20. he tells her, "My company is courted every where; and could I humble myſelf to go into a Compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I muſt be among the great; ſtate matters ſuit me much better than commercial."

His taſte for diſſipation ſeems to have kept pace with the increaſe of his vanity. To frequent places of public amuſement, he accounts as neceſſary to him as food. "I employ my money," ſays he, "now, in ſitting myſelf faſhionably, and getting into good company; this laſt article always brings me in intereſt."

In the letter to his mother, May 14. he ſays, "a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour; but alas! I ſpeak no language but my own." It is not very credible that he was likely to be accepted on ſo ſlender a ground of recommendation.

But his ſplendid viſions of promotion and conſequence ſoon vaniſhed. Not long after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, "The poverty of authors is a common obſervation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who underſtands the arts of bookſellers; without this neceſſary knowledge, the greateſt genius may ſtarve, and with it the greateſt dunce may live in ſplendor. This knowledge I have pretty much dipped into."

This knowledge, however, inſtead of conducting to opulence and independence, proved a deluſive guide; and though he boaſts of having pieces in the month of June 1770, in the 'Goſpel Magazine," the "Town and Country," the "Court and City," the "London," the "Political Regiſter," &c., and that almoſt the whole "Town and Country" for July was his; yet it appears, ſo ſcanty is the remuneration for thoſe periodical labours, that even theſe uncommon exertions of induſtry and genius were inſufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and he ſeems to have ſunk at once from the higheſt elevation of hope and illuſion, to the depths of deſpair.

Early in June, he removed his lodgings from Shore-ditch, to Mrs. Angel's, ſackmaker in Brook-ſtreet, Holborn. Mr. Croſt attributes the change to the neceſſity he was under, from the nature of his employments, of frequenting public places. It is probable that he might remove, leſt Mr. Walmſley's family, who had heard his frequent boaſts, and obſerved his dreams of greatneſs, ſhould be the ſpectators of his approaching indigence. Pride was the ruling paſſion of Chatterton; and a too acute ſenſe of ſhame, is ever found to accompany literary pride.

But however deſirous he might be of preſerving appearances to the world, he was ſufficiently lowered in his own expectations; when we find his towering ambition reduced to the miſerable hope of ſecuring the very ineligible appointment of a ſurgeon's mate to Africa.

His reſolution was announced in a poem to *Miſs Buſh*. Probably, indeed, when he wrote the *African Eclogues*, which was juſt before, he might not be without a diſtant contemplation of a ſimilar deſign; and perhaps we are to attribute a part of the exulting expreſſions which occur in the letter to his mother and ſiſter, to the kind and laudable intention of making them happy, with reſpect to his proſpects in life, ſince we find him, almoſt at the very criſis of his diſtreſs, ſending a number of little unneceſſary preſents to them and his grandmother, while, perhaps, he was himſelf almoſt in want of the neceſſaries of life.

He applied, in his diſtreſs, to Mr. Barrett, for a recommendation to this unpromiſing ſtation. On the ſcore of incapacity probably, Mr. Barrett refuſed him the neceſſary recommendation, and his laſt hope was blaſted.

Of Mrs. Angel, with whom he laſt reſided, no inquiries have afforded any ſatisfactory intelligence; but there can be little doubt that his death was preceded by extreme indigence.

Mr. Croſs, an apothecary in Brook-ſtreet, informed Mr. Warton, that when Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the ſhop, and was repeatedly preſſed by Mr. Croſs to dine or ſup with him, in vain. One evening, however, human frailty ſo far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oyſters, when he was obſerved to eat moſt voraciouſly.

Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the houſe where Mrs. Angel lived, has alſo afforded ample teſtimony, both to his poverty and his pride. She ſays, "that Mrs. Angel told her

after his death, that on the 24th of Auguſt, as ſhe knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, ſhe begged he would take ſome dinner with her; but he was offended at her expreſſions, which ſeemed to hint that he was in want, and aſſured her he was not hungry."

"Over his death, for the ſake of humanity," ſays Mr. Croft, "I would willingly draw a veil. But this muſt not be. They who are in a condition to patroniſe merit, and they who feel a conſciouſneſs of merit which is not patroniſed, may form their own reſolutions from the cataſtrophe of his tale;—thoſe to loſe no opportunity of befriending genius; theſe to ſeize every opportunity of befriending themſelves, and upon no account to harbour the moſt diſtant idea of quitting this world, however it may be unworthy of them, leſt deſpondency ſhould at laſt deceive them into ſo unpardonable a ſtep."

Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's inqueſt, ſwallowed arſenic in water, on the 24th of Auguſt 1770, and died in conſequence thereof, the next day, at the age of ſeventeen years and nine months. He was buried in a ſhell in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane work-houſe.

Whatever unfiniſhed pieces he might have, he cautiouſly deſtroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little ſcraps of paper.

What muſt increaſe our regret for this haſty and unhappy ſtep, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, went to Briſtol, to ſearch into the hiſtory of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patroniſe the latter, if he appeared to deſerve aſſiſtance. When, alas! all the intelligence he could procure, was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, deſtroyed himſelf.

The poems produced by Chatterton, at different times, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. were purchaſed from Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, and publiſhed by Thomas Tyrwhitt, Eſq. the learned editor of Chaucer, in an octavo volume, 1777, with "a Preface, Introduction, and Gloſſary." Mr. Tyrwhitt added to the edition 1778, an "Appendix, containing ſome Obſervations upon the Language of the Poems, tending to prove, that they were written, not by any ancient author, but entirely by Chatterton." A very ſplendid edition was publiſhed in quarto, 1782, by Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter, and Preſident of the Society of Antiquaries, with "a Preliminary Diſſertation and Commentary," tending to prove, that the poems were really written by Rowley and others, in the fifteenth century. His *Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe*, collected from the Magazines, &c. with a ſketch for Beckford's ſtatue, a ſpecimen of his abilities in the arts of drawing and deſign, were publiſhed in octavo, 1778, with a preface, ſigned *J. B.* dated Briſtol, June 20.; and this publication was followed by a *Supplement to the Miſcellanies of Chatterton*, 8vo, 1786. Beſides theſe, there are many unpubliſhed poems in the hands of his friends, and ſeventeen hiſtorical proſe compoſitions and drawings, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Barrett. His poems, reprinted from Tyrwhitt's edition, 1777, the *Miſcellanies*, 1778 and 1786, Croft's "Love and Madneſs," 1780, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The celebrated "Archæological Epiſtle to Dr. Milles," 4to, 1782, ſuppoſed to be written by Maſon; a beautiful "Monody to the Memory of Chatterton," written by Mrs. Cowley; a "Sonnet to Expreſſion," from the poliſhed and pathetic pen of Miſs Helen Maria Williams; an irregular "Ode," from "Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades," 8vo, 1782; and an elegant offering to the genius of Chatterton, from the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1782;—are inſerted in this edition, with the double view of adorning the collection, and of gratifying the reader.

His character, compounded of good qualities and defects, may be eaſily collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned. His perſon, like his genius, was premature: he had a manlineſs and dignity beyond his years, and there was ſomething about him uncommonly prepoſſeſſing. His moſt remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though gray, were uncommonly piercing. When he was warmed in argument, or otherwiſe, they ſparkled with fire; and one eye, it is ſaid, was ſtill more remarkable than the other. He had an uncommon ardour in the purſuit of knowledge, and uncommon facility in the attainment of it. It was a favourite maxim with him, that "man is equal to any thing, and that every thing might be atchieved by diligence and abſtinence." If any uncommon character was mentioned in his hearing, "all boy as he was," ſays Mr. Croft, "he would only obſerve, that the perſon in queſtion merited praiſe; but that God had ſent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be a

the trouble of extending them." "He had read," he himself tells us, "more than Magliabechi, though he spoke no tongue but his own." He probably might have acquired some knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and French languages; but it cannot be supposed to have been very extensive.

When we consider the variety of his engagements while at Bristol, his extensive reading, and the great knowledge he had acquired of the ancient language of his native country, we cannot wonder that he had not time to occupy himself in the study of other languages; and after his arrival in London, he had a new and necessary science to learn, the world; and that he made the most advantageous use of his time, is evident from the extensive knowledge of mankind, displayed in the different essays which he produced in the periodical publications. His lively and vigorous imagination contributed, doubtless, to animate him with that spirit of enterprise, which led him to form so many impracticable and visionary schemes, for the acquisition of fame and fortune. His ambition was evident from his earliest youth; and perhaps the inequality of his spirits might, in a great measure, depend upon the fairness of his views, or the dissipation of his projects. Mr. Catcott left him one evening totally depressed; but he returned the next morning with unusual spirits. He said, "he had sprung a mine," and produced the *Sprytes*, a poem, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His natural melancholy was not corrected by the irreligious principles which he had so unfortunately imbibed. But he is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculative opinions. The preservatives of which he was possessed against the contagion of vice, and the criminal excesses of the passions, were the pride of genius, the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire. To the regularity of his conduct during his residence at Bristol, some respectable testimonies have been already exhibited. After his arrival in London, there are some proofs in his favour, which ought not to be disregarded. During a residence of nine weeks at Mr. Walmsley's, he never staid out beyond the family hours, except one night, when Mrs. Ballance knew that he lodged in the house of a relation.

The list of his virtues appears to exceed the catalogue of his faults. His temperance was in some respects exemplary. He seldom eat animal food, and never tasted any strong or spiritous liquors. He lived chiefly on a morsel of bread or a tart, with a draught of water. His high sense of dignity has been already noticed. But the most amiable feature in his character, was his generosity and attachment to his mother and relations. Every fortunate project for his advancement in life was accompanied with promises and encouragement to them: while in London he continued to send them presents, at a time when he was known himself to be in want: and indeed the unremitting attention, kindness, and respect, which appear in the whole of his conduct towards them, are deserving the imitation of persons in more fortunate circumstances. It can never be sufficiently lamented that this amiable principle was not more uniform in Chatterton. A real love for his relations ought to have arrested the hand of suicide; but when religion is lost, all uniformity of principle is lost.

He had a number of friends; and, notwithstanding his disposition to satire, is scarcely known to have had any enemies. By the accounts of all who were acquainted with him, there was something uncommonly insinuating in his manner and conversation. Mr. Cross informed Mr. Warton, that in Chatterton's frequent visits, while he resided in Brook-street, he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating. His extensive, though in many instances, superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit, and fluency, must have admirably accomplished him for the pleasures of society. His pride, which perhaps should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance, than apt to decline the advances of others. There is reason, however, to believe, that the inequality of his spirits affected greatly his behaviour in company. His fits of absence were frequent and long. He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking, or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour, or more. Mr. Walmsley's nephew (Chatterton's bedfellow during the last six weeks he lodged there) told Mr. Croft, that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him;—that, to his knowledge, he never slept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) awaked, and got up at the same time, about five or six; and that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper, not so big as sixpences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.

He had one ruling paſſion which governed his whole conduct, and that was his deſire of literary fame; this paſſion intruded itſelf on every occaſion, and abſorbed his whole attention. Whether he would have continued to improve, or the contrary, muſt have depended, in ſome meaſure, on the circumſtances of his future life. Had he fallen into profligate habits and connections, he would probably have loſt a great part of his ardour for ſtudy, and his maturer age would only have diminiſhed the admiration, which the efforts of his childhood have ſo juſtly excited.

As a poet, his genius will be moſt completely eſtimated by his writings. His imagination was more fertile than correct; and he ſeems to have erred, rather through haſte and negligence than through any deficiency of taſte. He was above that puerile affectation which pretends to borrow nothing. He knew that original genius conſiſts in forming new and happy combinations, rather than in ſearching after thoughts and ideas which never had occurred before. He poſſeſſed the ſtrongeſt marks of a vigorous imagination, and a ſound judgment in forming great, conſiſtent, and ingenious plots, and in making choice of the moſt intereſting ſubjects. His genius, like Dryden's, was univerſal. It will be difficult to ſay, whether he excelled moſt in the ſublime, the pathetic, the deſcriptive, or the ſatirical. Whatever ſubject is treated by him, is marked with the hand of a maſter, with the enthuſiaſm of the poet, and the judgment of the critic.

His poems abound with luxuriant deſcription, vivid imagery, and ſtriking metaphors. Through the veil of ancient language, a happy adaptation of words is ſtill apparent, and a ſtyle both energetic and expreſſive. They are equally conſpicuous for the harmony and elegance of the verſe; and ſome paſſages are inferior, in none of the eſſentials of poetry, to the moſt finiſhed productions in our language.

It muſt not, however, be diſſembled, that ſome part of the charm of his compoſitions may probably reſult from the Gothic ſublimity of the ſtyle. We gaze with wonder on an antique fabric; and, when novelty of thought is not to be obtained, the novelty of the language, to which we are unaccuſtomed, is frequently accepted as a ſubſtitute. Even Shakſpeare and Milton have derived advantages from the antique ſtructure of ſome of their moſt admired paſſages. The facility of compoſition is alſo greatly increaſed, where full latitude is permitted in the uſe of an obſolete dialect, ſince an author is indulged in the occaſional uſe of both the old and the modern phraſeology; and if the one does not ſupply him with the word for which he has immediate occaſion, the other, in all probability, will not diſappoint him. Thus, in the *Songe to Ælla*, the poet had in one line written,

Beeſprengedd all the *mees* with gore.

In a ſubſequent ſtanza he writes,

Orr ſeeſt the hatchedd ſtede
Ypraunceying oer the *mead*.

Mees being the ancient word, and *mead* the modern Engliſh one, he thought himſelf at liberty to write modern Engliſh whenever rhyme required him to do ſo. The uſe of the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y*, as *ypraunceing*, for *prauncing*, enables him to write a ſmooth line in any given number of ſyllables. The imagery and metaphors in this ſtyle of poetry, are frequently very common-place, and it is poſſible to labour through ſeveral ſtanzas, without finding any ſtriking beauty, when the attention of the reader is kept alive by the ſubject alone. Many defects of ſtyle, and many paſſages of rant and bombaſt, are concealed or excuſed by the appearance of antiquity.

The piece of moſt conſpicuous merit among the compoſitions of Chatterton, is *Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude;* which is a moſt complete and well-written tragedy, upon the model of Maſon's "Elfrida" and "Caractacus." The plot is both intereſting and full of variety, though the dialogue is in ſome places tedious. The character of *Celmonde* reminds us of Glenalvon in "Douglas," but is better drawn. His ſoliloquy is beautiful and characteriſtic. The firſt chorus, or *Mynſtrelles Songe*, is a perfect paſtoral. It contains a complete plot or fable, and abounds in poetical and tender ſentiments, and appoſite imagery. Thomſon's Maſque of "Alfred" probably ſuggeſted the idea of a Daniſh ſtory. For converting *Hubba* into *Hurra*, he might have his reaſons. The *raven ſtandard* of the Danes, to which he alludes, is poetically deſcribed by Thomſon.

The imperfect tragedy of *Goddwyn*, as well as *Ælla*, is indebted to the Grecian ſchool, revived in the eighteenth century. Both are the effuſions of a young mind, warm from ſtudying "Elfrida" and "Caractacus." The beauties of poetry are ſcattered through them with no ſparing hand. The fine *ode* or *chorus* in *Goddwyn*, rivals, if not exceeds any thing of that kind we have in Maſon, or

even in Gray or Collins. In the animated portrait of *Freedom*, and the group of her attendants, *Affright*, *Power*, *War*, *Envy*, &c. both Sackville and Spenser muſt yield the palm of allegoric poetry.

When Freedome dreſte in blodde-ſteyned veſte,
To every knyghte her warre ſonge ſunge;
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſpredde;
A gorie anlaſe bye her hunge,
She daunced onne the heathe,
She heard the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, his harte of fylver hue,
In vayne aſſayled her boſomme to acale;
She hearde onſlemed the ſhrickinge voice of woe,
And fadneſſe in the owlette ſhake the dale.
She ſhooke the burled ſpeere,
On hie ſhe jeſte her ſheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And ſlizze along the feelde, &c.

The *Firſt part* of the *Battle of Haſtings*, which he confeſſed *he had written himſelf*, when he was taken by ſurpriſe, though at other times he preſerved a degree of conſiſtence in his falſehood, contains an unvaried recital of wounds and deaths, with little to intereſt curioſity, or engage the tender paſſions, and but few of the beauties of poetry to relieve the mind from the diſguſting ſubject. In the *Second Part*, with the ſame faults, there is more of poetical deſcription, more of nature, more of character. The imagery is more animated; the incidents more varied. The character of *Tancarville* is well drawn; and the ſpirit of candour and humanity which pervades it, is unparalleled in any writer before the age of Shakſpeare. The whole epiſode of *Girtha* is well conducted; and the altercation between him and his brother *Harold* is intereſting. The following deſcription of morning is exquiſitely beautiful, and the verſification muſical and pleaſing. The eight line is a ſtriking imitation of a line of Milton's; "Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin."

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets dreſt,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her roſie radiance to the weſt:
Forth from the eaſterne gatte the fierie ſteedes
Of the bright ſunne awaytynge ſpirits leedes:
The ſunne, in fierie pompe enthronde on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jerne gledes,
And *ſcatters nyghtes remaynes* from oute the ſkie;
He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And ſtopt his driving ſteedes, and hid his lyghtſome raye,

The deſcription of *Saliſbury Plain* is picturesque and animated. In that part of it which relates to the worſhip of the ancient *Britons*, Mr. Tyrwhitt propoſes to ſubſtitute *cyclines* for *cyclualle*, an ingenious, but perhaps unneceſſary emendation. The ſtanza of Prior was his model for verſification, in this poem, as well as the *Tournament*, &c. The origin and uſe of *Stonehenge*, he might find in modern works. Though he could have no acceſs to Malmeſbury, and other Latin chroniclers, he might take many particulars from Hollinſhed, who has tranſlated them. The names of the *Norman* warriors he might find in Fuller's "Church Hiſtory." He had but few *Saxon* names to which he might refer; of the *Normans*, he had a liſt of eight hundred. He borrowed his Homeric images from the verſions of Chapman and Pope, in the latter of which he found theſe alluſions dreſſed out in all the ſplendid ornaments of the eighteenth century. The prolix circumſtantial compariſon, which did not exiſt in the fifteenth century, but was imported into our poetry by Spenſer, affords a proof, excluding all impoſition, that the *Battle of Haſtings* is the forgery of Chatterton.

The interlude of the *Tournament* has ſome beautiful and nervous lines: particularly the deſcription of *Battayle* and *Pleaſure*, in the *chorus of Minſtrelles*, that opens with—*When Battayle, meſthynge, &c.* Compare this with Collins's "Ode to Mercy," and the marks of imitation will be ſufficiently evident.

The *Briſtowe Tragedy*, or the *Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin*, has little but its pathetic ſimplicity to recommend it. It has nothing ingenious in the plot, or ſtriking in the execution. It is, however, clear and intelligible; and ranks with the beſt imitations of the ancient tragic ballad.

The *Eclogues* are not inferior to the beſt compoſitions of that kind, either ancient or modern. The *firſt* paſtoral bears a remote reſemblance to the firſt eclogue of Virgil, and contains a beautiful and pathetic picture of the ſtate of England during the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter. The thoughts and images are all truly paſtoral; and it is impoſſible to read it without expe-

riencing thoſe lively, yet melancholy feelings, which a true delineation of nature alone can inſpire. The *ſecond* paſtoral is an eulogium on the actions of Richard I. in the Holy Land. It is ſuppoſed to be ſung by a young ſhepherd, whoſe father is abſent in the Holy War; and the burden is happily imagined.

Sprytes of the bleſt, and every ſeyncte ydedde,
Pour out your pleaſaunce on my fadre's hedde.

Before he has concluded his ſong, he is cheered by the ſight of the veſſel, in which his father returns victorious. The *third* paſtoral is chiefly to be admired for its excellent morality. It is, however, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry. The laſt of theſe paſtorals, called *Elinoure and Juga*, is one of the fineſt pathetic tales in our language. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers ſlain in the wars of York and Lancaſter, was one of the happieſt ſubjects that could be choſen for a tragic paſtoral. The beautiful ſtanza beginning *No moe the miſkynette ſhall wake the morne*, ſeems to be an imitation of a ſtanza in Gray's "Elegy."

The *Songe to Ælla* is an admirable ſpecimen of his abilities in lyric compoſition. The following ſtanza is eminently beautiful.

O thou, where'er (thie bones att reſtē)
Thye ſpryte to haunte delyghteth beſte,
Whether uponne the bloud embrewed pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennſt from farre
The dyſmal crye of warre,
Orr ſeeſt ſomme mountain made of corſe of ſleyne.

Thoſe who can ſuppoſe that this ſtanza was written in the fifteenth century, muſt be very little acquainted with the ſtyle and manner of our poetry in that period. Only change the orthography, and it is perfectly modern.

O thou, where'er (thy bones at reſt)
Thy ſprite to haunt delighteth beſt,
Whether upon the blood embrued plain,
Or where thou kenn'ſt from far
The diſmal cry of war,
Or ſeeſt ſome mountain made of corpſe of ſlain.

The original MS. is written in long lines, like a proſe compoſition, as was uſual three hundred years ago, when parchment was ſcarce; but it was ſurely leſs difficult to write it on parchment, in "lines not kept diſtinct in the manner of proſe," than to be the author of it.

The *Balade of Charitie* is an imitation of the moſt beautiful and affecting of our Saviour's parables, the good Samaritan. The poetical deſcriptions are truly picturesque. We feel the horror of the dark cold night; we ſee the *big drops fall*, and the *full flocks driving o'er the plain*; the welkin *opens*, and *the yellow lightning flies; the thunder's rattling ſound moves ſlowly on, and, ſwelling, burſts into a violent craſh, ſhakes the high ſpire*, &c. The note which accompanied this paſtoral to the publiſher of the "Town and Country Magazine," is dated Briſtol, July 4. 1770, only a month before his death. "If the gloſſary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, *the ſentiment, deſcription, and verſification, are highly deſerving the attention of the literati.*" In addition to the internal proofs that it was a compoſition of the day, the following ſtanza, in which he alludes to his own deſerted ſituation, carries melancholy conviction to the mind that it was the compoſition of Chatterton.

Look in his glommed face, his ſprighte there ſcanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haſte to thie church-glebe-houſe, aſshrewed manne!
Haſte to thie kiſte, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love amonge highe elves;
Knightis and *Barons* live for pleaſure and themſelves.

The ſmaller pieces are not without merit. There is much elegant ſatire in the two *Epiſtles to Canynge* prefixed to *Ælla*; and ſome ſtrokes of pleaſantry in the *Storie of Canynge*.

The poems contained in the *Miſcellanies* and *Supplement*, acknowledged by Chatterton to be his own compoſition, have been thought inferior to thoſe which he produced as written by Rowley. If there is any inequality, at leaſt the ſame hand appears in both. Imagination in a young mind is not always juſt. Rowley has his faults as well as Chatterton; but both collections contain an imagery of the ſame ſort. If ſome of Chatterton's avowed pieces are ſcarcely to be inſpected with all the

severity of criticism, it should be remembered, that the poems attributed to Rowley are by no means uniformly excellent. It should also be remembered, that Chatterton lavished all his powers on the counterfeit Rowley, with whom he intended to astonish or deceive the world; that the pieces he produced as written by him, were composed with one uniform object in view, and in a state of leisure and repose. "In his own character," says Mr. Croft, "he painted for booksellers and bread, in Rowley's for fame and eternity." Considerable allowance ought to be made for the exercises of his infantine years; for the incorrect effusions of momentary resentment; for a few lines thrown together in a playful mood to please an illiterate female, or to amuse a schoolfellow, and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, constructed for a magazine, and calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence.

His *Miscellanies* contain the same even and flowing versification as the others, the same strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and, in general, display the same premature abilities. "Nothing in Chatterton," says Lord Orford, "can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it affected most, to be a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed."

In the *Elegy on Thomas Phillips, of Fairford*, probably his old master, there are some descriptive stanzas not unworthy of the author of *Ælla*, and the incomparable chorus of *Goddwyn*.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue:

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew, &c.

That he was capable of writing on a religious subject, with great appearance of devotion, is evident from his *Ode on Resignation*, first published in "Love and Madness," in which we scarcely know, whether most to admire the piety of the sentiments, or the beauty of the poetry. The last stanza is eminently beautiful.

His *African Eclogues*, though unconnected and unequal, contain some excellent lines; the following occur almost at the beginning of the first, and are animated, expressive, and harmonious:

High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung;
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance;
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind.

The simile in the second eclogue, beginning, *So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep, &c.*, is not perfectly correct; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination.

Of the poem *On Happiness*, inserted in "Love and Madness," Mr. Croft tells us, "that Catcott, talking one day with Chatterton about happiness, Chatterton said, he had never yet thought on the subject; but that he would. The *next day* he brought Catcott these lines, and told him they contained his creed of happiness." The poem, consisting of upwards of a hundred lines, is undoubtedly irreligious; but it bears the strongest marks of genius, sagacity, and acuteness, and convinces us of the great extent and variety of his abilities.

The poem, called *Apostate Will*, written when he was eleven years and almost five months old, appears to have been aimed at somebody who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted in the Established Church. It shews the early turn and bent of his genius to satire, which was

his fort, if any thing can be called his fort, who excelled in every thing he undertook; and that he was then no ſtranger to the works of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, which were probably among the books of divinity, mentioned in his ſiſter's letter.

The *Conſuliad*, a political piece, written at Briſtol, and in the higheſt ſtrain of party ſcurrility, has ſome ſtrokes of ſatire in a ſuperior ſtyle. The introductory lines are animated and poetical. The *Prophecy*, written apparently a ſhort time after, is in the beſt ſtyle of Swift, and appears to be the genuine effuſion of that enthuſiaſtic love of liberty, which generally takes poſſeſſion of young and ſanguine diſpoſitions.

The ſatire of Chatterton has the poignancy and ſometimes the coarſeneſs of Churchill. Dryden and Pope ſeem to have been his models for verſification; but he has more of the luxuriance, fluency, and negligence of Dryden, than of the terſeneſs and refinement of Pope.

In his *Saxon Poems*, written in the ſtyle of Oſſian, he has not improved upon an indifferent model. They are full of wild imagery and inconſiſtent metaphor, with little either of plot or of character to recommend them.

Of the proſe compoſitions of Chatterton, the *Adventures of a Star*, the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, the *Hunter of Oddities*, *Tony Selwood's Letter*, &c. diſplay conſiderable knowledge of what is called the town, and demonſtrate the keenneſs of his obſervation, and his quickneſs in acquiring any branch of knowledge, or in adapting himſelf to any ſituation. A conſiderable fund of reading in Magazines, Reviews, &c. which Mr. Warton obſerves, "form the *ſchool of the people*," had prepared him well to exerciſe the profeſſion of a periodical writer.

Antiquities, however, conſtituted his favourite ſtudy, and in them his genius always appears to the greateſt advantage; even the moſt humorous of his pieces, *Tony Selwood's Letter*, derives its principal excellence from his knowledge of ancient cuſtoms. In the *Chriſtmas Games*, which are acknowledged to be his own, and in his *Eſſay on Sculpture*, there is much of that peculiar learning in Britiſh antiquities, which was neceſſary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems. His *Will*, written before he left Briſtol, throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old Engliſh writers, and his capability of underſtanding and imitating old French and Latin inſcriptions, not indeed grammatically, but ſufficient to anſwer the purpoſes to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing, it appears, that he would not allow David to have been a holy man, from the ſtrains of piety and devotion in his Pſalms, becauſe *a great genius can affect any thing*, that is, *aſſume* any *character* and *mode of writing* he pleaſes. This is an anſwer from Chatterton himſelf, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in ſupport of the authenticity of Rowley's poems. The pieces ſigned *Aſaphides*, do not appear to be Chatterton's. He almoſt always ſigned himſelf *D. B.*, the initials of his firſt Latin ſignature, *Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis*. The ſtory of *Maria Friendleſs*, which Chatterton himſelf ſent to the "Town and Country Magazine," probably for the ſake of obtaining an immediate and neceſſary ſupply of money, is almoſt a literal tranſcript of the Letter of Miſella in the "Rambler."

So verſatile, ſo extenſive, ſo commanding was his genius, that he forged *hiſtory*, *architecture*, and *heraldry*. He wrote alſo a *Manks Tragedy*, which, if his forgeries had met with a more favourable reception than they did, he would doubtleſs have produced as an ancient compoſition. With the ardour of true genius, he aſpired

> ——————— petere inde coronam,
> Unde prius nulli velarint tempora muſæ.

The reputation of Chatterton does not reſt ſolely on thoſe works which he acknowledged as his own. His faireſt claim to immortality is founded on the poems attributed to Rowley, which it ſeems now to be generally acknowledged were really of his own compoſition. The controverſy which their publication excited is brought to an iſſue. The generality of the learned, ſince they were put in the plain track of inquiry, have acquieſced in the deciſion of the advocates for Chatterton's title. The conſcious ſilence of the defenders of their antiquity ſufficiently ſhows that little can be oppoſed to the proofs brought in ſupport of his title to them.

A ſtate of the controverſy, which, both on account of its novelty and its merit, is the moſt curious and extraordinary, which, ſince the days of Bentley and Boyle, has divided the literary world, claims a place in the life of Chatterton; and the reader will not be inclined to conſider it as unimportant,

nor deem it unworthy of ſuch particular and elaborate diſcuſſion, when he peruſes a liſt of the publications on both ſides, and perceives that it has been honoured with the attention of gentlemen of the firſt erudition in the republic of letters, and reflects, that its determination affects not only the reputation of Chatterton, but "the great lines of the hiſtory of Engliſh poetry."

On the ſide of the queſtion which aſſerts the authenticity of the poems, are the names of Langhorne (Monthly Review, 1777), Milles (Commentary, &c. 1782), Bryant (Obſervations, &c. 1782), Greene (Strictures on Malone, Warton, &c. 1782), Matthias (Eſſay on the Evidence, &c. 1783), and the author of "Obſervations on Rowley, and Remarks on Tyrwhitt's Appendix" (1782). The "Gentleman's Magazine" (1777) was on the ſame ſide. The "Critical Review" (1777) gave extracts, but no opinion. Dr. Gregory (Life of Chatterton, 1789) gives an abſtract of the arguments on both ſides, but no verdict of his own. He leans to the ſame ſide; but his candour and modeſty exempt him from being conſidered as a partizan.

The publications of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant have been juſtly conſidered, not only as the moſt voluminous, but as the firſt, in point of learning and ingenuity, on this ſide of the queſtion. Langhorne himſelf, a poet, "on firſt opening the poems," concluded "that they were *mock ruins*." Upon the teſtimony of Mr. Catcott, &c. he pronounced them "the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and interpolations by Chatterton." Mr. Matthias has delineated the leading objects of the controverſy with great accuracy, perſpicuity, and elegance. Though he himſelf eſpouſes the authenticity of the poems, yet his book, having ſo ſtrongly and faithfully repreſented the arguments on the other ſide of the queſtion, is more calculated to overthrow than to confirm his own opinion. The objection is too forcible for the anſwer.

The arguments which the advocates of Rowley advance, are the aſſeverations of Chatterton, whom they themſelves calumniate as "unprincipled," and who indeed contradicted himſelf in the very outſet of his adventure; the teſtimonies of his friends, who thought him incapable of writing the poems; partial quotations from the poems, for a diſplay of antiquated words and obſcure expreſſions; quotations ſtill more partial, from one or two old Engliſh poets, in order to ſhow how *poſſible* it was for them to produce, now and then, an harmonious coincidence of words; and the incompetency of Chatterton, both as to his genius and acquired knowledge, to this literary fraud

"They who are willing," ſays Dr. Milles, "to think Chatterton's time and abilities equal to all that is attributed to him, muſt conſider the great compaſs and variety of knowledge neceſſary to qualify him for ſo extenſive a forgery. He muſt have been converſant, to a certain degree, with the language of our ancient poets, with the meaning and inflexion of their words, and with the rules of grammar which they obſerved. He muſt have formed a vocabulary from their books, which muſt have been previouſly read and underſtood by him, as the groundwork of his imitation, and undoubtedly the moſt difficult part of the undertaking."

To the truth of theſe obſervations, an advocate for Chatterton may in a great degree ſubſcribe, without being convinced that he was unequal to the taſk in queſtion. Chatterton was an extraordinary inſtance of prematurity of abilities, ſuch as Wotton, Barretier, Pſalmanazar, Crichton, Servin, &c. Common gloſſaries and dictionaries, Speght, Kerſey, Bailey, &c. furniſhed him with moſt of the obſolete terms which he has introduced, and common hiſtories, Geoffry of Monmouth, Holinſhed, Fox, Fuller, Camden, &c. with moſt of the facts he has alluded to.

The leading object of Mr. Bryant's work is to prove, that Chatterton could not have been the author of the poems; becauſe, in a variety of inſtances, he appeared not to underſtand them. There is ſomething ſpecious in this plea; but the learned writer has egregiouſly failed in his proofs. He has invented "meanings never meant," and diſcovered alluſions never intended; and, deluded by his own fancy, has made the moſt whimſical hypotheſes the ground of his argument; ſo that, becauſe Chatterton did not anticipate his conjectures, he muſt be ignorant of Rowley's meaning! This is to make the error, in order to correct it. Chatterton undoubtedly miſtook the meaning of ſeveral words; but the miſtake equally concerns the poet and the gloſſariſt. Mr. Bryant would confine every miſtake, both as to words and things, to the laſt; and produces a liſt of upwards of fifty terms to "demonſtrate" his propoſition; but his reaſonings, in almoſt every inſtance, are futile, and his inferences forced and unnatural. Speght, Kerſey, and Bailey, in whom Chatterton confided, will explain the whole.

The obſervations of Mr. Matthias on the *power of genius*, and what he calls the *capability* of the Engliſh language, carry little force or conviction with them. His example is Homer. The caſe of Rowley and Homer is exceedingly different. We have real ground to proceed on when we ſpeak

of the poetry of Rowley's age; but nothing better than imaginary, when ſpeaking of the age of Homer. The ancients were convinced that Homer had ſome models to guide him; and it is highly reaſonable to ſuppoſe it. But the point in diſpute is not, whether Rowley might not have been *ſuperior* to every other poet of his day, but whether there is any ground in reaſon to ſuppoſe, or whether experience will warrant the ſuppoſition, that he ſhould be *eſſentially* and almoſt totally *different* in language, in mode of compoſition, in harmony, in metre, in alluſions, in references, in obſervations, in ſentiment, and in every thing that falls within the compaſs of what is called taſte, from not only a few, but from *all* the writers of his own and of every preceding age? The defenders of Rowley muſt aſſent to this propoſition in its fulleſt extent; a propoſition to which the mind almoſt inſtinctively revolts, and which the experience of mankind univerſally contradicts.

Among the advocates of Chatterton, are the names of Tyrwhitt (Appendix to the octavo edition of Rowley, 1777, and Vindication of the Appendix, 1782), Croft (Love and Madneſs, 1780), Scott (Gentleman's Magazine, 1777, and Poetical Works, 1782), the Earl of Orford (Two Letters printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779), Badcock (Monthly Review, 1782), Warton (Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry, vol. 2. and Inquiry, &c. 1782). Malone (Curſory Obſervations, 1782); Gray, Maſon, Hayley, Pye, Preſton, Percy, Mickle, Headley, Johnſon, Knox, Dyer, &c. The "Critical Review" (1782), and "Gentleman's Magazine" (1782), joined the party, which denies the authenticity of the poems.

The publications of Mr. Warton, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, and the maſterly critique of Mr. Badcock, have deſervedly been conſidered as the firſt, in point of conſequence, on this ſide of the queſtion, and indeed deciſive of the controverſy.

"Inſignificant as it may ſeem," ſays Mr. Warton, "the determination of this queſtion AFFECTS THE GREAT LINES OF THE HISTORY OF POETRY, AND EVEN OF GENERAL LITERATURE." If it ſhould at laſt be decided, that theſe poems were really written ſo early as the reign of King Edward IV., the entire ſyſtem that hath been framed concerning the prepoſſeſſion of poetical compoſition, and every theory that has been eſtabliſhed on the gradual improvement of taſte, ſtyle, and language, will be ſhaken and diſarranged."

The firſt ſerious objection which occurs, againſt the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, the *Challenge to Lydgate*, the *Songe to Ælla*, and *Lydgate's Anſwer*, contained in one parchment, and the account of *W. Canynge's Feaſt*, the Epitaph on Robert Canynge, and part of the *Story of W. Canynge*; the whole not containing more than 124 verſes. If he *had* been in poſſeſſion of the original MSS. of *Ælla*, *Battle of Haſtings*, &c. what ſhould have hindered his producing them? If he wiſhed to give credit to his pretenſions, how could he better have effected his purpoſe than by ſhowing his originals? What *could* have been his motive for deſtroying them, upon the ſuppoſition of his having poſſeſſed them? This queſtion was never anſwered. The fact was, Chatterton confined his attempts at forging MSS. to ſmaller pieces; but in theſe he failed. How much more would he have failed in poems of any conſiderable length? The attempt was too daring even for his adventurous pen.

The firſt parchment, containing 66 verſes, has ſince been loſt; but there can be no difficulty in pronouncing it a forgery, as the correſpondence itſelf, between *Lydgate* and the ſuppoſed Rowley, is plainly fictitious. Dr. Milles ſays, "that the hand in which the ſtory of Canynge is written, is ſomewhat different from the *Account of Canynge's Feaſt*;" and Mr. Tyrwhitt adds, "that the hand in which the *Epitaph on Robert Canynge* is written, differs entirely from both." They could not both, therefore, have been written by Rowley. The archetype of the *fac ſimile* of *Canynge's Feaſt* is evidently a forgery. It contains no ſpecies of handwriting that ever exiſted in any age, and could only have been read by the perſon who wrote it.

The very exiſtence of any ſuch perſon as Rowley is queſtioned, and upon good grounds. He is not ſo much as noticed by William of Wyrceſtre, who lived about the ſuppoſed time of Rowley, was himſelf of Briſtol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. "Bale," ſays Lord Orford, "who lived near two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied induſtry, dug a thouſand bad authors out of obſcurity," has never taken the leaſt notice of ſuch a perſon; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works ſhould exiſt, but thoſe depoſited in Redcliffe church, is alſo an unaccountable circumſtance not eaſy to be ſurmounted. The manner in which they are ſaid to have been preſerved is improbable. That title deeds, relating to the church, or even hiſtorical records, might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church, is ſufficiently probable; but that *poems* ſhould have been conſigned

to a cheſt with ſix keys, kept in a private room, with title deeds and conveyances, and that theſe keys ſhould be intruſted, not to the heads of a college or any literary ſociety, but to aldermen and church-wardens, is a ſuppoſition replete with abſurdity; and the improbability is increaſed, when we conſider, that theſe very papers paſſed through the hands of perſons of ſome literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taſte for poetry, and yet without the leaſt diſcovery of their intrinſic value.

No writings, or cheſt, depoſited in Redcliffe church, are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inſpected; nor any books, except two, called "Ligers cum integra legenda," which he leaves to be uſed occaſionally in the choir, by the two chaplains eſtabliſhed by him.

To account for Chatterton's extenſive acquaintance with old books, out of the line of common reading, Mr. Warton obſerves, that the *Old Library* at Briſtol, was, during his lifetime, of univerſal acceſs, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott, who wrote on the "Deluge," the brother of Mr. George Catcott the pewterer. He adds, that Mr. Catcott, the clergyman, always looked on Chatterton's pretenſions with ſuſpicion, and regarded the poems, which he attributed to Rowley, as the ſpurious productions of his own pen.

Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c. as far as it is countenanced by William of Wyrceſtre (that is, as far as it reſpects his taking orders, and paying a fine to the king,, may be found in the epitaph on *Maſter Canynge*, ſtill remaining to be read by every perſon, both in Latin and Engliſh, in Redcliffe Church, which indeed appears to be the authority that William of Wyrceſtre himſelf has followed.

Chatterton's account alſo of Redcliffe ſteeple, is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, publiſhed in 1746, by one John Halfpenny, "in which," ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, "was recounted the ruin of the ſteeple in 1446, by a tempeſt and fire."

As to the old vellum, or parchment on which Chatterton tranſcribed his fragments, Mr. Malone obſerves, that "at the bottom of each ſheet of old deeds (of which there were many in the Briſtol cheſt), there is uſually a blank ſpace of about four or five inches in breadth;" and this exactly agrees with the ſhape and ſize of the longeſt fragment which he has exhibited, viz. eight and a half inches long, and four and a half broad. Mr. Ruddall atteſts that Chatterton practiſed experiments to give the ink and parchments which he produced the colour and the ſtain of antiquity.

In point of *ſtyle*, *compoſition*, *ſentiment*, and *verſification*, the poems of Rowley are infinitely ſuperior to every other production of the century which is ſaid to have produced them.

It was eaſy for Chatterton to copy ancient *words*, but it was by no means ſo eaſy for him to copy ancient *ſtyle*. Here lies the mean defect in the impoſition; and by *this*, and *this* alone, the controverſy may be fairly decided to the ſatisfaction of every perſon of taſte and judgment. The old words thickly laid on, form an antique cruſt on the language, which at firſt view impoſes on the view; but which, on examination, appears not to belong originally to it. It was put on the better to cover the impoſition; but like moſt impoſitions, it is overloaded with diſguiſe, and diſcovers itſelf by the very means which were deſigned to hide it. The *language* is too ancient for the date of the poems. It is only neceſſary to refer the reader to the "Paſton Letters," publiſhed by Sir John Fenn, to the "Nut-brown Maid," to the "Prophecies," printed at London in 1533, all works coeval with the ſuppoſed Rowley, to convince him that the language was at that time completely different from Chatterton's forgery. The papers of ſtate in the reign of Henry VI. are as modern and good Engliſh as thoſe of Henry VIII. It is not the language of any particular period, or particular province. The words are Saxon and Anglo-Saxon, and Scottiſh and Engliſh. We have provincial terms of the north and of the ſouth; we have Chaucer, and Pope, and Skelton, and Gray, and that frequently within the ſhort compaſs of a ſingle verſe. The diction and verſification are at perpetual variance. He borrowed his ancient language, not from the uſage of common life, but from lexicographers, and copied their miſtakes. He has even introduced words which never made a part of the Engliſh language, and which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or miſtake.

The *ſtyle* is evidently modern. Our old Engliſh poets are minute and particular; they do not deal in abſtraction and general exhibition, but even in the courſe of narration or deſcription dwell on realities. But the counterfeit Rowley adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of telling a fact, and too frequently falls into metaphor, metaphyſical imagery, and incidental perſonification. The poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abound in unnatural conceptions, ſtrange imaginations, capricious extravagancies, and even the moſt ridiculous inconſiſtencies. But Rowley's poems

preſent us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, conſtitutions, uſages, and characters. They contain no violent or groſs improprieties. One of the ſtriking characteriſtics of old Engliſh poetry is a continued tenor of diſparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant deſcriptions, ornamental images, &c. bear no proportion to pages of langour and mediocrity, affected conceits of expreſſion, dull and trite reflections, or tedious and unadorned narratives. The poems of Rowley are uniformly good. They are the productions, not only of genius but of taſte; a taſte which could not poſſibly have been acquired on a ſudden, or by any ſpontaneous efforts, or by a penetration or feeling which anticipated the improvements of a poliſhed age, but by an intimate acquaintance with the manners and ſentiments of the preſent times, and a diligent ſtudy of the beſt productions of our modern poets.

" Theſe poems exhibit," ſays Mr. Warton, " both in connection of words and ſentences, a facility of combination, a quickneſs of tranſition, a rapidity of apoſtrophe, a frequent variation of force and phraſe, and a firmneſs of contexture, which muſt have been the reſult of a long eſtabliſhment of the arts and habits of writing. The verſification is equally vigorous and harmonious, and is formed on a general elegance and ſtability of expreſſion. It is remarkable, that whole ſtanzas ſparkle with that brilliancy which did not appear in our poetry, till towards the middle of the preſent century. The lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the ſophiſtications of poetical ſtyle belonging to thoſe models, which were popular when Chatterton began to write verſes."

" If a modern corrector," he adds, " has been at work, he has apparently been ſo very buſy, as to leave but little or none of the original. His file has worn what it poliſhed. If the poetry before us ſhould have been only corrected or interpolated by parts, I believe there will be no difficulty in drawing the line of diſtinction between the reſpective property of Rowley and Chatterton; for ſuch corrections and interpolations appear to conſiſt, not only in words and hemiſtics, but in a ſuite of ſtanzas, in pages of conſiderable length, and ſuch as have been the favourite of the public, and have been diſtinguiſhed for their poetical beauties."

There appears in theſe poems none of that *learning* which peculiarly marks all the compoſitions of the fifteenth century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and claſſical alluſions, knight-errantry and ancient hiſtory, ſculpture, and romance, religion, and chivalry. Ovid and St. Auſtin are ſometimes cited in the ſame line. A ſtudious eccleſiaſtic of that period would give us a variety of uſeleſs authorities from Ariſtotle, from Boethius, and from the fathers; and the whole would have been interſperſed with alluſions to the old romances: The round table, with Sir Launcelot, and Sir Triſtram, and Charlemagne would have been conſtantly cited. Poems from ſuch an author would have occaſionally exhibited prolix devotional epiſodes, mingled with texts of ſcripture, and addreſs to the ſaints and Bleſſed Virgin, inſtead of apoſtrophes to ſuch allegorical divinities, as Truth, and Content, and others of Pagan original.

The *metre* of the old Engliſh poetry is totally different from that of Rowley. The ſtanza in which the majority of theſe poems are written, conſiſts of ten lines, the two firſt quatrains of which rhyme alternately, and it cloſes with an Alexandrine: no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate, or Gower. Spenſer extended the *octava rima* of Chaucer to nine lines, cloſing with an Alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth. This laſt, of which examples have been multiplied, was Chatterton's model. Mr. Warton obſerves, that *the unvaried and habitual exactneſs of the modulation of the final Alexandrine*, in the poems of Rowley, excludes their claim to antiquity. " Had the ſuppoſed Rowley," he adds, " written Alexandrines, he would not have exceeded Spenſer and equalled Dryden in the muſic of verſification."

Notwithſtanding the affectation of ancient language, the tinſel of *modern phraſeology* may, in too many inſtances, be detected. Such phraſes as *puerilitie; before* his *optics; blameleſs* tongue; the auncthoure of the *piece;* veſſel wreckt upon the *tragic* ſand; *proto-ſleyne*, &c. could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find alſo a number of modern formularies and combinations, " ſyſters in ſorrow;" " Ah, what availde," " Oh, thou, whate'er thie name," &c. with a number of compound epithets, ſuch as, *guile-depeynted; nome-depeynted, bladde-ſteyned; ſwift-herved: gore-red; ſuper-hallie*, &c. and other terms of expreſſion and alluſions evidently modern.

To theſe may be added ſome *anachroniſms*, ſuch as the art of *knitting ſloclings*, alluded to in the tragedy of *Ælla*, which was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV. and a great variety of *particular* and *appropriate imitations* of modern poets. Such coincidences as the following are ſo palpable,

that it ſeems to be out of the power of prejudice itſelf to evade the inference which ariſes from them.

O for a muſe of fire! *Shak. Hen. V.*

O forr a ſpryte al feere! *Ælla.*

His beard all white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole. *Hamlet.*

Blacke his cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte his rode as the ſommer ſnowe. *Ælla.*

And tears began to flow. *Dryd. Alex. Feaſt.*

And teares beganne to flowe. *Syr C. Bawdin.*

No, no he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

Mie love is dedde,
Gone to his deathe-bedde. *Ælla.*

Unhouſell'd, unanointed, *unaknell'd.* *Hamlet, Pope's Edit*

Unhurled, undelyvre, unſpryte. *Goddwyn.*

Their ſouls from corpſes *unaknell'd* depart. *Bat. of Haſt. p. 1.*

The gray gooſe wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet. *Chevy Chaſe.*

The *gray-gooſe* pyneon that thereon was ſett,
Eftſoons wyth ſmoking *crymſon bloud was wett.* *Bat. of Haſt.*

With ſuch a force and vehement might,
He did his body gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide,
A large cloth yard and more. *Chevy Chaſe.*

With thilk a force it did his body gore,
That in his tender guts it entered,
In veritie *a full cloth-yard or more.* *Bat. of Haſt.*

Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night. *Gray's Bard.*

He clos'd his eyne in everlaſtynge nyghte. *Bat. of Haſt.*

Of the *forms of compoſition* adopted by the ſuppoſed Rowley, ſuch as *Odes*, *Eclogues*, *Diſcourſing Tragedies*, &c. not one example could be found in England in the fifteenth century. Plays, if any exiſted, were nothing more than a ballad, or ſolitary recital, without plot or dialogue, and incapable of repreſentation.

The ſimilarity of manner, language, verſification, &c. in the poems ſaid to have been written by *Canynge*, *Sir Thybbot Gorges*, *John Iſcam*, and *John*, Abbot of St. Auguſtine, who is ſaid to have died in 1215, is an objection to their authenticity. If Rowley poſſeſſed a talent of writing melodiouſly, unknown to his contemporaries, it is not eaſy to conceive how he could communicate to his friends the ſame miraculous endowment. All Rowley's friends write with his ſpirit; their lines are equally harmonious, and the verſification has the ſame ſuſpicious caſt of modern manufacture. *Sir Thybbot Gorges* ſings with the eaſe and airineſs of a poet, who has only antiquity in the ſpelling of his name.

Mie huſbande, Lord Thomas, a forreſter boulde,
As ever clove pynne or the baſkette, &c.

Dynge Maiſtre Canynge is a poet ſo much like the *gode prieſte*, that Dr. Milles, like a true commentator, ſuppoſes, that "Rowley *might* give his friend and patron the credit of the performance." The ſame pen undoubtedly produced what is called *Canynge's*, &c. as well as what is called Rowley's; but that pen was Chatterton's.

Such is the concluſion which the preſent writer has formed, from an examination of the arguments on both ſides of this curious literary queſtion. He heſitates not to declare, that his opinion reſpecting the authenticity of the poems is on the ſide of thoſe who ſupport the title of Chatterton. Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhitt have convicted them of being ſpurious, by technical criterions. He eſteemed it, therefore, a part of his duty to arrange them with the compoſitions of a modern era. But, though he cannot entertain a doubt but that they were written by Chatterton, yet he means

not to dictate to others. He has expreſſed his diſſent from the opinion of thoſe who defend their authenticity, without being influenced by the authority of names. He has ſtated his obſervations as they roſe in his mind, from a conſideration of the facts, without being influenced by the force of ridicule. He has expreſſed his feelings as thoſe of a reader, who, though he reſpects the ſtudy of antiquities, diſlikes the blind prejudices of the mere antiquary. It was impoſſible for him to peruſe a ſtate of this controverſy, without ſmiling at the deluſion and gravity of thoſe learned gentlemen, who have all their lives dealt in uncouth lore, and not in our claſſic authors, nor have perceived that taſte had not developed itſelf in the reign of Edward IV. The queſtion, in his opinion, is as much a matter of taſte as it is of learning, and is more to be decided by internal evidence than by external facts. The man of *taſte*, who has a moderate at leaſt, if not a critical knowledge of the compoſitions of our poets from Chaucer to Pope, *feels* every argument on this head to be deciſive, by an emotion which is ſuperior to all laboured reaſonings, but which, nevertheleſs, every reaſon and every examination, ſtill more ſtrongly ſerve to ſupport. It is the taſte in the poems of the ſuppoſed Rowley that will for ever exclude them from belonging to the period in which, it is ſaid, they were written. Superiority of genius could not poſſibly have produced any thing ſo perfect and refined, in language, ſtructure, and ſentiment, as thoſe poems, by any native effort of its own, unaſſiſted by preceding improvements, and independent of all models; for poetry, like other branches of literature and ſcience, has its gradual acceſſions, is influenced by the condition of ſociety, aſſumes accidental and arbitrary forms, and is ſubject to new and peculiar modifications.

"It is not," ſays Dr. Warton, "from the complexion of ink or of parchment, from the information of contemporaries, the tales of relations, the recollection of apprentices, and the prejudices of friends, nor even from Doomſday Book, pedigrees in the heralds office, armorial bearings, parliamentary rolls, inquiſitions, indentures, epiſcopal regiſters, epitaphs, tomb-ſtones, and braſs-plates, that this controverſy is to be finally and effectually adjuſted. Our argument ſhould be drawn from principles of taſte, from analogical experimens, from a familiarity with ancient poetry, and from the gradations of compoſition. Such a proof, excluding all impoſition, liable to no deception, and proceeding upon abſtracted truth, will be the ſureſt demonſtration. A man furniſhed with a juſt portion of critical diſcernment, and in the mean time totally unacquainted with the hiſtory of theſe poems, is ſufficiently, perhaps moſt properly, qualified to judge of their authenticity. To ſuch a perſon, unprepared and unprejudiced as he is by any previous intelligence, and a ſtranger to facts, let the poems be ſhown. I can eaſily conceive to which ſide of the queſtion he will incline. Nor will he afterwards ſuffer his opinion to be influenced by reports. External arguments, ſuch at leaſt as have hitherto appeared, may be uſeful, but they are not neceſſary. They will hang out lights ſometimes falſe, and frequently feeble. In the preſent caſe, external arguments have ſeldom ſerved to any other purpoſe than to embaraſs our reaſoning, to miſlead the inquiſitive, and to amuſe the ignorant."

At the ſhrine of Chatterton ſome grateful incenſe has been offered by the moſt elegant and pathetic poets of our nation. Mr. Pye, the preſent poet laureat, thus ſpeaks of Chatterton, in his elegant and claſſical poem on the "Progreſs of Refinement."

Yet as with ſtreaming eye the ſorrowing muſe
Pale *Chatterton's* untimely urn bedews,
Her accents ſhall arraign the partial care
That ſhielded not her ſon from cold deſpair.

Mr. Preſton, an elegant poet of a neighbouring kingdom, has diſtinguiſhed Chatterton among the "martyrs of the lyre," in his pathetic "Epiſtle to a Young Gentleman, on his having addicted himſelf to the Study of Poetry."

Behold yon ſhade! he bears an antique roll,
With many a ſcutcheon clad and many a ſcroll!
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of *Briſtowe's* plain,
Who pour'd in *Rowley's* garb his ſolemn ſtrain;
A ſtripling ſcarcely, and yet more than man;
His race was ended ere it well began.
Th' indignant ſpirit tower'd o'er little men;
He look'd through nature with an angel's ken,
And ſcorn'd with conſcious pride this petty ſtage,
The tardy homage of a thankleſs age.
The furies wrung his agonizing ſoul,
And deſperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

The following lines in Mr. Hayley's excellent "Eſſay on Epic Poetry" are uncommonly animated and poetical.

If changing times ſuggeſt the pleaſing hope
That bards no more with adverſe fortune cope;
That in this alter'd clime, where arts increaſe,
And make our poliſh'd iſle a ſecond Greece;
That now, if poeſy proclaims her ſon,
And challenges the wreath by fancy won;
Both fame and wealth adopt him as their heir,
And liberal grandeur makes his life her care;
From ſuch vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,
And look on *Chatterton's* diſaſtrous end.
Oh, ill-ſtarr'd youth, whom nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' ſplendid height to reign!
O dread example of what pangs await
Young genius ſtruggling with malignant fate!
What could the muſe, who fir'd thy infant frame,
With the rich promiſe of poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the inſolence of critic pride;
What could her unavailing cares oppoſe,
To ſave her darling from his deſperate foes;
From preſſing want's calamitous controul,
And pride, the fever of the ardent ſoul?
Ah, ſee, too conſcious of her failing power,
She quits her nurſling in his deathful hour!
In a chill room, within whoſe wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to miſery's call;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to ſuſtain
Misfortune's waſted limbs, convuls'd with pain,
On the bare floor, with heaven-directed eyes,
The hapleſs youth in ſpeechleſs horror lies!
The pois'nous vial, by diſtraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion ſtrain'd:
Pale with life-waſting pangs, its dire effect,
And ſtung to madneſs by the world's neglect,
He, in abhorrence of the dangerous art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his harp the vain deteſted wires,
And in the frenzy of deſpair expires!

Nor have the critical writers been backward in commendation of Chatterton.

Mr. Warton ſpeaks of him as "a prodigy of genius," as "a ſingular inſtance of prematurity of abilities." He adds, that "he poſſeſſed a comprehenſion of mind, and an activity of underſtanding, which predominated over his ſituation in life, and his opportunities of inſtruction." And Mr. Malone "believes him to have been the greateſt genius that England has produced ſince the days of Shakſpeare." Dr. Gregory, to whom, in the courſe of this narrative, the preſent writer has had many obligations, ſays, "he muſt rank, as an univerſal genius, above Dryden, and perhaps only ſecond to Shakſpeare." Mr. Croft is ſtill more unqualified in his praiſes. He aſſerts, that "no ſuch human being, at any period of life, has ever been known, or poſſibly ever will be known." He runs a parallel between Chatterton and Milton; and aſſerts, "an army of Macedonian and Swediſh mad butchers indeed fly before him; nor does my memory ſupply me with any human being, who at ſuch an age, with ſuch diſadvantages, has produced ſuch compoſitions. Under the Heathen mythology, ſuperſtition and admiration would have explained all, by bringing Apollo on earth; nor would the god ever have deſcended with more credit to himſelf."

The teſtimony of Dr. Knox ("Eſſay" 144), does equal credit to the claſſical taſte and amiable benevolence of the writer, and the genius and reputation of Chatterton.

"When I read the reſearches of thoſe learned antiquaries who have endeavoured to prove that the poems atributed to Rowley were really written by him, I obſerve many ingenious remarks in confirmation of their opinion, which it would be tedious, if not difficult, to controvert; but I no ſooner turn to the poems, than the labour of the antiquaries appears only waſte of time, and I am

involuntarily forced to join in placing that laurel, which he ſeems ſo well to have deſerved, on the brow of Chatterton.

" The poems bear ſo many marks of ſuperior genius, that they have deſervedly excited the general attention of polite ſcholars, and are conſidered as the moſt remarkable productions in modern poetry. We have many inſtances of poetical eminence at an early age; but neither Cowley, Milton, nor Pope, ever produced any thing while they were boys, which can juſtly be compared to the poems of Chatterton. The learned antiquaries do not indeed diſpute their excellence. They extol it in the higheſt terms of applauſe. They raiſe their favourite Rowley to a rivalry with Homer; but they make the very merit of the works an argument againſt the real author. Is it poſſible, ſay they, that a boy could produce compoſitions ſo beautiful and ſo maſterly? That a common boy ſhould produce them is not poſſible; but that they ſhould be produced by a boy of an extraordinary genius, ſuch a genius as was that of Homer and Shakſpeare; ſuch a genius as appears not above once in many centuries; though a prodigy, is ſuch an one as by no means exceeds the bounds of rational credibility.

" That Chatterton was ſuch a genius, his manners and his life in ſome degree evince. He had all the tremulous ſenſibility of genius, all its eccentricities, all its pride, and all its ſpirit. Even his death, unfortunate and wicked as it was, diſplayed a haughtineſs of ſoul, which urged him to ſpurn a world, where even his exalted genius could not vindicate him from contempt, indigence, and contumely.

" Unfortunate boy! ſhort and evil were thy days, but thy fame ſhall be immortal. Hadſt thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius—

" Unfortunate boy! poorly waſt thou accomodated during thy ſhort ſojourning among us;—rudely waſt thou treated,—ſorely did thy feeling ſoul ſuffer from the ſcorn of the unworthy; and there are, at laſt, thoſe who wiſh to rob thee of thy only meed, thy poſthumous glory. Severe too are the cenſures on thy morals. In the gloomy moments of deſpondency, I fear thou haſt uttered impious and blaſphemous thoughts, which none can defend, and which neither thy youth, nor thy fiery ſpirit, nor thy ſituation, can excuſe. But let thy more rigid cenſors reflect, that thou waſt literally and ſtrictly but a boy. Let many of thy bittereſt enemies reflect what were their own religious principles, and whether they had any, at the age of fourteen, fifteen, and ſixteen. Surely it is a ſevere and an unjuſt ſurmiſe, that thou wouldſt probably have ended thy life as a victim of the laws, if thou hadſt not finiſhed it as thou didſt; ſince the very act by which thou durſt put an end to thy painful exiſtence, proves that thou thoughteſt it better to die, than to ſupport life by theft or violence.

" The ſpeculative errors of a boy who wrote from the ſudden ſuggeſtions of paſſion or deſpondency, who is not convicted of any immoral or diſhoneſt act in conſequence of his ſpeculations, ought to be conſigned to oblivion. But there ſeems to be a general and inveterate diſlike to the boy, excluſively of the poet; a diſlike which many will be ready to impute, and, indeed, not without the appearance of reaſon, to that inſolence and envy of the little great, which cannnot bear to acknowledge ſo tranſcendent and commanding a ſuperiority in the humble child of want and obſcurity.

" Malice, if there was any, may ſurely now be at reſt; for " Cold he lies in the grave below." But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when, ſtung with diſappointment, diſtreſſed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human miſery painted on his fine imagination, poor Chatterton ſunk in deſpair? Alas! ye knew him not then, and now it is too late,——

For now he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

So ſang the ſweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart.

" In return for the pleaſure I have received from thy poems, I pay thee, poor boy, the trifling tribute of my praiſe. Thyſelf thou haſt emblazoned; thine own monument thou haſt erected. But they whom thou haſt delighted, feel a pleaſure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction. Thy ſentiments, thy verſe, thy rhyme, all are modern, all are thine. By the help of gloſſaries and dictionaries, and the peruſal of many old Engliſh writers, thou haſt been able to tranſlate the language of the preſent time into that of former centuries. Thou haſt built an artificial

ruin. The ſtones are moſſy and old, the whole fabric appears really antique to the diſtant and the careleſs ſpectator; even the connoiſſeur, who pores with ſpectacles on the ſingle ſtones, and inſpects the moſſy concretions with an antiquarian eye, boldly authenticates its antiquity; but they who examine without prejudice, and by the criterion of common ſenſe, clearly diſcover the cement and the workmanſhip of a modern maſon."

" O! Genius," elegantly apoſtrophizes Mr. Dyer, in his humane and ſenſible " Diſſertation on Benevolence," 1795, " art thou to be envied or pitied? Doomed to form expectations the moſt ſanguine, and to meet with diſappointments the moſt mortifying? To indulge towards others the moſt generous wiſhes, to receive thyſelf the moſt illiberal treatment? To be applauded, admired, and neglected? To be a friend to all, befriended often by none? Oh, thou creative, diſcriminating power, ſource of inexpreſſible delights, and nurſe of unknown ſenſibilities, that perpetruate diſtreſs. Fancy ſhall embody thy form, and often viſit the grave of *Chatterton*, to drop the tear of ſympathy over that ingenious, unfriended, and unfortunate youth!"

PREFACE,

TO THE

First Edition, 8vo, 1777, published by THOMAS TYRWHITT, Esq.

THE poems which make the principal part of this collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of Thomas Rowley, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given, in the introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume, subjoined to this preface. Nothing more, therefore, seems necessary at present, than to inform the reader shortly of the manner in which these poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the public is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The first dis-" covery of certain MSS. having been deposited " in Redcliff church, above three centuries ago, " was made in the year 1768, at the time of " opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was ow-" ing to a publication in Farley's Weekly Jour-" nal, 1st October 1768, containing an account of " the ceremonies observed at the opening of the " old bridge, taken, as it was said, from a very " ancient MS. This excited the curiosity of some " persons to inquire after the original. The print-" er, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or " of the person who brought the copy; but, after " much inquiry, it was discovered, that the per-" son who brought the copy was a youth between " fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name " was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had " been sextons of Redcliff church for near 150 " years. His father, who was now dead, had also " been master of the free-school in Pile-street. " The young man was at first very unwilling to " discover from whence he had the original; but, " after many promises made to him, he was at " last prevailed on to acknowledge that he had " received this, together with many other MSS. " from his father, who had found them in a large " chest in an upper room over the chapel on the " north side of Redcliff church."

Soon after this, Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton; and, partly as presents, partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770, Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted), of all these productions, he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person to bear certain testimony either to his fraud, or to his veracity.

The question, therefore, concerning the authenticity of these poems, must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit, and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from ancient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected, perhaps, that the editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent reader. He had long been desirous that these poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the poems be really ancient or modern, the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton, they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL PIECES.

Eclogue the First.
Eclogue the Second.
Eclogue the Third.

These three eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to, with the following title in the first page. "Eclogues, and other poems, by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations, by Thomas Chatterton."

There is only one other poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "Goldwyn, a Tragedie."

Elinoure and Juga.

This poem is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there intituled, "Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, Secular Priest." And it has the following subscription: "D. B. Bristol, May 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the magazine.

The present editor has taken the liberty to supply (between hooks) the names of the speakers, at ver. 22. and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication, as the nature of the composition seems to require that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

Verses to Lydgate.
Songe to Ælla,
Lydgate's Answer.

These three small poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling), are set down below *.

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* *Verses to Lydgate.*
In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate.*
Ver. 2. r. *That I and thee.*
3. for *bee*, r. *goe.*
7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte.*
Songe to Ælla.
The title in the vellum MS. was simply "Songe toe Ælle," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words---"Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe yn daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.
Ver. 6. for *brastynge*, r. *burstynge.*
11. for *valyante*, r. *burlie.*
23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore.*
Lydgate's answer.
No title in the vellum MS.

The Tournament.

This poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to oure Ladie, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton, as one of Rowley's original MSS.), intituled, "Vita de Simon de Bourton;" in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation, in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

This poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edw. IV.; but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old Chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says, "*Item* the same yere (1 Edw. IV.), was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford, and behedid at Bristow."

Ælla, *a Tragycal Enterlude.*

This poem, with the epistle, letter, and entroductionne, is printed from a folio MS, furnished by Mr. Catcott; in the beginning of which he has written "Chatterton's Transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

Ver. 3. for *warses*, r. *pene.*
Antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes.*
Ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynge.*

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these poems by Chatterton, which differed from that which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate.*		
	Orig. *Lydgate.*	Chat. *Ladgate.*
Ver. 3.	Orig. *goe.*	Chat. *doe.*
7.	Orig. *wryte.*	Chat. *fyghte.*
Songe to Ælla.		
Ver. 5.	Orig. *Dacyane.*	Chat. *Dacy's.*
	Orig. *whose lockes.*	Chat. *whose bayres.*
11.	Orig. *burlie.*	Chat. *bronded.*
22.	Orig. *kennst.*	Chat. *hearst.*
23.	Orig. *honore.*	Chat. *dysmal.*
26.	Orig. *Yprauncynge.*	Chat. *frayning.*
30.	Orig. *glowe.*	Chat. *glare.*

GODDWYN, *a Tragedie.*

This fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

This poem is printed from a ſingle ſheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.

This poem is alſo printed from a ſingle ſheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was ſent to the printer of the Town and Country Magazine, with the following letter prefixed.

To the printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

" SIR,

" IF the gloſſary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, the ſentiment, deſcription, and verſification, are highly deſerving the attention of the literati."

July 4. 1770. D. B."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, *No.* 1.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, *No* 2.

In printing the firſt of theſe poems, two copies have been made uſe of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing; the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The ſecond poem is printed from a ſingle copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the poem marked No. 1. was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton, with the following title: " Battle of Haſtings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the 1'enth Century; and Tranſlated by Thomas Rowlie, Pariſh-Preeſte of St. John's, in the City of Briſtol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the Poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards preſt by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at laſt ſaid, that he wrote this poem himſelf for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley; and being then deſired to produce that other poem, he, after a conſiderable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as ver. 530. incluſive, with the following title: " Battle of Haſtyngs, by Turgotus, tranſlated by Roulie for W. Canynge, Eſq." The lines from ver. 531. incluſive, were brought ſome time after, in conſequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated ſolicitations for the concluſion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

ON THE SAME.

The firſt of theſe poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, intituled, " A Diſcorſe on Briſtowe, by Thomas Rowlie."

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

The thirty-four firſt lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, with ſome corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a proſe work attributed to Rowley; giving an account of painters, carvellers, poets, and other eminent natives of Briſtol, from the earlieſt times to his own. The reader may ſee ſeveral particulars relating to him in Cambden's Britannia, Somerſet'. Col. 95. Rymer's Fœdera, &c. ann. 1449. and 1450. Tanner's Not. Monaſt. Art. Briſtol and Weſtbury. Dugdale's Warwickſhire, p. 634.

It may be proper juſt to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1456. is called Thomas by Stowe, in his Liſt of Mayors, &c.

The tranſaction alluded to in the laſt ſtanza, is related at large in ſome proſe memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the Town and Country Magazine for November 1775. It is there ſaid, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage propoſed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain that the regiſter of the Biſhop of Worceſter, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Biſhop Carpenter, on 19th September 1467, and received the higher orders of Sub-Deacon, Deacon, and Prieſt, on the 12th of March 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April 1468, reſpectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, *by William Canynge.*

ONNE JONNE A DALBENIE, *by the ſame.*

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, *by the ſame.*

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE.

Of theſe four poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three firſt are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The laſt is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The editor has doubts about the reading of the ſecond word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *kcene*, as he found it ſo in other copies.

With reſpect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the laſt line, the name of Rowley is ſufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iſcamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of Ælla, and that of Goddwyn; and a poem, aſcribed to him, intituled, " The Merry Tricks of Laymington," is inſerted in the " Diſcorſe of Briſtowe." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family ſeated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Briſtol. See Rot. Parl. 3. H VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. Vol. VII. p. 98. He has alſo appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the mynſtrelles ſonges in Ælla. His connection with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October 1467; in which he gives to truſtees, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, " certain jewels of " Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

THE WORKS OF CHATTERTON.

POEMS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO TYRWHITT'S EDITION.

The reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton.

ECLOGUE I.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge 1 from her lethal 2 wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte 3 the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas honoure ledde the fraie), [graie
Thanne inne a dael, bie eve's dark surcote 4
Twayne lonelie shepsterres 5 dyd abrodden 6 flie
(The roystlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie 7),
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
Firste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
Then sellen on the grounde, and thus yspoke.

Roberte.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
Our fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges we have enheped 8 moe,
The baronnes warre! oh, woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bot have escaped foe,
That lyff ylfel mie senses doe affraie.
Oh, Raufe! comme lyste, and hear mie dernie 9 tale,
Comme heare the balefull 10 dome of Robynne of the Dale.

Raufe.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne:
O! I've a tale that Sabalus 11 mote 12 telle.
Swote 13 flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne 14;
Gravots 15 far-kend 16 arounde the errmiets 17 cell:
The swote ribible 18 dynning 19 yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie 20 courte; [well,
Eke 21 the high songe and everych joie fare-
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte 22:
Impestering 23 trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde seyncte to warde 24 the aye 25 encreasynge dome.

Roberte.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees 26,
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges 27, and embodye 28 trees, [syghte,
Mie Parker's Grange 29, far spreedynge to the
Mie cuyen 30 kyne 31, mie bullockes stringe 32 yn syghte,
Mie gorne 33 emblaunched 34 with the comfrie 35 plante,
Mie floure 36 Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte, [grant.
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can
I amm duressed 37 unto sorrowes blowe,
Ihanten'd 38 to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

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1 *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the oral as above. 2 deadly. 3 pluck or pull. 4 *surcote*, a cloke or mantel, which hid all the other dress. 5 shepherds. 6 abruptly; so Chaucer—Syke he abredden dyd attourne. 7 affright. 8 Added. 9 sad. 10 woeful, lamentable. 11 the devil. 12 might.

13 Sweet. 14 good, neat, genteel. 15 groves; sometimes used for a coppice. 16 far seen. 17 hermit. 18 violin. 19 sounding. 20 inn, or public-house. 21 also. 22 pleasure. 23 annoying. 24 to keep off. 25 ever, always. 26 meadows. 27 grafted trees. 28 thick, stout. 29 liberty of pasture given to the parker. 30 tender 31 cows. 32 strong. 33 garden. 34 whitened. 35 cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. 36 marygold. 37 hardened. 38 accustomed.

Raufe.

Here I wille obaie 39 untylle dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoyſoned leathel 40 tree,
Whyche ſleaeth 41 everychone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre 42.
I to bement 43 haveth moe cauſe than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie 44 fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would ſlea,
And bie hys ſyde for aie encloſe myne eies.
Calked 45 from everych joie, heere wylle I blede; [ſtede.
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte 46 of mie hartes caſtle

Roberte.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome 47 ſhal bee.
Mie ſonne, mie ſonne alleyn 48, yſtroven 49 ys;
Here wylle I ſtaie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
Now from een logges 50 fledden is ſelyneſs 51,
Mynſterres 52 alleyn 53 can boaſte the hallie 54 ſeyncte,
Nowe doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dreſſe,
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;
Peace fledde, diſorder ſhoweth her dark rode 55,
And thorow ayr doth flie, yn garments ſteyned with bloude.

ECLOGUE II.

Sprytes 1 of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle ſed,
Poure owte yer pleaſaunce 2 onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede 3 ſea doe the banners gleme 4;
The amenuſed 5 nationnes be aſton 6,
To ken 7 ſyke 8 large a flete, ſyke ſyne, ſyke breme 9. [ſtreme;
The barkis heafods 10 coupe 11 the dymed 12
Oundes 13 ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake 14 rieſe;
The water ſlughornes 15 wythe a ſwotye 16 cleme 17
Conteke 18 the dynnynge 19 ayre, and reche the ſkies. [aſtedde 21,
Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones 20
Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule 22 depeyncted 23 oares from the black tyde, [26 ryſe;
Decorn 24 wyth ſonnes 25 rare, doe ſhemrynge
Upſwalynge 27 doe heie 28 ſhewe ynne drierie pryde, [ſkyes;
Lyche gore-red eſtells 29 in the eve 30 merk 31
The nome-depeyncted 32 ſhields, the ſperes aryſe,
Alyke 33 talle roſhes on the water ſyde
Alenge 34 from bark to bark the bryghte ſheene 35 flyes; [glyde.
Sweſt-kerv'd 36 delyghtes doe on the water
Sprites of the bleſte, and everich ſayncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Saraſen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous 37 ſonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth 38 here and there, [obaie 40.
Onknowlachynge 39 inne whatte place to
The banner gleſters on the beme of daie;
The mittee 41 croſſe Jeruſalim ys ſeene;
Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie 42,
In balefull 43 dole their faces be ywreene 44.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich ſeyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers 45 and cottes 45, ſoe ſwyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the ſydes of everich bark appere:
Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftſoones 46 hys ſquyer, with hys ſhield and ſpere.
The jynynge ſhieldes doe ſhemre and moke glare 47; [dynne;
The doſheynge oare doe make gemoted 48
The reyning 49 foemen 50, thynckeynge gif 51 to dare,
Boun 52 the merk 53 ſwerde, theie ſeche to fraie 54, theie blyn 55.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everyche ſeyncte ydedde,
Powre oute yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Saraſyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel 56 of warre,
Inne ſheenynge goulde, lyke feerie 57 gronfers 58, dyghte 59,
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and ſeene afarre.
Syke haveth eſpyde a greter ſtarre
Amenge the drybblet 60 ons to ſheene fulle bryghte;
Syke ſunnys wayne 61 wyth amayl'd 62 beams doe barr [lyghte.
The blaunchie 63 mone or eſtells 64 to gev

39 Abide. This line is alſo wrote—"Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere;" but this is modernized. 40 deadly. 41 deſtroyeth, killeth. 42 grow. 43 lament. 44 much loved, beloved. 45 caſt out, ejected. 46 alluding to the portcullis, which guarded the gate, on which often depended the caſtle. 47 fate. 48 my only ſon. 49 dead. 50 cottages. 51 happineſs. 52 monaſteries. 53 only. 54 holy. 55 complexion.—1 Spirits, ſouls. 2 pleaſure. 3 broad. 4 ſhine, glimmer. 5 diminiſhed, leſſened. 6 aſtoniſhed, confounded. 7 ſee, diſcover, know. 8 ſuch, ſo. 9 ſtrong. 10 heads. 11 cut. 12 glaſſy, reflecting. 13 waves, billows. 14 oak. 15 a muſical inſtrument, not unlike a hautboy. 16 ſweet. 17 ſound. 18 confuſe, contend with. 19 ſounding. 20 thrones. 21 ſeated. 22 red. 23 painted. 24 carved. 25 devices. 26 glimmering.

27 Riſing high, ſwelling up. 28 they. 29 a corruption of *eſtoile*, Fr. a ſtar. 30 evening. 31 dark. 32 rebuſed ſhields; a herald term, when the charge of the ſhield implies the name of the bearer. 33 like. 34 along. 35 ſhine. 36 ſhortlived. 37 furious. 38 runneth. 39 not knowing. 40 abide. 41 mighty. 42 affright. 43 woeful. 44 covered. 45 different kinds of boats. 46 full ſoon, preſently. 47 glitter. 48 united, aſſembled. 49 running. 50 foes. 51 if. 52 make ready. 53 dark. 54 engage. 55 ceaſe, ſtand ſtill. 56 a young lion. 57 flaming. 58 a meteor; from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. 59 decked. 60 ſmall, inſignificant. 61 carr. 62 enamelled. 63 white, ſilver. 64 ſtars.

Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich ſeyncte ydedde,
Poure owte vour pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.
Diſtraughte 65 affraie 66, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Termure, emburled 67 yn the thonders rage,
Dethe, lynked to diſmaie, dothe ugſomme 68 flie,
Enchaſynge 69 echone champyonne war to
Speeres bevyle 70 ſperes; ſwerdes upon ſwerdes engage;
Armoure on armoure dynn 71, ſhielde upon ſhielde;
No dethe of thouſandes can the warre aſſuage,
Botte falleynge nombers ſable 72 all the feelde.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych ſeyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.
The foemen fal arounde; the croſs reles 73 hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,
And beereth meynte 74 of Turkes onto the greene;
Bie hymm the flourę of Aſſes meen ys ſteene 75;
The walynge 76 mone doth fade before hys ſonne;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deeme 77,
Doeynge ſyke marvels 78, ſtrongers be aſton 79.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych ſeyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.
The ſyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde maſter is;
The Englonde banner kiſſeth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys 80,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre 81;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and wortchepped there,
Twyghte 82 into lovynge armes, and feaſted eft 83;
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wycre 84,
Of all remembrance of paſt peyne berefte.
Sprites of the bleſte, and everich ſeyncte ydedde,
Syke pleaſares powre upon mie fadres hedde.
Syke Nigel ſed, whan from the hlnie ſea
The upſwol 85 ſayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swifte as the wiſhe, he toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre ſleppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge proove.

ECLOGUE III.

Would'st thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, ſerche the logges 1 and bordels 2 of the hynde 3;
Gyff 4 theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem 5 you ſee the blakied 6 forme of Haveth your mynde a lycheyng 8 of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote 9 bee?
Woulne ytte here phraſe of the vulgar from Without wiſeegger 10 wordes and knowlache 11 free?
Gyf ſoe, rede thys, whyche iche dyſporteynge 12 pende:
Gif nete belyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

Manne.

Botte whether, fayre mayne, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie!
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee affeled 13 naie.

Womanne.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele 14 hem at makeynge of haie.

Manne.

Syr Rogerre, the parſone, hav hyred mee there,
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke 15 and we'lle ſynge, and wylle drenche 16 of ſtronge beer
As longe as the mernie ſommers daie.

Womanne.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the chyrche
With birlette 17 golde,
Wythe gelten 18 aumeres 19 ſtronge untolde,
What was ſhee moe than me, to be ſoe?

Manne.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich aſk whie the loverds 20 ſon
Is moe than mee.

Syr Rogerre.

The ſweltrie 21 ſonne dothe hie apace hys wayne 22,
From everich beme a ſeme 23 of lyfe doe falle;
Swythyn 24 ſcille 25 oppe the haie uponne the playne;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre 26
Thys ys alyche our doome 27; the great, the ſmalle,
Moſte withe 28 and bee forwyned 29 by deathis ſtarte.
See! the ſwote 30 flourette 31 hathe noe ſwote at alle;
Itte wythe the ranke wede breathe evalle 32 parte.

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65 Diſtracting. 66 affright. 67 armed. 68 terribly. 69 encouraging, heating. 70 break, a herald term ſignifying a ſpear broken in tilting. 71 ſounds. 72 blacken. 73 waves. 74 many, great numbers. 75 ſlain. 76 decreaſing. 77 glorious, worthy. 78 wonders. 79 aſtoniſhed. 80 certainly. 81 brow. 82 plucked, pulled. 83 often. 84 grief, trouble. 85 ſwoln.—1 Lodges, huts. 2 cottages. 3 ſervant, ſlave, peaſant.

4 If. 5 a contraction of *them*. 6 naked, original. 7 nature. 8 liking. 9 might. The ſenſe of this line is, Would you ſee every thing in its primæval ſtate. 10 wiſe-egger, a philoſopher. 11 knowledge. 12 ſporting. 13 anſwered. 14 aid, or help. 15 work. 16 drink. 17 a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. 18 gilded. 19 borders of gold and ſilver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the preſent ſpangled laces. 20 lord. 21 ſultry. 22 car. 23 ſeed. 24 quickly, preſently. 25 gather. 26 grow. 27 fate. 28 a contraction of wither. 29 dried. 30 ſweet. 31 flower. 32 equal.

The cravant 33 warrioure, and the wyſe be
blente 34, [ment 35.
Alyche to drie awaye wythe thoſe theie dyd he-

Manne.

All-a-boon 36, Syr Prieſt, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preeſtſchype nowe ſaie unto mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie ſhoulde hee than mee
Bee moe greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghthoode and eſtate?

Syr Rogerre.

Attourne 37 thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyſlie 38 loke arounde the chaper 39 delle 40;
An anſwere to thie barganette 41 here ſee,
Thys welked 42 flourette wylle a leſon telle:
Ariſt 43 it blew 44, itte floriſhed and dyd welle,
Lokeynge aſcaunce 45 upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned 46 greene yttes rennome 47
felle. [playne,
Effſoones 48 ytte ſhronke upon the daie-brente 49
Dilde not yttes loke, whileſt ytte there dyd
ſtonde, [honde,
To croppe ytt in the bodde move ſomme dred
Syke 50 ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds 51
ente 52
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to ſlea 53;
Gyf thou has ethe 54, the ſhadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe 55, theres none moe haile 56
yan thee. [bee?
Thou wurcheſt 57; welle, canne thatte a troble
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the rougheſt
daie.
Couldeſt thou the kivercled 58 of ſoughlys 59 ſee,
Thou wouldſt eftſoones 60 ſee trothe ynne
whatte I ſaie; [thenne
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

Manne.

I ryſe wythe the ſonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne 61,
And eere mie wurche is don
I ſynge a ſonge or twayne 62.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb 63 of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syr preeſte mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beſte heie daygnes 64,
And foile 65 the wyſeſt feygnes 66.
On everych feyn&tes hie daie
Wythe the mynſtrelle 67 am I ſeene,
All a ſooteynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

Syr Rogerre.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whoſe unliſte 68 braunces 69 rechen far toe
ſyghte;
When huired 70 unwers 71 doe the heaven ſylle,
Itte ſhaketh deere 72 yn dole 73 and moke af-
fryghte. [dyghte 76,
Whyleſt the congeon 74 flowrette abeſſie 75
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced 77 bie the ſtorme:
Syke is a pic&te 78 of lyffe: the manne of myghte
Is tempeſt-chaſt 79, hys woe greate as hys forme,
Thieſelfe a flowrette of a ſmall accounte,
Wouldſt harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee
dydſte mounte.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

Onne Ruddeborne 1 bank twa pynynge mayden ſate, [eleere;
Their tears faſte dryppeynge to the waterre:
Ecchone bementynge 2 for her abſente mate,
Who at Seyn&te Albonns ſhouke the morthynge 3 ſpeare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre [eyne.
Dydde ſpeke acroole 4, wythe languiſſiment of
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed 5 the quyvryng brine.

Elinoure.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie 6 plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte 7 in
ſtele;
O maie ne ſanguen ſteine the whyte roſe peyn&te,
Mai good Seyn&te Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantaſie I feele;
See! ſee! upon the ground he bleedynge lies
Inhild 8 ſome joice 9 of lyffe, or elſe mie deare love dies.

Juga.

Syſters in ſorrowe, on thys daiſe-cy'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wylle lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene
danke:
Lyche levynde 10 okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn 11 halles of merrimente,
Whoſe gaſtlie mitches 12 holde the train of
fryghte 13, [the nyghte.
Where lethale 14 ravens bark, and owlets wake

[*Elinoure.*]

No moe the myſkynette 15 ſhall wake the morne,
The minſtrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;

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33 Coward. 34 ceaſed, dead, no more. 35 lament. 36 a manner of aſking a favour. 37 turn. 38 carefully, with circumſpection. 39 dry, ſunburnt. 40 valley. 41 a ſong, or ballad. 42 withered. 43 ariſen, or aroſe. 44 bloſſomed. 45 diſdainfully. 46 diſdained. 47 glory. 48 quickly. 49 burnt. 50 ſuch. 51 lord's. 52 a purſe, or bag. 53 ſlay. 54 eaſe. 55 truth. 56 happy. 57 worketh. 58 the hidden or ſecret part of. 59 ſouls. 60 full ſoon, or preſently. 61 car. 62 two. 63 a bottle. 64 a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the north. 65 battle. 66 a corruption of *feints*. 67 a minſtrel is a muſician.

68 Unbounded. 69 branches. 70 furious. 71 tempeſts, ſtorms. 72. dire. 73 diſmay. 74 dwarf. 75 humility. 76 decked. 77 unhurt. 78 picture. 79 tempeſt-beaten.—1 Rudborne (in Saxon, red water), a river near St. Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houſes of Lancaſter and York. 2 lamenting. 3 murdering. 4 faintly. 5 gliſtened. 6 ſad complaint. 7 arrayed, or caſed. 8 infuſe. 9 juice. 10 blaſted. 11 forſaken. 12 ruins. 13 fear. 14 deadly, or deathboding. 15 a ſmall bagpipe.

No more the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the leſſel 16 rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll ſeeke the foreſte all the lyve-longe daie;
All nete amonge the gravde chyrche 17 glebe
wyll goe, [of woe.
And to the paſſante Spryghtes lecture 18 mie tale

[*Juga.*]

Whan mokie 19 cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden 20 moon, ynn ſylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeygne faeries weve the golden dreme
Of ſelyneſs21, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Then (botte the ſeynctes forbydde!) gif to a
ſpryte [ſtraughte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll hold dy-
Hys bledeynge claie colde corſe, and die eche daie
ynn thoughte.

Elinoure.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can
ſhewe! [bleede
Thou limed 21 ryver, on thie linche 23 maie
Champyons, whoſe bloude wylle wythe thie
waterres flowe, [deede!
And Rudborne ſtreeme be Rudborne ſtreeme in-
Haſte, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muſte waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne
the plain.
Soe fayinge, lyke twa levyn-blaſted treos,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth ſtormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees 24,
To where Seyncte Albonsholie ſhrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes
were flayne, [bornes fyde,
Diſtraughte 23 theie wandered to ſwollen Rud-
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, ſonke ynn the waves,
and dyde.

TO JOHNE LADGATE

(Sent with the following ſonge to Ælla.)

Well thanne, goode Johne, fytthe ytt muſt needes
be ſoe,
Thatt thou and I a bowtynge match muſt have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendſhyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.
Remember Stowe, the Brygh'ſtowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne John Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to
fyghte, [more.
Hee ſhowd ſmalle wytte, and ſhowd hys weakneſſe
Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The beſt performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONG TO ÆLLA,

Lorde of the Caſtel of Bryſtowe ynne daies of yore.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie ſonge bold as thie courage be,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye.
Whanne Paeya's ſoonnes, whoſe hayres of bloude
redde hue, [ing due,
Lyche kynge-cuppes braſtyng wythe the morn-
Arraung'd ynn dreare arraie,
Uponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets ſhore;
Than dyddſt thou furiouſe ſtande,
And bie thie valyante hand
Beeſprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawn bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thouſandes of Dacyanns went;
Bryſtowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And acted deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reſte)
Thye ſpryte to haunte delyghteth beſte,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennſt fromm farre
The dyſmall cry of warre, [ſleyne;
Orr ſeeſt ſomme mountayne made of corſe of

Orr ſeeſt the hatchedd ſtede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poyncted ſpeeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure ſtaulke arourde
Embattel'd Bryſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Caſtle ſteers;

Orr fierye round the mynſterr glare;
Lette Bryſtowe ſtylle be made thie care; [fyre;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and conſumynge
Lyche Avones ſtreme enfyrke ytte rounde,
Ne leette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole world expyre.

The underwritten lines were compoſed by John Ladgate a Prieſt in London, and ſent to Rowlie, as an anſwer to the preceding Songe of Ælla.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyonn redde
What you dydd to mee ſend,
Admyre the varſes mouche I dydd,
And thus an anſwerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Lotyns Vyrgilius
Was beſte of poets ſounde.

The Brytiſh Merlynn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inſpyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd ſynge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Good Chaucer dydd excelle,
Then Stowe, the Bryghtſtowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne theſe mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter an Herawde.

The tournament begynnes; the hammer ſounde;
The courſerrs lyſſe 1 about the menſuredd 2
fielde;

16 In a confined ſenſe, a buſh or hedge, though ſometimes uſed as a foreſt. 17 church-yard. 18 relate. 19 black. 20 decreaſing. 21 happineſs. 22 glaſſy. 23 bank. 24 meeds. 25 diſtracted.

1 Sport or play. 2 bounded, or meaſured.

The ſhemrynge armoure throws the ſhene arounde;
Quaynt-yſſed 2 fons 3 depictedd 4 onn eche ſheelde. [amielde 6,
The feerie 5 heaulmets, wythe the wreathes ſupportes the rampynge lyoncell 7 orr beare,
Wythe ſtraunge depyctures 8, Nature maie nott Unſeemelie to all orderr doe appere, [yeelde,
Yett yatte 9 to menne, who thyncke and have a ſpryte 10
Makes knowen that the phantaſies unryghte.

I, ſonne of honnoure, ſpencer 11 of her joies,
Muſte ſwythen 12 goe to yeve 13 the ſpeeres arounde, [emploie,
Wythe advantayle 14 and borne 15 I meynte 16
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twyſteth rounde;
Soe the neſhe 17 flowerr grees 18 ynne the woodeland ſhade. [founde;
The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr
Wydhoute unlikeneſſe nothynge could bee made.
As ynn the bowke 19 nete 20 alleyn 21 can bee donne,
Syke 22 ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

Enter Syrr Symonne de Bourtonne.

Herawde 23, bie heavenne theſe tylters ſtaie too long.
Mie phantaſie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynſtrelles have begonne the thyrde warr ſonge, [ſyghte.
Yett nette a ſpeere of hemm 24 hath grete mie
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid 25, a Wyllyamm 26 to entylte.
To reine 27 anente 28 a fele 29 embodiedd knyghte, [ſpylte.
Ytt gettes ne rennome 30 gyff hys blodde bee
Bie Heavenne and Marie ytt ys tyme they're here; [ſpeare.
I lyche nott unthylle 31 thus to wielde the

Herawde.

Methynkes I hear yer ſlugghornes 32 dynn 33 from farre.

Bourtonne.

Ah! ſwythenn 34 mie ſhielde and tyltynge launce bee bounde 35.
Eſtſoones 36 beheſte 37 mie ſquyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.
[*Goeth oute.*

Herawde.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte 38 of menne aſtounde; [ſyghte;
Harde bee yer ſhappe 39 encontrynge thee ynn Anenſt 40 all menne thou bereſt to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roſhes pyghte 41.
As whanne the mornynge ſonne ydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valorous acts droncke 42 eche knyghte's hue.

THE LYSTES.

The Kynge, Syrr Symonne de Bourtonne, Syrr Hugo Ferraris, Syrr Ranulph Neville, Syrr Lodovick de Clynton, Syrr John de Berghamme, and odherr knyghtes, Herawdes, Mynſtrelles, and Servytours 43.

Kynge.

The barganette 43; yee mynſtrelles tune the ſtrynge, [ſynge.
Somme actyonn dyre of antyante kynges now

Mynſtrelles.

Wyllamm, the Normannes floure botte Englondes throne,
The manne whoſe myghte delievretie 44 had knite 45,
Snett 46 oppe hys long ſtrunge bowe and ſheelde aborne 47,
Beheſteynge 48 all hys hommageres 49 to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hylted 50 denne,
Let thie floes 51 drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreſte doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd 52 plies 53; [eare;
Loude dynns 54 the arrowe yn the wolfynn's
Hee ryſeth battent 55, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
Forſlaggenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn ſlea.
Throwe the merke 56 ſhade of twiſtynde trees hee rydes; [wynge;
The flemed 57 owlett 58 flapps herr eye-ſpeckte
The lordynge 60 toade yn all hys paſſes bides;
The berten 61 neders 62 att hymm darte the ſtynge;
Styll, ſtylle, he paſſes onn, hys ſtede aſtrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloodde.

The lyoncel, fromme ſweltrie 63 countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the ſheltre of the brierr,
Att commynge dynn 64 doth rayſe himſelfe diſtraughte 65,
He loketh wyth an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, ſticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,
Lette thie floes 66 drench the bloode of anie thynge botte menn.

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2 Curiouſly deviſed. 3 fancys or devices. 4 painted, or diſplayed. 5 fiery. 6 ornamented, enamelled. 7 a young lion. 8 drawings, paintings. 9 that. 10 ſoul. 11 diſpenſer. 12 quickly. 13 give. 14 armer. 15 burniſh. 16 many. 17 young, weak, tender. 18 grows. 19 body. 20 nothing. 21 alone. 22 ſo. 23 herald. 24 a contraction of *them*. 25 *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the moſt famous tilter of his age. 26 William Rufus. 27 run. 28 againſt. 29 feeble. 30 honour, glory. 31 uſeleſs. 32 a kind of claryon. 33 ſound. 34 quickly. 35 ready. 36 ſoon. 37 command. 38 moſt. 39 fate, or doom,

40 Againſt. 41 pitched, or bent down. 42 drink. 43 ſervant, attendants. 44 ſong, or ballad. 45 activity. 46 bent. 47 burniſhed. 48 commanding. 49 ſervants. 50 hidden. 51 arrows. 52 worked with iron. 53 bends. 54 ſounds. 55 loudly. 56 dark or gloomy. 57 and 58 frighted owl. 59 marked with evening dew. 60 ſtanding on their hind legs. 61 venomous. 62 adders. 63 hot, ſultry. 64 ſound, noiſe. 65 diſtracted. 66 arrows.

Wythe paſſent 67 ſteppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllamm has ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe mayghte alyche the roghlyne 68 thonderr ſtronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys ſpryte foorthe ſendes.
Goe, ſleathe lyonn ynn hys blodde-ſteyn'd denne,
Botte bee the takelle 69 dree tromm blodde of odherr mennе.

Sweſte from the thyckett ſtarks the ſtagge awaie;
The couraciers 70 as ſweſte doe afterr flie.
Hee lepethe hie, hee ſtondes. hee kepes att baie,
Botte metes the arrow, and eſtſoones 71 doth die.
Forſlagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beaſtes bee,
Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn flee.

Wythe murther tyredd, hee ſleynges hys bowe alyne 72. [flowers.
The ſtagge ys ouch'd 73 wythe crownes of lillie
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowers.
Forſtagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beaſtes bee,
Feeſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie bredren flee.

Kynge.

Now to the Tournie 74; who wylle fyrſte affraie 75?

Herehaulde.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte 76 honnoure thyne.

Bourtonne.

I clayme the paſſage.

Nevylle.

I contake 77 thie waie.

Bourtonne.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette 78 onn mie gaberdyne 79.

Herehaulde.

A leegefull 80 challenge, knyghtes and champyonns dynge 81,
A leegefull challenge, lette the flugghorne ſounde.
[*Syrr Symonne and Nevylle tylte.*
Nevyll ys goeynge, manne and horſe, toe grounde.
[*Nevylle falls.*
Loverdes, howe doughtilie 82 the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyounnes, here Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
Onnè hee hathe quaecedd 83, aſſayle 84 hymm, yee knyghtes.

Ferraris.

I wyll anente 85 hymm go; mie ſquierr, mie ſhielde; [ſeethe 87.
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle 86

Before I doe departe the liſſedd 88 fielde,
Mieſelfe or Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe 89. Mie ſhielde,

Bourtonne.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe 90.
Whanne Bourtonne fyghtes, hee meets a doughtie foe. [*They tylte. Ferraris falleth.*
Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie wounde doe ſmethe 91; [92.
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe

Heravde.

Bourtonne hys ſeconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, ye knyghtes, and wynn the honour'd ſheeld.

Berghamme.

I take the challenge; ſquyre, mie launce and ſtede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette for mee ſtaie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteſte mee, thou ſhalt have mede 93;
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie 94;
Perchaunce frommie hemm I maie poſſeſs the daie,
Then I ſchalle bee a foemanne forr thie ſpere.
Herehawde, toe the bankes of knyghtys faie,
De Berghamme wayteth for a foemann heere.

Clinton.

Botte longe thou ſchalte ne tende 95; I doe thee fie 96. [launce flie.
Lyche forreying 97 levynn 98, ſchalle mie tylte-
[*Berghamme and Clinton tylte. Clinton fallethe.*

Berghamme.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure 99 thie beeveredd 100 eye, [thee.
I have borne downe, and eſte 101 doe gauntlette
Swythenne 102 begynne, and wrynn 103 thie ſhappe 104 orr myne;
Gyff thou dyſcomfytt, yit wylle dobblie bee.
[*Bourtonne and Berghamme tylteth. Berghamme falls.*

Heravde.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hath honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee fett aſyde, tylle hee doth ſee
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe ſtraunge knyghtes; gyff corteous 105 heie 106,
Yit welle beſeies 107 to yeve 108 hemm ryghte of fraie 109.

Firſt Knyghte.

Straungers wee bee, and homblie doe wee claym:
The rennomes 110 yn thys tourneie 111 forr to tylte; [good name,
Dherbie to proove fromm craventes 112 owre
Bewrynnge 113 that wee gentile blodde have ſpylte.

Heravde.

Yee knyghtes of corteſie, theſe ſtraungers, ſaie,
Bee you full wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie?

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67 Walking leiſurely. 68 rolling. 69 arrow. 70 horſe courſers. 71 full ſoon. 72 acroſs his ſhoulders. 73 garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was ſaid to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain worn by earls round their necks. 74 tournament. 75 fight, or encounter. 76 that. 77 diſpute. 78 glove. 79 a piece of armour. 80 lawful. 81 worthy. 82 furiouſly. 83 vanquiſhed. 84 oppoſe. 85 againſt. 86 much. 87 damage, miſchief.

88 Bounded. 89 bleed. 90 eaſy. 91 ſmoke. 92 hurt, or damage. 93 reward. 94 fight, or engage. 95 attend, or wait. 96 defy. 97 and 98 deſtroying lightning. 99 turn. 100 beavered. 101 again. 102 quickly. 103 declare. 104 fate. 105 worthy. 106 they. 107 becomes. 108 give. 109 fight. 110 honour. 111 tournament. 112 cowards. 113 declaring.

[*Fyve knyghtes tylteth wythe the ſtraunge knyghte, and bee everichone* 114 *overthrowne.*

Bourtonne.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycraſſed 115 ſperes and helmetts bee beſprente 116, [117 ſheeld,
Gyff everych knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee ſtente 118,
Yet toe enconnterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marſhalle, anodherr launce.
Albyette hee wythe lowes 119 of fyre ybrente 120, [advance.
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenſte hys vale 121
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe 122 hys ſpeere,
Botte hee ſchalle bee the next that falleth here.
Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I ſweare,
Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte ſhall fall [out ſpeere,
Anethe 123 the ſtronge puſh of mie ſtraughte 124
There ſchalle aryſe a hallie 125 chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, [rounde.
Wythe pillars large, and ſpyre full hyghe and
And thys I faifullie 126 wylle ſtonde to all,
Gyff yonderr ſtraungerr falleth to the grounde.
Straungerr, bee boune 127; I champyonn 128 you to warre.
Sounde, ſounde the ſlughornes, to bee hearde fromm farre.

[*Bourtonne and the Straunger tylt. Straunger falleth.*

Kynge.

The mornynge tyltes now ceaſe.

Herawde.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dyſplaie the Englyſhe bannorre onn the tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynſtrelles, ſongs of achments 129 ſynge; [130;
Yee herawdes, getherr upp the ſpeeres beſprente
To kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, for your loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the ſwerde hee ſhente 131. [thoughte.
Hee jouſtedd, alleine 132 havynge you ynn
Comme, mynſtrelles, ſounde the ſtrynge, goe onn eche ſyde,
Whyleſt hee untoe the Kynge ynn ſtate doe ryde.

Mynſtrelles.

Whann Battayle, ſmethynge 133 withe new-quickenn'd gore, [hedde,
Bendynge wyth ſpoiles, and bloddie droopynge
Dydd the merke 134 woode of ethe 135 and reſt explore,
Seekynge to lie onn pleaſures downie bedde,
Pleaſure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
From hys vyſage waſhedd the blonde,
Hylte 136 hys ſwerde and gaberdyne.
Wythe ſyke an eyne ſhee ſwotelie 137 hym dydd view,
Dydd ſoe ycorvenn 138 everrie ſhape to joie,
Hys ſpryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne ſpoyles, mote any thoughts emploie,
All delyghtſomme and contente,
Fyre enſhotynge 139 fromm hys eyne,
Ynn hys armes he dydd herr hente 140,
Lyche the merke 141 plante doe entwynne.
Soe, gyff thou loveſt pleaſure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge 142 ynn whatt place herr to ſynde, [tayne;
Thys rule yſpende 143, and ynn thie mynde reSeeke honnoure fyrſte, and pleaſaunce lies behynde.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE.

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

The featherd ſongſter chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde ſawe the ruddie ſtreakes
Of lyghte eclypſe the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod he, "for, by the Godde
"That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe!
"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To daie ſhall ſurelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall ſtate."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleſes lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" ſayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," ſayd brave Syr Charles,
"Whatte ſays the traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle; before yonne ſonne
"Does fromme the welkinn flye,
"Hee hath uppon hys honour ſworne,
"Thatt thou ſhalt ſurelie die."

"Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
"Whatte bootes to lyve a little ſpace?
"Thanke Jeſu, I'm prepar'd:

114 Every one. 115 broken, ſplit. 116 ſcattered. 117 broken, or pierced through with darts. 118 ſtained. 119 flames. 120 burnt. 121 healm. 122 beneath. 123 againſt. 124 ſtretched out. 125 holy. 126 faithfully. 127 ready. 128 challenge. 129 atchievements, glorious actions. 130 broken ſpears. 131 broke, deſtroyed. 132 only, alone. 133 ſmoking, ſtreaming. 134 dark, gloomy. 135 eaſe.

136 Hid, ſecreted. 137 ſweetly. 138 moulded. 139 ſhooting, darting. 140 graſp, hold. 141 night-ſhade. 142 ignorant, unknowing. 143 conſider.

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
" I'de ſooner die to-daie,
" Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
" Though I ſhoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd gne out,
To telle the maior ſtraite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyneſs
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maiſterr Canynge ſaughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee ;
" I'm come," quod hee, " unto youur grace
" To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, " Youre tale ſpeke out,
" You have been much oure friende ;
" Whatever youre requeſt may bee,
" Wee wylle to ytte attende."

" My nobile leige ! alle my requeſt,
" Ys for a nobile knyghte,
" Who, though may hap hee has donne wronge,
" Hee thoughte ytte ſtylle was ryghte :

" He has a ſpouſe and children twaine,
" Alle rewyn'd are for aie ;
" Yff that you are reſolv'd to lett
" Charles Bawdin die to-dai."

" Speke not of ſuch a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynn furie ſayde ;
" Before the evening ſtarre doth ſheene,
" Bawdin ſhall looſe hys hedde :

" Juſtice does loudlie for hym calle,
" And hee ſhalle have hys meede :
" Speke, Maiſter Canynge ! whatte thynge elſe
" Att preſent doe you neede ?"

" My nobile leige !" goode Canynge ſayde,
" Leave juſtice to our Godde,
" And laye the yronne rule aſyde ;
" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
" The beſt were ſynners grete ;
" Chriſt's vicarr only knowes ne ſynne,
" Ynne alle thys mortall ſtate.

" Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
" 'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure ;
" From race to race thye familie
" Alle ſov'reigns ſhall endure :

" But yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
" Beginne thy infante reigne,
" Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows
" Wylle never long remayne."

" Canynge, awaie ! thys traytour vile
" Has ſcorn'd my power and mee ;
" Howe canſt thou then for ſuch a manne
" ntreate my clemencye ?"

" My nobile leige ! the trulie brave
" Wylle val'rous actions prize,
" Reſpect a brave and nobile mynde,
" Although ynne enemies."

" Canynge, awaie ! By Godde ynne Heav'n
" Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
" I wylle nott taſte a bitt of breade
" Whilſt thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

" By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
" Thys ſunne ſhall be hys laſte,"
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And ſat hymm downe upponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

" Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr Charles ;
" Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ;
" Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
" Of all wee mortall menne.

" Saye why, my friende, thie honeſt ſoul
" Runns over att thyne eye ;
" Is ytte for my moſt welcome doome
" Thatt thou doſt child-lyke crye ?"

Quod godlie Canynge, " I doe weepe,
" Thatt thou ſoe ſoone muſt dye,
" And leave thy ſonnes and helpleſs wyfe ;
" 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
" From godlie fountaines ſprynge ;
" Dethe I deſpiſe, and alle the power
" Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

" Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
" I ſhall reſigne my lyfe,
" The Godde I ſerve wylle ſoone provyde
" For bothe mye ſonnes and wyfe.

" Before I ſawe the lyghtſome ſunne,
" Thys was appointed mee ;
" Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
" What Godde ordeynes to bee ?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I ſtoode,
" Whan thouſands dy'd arounde ;
" Whan ſmokynge ſtreemes of crimſon bloode
" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde :

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
" Thatt cutte the airie waie,
" Myghte nott ſynde paſſage toe my harte,
" And cloſe myne eyes for aie ?

" And ſhall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
" Looke wanne and bee dyſmayde ?
" Ne ! fromm my herte flie childyſhe feere,
" Bee alle the manne diſplay'd.

" Ah, goddelyke Henrie ! Godde forefende,
" And guarde thee and thye ſonne,
" Yff 'tis hys wylle ; but yff 'tis nott,
" Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honeſt friende, my faulte has beene
" To ſerve Godde and mye prynce ;
" And thatt I no tyme-ſerver am,
" My dethe wylle ſoone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
" Of parents of grete note ;
" My fadre dydd a nobile armes
" Emblazon onne hys cote :

" I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
" Where ſoone I hope to goe ;
" Where wee for ever ſhall bee bleſt,
" From oute the reech of woe,

" Hee taughte mee juſtice and the laws
" Wyth pitie to unite;
" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
" The wronge cauſe fromm the ryghte:

" Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
" To feede the hungrie poore,
" Ne lett mye ſarvants dryve awaie
" The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can ſaye butt alle mye lyfe
" I have hys wordyes kept;
" And ſumm'd the actyonns of the daie
" Eche nyghte before I ſlept.

" I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her
" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
" I have a kynge, and none can laie
" Black treaſon onne my hedde.

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
" Fromm fleſhe I dydd refrayne;
" Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd
" To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne, hapleſs Henrie! I rejoyce
" I ſhall ne ſee thye dethe;
" Moſt willynglie ynne thye juſt cauſe
" Doe I reſign my brethe.

" Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
" Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
" Whyle Richard's ſonnes exalt themſelves
" Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace
" And godlie Henrie's reigne,
" Thatt you dyd choppe your eaſie daies
" For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte though I onne a fledde be drawne,
" And mangled by a hynde,
" I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
" Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte though, uphoiſted onne a pole,
" Mye lymbes ſhall rotte ynne ayre,
" And ne ryche monument of braſſe
" Charles Bawdin's name ſhall bear;

" Yett ynne the holie book above,
" Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
" There wythe the ſarvants of the Lord
" Mye name ſhall lyve for aie.

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
" I leave thys mortall lyfe:
" Farewell vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
" Mye ſonnes and lovynge wyfe!

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
" As e'er the moneth of Maie;
" Nor woulde I even wyſhe to lyve,
" Wyth my dere wyfe to ſtaie."

Quod Canynge, " 'Tys a goodlie thynge
" To bee prepar'd to die;
" And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
" To Godde ynne heav'n to flie."

And nowe the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to ſound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horſes feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde;

And juſt before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teers of woe,
Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne.

" Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
" Ynn quiet lett mee die;
" Praie Godde that ev'ry Chriſtian ſoule
" Maye looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet Florence! why theſe brinie teers?
" Theye waſhe my ſoule awaie,
" And almoſt make mee wyſhe for lyfe,
" Wyth thee, ſweete dame, to ſtaie.

" 'Tys butt a journie I ſhalle goe
" Untoe the lande of blyſſe;
" Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
" Receive thys holie kyſſe."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her ſaie,
Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
" Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
" Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

" Ah, ſweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
" Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
" The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
" Ytte eke ſhall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd ſaie:

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
" Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
" And teache thy ſonnes to feare the Lorde,
" And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

" Teache them to runne the nobile race
" Thatt I theyre fader runne;
" Florence! ſhou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
" Yee officers leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her treſſes tere;
" Oh ſtaie mye huſbande, lorde, and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a fledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete;
Lookes thatt enſhone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne ſcarlett robes and golde,
And taſſils ſpanglynge ynne the funne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Auguſtyne next
Appeared to the ſyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruſſett weedes,
Of godlie monkyſh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pſaume
Moſte ſweetlie theye dyd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd hende,
From refcue of Kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a cloth-layde fledde,
Bye two blacke ftedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
Of archers ftronge and ftoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes fyx mynftrelles came,
Who tun'd the ftrunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of fcarlett deck't.
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke eafterne princes trick't:

And after them a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes
As hee dydd paffe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croffe,
Syr Charles dydd turne and faie,
" O thou thatt faveft manne fromme fynne,
" Waffhe mye foule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynfter wyndowe fat
The kynge ynne myckle ftate,
To fee Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys moft welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd ftande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

" Thou feeft me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
" Expos'd to infamie;
" Butt bee affur'd, difloyall manne!
" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
" Thou weareft nowe a crowne;
" And haft appoynted mee to die,
" By power nott thyne owne.

" Thou thynkeft I fhall dye to-daie;
" I have beene dede 'till nowe,
" And foone fhall lyve to weare a crowne
" For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylft thou, perhapps, for fom few yeares,
" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjuft, thou traytour flave!
" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge Edwarde's foule ruſh'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Glouceſter
Hee thus dydd ſpeke and ſaie.

" To hym that ſoe much dreaded dethe,
" Ne ghaſtlie terrors brynge,
" Beholde the manne! hee ſpake the truthe,
" Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

" Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richarde ſayde;
" And maye echone oure foes
" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horſes gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyſterr ynne the ſunne,
His pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd ſaie,
" Beholde you ſee mee dye,
" For ſervynge loyally mye kynge,
" Mye kynge moſt ryghtfullie.

" As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
" Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
" Your ſonnes and huſbandes ſhalle bee ſlayne,
" And brookes wythe bloude ſhall flowe.

" You leave your goode and lawfulle kynge
" Whenne ynne adverſitye;
" Lyke mee, untoe the true cauſe ſtycke,
" And for the true cauſe dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeſtes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dyd make,
Beſeechynge hym unto hymſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And roundo the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to waſhe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure partes cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dyd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynſter-tower,
And one from off the caſtle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery ſpectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croſſe,
Ynne hyghe-ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde proſper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's ſoule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie ſynge!

ÆLLA:

A Tragycal Enterlude, or Diſcoorſeyng Tragedy. Wrotenn bie Thomas Rowleie; Plaiedd before Maſtre Canynge, atte hys Howſe nempte the Rodde Lodge; alſoe before the Duke of Norfolck, Johan Howard.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auſthour.*
ELMONDE, *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*
HURRA, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*
BIRTHA, *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

Oderr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE, ON ÆLLA.

THYS ſonge bie mynſtrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan reaſonn hylt 1 herſelfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege 2 yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted 3 tyltynge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte, [dere 5,
The whyche yn yttes felle uſe doe make moke 4 lyk dyd theire auncyante lee deſtlie 6 delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn vyrtues gate 7 rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte eſte 8 nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;
In hallie 9 preeſte apperes the ribaudes 10 penne,
Inne lithie 11 moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: [teethe,
But rhym wyth ſomme, as nedere 12 without Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie doe lyttel ſcathe 13.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore 14,
Kenns 15 Latyn at fyrſt ſyghte from French or Greke, [more,
Pyghtethe 16 hys knowlachynge 17 ten yeres or
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to ſpeke.
Whoever ſpeke the Englyſch ys deſpyſed,
The Englyſch hym to pleaſe moſte fyrſte be Latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem 18 ſynges:
Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde 19 hys meneynge knowes;
Albeytte theſe gode guyſts awaie he ſlynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearſe as goode yn proſe.
Hee ſynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr bloode.

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored 20 dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment and woe.

1 Hid, concealed. 2 law. 3 painted. 4 much. 5 hurt, damage. 6 ſweetly. 7 cauſe. 8 ſoft. 9 holy. 10 rake, lewd perſon. 11 humble. 12 adder. 13 hurt, damage. 14 learning. 15 knows. 16 plucks, or tortures. 17 knowledge. 18 a ſervice uſed over the dead. 19 peaſant. 20 unlearned.

Loughe 21 loudlie dynneth 22 from the dolte 23 adrames 24;
He ſwelles on laudes of fooles, though kennes 25 hem ſoe.
Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and ſynge,
At merrie yaped 26 ſage 27 ſomme hard-drayned water brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde 28 hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearſe, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythpute ſenſe fulle groſſyngelye 29 he twynes,
Cotteynge hys ſtorie off as wythe a ſheere;
Waytes monthes on nothynge, and hys ſtorie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf 30 you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieſelfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe poſſeſs,
To you I leave the taſke; I kenne youre myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte 32 of faultes, be leſs.
Ælla wythe thys I ſende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caſte awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

Playes made from hallie 32 tales I holde unmeete;
Lette ſomme greate ſtorie of a manne be ſonge;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jeſus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie 33 mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the ſame. Adieu untylle anere 34.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

LETTER TO THE DYNGE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn theſe daies of oures,
Nete 35 butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe ſhapelie poeſie haſt loſte yttes powers,
And pynant hyſtorie ys onlie grace;
Heie 36 pycke up wolſome weedes, ynſtedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynſtedde of wytte, theie trace;
Now poeſie canne meete wythe ne regrate 37,
Whylſte proſe, and herehaughtrie 38, ryſe yn eſtate.

Lette kynges and rulers, when heie gayne a throne,
Shewe what theyre grandſieres, and great grandſieres bore,
Emarſchalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wyth whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades and toune folck, lett ſyke 39 thynges alone,
Ne ſyghte for fable yn a fielde of aure;

21 Laugh. 22 ſounds, 23 fooliſh. 24 churls. 25 knows. 26 laughable. 27 tale, jeſt. 28 beyond. 29 fooliſhly. 30 if. 31 many. 32 holy. 33 ſtrange perverſion of words. *Droorie*, in its ancient ſignification, ſtood for *modeſty*. 34 another. 35 nought. 36 they. 37 eſteem. 38 heraldry. 39 ſuch.

Seldomm, or never are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge 40 to take myckle 41 aie dothe hede.

A man aſcaunſe upponn a piece maye looke,
And ſhake hys hedde to ſtyrre hys rede 42 aboute;
Quod he, gyf I aſkaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys leſt wythoute;
Eke, gyf 43 yntn a vew percaſe 44 I tooke
The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Aſſerius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem 45 al nete lyche ytt I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes 46, gyff I ſaie, onwiſe
Yee are, to ſlycke ſo cloſe and byſmarelie 47
To hyſtorie; you doe ytte tooe muche pryze,
Whyche amenuſed 48 thoughtes of poeſie;
Somme drybblette 49 ſhare you ſhoulde to yatte 50 alyſe 51,
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hyſtorie;
Inſtedde of mountynge onn a wynged horſe,
You onn a rouncy 51 dryve yn doleſull courſe.

Cannynge and I from common courſe dyſſente;
Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene craſed molterynge bookes be pente, [ſheene;
Botte ſoare on hyghe, and yn the ſonne-beemes
And where wee kenne ſomme iſhad 54 ſloures beſprente,
We take ytte, and from oulde rouſte doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,
Botte ſometymes ſoare 'bove trouthe of hiſtorie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearſe yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie 54 bewryen 55,
Notte ſyke as doe annoie thys age ſo ſore,
A keppened poyntelle 56 reſtynge at eche lyne.
Verſe maie be goode, botte poeſie wantes more,
An onliſt 57 lecturn 58, and a ſonge adynge 59;
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt pleaſe Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thynge ytts moſte bee yetſelf owne deſenſe;
Som metre maie notte pleaſe a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poeſie, botte ſenſe;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from heuce;
Full ſoone I hope to taſte of your good cheere;
Goode Bythoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee ſaie,
Hee wyſche you healthe and ſelineſſe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

SOMME cheriſaunce 60 it ys gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced 61 theyre londe from bayne 62,
Whan theie ar dedd, thee leave yer name behynde,
And thyre goode deedesdoe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme 63 everyche ſteyne,
Whyleſt al her gentleneſſe ys made to ſheene,
Lyche ſetyve baubels 64 geaſonne 65 to be ſeene.

Ælla the wardenne of thys 66 caſtell 67 ſtede,
Whyleſt Saxons dyd the Engliſch ſceptre ſwaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then ſeel'd 68 hys eyne, and ſeeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To ſaie what he, as clergyond 69 can kenne,
And howe hee ſojourned in the vale of men.

CELMONDE, ATT BRYSTOWE.

BEFORE yonne roddie ſonne has droove hys wayne
Throwe halſe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites 1 of goulde,
Mee, happeleſs mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieſelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myſchaunces chayne.

Ah, Birtha! whie dydde natyre frame thee fayre? [wreene 3
Whie art thou all that poyntelle 2 canne beWhie art thou not as coarſe as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie ſoughle woulde throwe thy vyſage ſheene,
Yatt ſhemres onn thie comelie ſemlykeene 4,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the ſonne made redde,
Orr ſcarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene 5, [ſpredde.
Syke 6 woulde thie ſpryte upponn thie vyſage
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moſte parte.

And cann I lyve to ſee herr wythe anere 7?
Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhall not bee. [beere,
Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the
And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes 8 wyll ſlea. [tende,
Aſſyſt mee, helle! lett devylles rounde mee
To ſlea mieſelfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie 9 friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

Ælla.

NOTTE, whanne the hallie prieſte dyd make me knyghte,
Bleſſynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd 10 Dane ſhoulde blede, [ſyghte;
Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn

---

1 40 Unwilling. 41 much. 42 wiſdom, council. 43 if. 44 perchance. 45 them. 46 Graybeards. 47 curiouſly. 48 leſſened. 49 ſmall. 50 that. 51 allow. 52 cart-horſe. 53 broken. 54 elegantly. 55 declared, expreſſed. 56 a pen, uſed metaphorically as a muſe or genius. 57 boundleſs. 58 ſubject. 59 nervous, worthy of praiſe. 60 comfort. 61 preſerved. 62 ruin.

63 Inter. 64 jewels. 65. rare. 66 Briſtol. 67 caſtle. 68 cloſed. 69 taught.—1 Robes, mantels. 2 a pen. 3 expreſs. 4 countenance. 5 covered. 6 ſuch. 7 another. 8 at once. 9 mighty. 10 hardy, valorous.

Notte, whann I fyrſte behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche ſtrooke mie mynde, and rouzed mie ſofter ſoule;
Nott whann from the barbed horſe yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians o'er the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth ſyke reddoure11 as nowe,
Whann hallie preeſt, the lechemanne of the ſoule,
Dydd knytte usboth ynn a caytyſnnede12 vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's ſelyneſſe ys grate;
Shap13 haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate14.

Birtha.

My lorde and huſbande, ſyke a joie ys myne;
Botte mayden modeſtie muſte ne ſoe ſaie,
Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalt be for aie;
Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie15;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente16,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the godde of daie,
And on the graſſe her lemes17 of ſylverr ſente,
Sythe thou dydſt cheeſe mee for thie ſwote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the ſame moſt faiefullie to mee.
Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte,
Whanne deyſde bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres18, [jeaſte,
Awhylſt thie merryemen dydde laughe and
Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares,
Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred ſeeres,
Aleſt a daygnous19 looke to thee be ſente,
And offrendes20 made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe ſcarpes21 of ſcarlette, and fyne paramente22;
All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſted23 to mee,
I ſaie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

Ælla.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleneſs doth corven them ſo grete,
Lyke bawſyne24 olyphauntes25 mie gnattes doe ſhewe; [mate26.
Thou doſte mie thoughtes of paying love a-
Botte hann my actyonnes ſtraughte27 the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm hell, or broughte heaven down to thee, [ſeete,
Layde the whol wurlde a ſalldſtole att thie
On ſmyle woulde be ſuffycyll mede for mee.
I amm love's borro'r, and canne never paie,
But bee hys borrower ſtylle, and thynne, mie ſwete, for aie.

Birtha.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes28 ſpe ſmalle;
As I toe you, ſyke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paſte wille Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from heaven thynke to cheere,
As farr as thys frayle brutylle fleſch wylle ſpere.
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe ſlacke yn love, ne overdeare;
A ſmalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Ælla.

Thie gentle wordis doe thie volunde 29 kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

Celmonde.

Alle bleſſynges ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the monne, yn ſylverr ſheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed bleſſynges ſhedde,
Beſprengeynge far abrode mitchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, ſo bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ællafynde muche peace,
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wythe a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

Ælla.

Whan ſupperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe ſtronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

Celmonde.

Ye mynſtrelles, ſhaunt your ſonge.

Mynſtrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

Manne.

Tourne thee to thie ſhepſterr30 ſwayne;
Bryghte ſonne has ne dronke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

Womanne.

No, beſtoikerre31, I wylle goe,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees32,
Lyche the ſylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge ſhelterr yn grene trees.

Manne.

See the moſs-growne daiſey'd banke;
Pereynge ynne the ſtreme belowe;
Here we'lle ſytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

Womanne.

I've hearde erſte mie grandame ſaie,
Younge damoyſelles ſchulde ne bee,
Inne the ſwotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge meune bie the grene wode tree.

Manne.

Sytte thee, Alyce, ſytte and harke,
Howe the ouzle 33 chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree 34, greie morn ſarke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

11 Violence. 12 binding, enforcing. 13 fate. 14 leſſen, decreaſe. 15 faith. 16 blinded. 17 lights, rays. 18 fellows, equals. 19 diſdainful. 20 preſents, offerings. 21 ſcarfs. 22 robes of ſcarlet. 23 bounded. 24 large. 25 elephants. 26 deſtroy. 27 ſtretched. 28 ſervices.

29 Memory, underſtanding. 30 ſhepherd. 31 deceiver. 32 meadows. 33 The blackbird. 34 goldfinch.

Womanne.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blauntantlie 35,
Tellynge lecturnyes 36 to mee,
Myscheese ys whanne you are nygh.

Manne.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nette botte shepe settes here a fote.

Womanne.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche 37.
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave me swythe, or I'll alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

Manne.

See, the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe.

Womanne.

Botte manne, hee muste beelywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be:
Tyll syr preest hys songe doethe synge,
Thou shalt neere synde aught of mee.

Manne.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

Womanne.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes 38, thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinstre 39 goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

Manne.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

Bothe.

Wee wylle ynn a bordelle 40 lyve,
Halie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve:
Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate.

Ælla.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeynge nowe;
Butte have you nonne thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

Celmonde.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

Mynstrelles.

Laverde 41, we have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

Ælla.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret 42, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe pleese mie dame.

Mynstrelles.

We'lle strayne our wytte and synge.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

Fyrste Mynstrelle.

The boddynge flouretties blosshes atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh 43 yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys brought.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake mynstrells synge the songe:
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste to entwyne;
I laie mee on the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge stylle.

Seconde Mynstrelle

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and erthe dy'd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn womann alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

Thyrde Mynstrelle.

Whanne Autumpne blake 44 and sonne-brente doe appere, [lese,
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shese;
Whan al the hyls wythe wodde sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth comme care,

Seconde Mynstrelle.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromm chase 45 desyre bee free;
Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout womanne, cannot stylled bee;
Ne synete yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere 46,
Do synde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne fayre:

35 Loudly. 36 lectures. 37 apparel. 38 at once 39 a divine. 40 a cottage. 41 lord.

42 Stretch. 43 tender. 44 naked. 45 hot. 46 health.

Wommen bee made, notte for hemſelves, botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys deſire;
Fromme an ynutyle membere fyrſte beganne,
Ywroghte with mochе of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie ſeke the fyre of love to hete,
The mylkyneſs of kynde, and make hemſeles complete.

Albeytte, without wommen, menne were pheeres [flea,
To ſalvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to
Botte womenne eſte the ſpryghte of peace ſo cheres,
Tochelod syn angel joi heie angeles bee;
Go, take thee ſwythyn 47 to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or bleſſed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyſe.

Anodher Mynſtrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green leſſelle was ſyttnyge,
As from the ſones hete ſhe harried,
She ſayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hoſen was knyttynge,
Whatte pleaſure yt ys to be married!

Mie huſbande, Lord Thomas, a forreſter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baſkette,
Does no cheryſauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as ſoon as I aſk ytte.

Whan I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Clowddell,
Though twas at my liefe to mynd ſpynnynge,
ſtylle wanted ſomethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge.

Eche mornynge I ryſe, doe I ſette mie may dennes,
Somme to ſpynn, ſomme to curdell, ſomme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aſke for mie aidens,
Thann ſwythynne you ſynde mee a teachynge.

Lord Walterre, mie fadre, he lov'd me well,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte ſchulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In ſothen twoulde bee wythoute nedeynge.

Shee ſayde, and Lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the ſatte derkynnes was chacynge,
She putte uppe her knyttynge and to him wente ſhee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

Ælla.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaſte;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee:
There ſwotelie ſynge eche carolle, and yaped 48 jeaſte;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe ſpouſefeaſte goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dryncted 49 everych woe.

47 Quickly. 48. laughable. 49. drowned.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

Meſſengere.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaſte;
Lyche ſcolles of locuſts, caſte oppe bie the ſea,
Magnus and Hurra, wyth a doughtir hoaſte,
Are ragyng, to be quanſed 50 be none botte thee;
Haſte, ſwyfte as Levynne to theſe royners flee:
Thie dogges allyne can tame thys ragynge bulle. [bee,
Haſt ſwythyn, ſore anieghe the townie theie
And Wedeceſterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haſte, haſte, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes ſpace tenne thouſand menne maie die.

Ælla.

Beſhrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!
Thos from dyſportyſmiente to warr to ron,
To chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne.

Birtha.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the ſchaftes of warre. [ryne!
Thou ſhalte nott, muſt not, from thie Birtha
Botte kenn the dynne of ſlughornes from afarre.

Ælla.

O love, was thys thie joie, to ſhew the treate,
Than Groffyſhe to forbydde thie hungered gueſtes to eate?

O mie upſwalynge 51 harte, what wordes can ſaie [ybrente?
The peynes, thatte paſſethe ynn mie ſoule
Thos to bee torne uponne mie ſpouſall dai,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mightie goddes, and is yor favoures ſente
As thous faſte dented to a loade of peyne? [tent,
Moſte wee aie holde yn chace the ſhade con-
And for a bodykyn 52 a ſwarthe obteyne?
O! whie, yee feynctes, oppreſs yee thos mie ſowle?
How ſhalle I ſpeke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole!

Celmonde.

Sometyme the wyſeſte lacketh pore mans rede.
Reaſonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thann, loverde, lett me ſai, wyth hommaged drede
(Bineth your ſote ylayn) me counſelle ſai;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen 53 laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote. [fraie,
Mie loverde, lett the ſpeere-menne, dyghte for
And all the ſabbataners goe aboute.
I ſpeke me loverde, alleyne to upryſe [alyſe.
Your wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to

Ælla.

Ah! nowe thou potteſt takells 54 yn mie harte;
Mie ſoulghe dothe nowe begynne to ſee herſelle;

50 Stilled, quenched. 51 ſwelling. 52 body, ſubſtance. 53 ſtill, dead. 54 arrows, darts.

I wylle upryſe mie myghte, and do mie parte,
To ſlea the foemenne yn mie ſurie felle.
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
Whyche ryſeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queene, and all the myghte of helle,
Founde out impleaſaunce of ſycke blacke a geare.
Yette I wylle bee mieſelfe, and rouze mie ſpryte
To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

Birtha.

No, thou ſchalte never leave thie Birtha's ſyde;
Ne ſchall the wynde upponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde:
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, yette ſhall bchoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
Itte braſteth from mee atte the holtred eyne:
Ynne tydes of teares mie ſwarthynge ſpryte wyll drayne.
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha ſtaie;
For wyth thie ſemmlykeed mie ſpryte wylle goe awaie.

Ælla.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yet I muſte bee mieſelfe; with valoures gear
Ille dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn ſtele,
And ſhake the bloddie ſwerde and ſteyned ſpere.

Birtha.

Can Ælla from hys breaſte hys Birtha teare!
Is ſhee ſo rpu and ugſomme [55] to hys fyghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys ſeathall warre ſo deare?
Thou pryzeſt mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou ſchalt notte leave mee, alhytte the erthe
Hong pendannte bie thie ſwerde, and craved for thy morthe.

Ælla.

Dyddeſt thou kenne how mie woes, as ſtarres ybrente,
Headed bie theſe thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde ſtryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie ſlepynge mynde to honoures calle.
Of ſelyneſſe I pryze thee moe yan all
Heav'n can me ſend, or connygne wytte acquyre,
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyene with double fyre.

Birtha.

Moſte Birtha boon requeſte and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes a darte yn ſelyneſſe and pryde?
Doe ſtaie, att leaſte tylle morrowes fonne apperes.

Ælla.

Thou kenneſt welle the Daeyannes myttee powerre;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares;
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a ſyngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeyng countrie, whych for haſiie ded
Calls for the rodynge of ſome doughtie power,
To royn ytts royners, make ytts foemen blede.

Birtha.

Rouze all thie love; falſe and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of ſyghte.
Thou nedeſt not goe, untyll thou haſte command
Under the ſygnette of our lorde the kynge.

Ælla.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande?
Hollie Syncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

Birtha.

Agylted [56] Ælla, thie abredyng [57] blynge [58],
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende.
Hear from mie groted [59] harte the lover and the friende.
Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte!
And yn thie ſtead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte, [the foe.
The ayre that beares ytt woulde preſſe downe

Ælla.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldeſt mee recreand doe.
I moſte, I wylle fyght for mie countries welc,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweſtlie goe,
Telle mie Bryſtowans to be dyghte yn ſtele;
Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

Birtha.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted harte!

Ælla.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muſte awaie;
Alheytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde note ſtai.
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be ſedde bie tyngue, [daie,
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe; and wayte the
Whan rounde aboute mee ſonge of war heie ſynge.
O Birtha, ſtrev mie agreeme [60] to accaie [61],
And joyous ſee my armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

Birtha.

Difficile [62] ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle ſtrev
To keepe mie woe behylıren yn mie breaſte.
Albeytte nete maye to me pleaſaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle ſtrev to ſette mie mynde atte reſte.

---

55 Terrible.

56 Offended. 57 upbraiding. 58 ceaſe. 59 ſwola' 60 torture. 61 aſſuage. 62 difficult.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dyſtreſte;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odhre ſwaie.
Juſte as I was wythe Ælla to be bleſte,
Shappe ſoullie thos hathe ſnarched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,
Vydhoute an ounde of teares and breaſte wyth ſyghes ytorne.

Ælla.

Thie mynde ys now thieſelfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all ſoe wyfe yn mynde,
Alleyne to lette pore wretched Ælla ſee,
Whatte wondrous bighes 63 he nowe muſte leave behynde? [wynde,
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge
On everyche wynde I wylle a token ſende;
Onn mie longe ſhielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde,
But here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.

ELLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE SPEAKING.

Thie Bryſtowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge 64;
chone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-ſhield dothe ſlynge.

Ælla.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

Birtha.

Lyfe of mie ſpryte, mie gentle Ælla ſtaie.
Engyne mee notte wyth ſyke a drierie woe.

Ælla.

I muſte, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

Birtha.

O mie agroted harte, braſte, braſte ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Ælla.

Birtha, adieu: I maie notte here obaie,
I'm flyynge from mieſelfe yn flying thee.

Birtha.

O Ælla, houſband, friend, and loverde, ſtaie.
le's gon, he's gone, alaſs! percaſe he's gone for aie.

Celmonde.

Hope, hallie ſuſter, ſweepynge through the ſkie,
In croune of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynn gentle aire doe flie,
Meetynge from diſtaunce the enjoyous ſyghte,
Albeytte efte thou takeſt thie hie flyghte
Hecket 65 ynne a myſte, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commeſt thou to mee wythe ſtarre lyghte;
Ontoe thie veſte the rodde ſonne ys adente 66;
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
epyde wythe ſkylledd honde uppon this wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hoplin am adawed,
Awhaped 67 atte the fetyveneſs of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe than hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I muſte followe; toe the fraie,
Celmonde cannne ne'er from anie hyker ſtaie.
Dothe warre begynne! there's Celmonde yn the place, [awaie.
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haſte
The reſte from nethe tyms maſque muſt ſhew yttes face.
I ſee onnombered joies asounde mee ryſe;
Brake 68 ſtondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyſe.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee heſtanne,
And nothynge does thee myckle gaſtneſs fere.
Fayngе woulde I from mie boſomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dyſperpelleſt 69 the levynne-bronde;
Whyleſt mie ſoulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As ſome talle hylle, whan wynds doe ſhake the ground,
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie braſteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt be ytt? tys a ſhadowes ſhade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the ſonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute ſprytes, and wommen for to ſleme;
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to ſyke enfeeblyng waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr ſoules, be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayſe.
O thou, whateer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, ſteel mie ſable ſpryte,
For fremde 70 and dulefulle dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, AND HIE PREESTE,

WYTH THE ARMIE, NEAR WATCHETTE.

Magnus.

Swythe 71 lette the effendres 72 to the goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the iſſue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-ſteyned ſword and payves ynne;
Spreade ſwythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

Hie Preeſte ſyngeth.

Yee, who hie yn mickie ayre
Delethe ſeaſonnes foule or fayre,
Yee, who, whannes yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gytelles 73 hylte,
Mooved the ſtarres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde:
Whanne the ounedynge waves dyſtreſte,
Stroven to be overeſt,
Sockeynge yn the ſpyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,

63 Jewels. 64 ſtay. 65 wrapped cloſely, covered. 66 faſtened. 67 aſtoniſhed.

68 Naked. 69 ſcattereſt. 70 ſtrange. 71 Quickly. 72 offerings. 73 mantles.

Sendynge dethe, on plagues aſtrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys gudde;
To mee ſende your heſte devyne,
Lyghte eletten 74 all myne eyne,
That I maie now undevyſe
All the actyonnes of th' empprize.
[*falleth downe and ofte ryſethe.*
Thus ſayethe the goddes; goe, yſſue to the [ſlayne.
playne;
Forr there ſhall meynte of mytte menne bee

Magnus.

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus [hoaſte,
foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the
Athorowe ſwerdes, alyche the Queed dy-
ſtraught [loaſte.
Have Magnus preſſynge wroghte hys foemen
As whanne a tempeſte vexeth ſoare the coaſte.
The dyngeynge ounde the ſandeie ſtronde doe
tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toſte,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaſte received
mie ſpear.
Mie ſheelde, lyche ſommere morie gronſer droke,
Mie lethalle ſpeere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

Hurra.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of ſound,
and eeke [rayne.
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to ſpeke;
The cocke ſaithe dreſte 75, yett armed ys he
alleyne.
Certes thie wordes maie, thou moteſt have ſayne
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne
fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from hedes of myckle
myghte.
Sythence ſyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons ſpeeke, and bie thie
corrage ſtonde.

Magnus.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghteſt anente 76 maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makeſt armed hartes to blede.
Efte I, caparyſon'd on bloddie ſtede,
Havvthe thee ſeene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corſes I inveſtynge everich mede,
And thou aſton, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldeſt thou comme yn for mie re-
nome, [dome?
Albeytte thou wouldeſt reyne awaie from bloddie

Hurra.

How! butte hee bourne mie rage. I kenne
aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye
peene.
Eftſonnes I hope wee ſcalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the ſouldyers all thou wylte be-
wreen.
I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie ſphere adeane,
Thanne let mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.

Thys mie adented ſhielde, thys mie warre
ſpeare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte
can feare.

Magnus.

Magnus woulde ſpeke, butte thatte hys noble
ſpryte [ſaie.
Dothe ſoe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to
He'dde ſpeke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde
he'd wryte,
And on iffie headod peyncte hys myghte ſer aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldeſt
ſtaie,
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, hee goe;
Leſt I in furrie ſhulde mie armies diſplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche 77 myckle
woe.
Oh! I bee madde, dyſtraughte wyth brendyng
rage;
Ne ſeas of ſmethyng gore wylle mie chafed harte
aſſwage.

Hurra.

I kenne thee Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou
art
That doeſt aſlee alonge ynn doled dyſtreſſe,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almoſt wyſche thie prowes were made leſſe.
Whan Ælla (name dreſt uppe yn ugſomneſs 78
To thee and recreandes 79) thondered on the
playne,
Howe dydſte thou thorowe fyrſte of fleers preſſe!
Swefter thanne fedcred takelle dydſte thou
reyne.
A ronnynge pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
wylle gayne.

Magnus.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tynge!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie ſpryte!
Maieſt thou fele al the peynes of age whylſt
yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, excloodded aie the lyghte,
Thie ſenſes, lyche thieſelfe, enwrapped yn
nyghte,
A ſcoff to foemen, and to beaſtes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere:
Fen vaipoures blaſte thie everiche manlie
powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolſome
peenes devoure.
Faynge wonlde I curſe thee further, botte mie
tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure ſoe toe doe.

Hurra.

Nowe bie the Dacaynne goddes, and Welkyns
kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydſte begynne, perſue;
Calle on mie, heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curſes
ſele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne
blewe,
The thonder loude, the ſwellynge azure rele 80.
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete beſyde;

74 Enlighten. 75 leaſt. 76 againſt.

77 Work. 78 terror. 79 cowards. 80 wave.

Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde, [come.
Botte doe notte waſte thie breath, leſt Ælla
Magnus.
Ælla and thee togyder ſynke toe helle!
Bee youre names blaſted from the rolle of dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle? [myne,
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to
Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſletre felle;
Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ſtate, [dyſregate.
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee
Hurra.
I pryze thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,
The ſede of melyce and recendize al.
Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canſt calle.
Thou beeſt a worme ſo groffile and ſo ſmal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde, [falle,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee
Alyche thie owne feare, ſlea thee wythe a worde.
I, Hurra, amme mieſel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valorous actes, and yn commande as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE AND MESSENGERE.

Meſſengere.
Blynne your contekions 81, chiefs; for as I ſtode
Uponne mie watche, I ſpiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche an handfulle of a fremded 82 foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugſomlie, [alonge
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder ſtorme.
Magnus.
Ar there meynte of them?
Meſſengere.
Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a ſommer's none,
Seemynge as though theie ſtynge as perſante too.
Hurra.
Whatte matters thatte? lettes ſette oure warrarraie. [pare;
Goe, ſounde the beme, lette champyons preNe doubtynge, we wylle ſtynge as ſaſte as heie.
Whatte? doeſt forgard 83 thie bloddie? ys ytte for feare? [ſtere,
Wouldeſt thou gayne the towne, and caſtleAnd yette ne byker wythe the ſoldyer guarde?
Go, byde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche and warde.
Magnus.
Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys godde.

81 Contentions. 82 frighted. 83 loſe.

Hurra.
For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be cloughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERE.

Seconde Meſſengere.
As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I ſpied the croſſed ſhielde and bloddie ſwerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne,
The armie ys. Dyſorder throughe oure hoaſte
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, ſtyr, mie lordes!
Magnus.
What? Ælla? and ſo neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie ryſynge feare!
Hurra.
What doeſt thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie ſworde, thou arte a verie berne 84.
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure ſcanne,
Whanne thou dydſt boaſte ſoe mochie of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.
Magnus.
I to the knyghtes onne everyche ſyde wylle burne,
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eider ſyde wylle bee, [ſlea.
Mie harte I wylle upryſe, and inne the battele

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, AND ARMIE, NEAR WATCHETTE.

Ælla.
Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne [browes.
Of certane maſterſchyppe upon hys gleſtreynge
As for mie hatte, I owne ytt ys as ere
Itte has beene ynne the ſommer-ſhene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugſome gratch of fere;
Mie bloddie embollen, wythe maſterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd ſtate,
Impatyente forr to mete the perſante ſtele,
And telle the workde thatt Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who fought for Englondes weale. [more drere,
Friends, kynne, and ſoldyerres, ynne black arMie actyons ymytate, mie preſente redynge here.

There ys ne houſe, atthrow thys ſhap-ſcurged 85 iſle,
Thatte has ne loſte a kynne yn theſe fell fyghtes;
Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde ſoyle,
And townes enlowed 86 lemed 87 oppe the nyghtes.

84 Child. 85 fate-ſcourged. 86 flamed, fired. 87 lighted.

Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dhere
nyghtes;
Oure feemes lie ſtorven 88 ynne theyre ſmethynge
gore; [nyghtes,
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie
Vexynge oure coaſte, as byllowes doe the ſhore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, diſplaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempeſt
flame.

Ye Chryſtyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
Theſe royſterres of oure hallie houſes ſlea;
Braſte, lyke a cloude, from whence duthe come
the flame, [taines, bee.
Lyche torrentes, guſhynge downe the mroun-
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons
flee, [bronde,
Sweſte as the rodde for-weltrynge 89 levyn-
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne thete royners of the londe.
Lette thoſe yatte are unto her battayles fledde,
Take flepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne ſee herre towne onn
fyre, [honde,
And ſtrev wyth goulde to ſtaie the royners
Ælla and Bryſtowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, [londe.
Wee fyghte notte for ourſelves, botte ail the
As Severnes hygher lyghethe banckes of ſonde.
Preſſynge ytte downe binethe the revnynge
ſtreme, [ſtronde,
Wythe dreerie dynn enſwolters 90 the hyghe
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn ſhurye breme,
Soe wylle we beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a ſtorme of bludde wyll reache the
champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare
To Bryſtowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre thuyrie
dyre;
Bryſtowe, and alleher joies, wylle ſynke toe ayre,
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende 91
fyre:
Thenne lette oure ſafetie doublie moove oure ire
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,
See [ing] the lambe and ſhepſtere nere the brire,
Doth th' one forr ſafetie, th' one for hongre flea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne
the playne, [anns flayne.
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacy-

Lyche a rodde gronfer ſhalle mie anlace ſheene,
Lyche a ſtrynge lyoncelle I'll bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes ſhalle bee
ſleene, [myghte.
Lyche [a] loud dynnynge ſtreeme ſcalle be mie
Ye menne, who woulde deſerve the name of
knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle ſhalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Bryſtow
ſlepte. [crie
Yourſelfes, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, and
wynne or die

88 Dead. 89 blaſting. 90 ſwallows, ſucks in
91 unaccuſtomed.

I ſaie ne moe; youre ſpryte the reſte wylle ſaie;
Your ſpryte wylle wrynne, thatte Bryſtow ys
yer place; [wate;
To honoures houſe I nede notte marcke the
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-
pathe trace. [ſpace;
'Twexte ſhape and us there ys botte lyttelle
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourſelves bee
meme; [grace,
Drawe forthe the bornyſhed bylle wythe fetyve
Rouze, lyche a woltynne rouzing from hys
denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; go thou ſhethe;
I'll potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys ſycke wythe
deathe.

Soldyers.

Onn, Ælla, on; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven ſynge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla, on; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doſte leade us to the lethal playne.

Celmonde.

Thie ſpeche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole
trayne; [breathe;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for
Go, and fytte crowned on corſes of the flayne;
Go, and ywielde the maſſie ſwerde of deathe.

Soldyerres.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes,
Echone yn phantaſie do lede the Danes ynne
chaynes.

Ælla.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble
ſprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer maſter telle.
Swefte as the rayne-ſtorm toe the erthe a-
lyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon theſe royners felle.
Oure mowynge ſwerdes ſhalle plonge hem
downe to helle; [ſtarres;
Theyre throngynge corſes ſhall onlyghte the
The barrowes braſtynge wythe the fleenc ſchall
ſwelle, [warres;
Brynnynge 92 to commynge tymes our famous
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the
nyghte. [ſaie,
Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte ſhall
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyſſen hee hanne ſeene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte
nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to ſtaie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys greneil mede,
Oer corſes of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the ſlughornes
ſounde, [grounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryſynge
Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES FLYING, NEARE WATCHETTE.

Fyrſte Dane.

Fly, fly, ye Danes; Magnus the chiefe ys ſleene,
The Saxonnes comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade;

92 Declaring.

Lette's flrev to gette awaie to yinder greene:
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.
Seconde Dane.
O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muſt I nowe for ſafetie flie awaie?
See! farre beſprenged alle oure troopes are ſpreade,
Yette I wylle ſynglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, and fyre, ſcalle 93 marke the goeynge of my feete.
Thyrde Dane.
Enthoghteynge for to ſcape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I ſpied a ſyghte of myckle woe,
Oure ſpyrynge battayles wrapt ynn ſayles of flame.
The burled Dacyannes, who were ynn the fame,
Fro ſyde to ſyde ſledde the puſuyte of deathe;
The ſwelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the ſea, and bobblynge yield yer breathe;
Whyleſt thoſe thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle flayne.
Hurra.
Now bie the goddes, Magnus, dyſcourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente 94 havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Dyſpendynge all the taile menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie have the tourned foe,
Gader the ſouldyers lefte to future ſhappe,
To ſomme newe place for ſafetie wee wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne 95;
Lette alle the Dacyannes ſwythe untoe our banne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle ſprenge ſadde dethe and dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, and waſch ourſelves there-ynne.
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
I heere the anlacis deteſted dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

CELMONDE, NEAR WATCHETTE.

O forr a ſpryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche ſcal aſtounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie

Bryghte ſonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
From the redde eaſte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her ſable tapiſtrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge ſtreakes bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd ſmyle wythe ſhemrynge eie,

Lyche gottes of blodde whiche doe blacke armoure ſteyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne 96 whyche ſtondeth bie;
The ſouldyers ſtoode uponne the hillis ſyde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreſte byde.

Ælla roſe lyche the tree beſette wyth brieres;
Hys talle ſpeere ſheenynge as the ſtarres at nyghte,
Hys eyne enſemeynge as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte:
Itte mooveth 'hem, as honterres lyoncell;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warrynge harte forr prayſe and rennome ſtreme,
Fwelles;
Lyche flowelie dynnynge, of the croucheynge
Syche dyd the mormrynge ſound of the whol armie ſeme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to ſaie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boeſomme tare,
To telle howe everie loke wulde banyſhe feere,
Woulde aſke an angelles poyntelle or hys-tongue,
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryſeth heaven-were,
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and ſtrynge,
Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges maſterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; ſwerdes uponne ſwerdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge ſtarres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;
Where he dydde come, the flemed 97 foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe ſyke a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryſe opponne the playne;
Ælla thou arte—botte ſtaie, mie tynge; ſaie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, ſtylle greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys ſouldyerres ſee hys actes yn vayne.
Heere a ſtoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;
Heere lorde and hyndlete ſonke uponne the playne;
Heere ſonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus ſought hys waie, and ſhame to telle!
Hee ſought hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's ſpeere
Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes ſchoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte tare,

93 Shall. 94 coward. 95 retreat.

96 Burniſh. 97 frighted.

He groned, and ſonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys eorſe encreaſed the pyles of Dacyannes fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champyons ſtonde,
Lyche bulles, whoſe ſtrengthe and wondrous myghte ys ſtedde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde;
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foemeen bledde;
Full three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere taſte, and lyche a
The ſoldyerres followed wythe a myghte crie,
Cryes yatte welle myghte the ſtonteſte hartes affraie.
Sweſte as yer ſhyppes the vanquyſhed Dacy-
Sweſte as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Preſſynge behynde, the Englyſche ſoldyerres flaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyſhe mienne re-
Ælla commaundes 'heie ſhoulde the fleetre ſtaie,
Botte bynde 'hem pryſonners on the bloddie playne.
The fyghtyne beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fields to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.

Mie ſervant ſquyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

Celmonde.

Prepare a fleing horſe,
Whoſe feete are wynges, whoſe pace ys lycke the wynde,
Whoe wylle outſtreppe the morneynge lyghte
Leaveynge the gyttles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie preſence ſynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne ſyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doeſt mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne thou ſhalt be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, he gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte mie heſte of ſtedes, and brynge hymm heere—awaie!

Celmonde.

Ælla ys wounded ſore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe.
And ſhalle I from hys browes plocke off the
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! ſulle ſooner ſchulde mie hartes blodde ſmethe,
Fulle ſoonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe
To gayne ſo gayne a pryze wythe loſſe of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne 98—ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantaſie, and alleyn lyvynge

Albeytte everyche thinge yn lyſe conſpyre
To telle me of the faulte I nowe ſchulde doe,

98 Eternal.

Yette woulde I battenlie aſſuage mie fyre,
And the ſame menes as I ſcall nowe purſue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe
Were blodde, and morther, maſterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to now, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie ſcarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie ſhalle be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

Birtha.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte were 99.
Oh! yatte aughte ſchulde oure ſellyneſſe deſtroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe and brynie teare!

Egwina.

You muſte, you muſte endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto ſomme cherifaunced reſte.
Youre loverde from the battle wylle appere,
Ynne honoure, and a greater love, be dreſte;
Botte I wylle call the mynſtrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the ſwotie ſounde maie chaſe your wiere 99 awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

Mynſtrelles Songe.

O! ſynge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynnnge 100 ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne 101 as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode 102 as the ſommer ſnowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cald he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngne as the throſtles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,
Defe hys taboure, codgelle ſtote,
O! hee lyes hie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe ſynge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone ſheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves ſhroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge ſkie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;

99 Grief. 100 running. 101 hair. 102 complexion.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllow tree.

Heere uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee on hallie feyncte to fave
Al the celneſs of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllow tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corſe to gre,
Ouphante fairie lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie bodie ſtill ſchalle bee.
My love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all ytts goode I ſcorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaſte by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.
Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes 103
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damſelle ſpake, and dyed.

Birtha.

Thys ſyngyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte pleaſe; [eaſe.
Butte mie uncourtlie ſhappe benymmes mee of all

ÆLLA, ATTE WATCHETTE.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a ſtede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie ſoul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her ſyghte.
Brynge mee a ſtede, wythe eagle wynges for flyghte,
Swefte as mie wyſhe, and, as mie love ys ſtronge.
The Danes have wrought mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes ſo longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, ſythe maſterie
Canne yeve ne pleaſaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Some tymes the ſamme thynge wyll both bane and bleſſe? [warmed,
On tymeencalede 104, yanne bie the ſame thynge
Eſtroughted foorthe, and yanne ybroghten leſs.
'Tys Birtha's loſs whyche doe mie thoughts poſſeſſe;
I wylle, I muſt awaie: whie ſtaies mie ſtede?
Mie huſcarles, hyther haſte; prepare a dreſſe,
Whyche couracyrs 105 yn haſtie journies nede.
O heavens! I moſt awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her looks I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

103 Water-flags. 104 frozen, cold. 105 horſe courſers, couriers.

CELMONDE, ATT BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are ſtylle; [gleme;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyght makes
The upryſte 106 ſprytes the ſylence letten 107 fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynn the dreme;
The foreſte ſheenethe wythe the ſylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be ſated ynn ytts treate;
Uponne the lynche of ſomme ſweſte reynyng ſtreme,
Att the ſwote banquette I wylle ſwotelie eate.
Thys ys the howſe; yee hyndes, ſwythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

Celmonde.

Go telle to Birtha ſtrayte, a ſtraungere waytethe here.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

Birtha.

Celmonde! yee ſeyncte! I hope thou haſte goode newes.

Celmonde.

The hope ys loſte; for heavie newes prepare.

Birtha.

Is Ælla welle?

Celmonde.

Hee lyves; and ſtylle maie uſe
The behylte 108 bleſſynges of a future yeare.

Birtha.

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte miſchaunce dydſte thou ſo latelie faie?

Celmonde.

For heavie tydynges ſwythyn now prepare.
Ælla ſore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedeceſter's wallid toune he lies.

Birtha.

O mie agroted breaſt!

Celmonde.

Wythoute your ſyght he dyes.

Birtha.

Wylle Birtha's preſence ethe her Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie ſchoulders ſprynge.

Celmonde.

Mie ſtede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

Birtha.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge;
Sweftlie capariſons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyne ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydſte thou kenne the ſtynge,
The whiche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome, [bee;
Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare to Aryſe, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten mee.

Celmonde.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſweſte as ayre;
Mie ſervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conduct goode.

106 Riſen. 107 church-yard. 108 promiſed.

Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wyll ſtaunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys hearte alle cheere:
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode 109;
You doe hys ſpryte, and alle hys pleaſaunce bere.
Corthe, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes ſmoke.

Birtha.

Albeytte unweares dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne, alyche fallyng ryvers, dyd ſerſe hee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd flee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eſtſoones woulde flee;
Albeytte hawthornes dyd me fleſhe enſeme,
Owlettes, wythe ſcrychynge, ſhakeynge everyche tree,
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche ſtreme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte ſtaie,
Botte ſeke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

A WOODE.

HURRA, DANES.

Hurra.

Heere ynn yis forreſte lette us watche for prec,
Bewreckeynge on our foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whatteverre ſchalle be Englyſch wee wylle flea,
Spreddynge our ugſomme rennome to aſarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde ſuffycyle for yee bee;
On everych breaſte yn gorie letteres ſcarre,
What ſprytes you have, and howe thoſe ſprytes maie dree.
And gyff yee gette awaie to Denmarkes ſhore,
Efteſoones we will retourne, and vanquiſhed bee ne moere,
The battelle loſte, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemſelfes culde ſtonde ſo harde a fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and our healmes dyd blede,
The Dacyannes ſprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie.
Ytt was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn ſpytte of foemanne, I moſt faie hys myghte;
Botte wee ynn hynd lettes blodde the loſs wylle paie,
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn tyghte;
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enlooſed from chaynes,
Oure armoure—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of joie.
Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure ſhuyrie brende;
Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende;
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourettes rende,
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhere of ſende,
Beſprengynge alle abrode ſadde warre and bloddie weere.
Botte ſyrſte to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yffae owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

Birtha.

Thys merkneſs doe affraie mie wommanns breaſte.
Howe ſable ys the ſpredynge ſkie arrayde!
Hailie the bordeleire, who lyves to reſte,
Ne ys att nyghts ſlemynge hue dyſmayde;
The ſtarres doe ſcantillie 110 the fable brayde;
Wyde ys the ſylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

Celmonde.

Merker the nyghte, fitter tyde for love.

Birtha.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

Celmonde.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

Birtha.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

Celmonde.

Thys Celmonde menes.
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an act of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore 111, dothe ſheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyght;
See! howe the braunchynge trees do here entwyne,
Makeyng thy bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;
Thys was for love fyrſt made, and here ytt ſtondes,
That hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

Birtha.

Celmonde, ſpeake whatte thou meneſt, or alſe mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honeſtie ſo fayre.

Celmonde.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you brought,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

Birtha.

O heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?
Am I betraſte 112? where ys mie Ælla, ſaie?

Celmonde.

O! do nette now to Ælla ſyke love bere,
Botte geven ſome onne Celmondes hedde.

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109 Life.

110 Scarcely, ſparingly. 111 torch. 112 betrayed.

Birtha.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, and groape mie paſſage oute,
Albeytte neders ſtynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

Celmonde.

Nowe bie the ſeyncles I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeſte mie brendynge love amate.
Thoſe eyne have cauſed Celmonde myckie woe,
Yenne lette yer ſmyle fyrſt take hymn yn regrate.
O! didſt thou ſee mie breaſtis troblous ſtate,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha ſtylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the ſommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyſpleaſaunce brooke.

Birtha.

Thie love ys ſoule; I woulde bee deaſe for aie,
Radher thanne heere ſyche deſlavatie 113 ſedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further ſaie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead. [bedde,
Yee ſeyncles! and ſhal I wronge mie Ælla's
And wouldſt thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curſes onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydſte a meſſage brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of ſable harte!
Or welkyn 114 and her ſtarres wyll take a maydens parte.

Celmonde.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie ſuyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte; [ſtele;
Your lymbes ſhall bende, albeytte ſtrynge as
The merkye ſeeſonne wylle your bloſhes hylte 115.

Birtha.

Holpe, holpe, ye ſeyncles! oh thatte mie blodde was ſpylte!

Celmonde.

The ſeyncles att diſtaunce ſtonde ynn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canſte notte, gyff thou wylte.
Unto mie wyſche bee kinde, and nete alſe hede.

Birtha.

No, foule beſtoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe to ſtaie mie dynne, or ſomme kynde roder heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

Hurra.

Ah! thatts a wommane cries.
I kenn hem; ſaie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

Celmonde.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys ſwerde yee dies.

Hurra.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis ſete affere.

Birtha.

Save mee, oh! ſave me from thys royner heere!

Hurra.

Stonde thou bie mie; now ſaie thie name and londe;
Or ſwythyne ſchall mie ſwerde thie boddie tare.

Celmonde

Bothe I wylle ſhewe thee bie mie brondcous 116 honde.

Hurra.

Beſette hym rounde, yee Danes.

Celmonde.

Come onne, and ſee [bee.
Gyff mie ſtrynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I
[*Fyghte al anenſte Celmonde, maynte Danes he ſleath, and faleth to Hurra.*

Celmonde.

Oh! I forſlagen 117 hee! ye Danes, now kenne,
I aimme yatte Celmonde, ſeconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, ſo forſlege youre menne; [nyghte;—
I ſele myne eyne to ſwymme yn æterne
To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*

Hurra.

Thenne ſelle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

Birtha.

I am greate Ælla's wyſe.

Hurra.

Ah!

Birtha.

Gyff arenſte hym you harboure ſoule deſpyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Me thankes I ever onne you wylle beſtowe,
From cwbryce 118 you mee pyghte, the worſte of mortal woe.

Hurra.

I wylle; ytte ſcalle bee ſoe: ye Dacyans, here,
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everyche fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forſlagen Magnus, all oure ſchippes ybrente;
Bie hys ſelle arme wee now are made to ſtraie;
The ſpeere of Dacya he ynn pieces ſhente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie ſed, and wyſched hym byt-ter dome.

Birtha.

Mercie!

Hurra.

Bee ſtylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are ſpente, he ſoundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he toſſeth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and wyne;
Has hee notte untoe ſomme of you hynn dygne?
You would have ſmethed onne Wedeceſtrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the ſlughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder ſpreddynge thielde.

113 Letchery. 114 Heaven. 115 hide.

116 Furious. 117 ſlain. 118 adultery.

Whanne you, as caytyſned, yn fielde dyd bee,
Hee oathed you to bee ſtylle, and ſtrayte dydd ſette you free.

Scalle wee forſlege 119 hys wyfe, becauſe he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's ſlave,
Robbe hym of whatte percaſe he holdith deere?
Or ſcalle we menne or mennys ſprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiſelle bere,
Bewrynne oure caſe, and to oure waie be gonne?
The laſt you do approve; ſo lette ytte bee;
Damoyſelle, comme awaie; you ſafe ſcalle bee wythe mee.

Birtha.

Al bleſſynges maie the ſeynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleaſaunce maie youre longe-ſtraughte livynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too ſmalle a guyfte the londe and ſea.
O Celmonde! I maie deſtlie rede bie thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie crofs-ſtone 120 of thie ctyme bewree! [mynde!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, ſewe thie Soldyer! for ſyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the waie.

Hurra.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the eaſte to ſheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme ſlowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chaſe the merkynefs of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge onte the daie;
The ſofte dewe falleth onne the greeynge graſſe;
The ſhepſter mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante 121 fees her vyſage yn the wavie glaſſe;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee ſcalle Ælla ſee,
Or Bryſtowes wallyd towne; damoyſelle, followe mee.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

Ælla.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laſte nyghte [love;
To have been heere; mie ſtede han notte mie.
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylſte I goe oppe, and wake mie ſlepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I ſhal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie ſpryte,
Thie ſmyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylie prove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle be ſette aryghte.
Egwina, haſte, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breſte maie thynke of warre ne more.

Ælla, Egwina.

Egwina.

Oh Ælla!

Ælla.

Ah! that ſemmlykeene to mee
Specketh a legendary tale of woe.

Egwina.

Birtha is—

Ælla.

Whatt? where? how? ſaie, whatte of ſhee?

Egwina.

Gone—

Ælla.

Gone! ye goddes!

Egwina.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!
Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

Ælla.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.
Where ys ſhee gon awaie? ah! ſpeake! how? when?

Egwina.

I will.

Ælla.

Caparyſon a ſcore of ſtedes; ſiie, ſlie.
Where ys ſhee? ſwythynne ſpeeke, or inſtante thou ſhalte die.

Egwina.

Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou whatte I knowe.

Ælla.

Oh! ſpeek.

Egwina.

Lyche prymroſe, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne, [wiere,
Laſte nyghte I leſte her, droopynge wythe her
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte ſyke peyne—

Ælla.

Her love! to whomme?

Egwina.

To thee, her ſpouſe alleyne 122.
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd ſeere 123,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne ſynde her anie wheere.

Ælla.

Thou lyeſt, foul hagge! thou lyeſt; thou art her ayde [bee.
To chere her louſte:—botte noe; ytte cannotte

Egwina.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have ſayde, [flea.
Drawe forthe thie anlace ſwythyn, thanne mee

Ælla.

Botte yette ytte muſte, ytte muſte bee ſoe; I ſee,
Shee wythe ſomme louſtie paramoure ys gone:
Itte moſte bee ſoe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys runne;

119 Slay. 120 monument. 121 ſcarce.

122 Only, alone. 123 ſearch.

Nowe rage, and brondeous ſtorm, and tempeſte comme; [domme.
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enſwote mie

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

Servytoure.

Loverde! I am aboutte the trouthe to ſaie.
Laſte nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reſte.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name and place addreſte;
Downe to hym camme ſhe; butte thereof the reſte
I ken ne matter; ſo, mie hommage made—

Ælla.

O ſpeake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes haſte;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes ſhade.
Hanne alle the furie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen one mie benned 124 heade I hanne been Ælla ſtylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled 125 of alle mie ſpryte;
Mie honoure, honoure, frownd on the dolce 126 wynde, [pyghte;
Thatte ſteeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage im-
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette ſomme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome 127 and mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke to lyve;
Mie huſcarles, untoe everie aſker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle.
[*Stabbeth hys breſte.*

Servytoure.

Ælla ys ſleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde.

Ælla.

Be ſtylle; ſwythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Bryſtowe caſtle, wyll doe welle.
[*Kneile ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Ælla.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; ſoe alle maie telle,
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyſchd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! ſhee maie be fayre.

Egwina.

Yatte ſhee moſte bee.

Ælla.

Ah! ſaie notte ſoe! yatte worde would Ælla doubly ſlee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

Ælla.

Ah! Birtha here!

Birtha.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle? [hee?
Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke; where? howe ys
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle?

Ælla.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

Birtha.

What menes mie Ælla?

Ælla.

Here mie meneynge ſee.
Thie ſoulneſs urged mie honde to gvye thys wounde,
Ytte mee unſprytes 128.

Birtha.

Ytt hathe unſpryted mee.

Ælla.

Ah Heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and ſo wyile bee.

Hurra.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friend to thee.

Thys damoyſelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenſte a burled ſwayne;
I ſente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde, [trayne.
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge
Yis damoiſelle ſoughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

Coernike.

Ye nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

Ælla.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! ſhe ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

Birtha.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere,
Botte doe reſte mee upponne mie Ælla's breaſte;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reſte,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeſte,
To Watchette towne, where you deceaſynge laie; [preſte,
I wyth hym fledde; through a murke wode we
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd ſaie;
The Danes—

Ælla.

Oh! I die contente.— [*dieth.*

Birtha.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn ſpouſal bedde.
[*Birtha feynteth.*

Coernyke.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falls the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.
Who canne unplyte the wurchys Heaven can doe,
Or who untweſte the role of ſhappe yn twayne?
Ælla, thie rennome was thie only gayne;

124 Curſed, tormented. 125 unarmed. 126 ſoft, gentle. 127 renown.

128 Un-ſouls.

For yatte, thie pleaſaunce, and thie joie was
loſte.
Thie countrymen ſhall rere thee, on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaſte;
Further, a juſt amede to thee to bee,
Inne Heaven thou ſynge of Godde, on erthe we'lle
ſynge of thee.

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE.

By Thomas Rowleie.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, *bie T. Rowleie, the Auctboure.*
GODDWYN *bie Johan de Iſcam me.*
ELWARDE, *bie Syrr Tybot Gorges.*
ALSTAN, *bie Syrr Alin de Vere*
KYNGE EDWARDE, *bie Maſtre Willyam Canynge.*

Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynnſtrelles.

PROLOGUE.

MADE BIE MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOME 1 bie penſmeune 2 moke 3 ungentle 4 name
Have upon Goddwynne Earl of Kente bin layde.
Dherebie benymmynge 5 hymme of faie 6 and fame;
Unliart 7 divinſtres 8 haveth ſaide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie 9 wurche to; [churche.
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne 11 the

The aucthoure 12 of the piece whiche we enacte,
Alheytte 13 a clergyon 14, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte:
Entyn 15 a kynge mote 16 be full pleaſed to nyghte.
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for to doe do champyon 17 anie onne.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

Goddwyn.

HAROLDE!

Harolde.

Mie loverde 18!

Goddwyn.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen 19 riſeth to ifrete 20 the londe.
Theie batten 21 onne her fleſhe, her heartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal borde.

1 Of old, formerly. 2 writers, hiſtorians. 3 much. 4 inglorious. 5 bereaving. 6 faith. 7. unforgiving. 8 divines, clergymen, monks. 9. holy. 10 work. 11 not. 12 author. 13 though, notwithſtanding. 14 clerk, or clergyman. 15 entyn, even. 16 might. 17 challenge. 18 lord. 19 foes, enemies. 20. devour, deſtroy. 21 fatten.

Harolde.

Lette notte thie agreme 22 blyn 23, ne aledge 24 ſtonde:
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
Am I betraſſed 25, ſyke 26 ſhulde mie burlie 27 bronde [I bore.
Dep cyncte 28 the wronges on hym from whom

Goddwyn.

I ken thie ſpryte 29 tul welie; gentle thou art,
Stringe 30, ugle mine 31, rou 32, as ſmethynge 33 arn yes ſeeme; [parte,
Yett eft 34, I feare, thie cheles 35 toe grete a
And that thie rede 36 bee efte borne downe bie breme 37.
What tydynges from the kynge?

Harolde.

His Normans know.
I make noe compheeres of the ſhemrynge 38 trayne.

Goddwyn.

Ah Harolde! 'tis a tyghte of myckle woe,
To kenne theſe Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynge withe the foulke 39?

Harolde.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer ſhap 40, ſtylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a ſorgie ſea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a ſtynge? [bee?
Dothe alle complevne, yette none wylie ryghted

Goddwyn.

Awayte the tyme whanne Godde wylle ſende us ayde.

Harolde.

No, we muſte ſtreve to ayde oureſelves wythe powre. [prayde.
Whan Godde wylle ſende us ayde! tis fetelie 41
Moſte we thoſe calke 42 awaie the lyve longe howre? [dareynge 44,
Thos croche 43 oure armes, and ne toe lyve
Unburled 45, undelievre 46, uneſpryte?
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk 48 thoughte of peyne,
Ille free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

Goddwyn.

Botte lette us wayte untylle ſomme ſeaſon fytte.
Mie Kentyſhmen, thie Summertons ſhall ryſe;
Adented 49 proweſs 50 to the gite 51 of witte,
Agayne the argent 52 horſe ſhall daunce ynſkies.
Oh, Harolde, heere forſtraughteynge 53 wanhope 54 lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe 55.

22 Grievance; a ſenſe of it. 23 ceaſe, be ſtill. 24 idly. 25 deceived, impoſed on. 26 ſo. 27 fury, anger, rage. 28 paint, diſplay. 29 ſoul. 30 ſtrong. 31 terrible. 32 horrid, grim. 33 ſmoking, bleeding. 34 oft.. 35 heat, raſhneſs. 36 counſel, wiſdom. 37 ſtrength, alſo ſtrong. 38 tandry, glimmering. 39 people. 40 fate, deſtiny. 41 nobly. 42 caſt. 43 croſs, from crouche, a croſs. 44 attempt, or endeavour. 45 unarmed. 46 unactive. 47 unſpirited. 48 ſuch. 49 faſtened, annexed. 50 might, power. 51 mantle, or robe. 52 white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horſe ſaliant, argent. 53 diſtracting. 54 deſpair. 55 bleed.

Whylſte Edwarde to thie ſonnes wylle nete alyſe 56,
Shulde anie of thie ſonnes fele aughte of ethe 57?
Upponne the trone 58 I ſette thee, helde thie crowne; [downe.
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte 59 thee
Thou arte all preeſte, and notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte all Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Knowe, ytte beſeies 60 thee notte a maſſe to ſynge; [Godde.
Servynge thie leegefolcke 61 thou arte ſervynge
Harolde.
Thenne Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes
The dailie contekes 62 of the londe aſcende.
The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, and bondemennes cries [ſtende 65.
Acheke 63 the mokie 64 aire and heaven a-
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled 66 from erthe theſe Normanne 67 hyndes ſhalle bee; [brende 70;
Lyche a battently 68 low 69, mie ſwerde ſhalle
Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem 71 ſlea 72; [fayte 73;
Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wylle de-
Aboune 74 the hyghe empryze 75, and rouze the champyones ſtrayte.
Goddwyn.
Thie ſuſter—
Harolde.
Aye, I knowe ſhe is his queene. [fayre,
Albeytte 76, dyd ſhee ſpeeke her foemen 77
I wulde dequace 78 her comelie ſemlykeene 79,
And foulde mie bloddie anlace 80 yn her hayre.
Goddwyn.
Thye ſhuir 81 blyn 82.
Harolde.
No, bydde the leathal 83 mere 84,
Upriſte 85 withe hiltrene 86 wyndes and cauſe unkend 87,
Beheſte 88 it to be lette 89; ſo twylle appeare,
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.
The gule-ſteynct 90 brygandyne 91, the adventayle 92, [prevayle.
The feerie anlace 92 brede 93 ſhal make mie gare 94
Goddwyn.
Harolde, what wuldeſt doe?
Harolde.
Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites 95 unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge 96 her bie lotte,
Caltyſnyng 97 everich native plante to gre 98,

56 Allow. 57 eaſe. 58 throne. 59 pluck. 60 becomes. 61 ſubjects. 62 contentions, complaints. 63 choke. 64 dark, cloudy. 65 aſtoniſh. 66 cut off, deſtroyed. 67 ſlaves. 68 loud roaring. 69 flame of fire. 70 burn, conſume. 71 them. 72 ſlay. 73 decay. 74 make ready. 75 enterpriſe. 76 notwithſtanding. 77 foes. 78 mangle, deſtroy. 79 beauty, countenance. 80 an ancient ſword. 81 fury. 82 ceaſe. 83 deadly. 84 lake 85 ſwollen. 86 hidden. 87 unknown. 88 command. 89 ſtill. 90 red-ſtained. 91, 92 parts of armour. 93 broad. 94 cauſe. 95 rights, liberties. 96 cutting, mangling. 97 forbidding. 98 grow.

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous 99 wulde hem ſlee 1; [breme 2;
Tare owte theyre ſable harte bie ryghſefulle
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee, [ſtreme.
Mie ſpryte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde
Eftſoones I wylle bewryne 3 mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace 4 wielde yn furie dyre.
Goddwyn.
Whatte wouldeſt thou wythe the kynge?
Harolde.
Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of ſomme mynſter 5 hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe ſom dygner 6 than I han pyghte 7 downe; [gayne.
And peace in Englonde ſhulde be brayd 8 a-
Goddwyn.
No, lette the ſuper-hallie 9 feyncte kynge reygne,
Ande ſomme moe reded 10 rule the untentyff 11 reaulme;
Kynge Edwarde, yn hys corteſie, wylle deygne
To yielde the ſpoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme: [gayne;
Botte from mie harte bee everych thoughte of
Not anie of mie kin I wyſche him to ordeyne.
Harolde.
Tell mee the meenes, and I wylle boute ytte ſtrayte; [done.
Bete 12 mee to ſlea 13 mieſelf, ytte ſhalle be
Goddwyn.
To thee I wylle ſwythynne 14 the menes unplayte 15, [ſonne.
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, ſhalte be proved mie
I have longe ſeen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames 16 braunce 17 out from the general tree: [gron 19
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock 18
Drented 20 of alle yts ſwolynge 21 owndes 22 ſhalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; oure menne ſhall ryſe:
Eftſoones the Normans and owre agrame 23 ſlies.
Harolde.
I will to the weſt, and gemote 24 alle mie knyghtes, [as brede 25;
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and ſheeldes
As the ybroched 26 moon, when blaunch 27 ſhe dyghtes 28
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
Wythe hondes whoſe myghte canne make the doughtieſt 29 blede,
Who efte have kneilte upon forſlagen 30 foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orreſts 31 a caſtle ſtode 32,
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke 33 yiere woes; [daie,
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

99 Furious. 1 ſlay. 2 ſtrength. 3 declare. 4 ſword. 5 monaſtery. 6 more worthy. 7 pulled, plucked. 8 diſplayed. 9 over-righteous. 10 counſelled, more wiſe. 11 uncareful, neglected. 12 bid, command. 13 ſlay. 14 preſently. 15 explain. 16 grievances. 17 branch. 18 wet, moiſt. 19 fen, moor. 20 drained. 21 ſwelling. 22 waves. 23 grievance. 24 aſſemble. 25 bread. 26 horned. 27 white. 28 decks. 29 mightieſt, moſt valiant. 30 ſlain. 31 overſets. 32 a caſtle. 33 revenge

Goddwyn.

Botte firſte we'll call the loverdes of the weſt,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; [beſte,
The moe wee gayne, the gare 34 wylle proſper
Wythe ſyke a nomber wee can never fall.

Harolde.

True, ſo wee ſal doe beſt to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes 35 the ſpreddynge kyngedomme bynde. [levgne
No crouched 36 champyone wythe an herte moe
Dyd yſſue owte the hallie 37 ſwerde to fynde,
Than I nowe ſtrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owte labooures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryſe mie friendes untoe the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys nowe aſlepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feſtive halle, [calle?
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em

Goddwyn.

Next eve, mie ſonne.

Harolde.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cauſe moſte die.
Thie geaſon 38 wronges bee reyne 39 ynto theyre pryme;
Nowe wylle thie ſonnes unto thie ſuccoure flie.
Alyche a ſtorm egederinge 40 yn the ſkie,
Tys tulle ande brafteth 41 on the chaper 42 grounde;
Sycke ſhalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee 43 menne be ſleene 44 arounde. [talie,
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppreſſionne
Ne moe the Englyſhmenne yn vayne for hele 45 ſhal calle.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

Queene.

Botte, loverde 46, whie ſo manie Normannes here? [londe.
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyſhe
Theſe browded 47 ſtraungers alwaie doe appere,
Theie parte yor trone 48, and ſete at your ryghte honde.

Kynge.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underſtonde:
Theie yeave mee lyſſe, and dyd mie bowkie 49 kene; [gronde;
Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowie 50 me
To trete hem yllie wulde lette mie kyndneſſe ſlepe.

Queene.

Mancas 51 you have yn ſtore, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke 52 make moke 53 dole 54, you have theyr worthe afferte 55.

Kynge.

I heſte 56 no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie 57 dheie are, ſolle ready mee to hele 58.
Theyre volundes 59 are yſtorven 60 to ſelf endes;
No denwere 61 yn mie breſte I of them fele:
I muſte to prayers; gne yn, and you do wele;
I muſte ne loſe the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele 62,
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

Queene.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were 63;
To ſerve your leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

Kynge.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

Hughe.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente 64;
The hus dyſpenſe 65 unpaied doe appere;
The laſte receivure 66 ys efteſoones 67 diſpente 68.

Kynge.

Thenne guylde the weſte.

Hughe.

Mie loverde, I dyd ſpeke
Untoe the mitte 69 Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He rayſed hys honde, and ſmote me onne the cheke, [kynge.
Saieynge, go bearre thatte meſſage to the

Kynge.

Arace 70 hym of hys powere; bie Gnddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde ſhall ywield the erlies ſwerde.

Hughe.

Atte ſeeſon fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe ſoe enalſe 71 hys name, [ſlea;
In ſtrevvynge to ſlea hymme, ourſelves wee
Syke ys the doughtyneſs 72 of hys grete fame.

Kynge.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede 73 ys notte to blame. [yn Kente.
Botte thou maieſt fynde fulle ſtore of marckes

Hughe.

Mie noble loverde, Goddwyn ys the fame; ſent.
He ſweeres he wylle notte ſwelle the Normans

Kynge.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde. [the launde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a ſtraunger to
Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyche erle doe here
Such ſtedneſs 74 in the yll and evylle thynge,
Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere 75,
Onknowlachynge 76 gif thereunto to clynge.

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34 Cauſe. 35 at once. 36 one who takes up the croſs in order to fight againſt the Saracens. 37 holy. 38 rare, extraordinary, ſtrange. 39 run, ſhot up. 40 aſſembling, gathering. 41 burſteth. 42 dry, barren. 43 mighty. 44 ſlain. 45 help. 46 lord. 47 embroidered; it is conjectured embroidery was not uſed in England till Henry II. 48 throne. 49 perſon, body. 50 lodge. 51 marks. 52 ſubjects. 53 much. 54 lamentation. 55 neglected, or called by

56 Require, aſk. 57 holy. 58 help. 59 will-60 dead. 61 doubt. 62 waves. 63 heaven-ward, or God-ward. 64 purſe, uſed here probably as a treaſury. 65 expence. 66 receipt. 67 ſoon. 68 expended. 69 a contraction of mighty. 70 diveſt. 71 embrace. 72 mightineſs. 73 counſel. 74 firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. 75 doubt, ſuſpenſe. 76 not knowing.

Hughe.

Onwordie ſyke a marvelle 77 of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deſerveſt purer leege 78;
To the heie 79 ſhulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb 80 forflege 81.
I amme no curriedowe 82, I lacke no wite 83,
I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatt all ſee is ryghte.

Kynge.

Thou arte a hallie 84 manne, I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hele 85 mee ynn mie praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee aliſe 86,
And twayne of hamlettes 87 to thee and thie heyres.
Soe ſhalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn 88 have ſyke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

CHORUS.

Whan freedom, dreſte yn blodde-ſteyned veſte,
To everie knyghte her warre-ſonge ſunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſpredde,
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of ſylver hue,
In vayne aſſayled 1 her boſomme to acale 2;
She hearde onflemed 3 the ſhriekynge voice of woe,
And ſadneſſe ynne the owlette ſhake the dale.
She ſhooke the burled 4 ſpeere,
On hie ſhe jeſte 5 her ſheelde,
Her foemen 6 all appere,
And flizze 7 alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod 8 ſtraught 9 ynto the ſkyes, [ſtarre.
Hys ſpeere a ſonne-beame, and his ſheelde a
Alyche 10 twaie 11 brendeynge 12 gronfyres 13 rolls hys eyes, [to war.
Chaftes 14 with hys yronne feete and ſoundes
She ſyttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys ſpeere,
She ryſes from the ſhocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder doth ſhe drive ytte on,
Wytte ſcillye 15 wympled 16 gies 17 ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, hys ſpreddynge ſheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thouſandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld 18, ariſt 19,
Hys feerie heaulme 20 noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge—
* * * * *

77 Wonder. 78 homage, obeiſance. 79 they. 80 frown. 81. kill. 82 curridowe, flatterer. 83 reward. 84 holy. 85 help. 86 allow. 87 manors. 88 alone. 1 endeavoured. 2 freeze. 3 unlifmayed. 4 armed, pointed. 5 hoiſted on high, raiſed. 6 foes, enemies. 7 fly. 8 head. 9 ſtretched. 10 like. 11 two. 12 flaming. 13 meteors. 14 beats, ſtamps. 15 cloſely. 16 mantled, covered. 17 guides. 18 armed. 19 aroſe. 20 helmet.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

BIE T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE I. 1.

Whanne Scythyannes, ſalvage as the wolves theie chaede,
Peyncted in horrowe 2 formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled 3 yn beaſtſkyns, ſlepte uponne the waſte,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as deſcendeynge lemes 4 of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulſtred 5 bedde of laveynge ſeas,
Gerd 6 the blacke mountayn okes yn dryhblets 7 twighte 8,
And ranne yn thought along the azure mees,
Whoſe eyne dyd feerie ſheene, like blue-hayred deſs 9, [clefs.
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched 10
Soft boundeynge over ſwelleynge azure reles 11,
The ſalvage natyves ſawe a ſhyppe appere;
An uncouthe 12 denwere 13 to theire boſomme ſteles; [of fere.
Theyre myghte ys knopped 14 ynne the froſte
The headed javlyn liſteth 15 here and there;
Theie ſtonde, theie ronne, theie loke with eger eyne; [lie ayre,
The ſhyppes ſayle, boleynge 16 wythe the kyndeRonneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
Theie dryve awaie aghaſte, whanne to the ſtronde [yn honde.
Aburled 17 Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien ſweerde
Hymme followede eftſoones hys compheeres 18, whoſe ſwerdes [nete,
Gleſtred lyke gledeynge 19 ſtarres ynne froſtie
Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge 20 wordes [fete.
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie ſet theyre
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareſchalled the fyghte;
Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete [fyghte;
As fleaynge cloudes that ſwymme before the
Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceeſe the fraie,
Theie uncted 21 Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns ſwaie.
Twayne of twelve years han lemed 22 up the myndes, [breſte,
Leggende 23 the ſalvage unthewes 24 of theire
Improved in myſterk 25 warre, and lymmed 26 theyre kyndes,
When Brute from Brutons ſonke to æterne reſte.

1 I will endeavour to get the remainder of theſe poems. 2 unſeemly, diſagreeable. 3 wrapped. 4 rays. 5 hidden, ſecret. 6 broke, rent. 7 ſmall pieces. 8 pulled, rent. 9 vapours, meteors. 10. emblaunced. 11 ridges, riſing waves. 12, 13 unknown tremour. 14 faſtened, chained, congealed. 15 boundeth. 16 ſwelling. 17 armed. 18 companions. 19 livid. 20 a confuſed noiſe. 21 Anointed. 22 enlightened. 23 alloyed. 24 ſavage barbarity. 25 myſtic. 26 poliſhed.

Eftſoons the gentle Locryne was poſſeſt
Of fwaie, and veſted yn the paramente 27;
Halceld 28 the bykrous 29 Huns, who dyd infeſte
Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
As hys broade fwerde oer Homberres heade was honge, [alonge.
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal ſede,
Upon whoſe countenance rodde healthe was ſpreade;
Bloufhing, alyche 30 the fcarlette of herr wede,
She fonke to pleafaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
Elſtrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnombered beauties were upon her fhedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynge, the roſe, the lillie floure
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love.
Theie lyved ſoft moments to a fwotie 31 age;
Eft 32 wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre diſporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage 33, [headde;
Croppe the prymroſen floure to deeke theyre
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted 34 warriours to bewreeke 35 her bedde:
Theie roſe; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene; [queene.
The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchafed 36

A tye of love, a dawter fayre ſhe hanne,
Whoſe boddeynge morneyng ſhewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde ſhe haſte awaie,
To where the weſtern mittee 37 pyles of claie
Ariſe ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere:
There dyd Elſtrida and Sabryna ſtaie;
The fyrſte tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch 38 and gear;
Vyneente was ſhe yeleped, butte fulle ſoone fate
Sente deathe, to tell the dame ſhe was notte yn regrate 39.

The queene Gendolyne ſente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whoſe doughtie heade ſwepte the emmertleynge 40 ſkies.
To ſlea her whereſoever ſhe ſhulde be pyghte 41,
Eke everychone who ſhulde her ele 42 emprize 43. [flies,
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte
Stayde the loude wyndes, and ſhaded reaulmes yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint 44 acres lies,
Meeteynge the herchaughtes of morneynge lighte;

Tyll mooveynge to the weſte, myſchaunce hys gye 45, [eſpie.
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elſtrid did

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde
Harried 46 uppe noddynge forreſts to the ſkie,
Thanne wythe a fuire mote the erthe aſtounde 47,
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
The flying wolfynnes ſente a yelleynge crie;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna ſelle the mount;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftſoones die;
Thorowe the ſandie grave boiled up the pourple founte,
On a broade graſſie playne was layde the hylle,
Staieynge the rounynge courſe of meint a limmed 48 rylle.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen 49 the ſadde happe of twayne ſo fayre,
Houton 50 dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
Roarynge and rolleynge on yn courſe byſmare 51;
From female Vyneente ſhotte a ridge of ſtones,
Eche ſyde the ryver ryſynge heavenwere;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elſtryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes ſtreeme bie Vyneentes rocke's ywrynde 52.

The bawſyn 53 gyaunt, he who dyd them flee,
To tell Gendolyne quyckliе was yſped 54;
Whanne, as he ſtrod alonge the ſhakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne 55 gleſterrd on hys headde;
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures ſpreade;
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie 56 payne;
Whanne from his lyſe-bloode the rodde lemes 57 were ſed,
He felle an hepe of aſhes on the playne:
Stylle does hys aſhes ſhoote ynto the lighte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieſte Thomas Rowley 1, 1464.

In Virgyne the ſweltrie ſun gan ſheene,
And hotte upon the mees 2 did caſte his raie;
The apple rodded 3 from its palie greene,
And the mole 4 peare did bende the leafy ſpraie,
The peede chelandri 5 ſunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte 6 in its moſe deſte 7 aumeree 8.

27 A princely robe. 28 defeated. 29 warring. 30 like. 31 ſweet. 32 oft. 33 a tale. 34 aſſembled. 35 revenge. 36 heated, enraged. 37 mighty. 38 apparel. 39 eſteem, favour. 40 glittering. 41 ſettled. 42 help. 43 adventure. 44 many.

45 Guide. 46 toſt. 47 aſtoniſh. 48 glaſſy, reflecting. 49 leſſen, alloy. 50 hollow. 51 bewildered, curious. 52 hid, covered. 53 huge, bulky. 54 diſpatched. 55 red lightning. 56 cruel. 57 flames, rays.—1 Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somerſetſhire, educated at the convent of St. Kenna at Kynesham, and died at Weſtbury in Glouceſterſhire. 2 meads. 3 reddened, ripened. 4 ſoft. 5 pied goldfinch. 6 dreſt, arrayed. 7 neat, ornamental. 8 a looſe robe or mantle.

The ſun was glemeing in the middle of daie,
Deadde ſtill the aire, and eke the welken 9 blue,
When from the ſea ariſt 10 in dreare arraie
A hepe of cloudes of ſable ſullen hue,
The which full faſt unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring 11 attenes 12 the ſunnis ſetive 13 face,
And the blacke tempeſte ſwolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faſte by a pathwaie ſide,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covente 14 lede,
A hapleſs pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle 15 in his weede,
Longe bretful 16 of the miſeries of neede,
Where from the hailſtone coulde the almer 15 flie?
He had no houſen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed 18 face, his ſprighte there ſcanne; [deade!
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd 19,
Haſte to thie church-glebe-houſe 20 aſshrewed 21 manne!
Haſte to thie kiſte 22, thie onlie dortoure 23 bedde,
Cale, as the claie which will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleaſure and themſelves.

The gatherd ſtorme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forſwat 24 meadowes ſmethe 25, and drenche 26 the raine;
The comyng ghaſtneſs do the cattle pall 27,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Daſhde from the cloudes the waters flotte 28 againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne 29 flies;
And the hot fierie ſmothe 30 in the wide lowings 31 dies.

Liſte; now the thunder's rattling clymmynge 32 ſound
Sheves 33 ſlowlie on, and then embollen 34 clangs,
Shakes the high ſpyre, and loſſt, diſpended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard 35 eare of terroure hanges;
The winds are up; the loſty elmen ſwanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braſte 36 attenes in ſtonen ſhowers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere tha watrie plaine,
The abbotte of Seyncte Godwines convente came
His chapournette 37 was drented with the reine,
And his pencte 38 gyrdle met with mickle ſhame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll 39 at the ſame;
The ſtorme encreaſen, and he drew aſide,
With the miſt 40 almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope 41 was all of Lyncolne clothe ſo fyne,
With a gold button faſten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete 42 was edged with golden twynne,
And his ſhoone pyke a loverds 41 mighte have binne;
Full well it ſhewn he thoughten coſte no ſinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleaſde his ſighte,
For the horſe millanare 44 his head with roſes dighte.

An almes, ſir prieſte! the droppynge pilgrim ſaide,
O let me waite within your covente dore,
Tille the ſunne ſheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeſte of the aire is oer;
Helpleſs and ould am I alaſs! and poor;
No houſe, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche!
All yatte I call my owne is this my ſilver crouche.

Varlet, reply'd the abbatte, ceaſe your dinne;
This is no ſeaſon almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faiet our 45 in;
None touche mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the ſonne with the blacke cloudes did ſtryve,
And ſhettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The abbatte ſpurrde his ſteede, and eſtſoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the ſkie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faſte reyneynge oer the plaine a prieſte was ſeen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape 45 were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order ſeene;
And from the pathwaie ſide then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, ſir prieſt! the droppynge pilgrim ſayde,
For Sweet Seyncte Marie and your order ſake.
The limitoure then looſen'd his pouche threade,

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9 The ſky, the atmoſphere. 10 aroſe. 11 hiding, ſhrouding. 12 at once. 13 beauteous. 14 It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at perſonal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of writing of this was Ralphe de Bellomont, a great ſtickler for the Lancaſtrian family. Rowley was a Yorkiſt. 15 beggarly. 16 filled with. 17 beggar. 18 clouded, dejected. A perſon of ſome note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumſtance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's manuſcripts, *Glum-mong*, in the Saxon ſignifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. 19 dry, ſapleſs. 20 the grave. 21 accurſed, unfortunate. 22 coffin. 23 a ſleeping room. 24 ſunburnt. 25 ſmoke. 26 cloud. 27 *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. 28 fly. 29 lightning. 30 ſteam or vapours. 31 flames. 32 noiſy. 33 moves. 34 ſwelled, ſtrengthened.

35 Frighted. 36 burſt. 37 a ſmall round hat, not unlike the ſhapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by eccleſiaſtics and lawyers. 38 painted. 39 he told his beads backwards; a figurative expreſſion to ſignify curſing. 40 poor, needy. 41 a cloke. 42 a looſe white robe worn by prieſts. 43 a lord. 44 I believe this trade is ſtill in being, though but ſeldom employed. 45 a beggar or vagabond. 46 a ſhort ſurplice, worn by friars of an inferior claſs, and ſecular prieſts.

And did thercoute a groate of silver take;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline 47 shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe 48 thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete 49 of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie 50 pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde,
Here take my semecope 51, thou art bare I see;
'Tis thyne; the seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie ahorde.
Virgynne and hallie seynéte, who sitte yn gloure 52, [power.
Or give the mittee 53 will, or give the gode man

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

No. I.

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a noble erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al fleynge in Haftyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea-o'erteeming Dover! han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement, [bloude,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,
And brued the feeld wythe bloude as seasonrayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnante arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd many wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From oute of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go do the weaklie womman inn man's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Both armies on the feeld, both brave and holde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellers affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harrokes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wickle their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to his leegemen spake;
My merriemen, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for ay to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse wyth honde and harte you gläie the manne.
Cheer up your hartes, chasé sorrow farre awaie,
Godde and Seynéte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knightes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Eech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my ryghte;
No doubte but God wylle our true cause blesse.
The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had now donde hys saie; [spear,
He threw wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His crystede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;
The cruel speare went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushynge to the grounde,
And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie sayncte, [payne;
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams
Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte;
Thy colorynge excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende fleyne pitcouslie,
His lovynge freende whom he much honored,
For he han lovd hym from pucrilitie,
And theie together both han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayse a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brasen crosse-howe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the braveste in the londe
Han by his soundynge errowe-lede bene fleyne.
Alured's stede, the fyneste stede alyve,
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the reste;
But nowe hys destin'd howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt uponne his milkwite breste:
So have I seen a ladie-smoke soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.
The standynge Normans drew their bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

The Normans kept aloose, at distaunce stylle,
The Englysh nete but shorte horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne,
The Normans stood aloose, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, though from far of they came.

47 Joy. 48 ease. 49 nought. 50 unhappy. 51 a short under-cloke. 52 glory. 53 mighty, rich

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe ſtrynge,
An arrowe withe a ſylver-hede drewe he,
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd ſynge,
And hytt the horſe Joſſelyn on the knee.
At this brave Joſſelyn threwe his ſhort horſe-ſpeare;
Duke Wyllyam ſtooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe:
Upon his helme ſoe furious was the ſtroke,
It ſplete his bever, and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the beaver by Joſſelyn ſplete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Deſtoutvilles ſholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his boweſtrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Joſſelyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's aſenglave ſtopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootleſs on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he ſawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the ſcabard toke.

And now the battail cloſde on everych ſyde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I ſene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking ſounde,
Burſte waves on waves, and ſpangle in the ſunne;
And when their myghte in burſtynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, ſtele alonge their ozy bede.

Yong Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was ſeene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinſte the breſt of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and ſunken on the place of ſyghte,
O Chryſte! to ſele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thouſand thoughtes puſh'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymſelfe, but thoſe he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren twcine,
Whom he wyth cheryſhment did dearlie love;
In Englande's court, in good Kynge Edwarde's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymſon glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietneſſe to lead hys lyfe;
And now with ſovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, ſwefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus ſet
Agaynſt du Barlie of the mounten head!
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courſer down he tumbled dede.
So have I ſene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caſte hys ſhadowe to the mountayne ſyde,
Brave all the wyndes, though ever they ſo ſtronge,
And view the briers belowe with ſelf-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. [ſtroke,

Then Egelred dyd in a deelynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And ſtrok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the ſpear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe ſtedde
Wyth mickle myght ſent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys ſyde the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymſon ſtreme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple ſtrekes it dyd his armer ſtaine,
And ſmok'd in puddles on the duſtie plaine.

But Egelred, before he ſunken downe,
With all hys myghte amein his ſpear beſped,
It hytte Betrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie ſunken dede.
So have I ſeen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who ſtronglie plac'd laughde at his ſlippry ſtate,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the ſleeve unravels all their fate,
And broken onn the beech thys leſſon ſpeak,
The ſtronge and firme ſhould not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han ſlayne a noble's ſon,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kyng Harold he fought mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng ſpear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:
True as a ſhadowe to a ſubſtant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kyng Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And ſtroke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde hys kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's ſtrynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron ſtaie;
The grey-gooſe pynion, that thereon was ſett,
Eftſoons with ſmokyng crymſon bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilke a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he ſplete hys hede in twayne.
This Affroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whoſe featlieſt bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Roſaline's embrace;
And like a uſeleſs weede amonge the haie
Amonge the ſleine warriours Griel laie.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ſerſlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Egwin too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde:
The reſte of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude their ſyghtynge ſperes.

As when ſome ryver with the ſeaſon raynes
White ſomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
Oerturns the hamelet and all contcins,
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie ſoft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and ſmall upon the grounde,
And dele among them thilke a ſtore of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant fairies ſtrike,
Their ſoules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his lyfe dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee ſtroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's howels ſteemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys ſon lie ded,
Againſt Erle Edelwarde hys howe-ſtrynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the iſſue gone,
And in one battle fell the ſire and ſon.

De Aubignee rod fercely through the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou ſhalt, Erle Ethelwarde he ſaid;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys ſwerde, and ghaſtlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eſtſoons he lifeleſs fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God foreſend,
It be the fate of no ſuch truſtie freende!

Then Egwen Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely fouten flie;
But Egwyn cutt ſo depe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and ſoon dyd die.
His diſtant ſonne, Sire Romera de Biere,
Songhte to revenge his fallen kynſman's lote,
But ſoone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng ſpear
Stucke in his harte, and ſtayd his ſpeed, Got wote.
He tumbled downe cloſe by hys kynſman's ſyde,
Myngle their ſtremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftſoons dyd flee;
Who dying ſayd; ah me! how hard my lote,
Now ſlayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I ſeen a leaſie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the ſpendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of ſome rude ſweine;
And like the oke, the ſovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it ſtoode.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert ſtrongeſt of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demaſing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghaſtlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a ſtabbyng knyfe;
Baſe trecherous Normannes, if ſuch actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
Han made his crymſon bloude and ſpirits floe;
And knowlachyng he ſoon muſt quyt this lyfe,
Reſolved Hubert ſhould too with hym goe.
He held hys truſtie ſwerd againſt his breſte,
And down he fell, and peere'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reſte,
Their ſoules from corpſes unakell'd depart;
And both together ſoughte the unknown ſhore,
Where we ſhall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd ſpie,
And hie aloſe his temper'd ſwerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His prooſe ſteel armoure did him littel ſheelde;
And not contente, he ſplete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Meanwhile the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

Herrewald horne on Sarim's ſpreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages ſtoode;
Where druids, auncient preeſts, did ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle ſtied the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bardi dyd their verſes ſynge
Of Cæſar conquer'd, and his mighty hoſte,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys ſhyppyng on the Britiſh coaſte,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes ſteynd the place wyth Brittiſh gore,
Where nete but bloud of ſacrifices felle.
Tho' Chryſtians, ſtylle they thoughte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mett when cauſes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the ancient elders of the iſle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengiſt bleede;
O Hengiſt! han thy cauſe bin good and true,
Thou wouldſt ſuch murdrous acts as theſe eſchew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes ſleine;
Three Norman champyons of hie degree
He left to ſmoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he ſmote the erlies hede;
Who eftſoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horſes feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng ſpirit hovered o'er the floude
Of ſoddayne rouſhynge mouch lov'd pourple bloude.

De Vipoute then, a ſquier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that cauſd but littel peine.
So have I ſeene a dolthead place a ſtone,
Enthoghte to ſtaie a driving rivers courſe;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by ſo baſe a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's fyghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his triftie fwerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne bothe of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouſlie they flewe,
As maſtie dogs at Hocktide fet to fyghte;
Bothe fcornd to yeelde, and both abhor'de to flie,
Reſolv'd to vanquiſhe, or reſolv'd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt fplytte eftſoons his criſted helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breſte, his harte was plein to fee;
He tumbled at the horſes feet alfoe,
And in dethe panges he feez'd the recer's knee:
Faſte as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faſte he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toſte the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's fquier then a fwerde did fticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghaſtlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymſon pleine,
Upon Chatillion's ſoulleſs corſe of claie;
A puddlie ſtreme of bloude flow'd out ameine;
Stretch'd out at length beſmer'd with gore he laie;
As ſome tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a fecond time upon the main.

The erlie now an horſe and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a muckle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng fwerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have fleyne;
It miſs'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble ſoule came rouſhyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he: Thou'ſt ſlaughtred my beloved ſquier,
But I will be revenged for the ſame.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte,
And drew thereout a ſteemie drerie lode;
Quod he: Theſe offals are for ever curſt,
Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,
Smokynge with lyſe, and dy'd with crymſon bloude.

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,
Ah me! ſayde he, what woeful fyghte I ſee!
But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White ruſhe the burſtynge wayes, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde graſp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce beſped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full ſlyghte,
But peerc'd his ſhoulder, ghaſtlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a ſhade of nyghte,
Whyche ſoone were cloſed ynn a ſleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withoute a grone,
Took flyghte, to ſynde the regyons unknowne.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horſe,
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all ſmore;
And now eletten on another horſe,
Eftſoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a diſtaunce ſent their arrowes keene;
But noe ſuch deſtinie awaits his hedde,
And to be ſleyen by a wighte ſo meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's ſtock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon du Chatelet he ferſelie ſett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The aſenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a maſtie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmerciſull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Cloſe by the Norman champyons he han fleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie juſt,
A launce, that ſtroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duſte;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie ſhalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He ſcritch'd and ſcreem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftſoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymſon ſtreme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe ſtrove for the maſterrie.

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiſcampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a ſtabbynge knife;
But Egwarde, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftſoons his truſtie ſwerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiſcampe ſent,
That ſoule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deſerve, whoſe deeds ſo fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their ſoule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe, daunced alonge;
And flewe the noble flower of Powyſlonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who ycleped the ſtronge.
Whan he the firſt miſchaunce received han,
With horſemans haſte he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who ſange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode:
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To bleſſe his labour, and to heal the ſame.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did feck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;

And putt a rowe of bloude ſtones round his neck ;
And then did ſay—go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten with Walleris cruel darte :
His ſheelde of wolf-ſkinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;
As ſome tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine ; ſo fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone ſheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their ſyghte,
Ne by the race of deſtinie be ſeen ;
For what he be that ouphant faieries ſtryke,
Their ſoules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans erſtoons fled awaie aghaſte ;
And leſte behynde their bowe and aſenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haſte.
His garb ſufficient were to move affryghte ;
A wolf ſkin girded round hys myddle was ;
A bear ſkyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his ſhoulders by the claws :
So Hercules, 'tis ſunge, much like to him,
Upon his ſholder wore a lyon's ſkin.

Upon his thyghes and harte-ſweſte legges he wore
A hugie goat ſkin, all of one grete piece ;
A boar ſkyn ſheelde on his bare armes he bore ;
His gauntletts were the ſkynn of harte of greece.
They fleede ; he followed cloſe upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne!
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels ;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the ſwerde unto hys farme,
In ſpringing rivulet, alive and warme.

His ſwerde was ſhorte and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could ſtonde to ſtoppe itts waie ;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
Then with his ſwerde he fett on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte ;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the ſwerde and hylte ;
As myghtie lyghterynge often has heen founde,
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

And with the ſwerde, that in his neck yet ſtoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde ;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's ſwerde he broke,
And bloude afreſhe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vyſage grym ;
But when he falls into the pittic golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym ;
And cauſe he fryghted them ſo muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they ſawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen ſwerde, thatt wroghte thilke great diſmaie,
They turned about, eſtſoons upon him lept,
And full a ſcore engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Lacque ;
And wring'd his hedde with ſuch a vehement gier,
His viſage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the uſeleſs gore,
And felle upon the pleine to riſe no more.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm, and ſeiz'd hym bie the throte :
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte. God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more ſtronge,
And from their ſockets ſtarted out his eyes ;
And from his mouthe came out his blameleſs tonge :
And bothe in peine and anguiſhe eſtſoon dies.
As ſome rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came,
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to affliſt ;
A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel liſt.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris ſet his ;
And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myſchaunce dyd miſs :
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the ſtrande,
He ne deſerved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet,
The poynted launce of Egward did ypaſs ;
The diſtaunt ſyde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathleſs on the bloudie graſs.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed o'er his heade,
And hytt the ſquier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :
Oh, ſhame to Norman armes! a lord a ſlave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions ſpeak—

* * * * * *

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

No. II.

O truth ! immortal daughter of the ſkies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of theſe daies,
Teach me, fayre ſaincte ! thy paſſynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend, and give a foeman prayſe.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe ſilver rays,
Leadynge a traine of ſtarres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe ſurveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte ;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
She ſees Kynge Harolde ſtande, fayre Englands curſe and pryde.

With ale and vernage drunk his fouldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie fpredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, to-morrow with the dead!
Through everie troope diſorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this eaſie bedde,
And wak'd in tormentes from ſo ſweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for ſuccour aſkd
and praied.

Thus Harolde to his wites that ſtoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a
ſcore,
And ſearch how farre our foeman's campe doth
bound;
Yourſelf have rede; I nede to ſaie no more.
My brother beſt belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I ſende the heſt for fyghte.
He ſaide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Succeſs and cheerfulneſs depicted on ech face.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd ad-
vaunce,
And mark'd wyth care the armies dyſtant ſyde,
When the dyre clatterynge of the ſhielde and
launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh eſpyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Girthe drew hys ſwerde, and cutte hys burled
hyde;
The proto-ſlene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out ſtreemd the bloude, and ran in ſmokynge
curles,
Reflected bie the moone ſeemd rubies mixt wyth
pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the maſs-ſonge
came,
Rouſd from their praiers by the flotting crie;
Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the
ſame,
Not once theie ſtoode abaſhd, or thoughte to flie.
He ſeizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie wherſoe're it lie;
* Fierce as a ryver burſtynge from the borne;
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the cham-
pyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edrawe his arcublaſter bowe.
Girthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the
ſame,
And vengynge Normannes ſtaid the flyinge floe.
The ſire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye
ſo,
Thus unprovok'd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to
ſhowe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;

Here ſingle onlie theſe to all thie crewe
Shall ſhewe what Englyſh handes and heartes can
doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme reply'd;
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen moſt diſtraught;
In peace and mercy is a Chryſtians pryde;
He that dothe conteſtes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to Duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For theyre good cheere all caties were en-
thoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere,
Quod Willyam; thus ſhall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treades on Engliſh
ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypaſs'd,
And ſawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They ſlepte, as thoughe they wouldе have ſlepte
theyr laſt,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He ſtarted backe, and was wyth ſhame aſtownd;
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he ſhooke wyth
rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes theſe wordes
dyd ſound,
Rowſe from your ſleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the ſtoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huſcarles, now, or waken wyth the
dead.

As when the ſhepſter in the ſhadie bowre
In jintle ſlumbers chaſe the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,
That neare hys flocke is watching for a praie,
He tremblynge for his ſheep drives dreeme awaie,
Gripes faſte hys burled croke, and ſore addrade
Wyth fleeting ſtrides he haſtens to the fraie,
And rage and proweſs fyres the coiſtrell lad;
With truſtie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men, and dogs, and wolfins, tear the
ſkies.

Such was the dire confuſion of each wite,
That roſe from ſleep and walſome power of
wine;
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paſte the
line;
Now here now there the burnyſht ſheeldes and
byll-ſpear ſhine;
Throwote the campe a wild confuſionne ſpredde;
Eche braced hys armlace ſiker ne deſygne,
The creſted helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a ſlughorne, and an onſett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred
at the ſounde.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in ſtele!
Was itte for thys Norwegia's ſtuhborn ſede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace
fele,
And rybbes of ſolid braſſe were made to bleede?
Whylſt yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
deede.
You fouldiers, that ſhoulde ſtand with byll in
hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
Oh ſhame! oh dyre diſhonoure to the lande!

* *In Turgot's tyme Hollenwell braſte of erthe ſo fierce, that it threw a ſtone-mell carrying the ſame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowing this, lefte out a line.*

He fayde; and fhame on everie vifage fpredde,
Ne fawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentyſh menne in fronte, for ſtrenght renownd,
Next the Bryſtowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And laſt the numerous crewe ſhall preſſe the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bryſtowe bande;
And Bertrams ſonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte ſkyrts anie.

He faide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce ſhall hit upon the ſcent,
With twa redubbled ſhuir the alans run;
So ſtyrrd the valiante Saxons everyeh one;
Sonne linked man to man the champyones ſtoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate ſo ſoone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enſeem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And ſeem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thouſand fights.

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill ſtate;
This ſonnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaſd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels could mate,
Who made of peopled reaulmes a barren waſte;
Think how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilſte dethe and victorie for magyſtrie beſted.

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd aſkaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he faide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deſerved this fremed ſpeche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.
When Toſtus ſent me golde and ſylver ſtore,
I ſcornd hys preſent vile, and ſcorn'd hys treaſon more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I truſt, if brothers are not true?
I think of Toſtus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe faide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll ſhewe;

By Gods hie hallidome they preeſtes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myſtell them ſo,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, ſo is the glorie grete.

And nowe Duke Willyam mareſchalled his band,
And ſtretchd his armie owre a goodlie rowe.
Firſt did a rank of arcublaſtries ſtande,
Next thoſe on horſebacke drewe the aſcendyng flo,
Brave champyons, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr aſenglave acroſſe theyr horſes ty'd,
Or with the loverds ſquier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited ſquier lyke at the horſes ſyde,
When thus Duke Willyam to a monke dyd ſaie,
Prepare thyſelfe wyth ſpede, to Harolde haſte awaie.

Telle hym from me one of theſe three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceaſyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chryſt's vicar ſtande.
He faide; the monke departed out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this meſſage bear;
Who ſaid; telle thou the duke, at his likand
If hee can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He ſaid, and drove the monke out of his fyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte.

A ſtandarde made of ſylke and jewells rare,
Whercin alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was ſeen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This ſtandard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes,
Was borne near Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That ſtraite the heſt for battle ſhould be ſpredde.
To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries a guerre and ſlughornes ſhake the vaulted heaven.

As when the erthe, torne by convulſyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkneſs hid from human fyghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braſt from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Through the darke caverns ſeeke the reaulmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and cauſes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majeſtic nods the bourne,
And awfulle ſhakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and foreſts nod, and ryvers change theyr courſe.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enſeem'd one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre moſt ſtraunge to fyght.
Harde as the iron were the men of mighte,
Ne neede of ſlughornes to enrowſe theyr minde;
Eche ſhootynge ſpere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more ſweſte than wynd;

With ſolemne ſtep, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One ſingle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets dreſt,
Shakynge the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her roſie radiance to the weſt:
Forth from the eaſterne gatte the fyerie ſteedes
Of the bright ſunne awaytynge ſpirits leedes:
The ſunne, in fierie pompe enthron'd on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And ſcatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the ſkie:
He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And ſtopt his driving ſteedes, and hid his lyghtſome raye.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majeſtic rayſd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouſe ſent it whyſtlynge through the ayre.
It ſtruck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did braſſe or yron ſtop its waie:
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite through, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, ſcritchyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuiſhes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam ſaw, and ſoundynge Rowlandes ſonge
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full ſtronge,
From out of mortals ſyght ſhut up the floe:
Then ſwyfte as fallynge ſtarres to earthe belowe
It ſlaunted down on Alfwoldes peyncted ſheelde;
Quite through the ſilver-bordurd croſſe did goe,
Nor loſte its force, but ſtuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr ſovrin, dyd prepare,
And ſhotte ten thouſande floes upryſynge in the aire.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In houſeholde armies through the flanched ſkie,
Alike the cauſe, or companie, or prey,
If that perchaunce ſome boggie fenne is nie,
Soone as the muddy natyon theie eſpie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth deſcende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the ſpeckled folk defend;
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peered through braſſe, and ſente manie to heaven or helle.

Ælan Adelfred, of the ſtowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in hys breſte;
Before he dyd, he ſente hys ſpear awaie,
Thenne ſunke to glorie and eternal reſte.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beſte,
Throw the joint cuiſhe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horſebacke for the fyghte addreſs'd,
And ſawe hys bloude come ſmokynge oer the ſteele;
He ſente the avengeynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horſes hedde, and did to leeche repayre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with death his wynges,
Hurld from the Englyſh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and ſonges of terror ſynges,
Such ſonges as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by ſuch ſtrength along the ayre theie burne, [bloude;
Not to be quenched butte yn Normannes
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did deſcend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydſt thou ſtill eſtande;
Full ſoon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javyln with ſuch lethal geer:
Itte whyzzed a ghaſtlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He clos'd hys eyne in everlaſtynge nyghte;
Ah! what avalyd the lyons on hys creſte!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was preſt.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Deſcendyng like a ſhafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars ſheelde the arrowe dyd affaie,
There throghe dyd peerſe, and ſtycke into his groine;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
The welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Diſtort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke ſturdie elms by ſtormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
He drewe his ſwerde, his lefte hande helde a ſpeere, [ſteede,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng
And to the Godde of Heaven he ſent a prayre;
Then ſent his lethale javyln in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Through his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his ſwerde he 'fayld the Seiur de Roe,
And braſte his ſylver helme, ſoe furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had ſeen hys proweſſe great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a ſtrong arblaſter, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron ſente the fleetynge floe,
As Alric hoiſtes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laſte,
The ſwyfte-wyngd meſſenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his ſyde ypaſte;
His eyne ſhotte fyre, lyke blazyng ſtarre at nyghte,
He grypd hys ſwerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

O Alfwolde, faie, how ſhalle I ſynge of thee
Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes ſelf more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
Not Haroldes ſelf did for more praiſes call;
How ſhall a penne like myne then ſhew it all?
Lyke thee their leader, eche Briſtowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze muſt be canonical,
For theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a ſcore from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.

Firſt Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen ſheelde availe;
Eftſoones throwe that thie drivynge ſpeare did peerce,
Nor was ytte ſtopped by his coate of mayle;
Into his breaſte it quicklie did aſſayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple ſtayned all hys adventayle;
In ſcarlet was his cuiſhe of ſylver dyde:
Upon the bloudie carnage houſe he laie,
Whylſt hys longe ſheelde dyd gleem with the ſun's ryſingray.

Next Feſcampe felle; O Chrieſte, howe harde his fate
To die the leckedſt knyghte of all the thronge!
His ſprite was made of malice deſlavate,
Ne ſhoulden ſind a place in anie ſonge.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde ſo ſtronge
As thine came thundrynge on his cryſted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the braſs or iron thonge,
With mightie force his ſkulle in twoe dyd cleave;
Fallyng ne thooken out his ſmokyng braine,
As witherd oakes or elms are hewne from off the playne.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and ſkilfulle lore
Preſerve thee from the doom of Alfwold's ſpeere,
Couldſte thou not kenne, moſte ſkyll'd Aſtrelagoure,
Howe in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn rattlynge in the ayre,
From hand dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlaſtynge fame:
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

Next Sire du Moutine fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preſte,
His ſoule and bloude came rouſhynge from the wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the bleſt.
It can ne be I ſhould behight the reſt,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Pare bie a penne to be counte or expreſſe,
How manie Alfwolde ſent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees ſtooke by derne autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes ſlain by Alfwolde on the ſtrand.

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yells
Aſſayle ſome flocke, ne care if ſhepſter ken't,
Beſprenge deſtructione oer the woodes and delles;
The ſhepſter ſwaynes in vayne theyr leeslament;
So foughte the Bryſtowe menne; ne one crevent,
Ne on abaſh'd enthoughten for to flee;
With ſallen Normans all the playne beſprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
In vayne on every ſide the arrows fled;
The Bryſtowe menne ſtyll rag'd, for Alfwold was not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreas'd the ſlayne;
'Twould take a Neſtor's age to ſynge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preſſe the playne;
But of the cries, whom recorde nete hath ſlayne,
O truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
That thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions ſee,
And like to them æternal alwaie ſtryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whoſe holie deathleſs fire
For ever bended on St. Cuthbert's ſhryne,
Whoſe breaſt for ever burnd with ſacred fyre,
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes reſygne,
And leſte hys ſon his God's and fortune's knyghte;
His ſon the ſaincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyſe, and greate in ſyghte;
Seincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deeds,
His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen bleedes.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fyneſt dame the ſun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hallynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, ryſing from the wave,
Like ſea-gods ſeene in moſt majeſtic guiſe,
And rounde aboute the riſynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre aroumde their bodie ſlies,
Such majeſtie was in her porte diſplaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Britainnes iſle
Red as the higheſt colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge ſmile,
Thoſe hues with pleaſaunce on her lippes combine,
Her lippes more redde than ſummer evenynge ſkyne,
Or Phœbus ryſinge in a froſtie morne,
Her breſte more white than ſnow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been ſhorne,
Swelliynge like babbles in a boilynge welle,
Or new-braſte blooſslettes gently whyſperinge in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the ſhelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that ſeatlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the ſkie,
Greie as the ſteel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appeard her ſeatly ſparklyng eye;
Thoſe eyne, that did oft mickle pleaſed look
In Adhelm valyant man, the virtues doomſday book.

Majeſtic as the grove of okes that ſtoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oſwald kynge;
Majeſtic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where fainctes and ſoules departed maſſes ſynge;
Such awe from her ſweete looke for iſſuynge
At once for reverannce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraſſarkes in the ſpring,
So ſweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all ſhowed ſome entent;
Her wordies did diſplaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts ſhryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie ſhrove,
Tapre as ſilver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and ſhape ygrove.
As ſkyllful mynemenne by the ſtoues above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her ſoule did ſhowe;
Thus was ſhe outward form'd; the ſun her mind
And guilde her mortal ſhape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours then, what glorie ſhall he clayme
What doughtie Homere ſhall hys praiſes ſynge,
That left the boſome of ſo fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaſkt, to ſerve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre ſhrine goode ſubjects ought to bringe
The arms, the helmets, all the ſpoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants ſpredde hys name to ſtarre,
The ſtout Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth ſore, and doth about hym flee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And all the graſſe with clotted gore doth ſtree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouſlie,
And breaks the bankes that would its force reſtrayne,
Alonge the playne in ſomynge rynges doth flee,
Baynſte walls and hedges doth its courſe maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With eaſe at one felle ſtroke full manie is laide lowe.

So manie, with ſuch force, and with ſuch eaſe,
Did Adhelm ſlaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leaſe,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of ſmokynge ſlayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his ſwerde athur the breaſte;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
Stretch'd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.
But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie ſire and mingled with the ſlaine.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When ſoone he founde that Adhelmes poynted ſpeere
Had founde an eaſie paſſage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe aſtarte,
Then fell down brethleſſe to encreaſe the corſe;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horſe;
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.

Nor does he hede his maſtres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouſe by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he ſtaundes,
And throwes hys maſtre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie aſtounde,
Beſprengd his arrowes, looſend was his ſheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie enſoond.
He peered his ſwerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels ſteemed, a dedlie ſyghte!
He opd and closd hys eyen in everlaſtynge nyghte.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well ſkilld in ſwerde and ſoundynge ſtrynge,
Who fled his country for a crime enſtrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his ſheelde aſkaunt the ſame did ringe,
Peered thro the corner, then ſtuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the ſkie,
Thro ſome tall ſpyre the ſhaftes in a torn clevis flie.

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn ſtronge,
With mighte that none but ſuch grete championes know;

Swifter than thoughte the javlyn paſt alonge
And hytte the Scot moſt ferelie on the prowe;
His helmet braſted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn ſteck;
From eyther ſyde the blonde began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal ſtrande,
Lyke ſome tall veſſel wreckt upon the tragick ſande.

CONTINUED.

Where fruytleſs heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge deſarte alle arounde hym ſpredde,
The diſtaunte citie ſcantlie to be ſpedde.
The curlynge force of ſmoke he ſees in vayne,
Tis too far diſtaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylſte rattlynge thonder ſorrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes ſtandes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the falſe god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roaſtynge theyr vyctimes round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyſt did the Brytons ſlee,
As they were mette in councel for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie ſtandes,
That liftes yts ſcheafted heade ynto the ſkies,
And kinglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyſe,
Within this vylle fyrſte adrewe the ayre,
A bleſſynge to the erthe ſente from the ſkies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now ribbd in ſteele he rages yn the fighte,
And ſweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

Soe when derne Autumne with hys fallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves beſprenged on the yellow ſtrande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-houſe he ſees,
And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he ſlees,
And ſweeps alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he ſleed ſo maynt,
'Tis paſte the pointel of a man to paynte.

Bryghte ſonne in haſte han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres courſe alonge the whited ſkyen,
Vewynge the ſwarthleſs bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-ſtretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple ſheene,
The wolfomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd diſfygure all hys ſemmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowſe,
In hyſſynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a ſhielde ſo fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to cloſer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd ſo entwyne,
Lyke the neſhe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornyſh wraſtlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normaunes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the ſonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, whereſoeer thie ſpryte duthe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie ſyde,
Where thou mayſte heare the ſwotie nyghte-larke chaunte,
Orre wyth ſome mokynge brooklette ſwetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferſelie wythe ferſe Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth ſuch greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou ſonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyſhmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who ſaw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym duwn hys ſpere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth ſhowtes the Normannes did to battel ſteere;
Campynon famous for his ſtature highe,
Fyrey wythe braſſe, benethe a ſhyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the ſkie;
Neere to Kyng Harold dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys ſteele Morglaien ſworde ſo ſtronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee ſwung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the ſonne his viſage did agleeme,
Then ſtraynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee ſtroke on Haroldes ſheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds paynćted ſheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie ſwerde dyd ſteeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours doe abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious ſente
A ſtroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes ſyde
Upon the playne the broken braſſe beſprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With ſtraught oute ſheelde hee ayenwarde divide goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their ranke
To ſave himſelfe leſte them unto the foe;

So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who ayenwarde went, whylste everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sands belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the mothering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoude he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And fayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thiefelfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie fwerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge fwerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will flee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfamie hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to syghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's fwerde in hurlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Bryftowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons uppotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graspd hys bylle in fyke a drear araie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill oftmyghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some citie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
Feeles the broad axes peerfynge his broade syde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde dothe lie,
Presfynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

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Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the ground.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedecesters shore,
And sweeps the black saude rounde its horie prowe;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Bryftowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handefworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his fwerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymfyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he oppofynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe houdes a myghtie blowe he feute
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys paynCted sheelde so bismarlie
Asslaunte his fwerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyeuslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then foone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

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ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

As onn a hylle on eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche moneche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quoth I, some counynge fairie hande
Vreer'd this chapelle in this lande;

Full well I wote ſo ſine a ſyghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe; thou lackeſt knowlachynge;
Thou forſeth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A rev'rend ſadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
And eke another in the towne,
Where glaſſie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given
His ſowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
And ſee thou doe as hee hath donne.
Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three. [ſoe;
Quod Trouthe; as thou haſt got, give almes-dedes
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

Stay, curyous traveller, and paſs not bye,
Until this ſetive pile aſtounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd ſurveie,
And okes with okes entremed diſponed lie.
This mightie pile, that keepes the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie ſtorme deſie,
That ſhootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the buylders fame for aie.

Thou ſeeſt this mayſtrie of a human hand,
The pride of Bryſtowe and the weſterne lande,
Yet is the buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be ſcande.
Thou ſeeſt the fayncles and kynges in ſtonen ſtate, [pande,
That ſeemd with breath and human ſoule diſ-
As payrde to us enſeem theſe men of ſtate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God clate.

Well maieſt thou be aſtound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou ſee thy fill,
And learn the builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall ſpyre in every countye telle,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men ſhame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee, good man, a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

Thys mornynge ſtarre of Radcleves ryſynge raie, [hyghte,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge
Benethe thys ſtone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe ſheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the preſent Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
For aye ſhall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne ſhall yt dye whanne tyme ſhalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe ſhall ſounde to riſe the ſolle,
He'll wynge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Anent a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Liſteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilſt the cavys reſpons'd yts mottring ſonge,
At dyſtaunt ryſyng Avonne to he ſped,
Amenged wyth ryſyng hylles dyd ſhewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of oſyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie ſcent,
And ſtickeynge out wyth clowde ageſted reedes,
The hoarie Avonne ſhow'd dyre ſemblamente.
Whyleſt blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores ſtemie o'er the ſandes that ſhe hepde.

Theſe cynegears ſwythyn bringethe to mie thowghte,
Of hardie champyons knowen to the ſloude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle deſcended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Bryſtowe towne and caſtel ſtede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte ſuch doughtie menn muſt have a ſprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan kynge of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, ſoone as theie dyd ſee the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I ſayd, or els my mynde dyd ſaie,
Whie ys thy actyons left ſo ſpare yn ſtorie?
Were I toe diſpone, there ſhould lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes ſoe doughtie ſhould for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teſte all after actes be tryde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can beaſte,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I ſee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaſte:
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn viſyonn ſore mie phantaſie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge ſtrayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the diſtaunt ſtreeme aroſe a mayde,
Whoſe gentle treſſes mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the ſylver moone yn froſtie neete,
The damoiſelle dyd come ſoe blythe and ſweete.

Ne browded mantell of a ſcarlette hue,
Ne ſhoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne coſtlie paraments of woden blue,
Noughte of a dreſſe, but bewtie dyd ſhee weere;
Naked ſhee was, and loked ſwete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne ſhould ſee dyd ſwotelie hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin ſo fayre
Dyd ſhowe lyke browne ſtreemes fowlyng the white tyde,
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Aſtounded mickle there I ſylente laie,
Still ſcauncing wondrous at the walkynge ſyghte;
Mie ſenſes forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forſtraughte whan ſhe dyd alyghte

Anie to mee, dreſte up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn ſome ewbrycious thoughtes a-brewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the bloſom woulde ſuch ſins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eſchewe.

Wyth ſweet ſemblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breſte;
For I routhis wordes ys her myndes face,
Falſe oratoryes ſhe dyd aie deteſte:
Sweetneſſe was yn eche worde ſhe dyd ywreene,
Tho ſhe ſtrove not to make that ſweetneſſe ſheene.

Shee ſayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and ſleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle; [were,
I'm Trouthe, that dyd deſcende fromm heaven-
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoſte thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I ſawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encreaſe the ſtore,
A Canynge, who ſhall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and ſee yn chylde and manne
What troulie nobleneſſe yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of ſweltrie daie,
Yn ſlepeis boſom laieth hys deſt headde,
So, ſenſes ſonke to reſte, mie hoddie laie;
Eftſoons mie ſprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth trouthe aſyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylſt Canynge ſwathed yet yn fleſhlie hedde,
And ſaw all acryons whych han been before,
And all the ſcroll of fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to ſyghte,
I ſaw hym eager gaſpynge after lyghte.

In all hys ſhepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of wyſdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the waſtle cake.
As wiſe as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeyuge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym ſynge,
Wondryng at one ſoe wyſe, and yet ſoe yinge.

Increaſeynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And haſteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheeſe a wyfe,
And uſe the ſexes for the purpoſe gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelie ſemelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jeſus reſt hys ſoule)!
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole)!
In mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;

What then could Canynge wiſſen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

But landes and caſtle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of ſylver rouſted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre ſweete dyd that deſpyſe,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a houſe adygne,
Of goode ſendaument commilie and ſyne.

But ſoone hys broder and hys ſyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam ſtates and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne ſupplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre ſoules;
And put hys broder ynto ſyke a trade, [made.
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was

Eftſoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys ſeconde ſelfe' gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endleſs lyghte,
And fleed good Canynge; ſad myſtake of dethe!
Soe have I ſeen a flower ynn ſommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge ſheweth as an inſtrumente),
Was to my biſmarde eyne-ſyghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis paſt to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge ſee,
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I ſawe the myndbruch of hys nobille ſoule
Whan Edwarde meniced a ſeconde wyfe;
I ſaw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm ſeconde dames a preeſte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the viſion ſpoke;
Then belle for even-ſonge mie ſenſes woke.

ON HAPPIENESSE.

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Maie Selyneſſe on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human ſhape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower beſtadde,
Or quite eraced from the ſeaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the ſecret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agroſed ſhun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to yſelf, and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selyneſſe ys thyne,
And Chryſtis glorie doth upponne thee ſheene.
Doer of the ſoule thynge ne hath thee ſeene;
In caves, inn wodes, ynn woe, and dole diſtreſſe,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneſſe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE.

BY THE SAME.

Johne makes a jarre boute Lancaſter and Yorke;
Bee ſtille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM.

BY THE SAME.

Mie boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the ſyghte
Of guilden merke ſhall mete mie joiceus eyne,

Ne moe the ſylver noble ſheenynge bryghte
Schall ſyll mie honde with weight to ſpeke ytt
tyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alaſs! I call you myne:
Whydder muſt you, ah! whedder muſt I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wureke me myckle woe;
I muſte be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O ſtorthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie ſunne,
A ſhade of theves eche ſtreake of lyght dyd
ſeeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys courſe was
runn,
Eche ſtirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme;
Thye loſs, or quyck or ſlepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe yeraſe;
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte now to mee thie pleaſaunce ys ne moe
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede r
goe.

THE

ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAS

Thorowe the halle the belle han ſounde;
Byelecoyle doe the grave beſeeme;
The caldermenne doe ſytte arounde,
Ande ſnoffelle oppe the cheorte ſteeme.
Lyche aſſes wylde ynne deſarte waſte
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taſte.

Syke keene theie ate; the minſtrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie ſtylle the gueſtes ha ne to ſaie,
Butte nodde yer thapkes ande falle aſlape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iſcamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne ſe

A GLOSSARY

OF UNCOMMON WORDS.

N the following gloſſary, the explanations of ords by Chatterton, at the bottom of the ſeve- l pages, are drawn together, and digeſted al- abetically, with the letter C. after each of them. ut it ſhould be obſerved, that theſe explanations e not to be admitted but with great caution; a nſiderable number of them being (as far as the itor can judge) unſupported by authority or alogy. The explanations of ſome other words, nitted by Chatterton, have been added by the itor, where the meaning of the writer was ſuf- iently clear, and the word itſelf did not recede o far from the eſtabliſhed uſage; but he has been bliged to leave many others for the conſideration more learned or more ſagacious interpreters.

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

. ſtands for *Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude.*
a. ——— *The Dethe of Syr C. Bawdin.*
b. ——— *Balade of Charitie.*
. I. ——— *Eclogue the firſt.*
. II. ——— *Eclogue the ſecond.*
. III. ——— *Eclogue the third.*
l. ——— *Elinoure and Juga.*
nt. ——— *Entroductionne to Ælla.*
p. ——— *Epiſtle to M. Canynge.*
. ——— *Goddwyn, a Tragedie.*
. 1. ——— *Battle of Haſtings*, No. 1.
. 2. ——— *Battle of Haſtings*, No. 2.
e. ——— *Letter to M. Canynge.*
I. ——— *Englyſh Metamorphoſis.*
. G. ——— *Prologue to Goddwyn.*
. ——— *Tournament.*

A.

BESSIE, E. III. *humility.* C.
borne, T. *burniſhed.* C.
bounde, H. 1.
boune, G. *make ready.* C.
bredynge, Æ. *upbraiding.* C.
brewe, as *brew.*
brodden, E. I. *abruptly.* C.
cale, G. *freeze.* C.
ccaie, Æ. *aſſuage.* C.
chments, T. *atchievements.* C.
Acheke, G. *choke.* C.
Achevments, Æ. *ſervices.* C.
Acome, as *come.*
Acrool, El. *faintly.* C.
Adave, H. 2.
Adawe, *awake.*
Addawd, H. 2.
Adente, Æ. *faſtened.* C.
Adented, G. *faſtened, annexed.* C.
Aderne, H. 2. See *Derne, Dernie.*
Adigne. See *adygne.*
Adrames, Ep. *churls.* C.
Adventaile, T. *armour.* C.
Adygne, Le. *nervous; worthy of praiſe.* C.
Affynd, H. 1. *related by marriage.*
Afleme, as *fleme;* to drive away, to affright.
After la goure, H. 2. ſhould probably be *aſtrel- gour;* aſtrologer.
Agrame, G. *grievance.* C.
Agreme, Æ. *torture.* C.—G. *grievance.* C.
Agroſed, as *agriſed;* terrified.
Agroted, Æ. See *Groted.*
Agylted, Æ. *offended.* C.
Aidens, Æ. *aidance.*
Ake, E. II. *oak.* C.
Alans, H. 2. *bounds.*
Alatche, Æ.
Aledge, G. *idly.* C.
Aleſt, Æ. *leſt.*
All a boon, E. III. *a manner of aſking a favour.* C.
Alleyn, E. I. *only.* C.
Almer, Ch. *beggar.* C.
Aluſte, H. 1.
Alyne, T. *acroſs his ſhoulders.* C.
Alyſe, Le. *allow.* C.
Amate, Æ. *deſtroy.* C.
Amavld, E. II. *enamelled.* C.
Ameded, Æ. *rewarded.*
Amenged, as *menged,* mixed.
Amenuſed, E. II. *diminiſhed.* C.
Amield, T. *ornamented, enamelled.* C.
Anente, Æ. *againſt.* C.
Anere, Æ. *another.* C.
Anete,
Anie, as *nie;* nigh.
Anlace, G. *an ancient ſword.* C.
Antecedent, Æ. *going before.*

Applings, E. I. *grafted trees.* C.
Arace, G. *diveſt.* C.
Ariſt, Ch. *aroſe.* C.
Arrowe-lede, H. 1.
Aſcaunce, E. III. *diſdainfully.* C.
Aſenglave, H. 1.
Aſkaunted, Le.
Aſlee, Æ.
Aſſeled, E. III. *anſwered.* C.
Aſshrewed, Ch. *accurſed, unfortunate.* C.
Aſſwaie, Æ.
Aſtedde, E. II. *ſeated.* C.
Aſtende, G. *aſtoniſh.* C.
Aſterte, G. *neglected.* C.
Aſtoun, E. II. *aſtoniſhed.* C.
Aſtounde, M *aſtoniſh.* C.
Aſyde, perhaps *aſtyde;* aſcended.
Athur, H. 2. as *thurgh;* thorough.
Attenes, Æ. *at once.* C.
Attoure, T. *turn.* C.
Attoure, Æ. *around.*
Ave, H 2. for *eau.* Fr. water.
Aumere, Ch. *a looſe robe or mantle.* C.
Aumeres, E. III. *borders of gold and ſilver,* &c. C.
Aunture, H. 2. as *aventure;* adventure.
Autremete, Ch. *a looſe white robe worn by prieſts.* C.
Awhaped, Æ. *aſtoniſhed.* C.
Aynewarde, Ch. *backwards.* C.

B.

Bankes, T. *benches.*
Barb'd hall, Æ.
Barbed horſe, Æ. *covered with armour.*
Baren, Æ. for *barren.*
Barganette E. III. *a ſong or ballad.* C.
Bataunt, Ba.
Battayles, Æ. *boats, ſkips.* Fr.
Batten, G. *fatten.* C.
Battent, T. *loudly.* C.
Battently, G. *loud roaring.* C.
Battone, H. 1. *beat with ſticks.* Fr.
Baubels, Ent. *jewels.* C.
Bawſin, Æ. *large.* C.
Bayre, E. II. *brow.* C.
Beheſte, G. *command.* C.
Behight, H. 2.
Behylte, Æ. *promiſed.* C.
Belent, H. 2.
Beme, Æ. *trumpet.*
Bemente, E. I. *lament.* C.
Benned, Æ. *curſed, tormented.* C.
Benymmynge, P. G. *bereaving.* C.
Bercie
Berne, Æ. *child.* C.
Berten, T. *venomous.* C.
Beſeies, T. *becomes.* C.
Beſprente, T. *ſcattered.* C.
Beſtadde,
Beſtanne, Æ.
Beſted, H. 2.
Beſtoiker, Æ. *deceiver.* C.
Beſtreynts, H. 2.
Bete, G. *bid.* C.
Betraſſed, G. *deceived, impoſed on.* C.
Betraſte, Æ. *betrayed.* C.
Betreinted, H. 2.
Bevyle, E. II. *break. A herald term ſignifying a ſpear broken in tilting.* C.
Bewrate, H. 2.
Bewreeke, G. *revenge.* C.
Bewreen, Æ. *expreſs.* C.
Bewryen, Le. *declared, expreſſed.* C.
Bewryne, G. *declare.* C.
Bewrynning, T. *declaring.* C.
Bighes, Æ. *jewels.* C.
Birlette, E. III. *a hood or covering for the back part of the head.* C.
Biſmarde.
Blake, Æ. *naked.* C.
Blakied, E. III. *naked, original.* C.
Blanche, Æ. *white, pure.*
Blaunchie, E. II *white.* C.
Blataunthe, Æ. *loudly.* C.
Blente, E. III. *ceaſed, dead.* C.
Blethe, T. *bleed.* C.
Blynge, Æ. *ceaſe.* C.
Blyn, E. II. *ceaſe, ſtand ſtill.* C.
Boddekin, Æ. *body, ſubſtance.* C.
Boleynge, M. *ſwelling.* C.
Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. *different kinds of boats.* C.
Boolie, E. I *beloved.* C.
Bordel, E. III. *cottage.* C.
Bordelier, Æ. *cottager.*
Borne, T. Æ. *burniſh.* C.
Boun, E. II. *make ready.* C.
Bounde, T. *ready.* C.
Bourne, Æ.
Bouting matche,
Bowke, T.—Bowkie, G. *body.* C.
Braſteth, G. *burſteth.* C.
Brayd, G. *diſplayed.* C.
Brayde, Æ.
Breme, *ſubſt.* G. *ſtrength.* C.
——— *adj.* E. II. *ſtrong.* C.
Brende, G. *burn, conſume.* C.
Bretful, Ch. *filled with.* C.
Broched, H. 2. *pointed.*
Brondeous, E. II *furious.* C.
Browded, G. *embroidered.* C.
Brynnyng, Æ. *declaring.* C.
Burled, M. *armed.* C.
Burlie bronde, G. *fury, anger.* C.
Bvelecoyle, *bel-acueil.* Fr. the name of a perſonage in the *Roman de la Roſe,* which Chaucer has rendered *fair-welcoming.*
Byker, Æ. *battle.*
Bykrous, M. *warring.* C.
Byſmare, M. *bewildered, curious.* C.
Byſmarelie, Le. *curiouſly.* C.

C.

Cale, Æ. *cold.*
Calke, G. *caſt.* C.
Calked, E. I. *caſt out.* C.
Caltyſning, G. *forbidding.* C.
Carnes, Æ. *rocks, ſtones.* Brit.
Caſtle-ſtede, G. *a caſtle.* C.
Caties, H. 2. *cates.*
Caytiſned, Æ. *binding, enforcing.* C.
Celneſs, Æ.
Chafe, Æ. *hot.* C.
Chaftes, G. *heats, ſtamps.* C.
Champion, *v.* P. G. *challenge.* C.
Chaper, E. III. *dry, ſun-burnt.* C.
Chapournette, Ch. *a ſmall round hat.*
Chefe, G. *heat, reſtneſs.* C.
Chelandree, Æ. *goldfinch.* C.
Cheorte,

Cherisaunce, Ent. *comfort.* C.
Cherisaunied, Æ. perhaps *cherisaunced.*
Cheves, Ch. *moves.* C.
Chevyſed, Ent. *preſerved.* C.
Chirckynge, M. *a confuſed noiſe.* C.
Church-glebe-houſe, Ch. *grave.* C.
Cleme, E. II. *ſound.* C.
Clergyon, P. G. *clerk, or clergyman.* C.
Clergyon'd, Ent. *taught.* C.
Clevis, H. 2.
Cleyne, Æ.
Clinie, H. 1.
Cloude-ageſted.
Clymmynge, Ch. *noiſy.* C.
Coiſtrell, H. 2.
Compheeres, M. *companions.* C.
Congeon, E. III. *dwarf.* C.
Contake, T. *diſpute.* C.
Conteins, H. 1. for *contents.*
Conteke, E. II. *confuſe, contend with.* C.
Contekions, Æ. *contentions.* C.
Cope, Ch. *a cloke.* C.
Corven, Æ. See *ycorven.*
Cotte, E. II. *cut.*
Cottes, E. II. See *bollengers.*
Coupe, E. II. *cut.* C.
Couraciers, T. *horſe-courſers.* C.
Coyen, Æ. *coy.* q?
Cravent, E. III. *coward.* C.
Creand, Æ. as *recreand.*
Crine, Æ. *hair.* C.
Croched, H. 2. perhaps *broched.*
Croche, v. G. *croſs.* C.
Crokynge, Æ. *bending.*
Croſs-ſtone, Æ. *monument.* C.
Cuarr, *qaarry.* q?
Cullis-yatte, E. I. *portculliſgate.* C.
Curriedowe, G. *flatterer.* C.
Cuyen kine, E. I. *tender cows.* C.

D.

Dareynge, G. *attempt, endeavour.* C.
Declynie, H. 1. *declination.* q?
Decorn, E. II. *carved.* C.
Deene, E. II. *glorious, worthy.* C.
Deere, E. III. *dire.* C.
Defs, M. *vapours, meteors.* C.
Defayte, G *decay.* C.
Defte, Ch. *neat, ornamental.* C.
Deigned, E. III. *diſdained.* C.
Delievretie, T. *activity.* C.
Demaſing, H. 1.
Dente, Æ. See *adente.*
Dented, Æ. See *adented.*
Denwere, G. *doubt.* C.—M. *tremour.* C.
Dequace, G. *mangle, deſtroy.* C.
Dequaced.
Dere, Ep. *hurt, damage.* C.
Derkynnes, Æ. *young deer.* q?
Derne, Æ.—H. 2.
Dernie, E. I. *woeful, lamentable.* C.
——— M. *cruel.* C.
Deſlavate, H. 2.
Deſlavatie, Æ. *letchery.* C.
Detratours, H. 2
Deyſde, Æ. *ſeated on a deis.*
Dheie, *they.*
Dhere, Æ. *there.*
Dhereof, *thereof.*
Difficile, Æ. *difficult.* C.
Dighte, Ch. *dreſt, arrayed.* C.
Diſpande, perhaps for *diſponed.*
Diſpone, *diſpoſe.*
Diviniſtre, Æ. *divine.* C.
Dolce, Æ. *ſoft, gentle.* C.
Dole, *n.* G. *lamentation.* C.
Dole, *adj.*
Dolte, Ep *fooliſh.* C.
Donde, H. 1.
Donore, H. 1. This line ſhould probably be written thus: *O ſea-oerteeming Dover!*
Dortoure, Ch. *a ſleeping-room.* C.
Dote, perhaps as *dighte.*
Doughtre mere, H. 2. *d'outre mere,* Fr. From beyond ſea.
Dree, Æ.
Dreſte, Æ. *leaſt.* C.
Drented. G. *drained.*
Dreynted, Æ. *drowned.* C.
Dribblet, E. II. *ſmall, inſignificant.* C.
Drites, G. *rights, liberties.* C.
Drocke, T. *drink.* C.
Droke, Æ.
Droorie, Ep. See Chatterton's note. *Drurie* is *courtſhip, gallantry.*
Drooried, Æ. *courted.*
Dulce, as *dolce.*
Dureſſed, E. I. *hardened.* C.
Dyd, H. 2. ſhould probably be *dyght.*
Dygne, T. *worthy.* C.
Dynning, E. I. *ſounding.* C.
Dyſperpelleſt, Æ. *ſcatterceſt.* C.
Dyſporte, E. I. *pleaſure.* C.
Dyſportiſment, Æ. as *diſporte.*
Dyſregate, Æ.

E.

Edraw, H. 2. for *ydraw,* draw.
Eft, E. II. *often.* C.
Eftſoones, E. III. *quickly.* C.
Ele, M. *help.* C.
Eletten, Æ. *enlighten.* C.
Eke, E. I. *alſo.* C.
Emblaunched, E. I. *whitened.* C.
Embodyde, E. I. *thick, ſtout.* C.
Embowre, G. *lodge.* C.
Emburled, E. II. *armed.* C.
Emmate, Æ. *leſſen, decreaſe.* C.
Emmers.
Emmertleyng, M. *glittering.* C.
Enalſe, G. *embrace.* C.
Encaled, Æ. *frozen, cold.* C.
Enchafed, M. *heated, enraged,* C.
Engyne, Æ. *torture.*
Enheedynge.
Enlowed, Æ. *flamed, fired.* C.
Enrone, Æ.
Enſeme, Æ. *to make ſeams in.* q?
Enſeeming, Æ. as *ſeeming.*
Enſhoting, T. *ſhooting, darting.* C.
Enſtrote, H. 2.
Enſwote, Æ. *ſweeten.* q?
Enſwolters, Æ. *ſwallows, ſucks in.* C.
Enſyrke, *encircle.*
Ent, E. III. *a purſe or bag.* C.
Entendement, Æ. *underſtanding.*

Enthoghteing, Æ.
Entremed.
Entrykeynge, Æ. as *tricking*.
Entyn, P. G. *even*. C.
Eſtande, H. 2. for *yſtande*, ſtand.
Eſtells, E II. A corruption of *eſtoile*, Fr. a ſtar. C.
Eſtroughted, Æ.
Ethe, E. III. *eaſe*. C.
Ethie, *eaſy*.
Evalle, E. III. *equal*. C.
Eveſpeckt, T. *marked with evening dew*. C.
Ewbrice, Æ. *adultery*. C.
Ewbrycious, *laſcivious*.
Eyne-gears.

F.

Fage, Ep. *tale, jeſt* C.
Faifully, T. *faithfully*. C.
Faitour, Ch *a beggar, or vagabond*. C.
Faldſtole, Æ. *a folding ſtool, or ſeat*. See Du Cange in v Faldiſtorium.
Fayre, Æ. *clear, innocent*.
Feere, Æ. *fire*.
Feerie, E. II. *flaming*. C.
Fele, T. *feeble*. C.
Fellen, E. I. *fell, pa. t.* ſing. q?
Fetelie, G. *nobly*. C.
Fetive, Ent. as *feſtive*.
Fetivelie, Le. *elegantly*. C.
Fetiveneſs, Æ. as *feſtiveneſs*.
Feygnes, E. III. A corruption of *feints*. C.
Fhuir, G. *fury*. C.
Fie, T. *defy*. C.
Flaiten, H. 1.
Flanched, H. 2.
Flemed, T. *frighted*. C.
Flemie.
Flizze, G. *fly*. C.
Floe, H. 2. *arrow*.
Flott, Ch. *fly*. C.
Foile, E. III. *baffle*. C.
Fons, fonnes, E. II. *devices*. C.
Forgard, Æ. *loſe*. C.
Forletten, El. *forſaken*. C.
Forloyne, Æ. *retreat*. C.
Forreying, T. *deſtroying*. C.
Forſlagen, Æ. *ſlain*. C.
Forſlege, Æ. *ſlay*. C.
Forſtraughte, *diſtracted*.
Forſtraughteyng, G. *diſtracting*. C.
Forſwat, Ch. *ſun-burnt*. C.
Forweltring, Æ. *blaſting*. C.
Forwyned, E. III. *dried*. C.
Fremde, Æ. *ſtrange* C.
Fremded, Æ. *frighted*. C.
Freme, Æ.
Fructile, Æ. *fruitful*.

G.

Gaberdine, T. *a piece of armour*. C.
Gallard, Ch. *frighted*. C.
Gare, Ep. *cauſe*. C.
Gaſtneſs, Æ. *ghaſtlineſs*. q?
Gayne, Æ. To gayne, ſo *gayne* a pryze.—*Gayne* has probably been repeated by miſtake.
Geare, Æ. *apparel, accoutrement*.
Geaſon, Ent. *rare*, C.—G. *extraordinary, ſtrange*, C.
Geer, H. 2. as *gier*.
Geete, Æ. as *gite*.
Gemote, G. *aſſemble*. C.
Gemoted, E. II. *united, aſſembled* C.
Gerd, M. *broke, rent*. C.
Gies, G. *guides*. C.
Gier, H. 1. *a turn, or twiſt*.
Gif, E. II. *if*. C.
Gites, Æ. *robes, mantels*. C.
Glair, H. 2.
Gledeynge, M. *livid*. C.
Glomb, G. *frown*. C.
Glommed, Ch. *clouded, dejected*. C.
Glytted, H. 2.
Gorne, E. I. *garden*. C.
Gottes, Æ. *drops*.
Gouler.
Graiebarbes, Le. *graybeards*. C.
Grange, E. I. *liberty of paſture*. C.
Gratche, Æ. *apparel*. C.
Grave, *chief magiſtrate, mayor*.
Gravots, E. I. *groves*. C.
Gree, E. I. *grow*. C.
Groffile, Æ.
Groffiſh, Æ.
Groffynglie, Ep. *fooliſhly*. C.
Gron, G. *a fen, moor*. C.
Gronfer, E. II. *a meteor*; from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire. C.
Gronfyres, G. *meteors*. C.
Grore, H. 2.
Groted, Æ. *ſwoln*. C.
Gule-depeincted, E. II. *red-painted*. C.
Gule-ſteynct, G. *red-ſtained*. C.
Gytteles, Æ. *mantels*. C.

H.

Haile, E. III. *happy*. C.
Hailie, Æ. as *haile*.
Halceld. M. *defeated*. C.
Hallie, T. *holy*. C.
Hallie, Æ. *wholly*.
Halline, Ch. *joy*. C.
Hancelled G. *cut off, deſtroyed*. C.
Han, Æ. *hath*. q?
Hanne, Æ. *had, particip*. q?—Æ. *had, pa. t. ſing*. q?
Hantoned, Æ.
Harried, M. *toſt*. C.
Hatched.
Haveth, E. I. *have, 1ſt perſ*. q?
Heafods, E. II. *heads*. C.
Heavenwere, G. *heavenward*. C.
Hecked. Æ. *wrapped cloſely, covered*. C.
Heckled, M. *wrapped*. C.
Heie, E. II. *they*. C.
Heiedeygnes, E. III. *a country dance*, ſtill practiſed in the north. C.
Hele, *n.* G. *help*. C.
Hele, *v.* E. III. *to help*. C.
Hem, T. a contraction of *them*. C.
Hente, T. *graſp, hold*. C.
Hentyll, Æ.
Herſelle, Æ. *herſelf*.
Heſte, Æ.
Hilted, hiltren, T. *hidden*. C.
Hiltring, Ch. *hiding*. C.
Hoaſtrie, E. I. *inn, or public houſe*. C.
Holtred, Æ.

Hommeur, Æ.
Hondepoint, Æ.
Hopelen, Æ.
Horrowe, M. *unſeemly, diſagreeable.* C.
Horſe-millanar, Ch. See C's. note.
Houton, M. *hollow.* C.
Hulſtred, M. *hidden, ſecret.* C.
Huſcarles, Æ. *houſe-ſervants.*
Hyger, Æ. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the *Hygra.* Gul. Malmeſh. de Pontif. Ang. L. iv.
Hylle-fyre, Æ. *a beacon.*
Hylte, T. *hid, ſcreened.* C—Æ. *hide.* C.

I.

Jape, Ch. *a ſhort ſurplice,* &c. C.
Jeſte, G. *hoiſted, raiſed.* C.
Ifrete, G. *devour, deſtroy.* C.
Ihanted, E. I. *accuſtomed.* C.
Jintle, H. 2. for *gentle.*
Impeſtering, E. I. *annoying.* C.
Inhild, El. *infuſe.* C.
Iſhad, Le. *broken.* C.
Jubb, E. III. *a bottle.* C.
Iwreene.

K.

Ken, E. II. *ſee, diſcover, know.* C.
Kennes, Ep. *knows.* C.
Keppened, Le.
Kiſte, Ch. *coffin.* C.
Kivercled, E. III. *the hidden or ſecret part.* C.
Knopped, M. *faſtened, chained, congealed.* C.

L.

Ladden, H. 1.
Leathel, E. I. *deadly.* C.
Lechemanne, Æ. *phyſician.*
Leckedſt, H. 2.
Lecturn, Le. *ſubject.* C.
Lecturnies, Æ. *lectures.* C.
Leden, El. *decreaſing.* C.
Ledanne, Æ.
Leege, G. *homage, obeyſance.* C.
Leegefolcke, G. *ſubjects.* C.
Lege, Ep. *law.* C.
Leggen, M. *leſſen, alloy.* C.
Leggende, M. *alloyed.* C.
Lemanne, Æ. *miſtreſs.*
Lemes, Æ. *lights, rays.* C.
Lemed, El. *gliſtened.* C.—Æ. *lighted.* C.
Lere, Æ.—H. 2. ſeems to be put for *leather.*
Leſſel, El. *a buſh or hedge.* C.
Lete, G. *ſtill.* C.
Lethal, El. *deadly, or death-boding.* C.
Lethlen, Æ. *ſtill, dead.* C.
Letten, Æ. *church-yard.* C.
Levynde, El. *blaſted.* C.
Levynne, M. *lightning.* C.
Levyn-mylted, Æ. *lightning-melted.* q?
Liefe, Æ.
Liff, E. I. *leaf.*
Ligheth, Æ.
Likand, H. 2. *liking.*
Limed, E. II. } *glaſſy, reflecting.* C.
Limmed, M. }
Linge, Æ. *ſtay.* C.
Liſſed, T. *bounded.* C.
Lithie, Ep. *humble.* C.
Loaſte, Æ. *loſt.*
Logges, E. I. *cottages.* C.
Lordinge, T. *ſtanding on their hind legs.* C.
Loverd's, E. III. *Lord's.* C.
Low, G. *flame of fire.* C.
Lowes, T. *flames.* C.
Lowings, Ch. *flames.* C.
Lymmed, M. *poliſhed.* C.
Lynch, El. *bank.* C.
Lyoncel, E. II. *young lion.* C.
Lyped, El.
Lyſſe, T. *ſport, or play.* C.
Lyſſed, Æ. *bounded.* C.

M.

Mancas, G. *marks.* C.
Manchyn, H. 2. *a ſleeve,* Fr.
Maynt, meynte, E. II. *many, great numbers.* C.
Mee, mees, E. I. *meadow.* C.
Meeded, Æ. *rewarded.*
Memuine, H. 2.
Meniced, *menaced.* q?
Mere, G. *lake.* C.
Merk-plante, T. *night-ſhade.* C.
Merke, T. *dark, gloomy.* C.
Mieſel, Æ. *myſelf.*
Miſkynette, El. *a ſmall bagpipe.* C.
Miſt, Ch. *poor, needy.* C.
Mitches, El. *ruins.* C.
Mittee, E. II. *mighty.* C.
Mockler, *more.*
Moke, Ep. *much.* C.
Mokie, El. *black.* C.
Mole, Ch. *ſoft.* C.
Mollock, G. *wet, moiſt.* C.
Morglaien, M. *the name of a ſword in ſome old romances.*
Morthe, Æ.
Morthynge, El. *murdering.* C.
Mote, E. I. *might.* C.
Motte, H. 2. *word, or motto.*
Myckle, Le. *much.* C.
Myndbruch, Æ.
Mynſter, G. *monaſtery.* C.
Myſterk, M. *myſtic.* C.

N.

Ne, P. G. *not.* C.
Ne, *nigh.*
Nedere, Ep. *adder.* C.
Neete, *night.*
Neſh, T. *weak, tender.* C.
Nete, Æ. *night.*
Nete, T. *nothing.* C.
Nilling, Le. *unwilling.* C.
Nome-depeinted, E. II. *rebus'd ſhields;* a herald term, when the charge of the ſhield implies the name of the bearer. C.
Notte-browne, *nut-brown.*

O.

Obaie, E. I. *abide.* C.
Offrendes, Æ. *preſents, offerings.* C.
Olyphauntes, H. 2. *elephants.*
Onknowlachynge, E. II. *not knowing.* C.
Onlight, Æ.
Onlift, Le. *boundleſs.* C.
Orreſts, G. *overſets.* C.
Ouchd. T. See C's note.
Ouphante, Æ. *ouphen, elves.*
Ourt, H. 2

Ouzle, *Æ. black-bird.* C.
Owndes, G. *waves.* C.

P.

Pall, Ch. Contraction from *appall*, to fright. C.
Paramente, *Æ. robes of scarlet.* C.—M. *a princely robe.* C.
Paves, Pavyes, *Æ. shields.*
Peede, Ch. *pied.* C.
Pencte, Ch. *painted.* C.
Penne, *Æ. mountain.*
Percase, Le. *perchance.* C.
'Pere, E. I. *a pear.* C.
Perpled, *purple*, q?
Persant, *Æ piercing.*
Pete, *Æ.*
Pheeres, *Æ. fellows, equals.* C.
Pheon, H. 2. in heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart.*
Pheryons.
Picte, E. III. *picture.* C.
Pighte, T. *pitched, or bent down.* C.
Poyntel, Le. *a pen.* C.
Prevyd, *Æ. hardy, valourous.* C.
Proto-slene, H. 2. *first-slain.*
Prowe, H. 1.
Pynant, Le. *pining, meagre.*
Pyghte, M. *settled.* C.
Pyghteth, Ep. *plucks, or tortures.* C.

Q.

Quaced, T. *vanquished.* C.
Quaintisled, T. *curiously devised.* C.
Quansd, *Æ. stilled, quenched.* C.
Quecde, *Æ. the evil one, the devil.*

R.

Receivure, G. *receipt.* C.
Recer, H. 1. for *racer.*
Recendize, *Æ.* } for *recreandice, cowardice.*
Recrandize, *Æ.* }
Recreand, *Æ. coward.* C.
Reddour, *Æ. violence.* C.
Rede, Le. *wisdom.* C.
Reded, G. *counselled.* C.
Redeing, *Æ. advice.*
Regrate, Le. *esteem.* C.—M. *esteem, favour.* C.
Rele, *n. Æ. wave.* C.
Reles, *v.* E. II. *waves.* C.
Rennome, T. *honour, glory.* C.
Reyne, Reine, E. II. *run.* C.
Reyning, E. II. *running.* C.
Reytes, *Æ. water-flags.* C.
Ribaude, Ep. *rake, lewd person.* C.
Ribbande-geere, *ornaments of ribbands.*
Rodded, Ch. *reddened* C.
Rode, E. I. *complexion.* C.
Rodeing, *Æ. riding.*
Roder, *Æ. rider, traveller.*
Roghling, T. *rolling.* C.
Roin, *Æ. ruin.*
Roiend, *Æ. ruin'd.*
Roiner, *Æ. ruiner.*
Rou, G. *horrid, grim.* C.
Rowncy, Le. *cart-horse.* C.
Rynde, *Æ. ruin'd.*

S.

Sabalus, E. I. *the devil.* C.
Sabbatanners, *Æ.*
Scalle, *Æ. shall.* C.
Scante, *Æ. scarce.* C.
Scantillie, *Æ. scarcely, sparingly.* C.
Scarpes, *Æ. scarfs.* C.
Scethe, T. *hurt or damage.* C.
Scille, E. III *gather.* C.
Scillye, G. *closely.* C.
Scolles, *Æ. shoales.*
Scond, H. 1. for *abscond.*
Seek, H. 1. for *suck.*
Seeled, Ent. *closed.* C.
Seere, *Æ. search.* C.
Selyness, E. I. *happiness.* C.
Semblate,
Seme, E. III. *seed.* C.
Semecope, Ch. *a short under-cloke.* C.
Semmlykeed, *Æ.*
Semlykeene, *Æ. countenance.* C.—G. *beauty, countenance.* C.
Sendaument,
Sete, *Æ. seat.*
Shappe, T. *fate.* C.
Shap-scurged, *Æ. fate-scourged.* C.
Shemring, E. II. *glimmering.* C.
Shente, T. *broke, destroyed.* C.
Shepen,
Shepstere, E. I. *shepherd.* C.
Shoone-pykes, *shoes with piked toes.* The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
Shrove, H. 2.
Sletre, *Æ. slaughter.*
Slughornes, E. II. *a musical instrument not unlike a hautboy.* C.—T. *a kind of clarion.* C.
Smethe, T. *smoke.* C.
Smething, E. I. *smoking.* C.
Smore, H. 1.
Smothe, Ch. *steam or vapours.* C.
Snett, T. *bent.* C.
Sothen, *Æ. sooth.* q?
Souten, H. 1. for *sought. pa. t. sing.* q?
Sparre, H. 1. *a wooden bar.*
Spedde, H. 2.
Spencer, T. *dispenser.* C.
Spere, *Æ.*
Spyryng, *Æ. towering.*
Stale, H. 1.
Starks, T. *stalks.*
Steeres, *stairs.*
Stent, T. *stained.* C.
Steynced, *Æ.*
Storthe.
Storven, *Æ. dead.* C.
Straughte, *Æ. stretched.* C.
Stret, *Æ. stretch.* C.
Strev, *Æ. strive.*
Stringe, G. *strong.* C.
Suffycyl, *Æ.*
Swarthe, *Æ.*
Swarthcing, *Æ.*
Swarthless, H. 2.
Sweft-kervd, E. II. *short-liv'd.* C.
Swoltering, *Æ.*
Swotie, E. II. *sweet.* C.
Swythe, Swythen, Swythyn, *quickly.* C,
Syke, E II. *such, so.* C.

T.

Takelle, T. *arrow.* C.
Temt, H. 1. for *tent.*

Tende, T. *attend, or wait.* C.
Tene, Æ. *sorrow.*
Tentyflie, E. III. *carefully.* C.
Tere, Æ. *health.* C.
Thighte.
Thoughten, Æ. for *thought. pa. t. sing.* q?
Thyſſen, E. II. *theſe*, or *theſe.* q?
Tochelod, Æ.
Tore, Æ. *torch.* C.
Trechit, H. 2. for *treget, deceit.*
Treynted, Æ.
Twyghte, E. II. *plucked, pulled.* C.
Twytte, E. I. *pluck*, or *pull.* C.
Tynge, Tyngue, *tongue.*

U.

Val, T. *helm.* C.
Vernage, H. 2. *vernaccia.* Ital. a ſort of rich wine.
Ugſomeneſs, Æ. *terror.* C.
Ugſomme, E. II. *terribly.* C.—Æ. *terrible.* C.
Unaknell'd, H. 1. *without any knell rung for them.* q?
Unburled, Æ. *unarmed.* C.
Unƈted, M. *anointed.* C.
Undelievre, G. *unactive.* C.
Unenhantend, Æ. *unaccuſtomed.* C.
Uneſpryte, G. *unſpirited.* C.
Unhailie, Ch. *unhappy.* C.
Unliart, P. G. *unforgiving.* C.
Unliſt, E. III. *unbounded.* C.
Unlored, Ep. *unlearned.* C.
Unlydgefull, Æ.
Unplayte, G.—Unplyte, Æ. *explain.* C.
Unquaced, E. III. *unhurt.* C.
Unſprytes, Æ. *un-ſouls.* C.
Untentyff G. *uncareful, neglected.* C.
Unthylle, T. *uſeleſs.* C.
Unwere, E. III. *tempeſt.* C.
Volunde, Æ. *memory, underſtanding.* C.—G. *will.* C.
Upriſte, Æ. *riſen.* C.
Upryne, H. 2.
Upſwalynge, Æ. *ſwelling.* C.

W.

Walſome, H. 2. *wlatſome, loathſome.*
Wanhope, G. *deſpair.* C.
Wayld, Æ. *choice, ſelected.*
Waylinge, E. II. *decreaſing.* C.
Wayne, E. III. *car.* C.
Weef, Æ. *grief.* C.
Welked, E. III. *withered.* C.
Welkyn, Æ. *heaven.* C.
Wiſeegger, E. III. *a philoſopher.* C.
Wiſſen, Æ. *wiſh.*
Wite, G. *reward.* C.
Withe, E. III. a contraction of *wither.* C.
Wolſome, Le. See *walſome.*
Wraytes. See *reytes.*
Wrynn, T. *declare.* C.
Wurche, Æ. *work.* C.
Wychencref, Æ. *witchcraft.*
Wyere, E. II. *grief, trouble.* C.
Wympled, G. *mantled, covered.* C.
Wynnynge, Æ.

Y.

Yan, Æ. *than.*
Yaped, Ep. *laughable.* C.
Yatte, T. *that.* C.
Yblente, Æ. *blinded.* C.
Ybroched, G. *horned.* C.
Ycorne, Æ.
Ycorven, T. *to mould.* C.
Ycraſed, T. *broken.* C.
Yenne, *then.*
Yer, E. II. *their.*
Yer, Æ. *your.*
Ygrove, H. 2.
Yinder, Æ. *yonder.*
Yis, *this.*
Ylach'd, H. 2.
Ynhyme, Ent. *interr.* C.
Ynutile, Æ. *uſeleſs.*
Yreaden, H. 2.
Yroughte, H. 2. for *ywroughte.*
Yſped, M. *diſpatched.* C.
Yſpende, T. *conſider.* C.
Yſtorven E. I. *dead.* C.
Ytſel, E. I. *itſelf.*
Ywreen, E. II. *covered.* C.
Ywrinde, M. *hid, covered.* C.
Yyne, Æ. *thine.*

Z.

Zabalus, Æ. as *Sabalus*; the devil.

MISCELLANIES.

ETHELGAR,

A SAXON POEM.

'Tis not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings ſhine on the riſing waves, and the black clouds ſit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, ſwift as a ſable cloud, toſt by the whiſtling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood: whilſt the lightnings ſhine on his cheſt, and the wind rides over his horns? when the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving majeſtic as the nodding foreſts on the brow of Michel-ſtow; who then commands the ſheep to follow the ſwain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning?—Know, O man! that God ſuffers not the leaſt member of his work to periſh, without anſwering the purpoſe of their creation. The evils of life, with ſome, are bleſſings: and the plant of death healeth the wound of the ſword.—Doth the ſea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy ſoul, look unto the Lord, thou ſhalt ſtand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain ſhall the waves beat againſt thee; thy rock ſhall ſtand.

Comely as the white rocks; bright as the ſtar of the evening; tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain; ſoft as the ſhowers of dew, that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar aroſe, the glory of * Exanceaſtre: noble were his anceſtors, as the palace of the great Kenric; his ſoul, with the lark, every morning aſcended the ſkies; and ſported in the clouds: when ſtealing down the ſteep mountain, wrapt in a ſhower of ſpangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain, cloſing the flowers of the day, ſhaking her pearly ſhowers upon the ruſtling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn ſpray; he ſung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions; the ſtars danced to his ſong; the rolling years, in various mantles dreſt, confeſt him man.—He ſaw Egwina of the vale; his ſoul was aſtoniſhed, as the Britons who fled before the ſword of Kenric; ſhe was tall as the towering elm; ſtately as a black cloud burſting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and ſweet as the morning breeze; beauteous as the ſun; bluſhing like the vines of the weſt; her ſoul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She ſaw Ethelgar; her ſoft ſoul melted as the flying ſnow before the ſun. The ſhrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliſs. Nine horned moons had decked the ſky, when Ælgar ſaw the light; he was like a young plant upon the mountain's ſide, or the ſun hid in a cloud; he felt the ſtrength of his ſire; and, ſwift as the lightnings of heaven, purſued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the ſun; who, ſtepping from the mountain's brow, ſhook his ruddy locks upon the ſhining dew; Ælgar aroſe from ſleep; he ſeized his ſword and ſpear, and iſſued to the chace. As waters ſwiftly falling down a craggy rock, ſo raged young Ælgar through the wood; the wild boar bit his ſpear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf aroſe, his eyes flaming like two ſtars; he roared like the voice of the tempeſt; hunger made him furious, and he fled like a falling meteor to the war. Like a thunder bolt tearing the black rock, Ælgar darted his ſpear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and ſeizing Ælgar by the throat, he fought the regions of the bleſſed.—The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and Egwina wept.—They wept like the rains of the ſpring; ſorrow ſat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death: but the power of God ſettled their hearts.

The golden ſun aroſe to the higheſt of his power; the apple perfumed the gale; and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's ſide, like two ſtars that move through the ſky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees ſpread out their leaves; the ſun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently paſſed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the ſun; the winds roared like the noiſe of a battle; the ſwift hail deſcended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the ſable clouds, and gilded the dark-brown corners of the ſky; the thunder ſhook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whiſtling wind; the broken flowers fled in confuſion round the mountain's ſide. Ethelgar and Egwina fought the ſacred ſhade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the ſkies bluſhed at the ſight. Egwina ſtood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the ſpring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blaſting flame blackened her face: the ſhades

* *Exeter.*

of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock: the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Maindip; the waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the sable sand; wild as the evening wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapours in the valley of the dead: horror sat upon his brow; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air; the black clouds fled from the sky; the sun gilded the spangling meadows; the lofty pine stood still; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal; as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beech, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night—Know, O man! said the member of the blessed, to submit to the will of God; he is terrible as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle as the sacred covering of the oak; secret as the bottom of the great deep; just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as he is great. The holy vision disappeared as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin; there he flourishes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

Bristol, March 4, 1769. D. B.

KENRICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

When winter yelled through the leafless grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the sun; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless trees bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in sable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening wolf, drew his sword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds: his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaming for prey.

Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy spear; terrible was his voice, great was his strength; he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

Awake, O Eldulph! thou that sleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women: no more pursue the dark-brown wolf; arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons; Tenyan bled at his feet; like the red lightning of Heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend; the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle; like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain.

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins! arise and welcome back the pursuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.

Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him.

Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the willow, sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.

CERDICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

The rose-crowned dawn dances on the top of the lofty hill. Arise, O Cerdick, from the mossy bed, for the noise of the chariots is heard in the valleys.

Ye Saxons, draw the sword, prepare the flying dart of death: swift as the glancing light meet the foe upon the brow of the hill, and cast the warriors headlong into the roaring stream.

The swords of the Saxons appear on the high rock, like the lake of death reflecting the beams of the morning sun.

The Britons begin to aſcend the ragged fragments of the ſhrinking rock: thick as the hail in the howling ſtorm, driven down the mountain's ſide, the ſon of the tempeſt; the chariot, and the horſe roll in confuſion to the blood-ſtained vale.

Sons of war, deſcend, let the river be ſwelled with the ſmoaking ſtreams of life, and the mountain of the ſlain aſcend to the ſtars.

They fall beneath the ſpear of Cerdick.

Sledda is a flame of fire. Kenbert ſcatters the never-erring ſhaft of death. Ælla is a tempeſt, a cloud burſting in blood, a winter's wind blaſting the ſoul: his knees are encircled with life-warm gore, his white robe is like the morning ſky. Ceaulin's ſpear is exalted like the ſtar of the evening; his fallen enemies riſe in hills around him.

The actions of Cerdick aſtoniſh the ſoul; the foe is melted from the field, and the gods have loſt their ſacrifice.

Cerdick leans upon his ſpear, he ſings the praiſes of the gods: let the image be filled with the bodies of the dead, for the foe is ſwept away like purple bloom of the grape, no more to be ſeen. The ſacred flames aſcend the clouds, the warriors dance around it. The evening ſlowly throws her duſky vale over the face of the ſun.

Cerdick aroſe in his tent.

Ye ſons of war, who ſhake the ſilver javelin and the pointed ſhield, ariſe from the ſoft ſlumbers of the night, aſſemble to council at the tent of Cerdick.

From the dark-brown ſpring, from the verdant top of the impending rock, from the flowery vale, and the coppiced heath, the chiefs of the war aroſe.

Graceful as the flower that overlooks the ſilver ſtream, the mighty Cerdick ſtood among the warriors: attention ſeals up their lips.

Why will ye ſleep, ye Saxons, whilſt the hanging mountain of fortune trembles over our heads; let us gird on the reeking ſword, and wrap in flame the town of Doranceaſtre: ſtrong as the foundation of the earth, ſwift as the impetuous ſtream, deadly as the corrupted air, ſudden as the whirlwind piercing to the hidden bed of the ſea, armed in the red lightnings of the ſtorm, will we come upon the foe. Prepare the ſword and ſhield, and follow the deſcendant of Woden.

As when the ſable clouds inceſſantly deſcend in rivers of rain to the wood-crowned hills, the foundation of the ground is looſened, and the foreſt gently ſlides to the valley, ſuch was the appearance of the warriors, moving to the city of Doranceaſtre: the ſpears appeared like the ſtars of the black night, their ſpreading ſhields like the evening ſky.

Turn your eyes, O ye Saxons, to the diſtant mountain: on the ſpreading top a company is ſeen: they are like the locuſts of the eaſt, like a dark-brown cloud expanding in the wind: they come down the hills like the ſtones of hail; the javelin nods over the helm; death ſports in their ſhadows. They are children of Woden: ſee the god of battle ſans the air, the red ſword waves in their banner. Ye ſons of battle, wait their approach, let their eyes be ſeaſted with the chaplets of victory.

It is Kenrick! I ſee the lightning on his ſhield! his eyes are two ſtars, his arm is the arrow of death! he drinks the blood of the foe, as the rays of the ſummer ſun drink the ſoftly ſtealing brook: he moves like the moon, attended by the ſtars; his blood-ſtained robe flies around him, like the white clouds of the evening, tinged with the red beams of the ſinking ſun.

See the chaplet hangs on his helm: ſhade him, O ye ſons of war, with the pointed ſhield.

Kenrick approaches; the ſhields of the brave hang over his head. He ſpeaks; attention dances on the ear.

Son of Woden, receive a conquering ſon: the bodies of the ſlain riſe in mountains; the aſhes of the towns choke up the river; the roaring ſtream of Severn is filled with the ſlaughtered ſons of thunder; the warriors hang upon the cliffs of the red rocks; the mighty men, like the ſacrifice of yeſterday, will be ſeen no more; the briars ſhall hide the plain; the graſs dwell in the deſolate habitation; the wolf ſhall ſleep in the palace, and the fox in the temple of the gods, the ſheep ſhall wander without a ſhepherd, and the goats be ſcattered in the high mountains, like the furrows on the bank of the ſwelling flood; the enemies are ſwept away; the gods are glutted with blood, and peace ariſes from the ſolitary grove.

Joy wantons in the eye of Cerdick. By the powers that ſend the tempeſt, the red lightning, and roaring thunder; by the god of war, whoſe delight is in blood, and who preys upon the ſouls of the brave; by the powers of the great deep, I ſwear that Kenrick ſhall ſit on my throne, guide the ſanguine ſpear of war, and the glittering ſceptre of peace.

Cerdick girds his ſon with the ſword of royalty: the warriors dance around him: the clanging ſhields echo to the diſtant vales; the fires aſcend the ſkies; the town of Doranceaſtre increaſes the flame, and the great image is red with the blood of the captives: the cries of the burning foe are drowned in the ſongs of joy; the aſhes of the image are ſcattered in the air, the bones of the foe are broken to duſt.

Great is the valour of Cerdick, great is the ſtrength of Kenrick.

Briſtol, May 20. D. B.

GODRED CROVAN.

A POEM.

Compoſed by Dofnal Syrric Scheld of Godred Crovan, King of the Iſle of Man.

ARISE, O ſon of Harald the Black, for the ſon of Syrric ſleeps upon the mountain, under the moſſy rock; prepare thy ſilver lance, ſhake the clotted gore of the wolf from thy ſpreading ſhield; Fingal of the brown lake, whoſe ſword divides the lofty pine, whoſe ſpear is ever moiſt with the blood of the ſlain, will aſſiſt thy arm. Cullifin who ſleeps on the brow of the mountain, whoſe

feet are swift as the days of mirth, will draw forth his troops from the forest. The lions of the plain, Morvor and Effyr, will swell thy army, as the falling rain swells the silver brook: they wait for thy presence, as the brown meadow for the spring; they will shoot out in blood, and blossom in victory.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, whose name has put to flight armies, arise.

Godred arose; he met the chiefs on the plain; they sat down, and feasted till the evening: there sat Cochlin with the long spear, whose arm is a thunderbolt: on the banks of the sea he fought an host, and rained blood on the plain of Mervor: brown is his face as the sun-burnt heath; strong his arm as the roaring sea: he shook his black locks like clouds tossed by the winds: he sings the song of joy. Godwin of the rushy plain lay upon the skin of the wolf; his eyes are stars, his blows are lightning. Tatwallin sat by his side, he sung sweet as the birds of spring, he fought like the angry lion.

O Tatwallin! sing the actions of Harold the Swift.

Tatwallin arose from his seat, the horn of mirth graced his right-hand.

Hear, ye sons of blood, whilst the horn of mirth is refreshing your souls, the actions of Harold the Swift.

"The wolf of Norway beat his anlace on his silver shield; the sons of war assembled around him: swain of the cleft-hill shook the spear on his left; and Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, on his right, dyed in gore. Fergus of the spreading hills was cased in black armour; his eyes shone with rage, his sword sported with the beams of the sun.

"Warriors," said the chief of the host, "let us assault the foe; swift as the hawk let us fly to the war; strong as the bull, fierce as the wolf, will we rage in the fight: the followers of Harold, the son of Godwin, shall melt away as the summer clouds; they shall fall like the flowers of the field; their souls will fade with the blasting of our valour.

"Swain prepares for war; he sounds the brazen helmet; his followers lift high the deadly spear.

"The son of Godwin appears on the bridge; his banner waves in the wind; like a storm he scattered the troops of Swain.

"Edmund shot the arrows of death.

"Madded by defeat, Swain plunged into his band: the sword of Edmund sounded on his helmet; their silver shields were heard upon the stream: the sword of Edmund sunk to the heart of the son of Egwin; he bit the bloody sand at his feet.

"Harald the Black stood on the bridge; he swelled the river with gore: he divides the head of Edmund, as the lightning tears the top of the strong rock: armies melted before him; none can withstand his rage. The son of Godwin views him from the hill of death; he seized the flaming banner, and sounds the silver shield.

"Girth, Leofric, and Morcar, pillars of the war, fly to his shadow: with a troop of knights, fierce as evening wolves, they beset Harald the Black; like a tempest they rage, like a rock he repels their assault: hills of the slain arise before him; the course of the stream is turned aside.

"Warriors," said the son of Godwin, "though we rage like a tempest, like a rock he repels our assault. Morcar, let one of thy knights descend beneath the bridge, and pierce him through the back with a spear.

"Selwin, swift as a falling meteor, shot beneath the wave; the sharp spear pierces through the back of Harald the Black; he falls like a mountain in an earthquake; his eyes shot fire, and his teeth gnashed with rage: he dies.

"The hopes of Norway are no more; Harold the Swift led his troops to the bridge; they started at the sight of the mighty body, they wept, they fled.

"Thee, Godred, only thee! of all the thousands of the war, prepared thy sword for battle; they dragged thee from the field.

"Great was the sorrow of the sons of Norway."

Tatwallin ended his song, the chiefs arose from the green plain; they assemble their troops on the banks of Lexy.

Geormond, with the green spear, martialled his band: he deduced his lineage from Woden, and displayed the shield of Penda. Strong as the tower of Pendragon on the hill, furious as the souls of the unburied warriors; his company were all chiefs. Upon the high hills he encountered Moryon; like dashing waves, they rushed to the war; their swords rained blood to the valley beneath. Moryon, wild as the winter's wind, raged in the fight; the pointed javelin quivered in his breast; he rolled down the high hill. Son of Woden, great was thy might; by thy hand the two sons of Osmor fell to the valley.

How are thy warriors stretched upon the bank of the Lexy, like willows!

Ealward, of the brown rock, who dyes his anlace in the blood of the wolves of the hill, whose spear, like a star, blasts the souls of the foe; see, he sleeps with the chiefs upon the skin of the wolf; the battle is raging in his fancy; he grasps the bloody spear; his enemies fly before him; joy and rage dance on his brow: thus sleeping, he is as the sun slightly covered with a cloud.

Dugnal, who inhabits the isles, whose barks are swifter than the wind, stands on the bank of the stream; his eyes are bent on the spangling wave; his hands press the silver-headed spear; he is a lion in the war, in the council wise as the ancient priests.

Wilver stands on the right hand of Godred; he is a rock, unmoved by the tempest of war.

Lagman is a young oak; he flourishes in the heat of the glory of his sire: the warriors are like the stars of the winter night.

The noise of a multitude is heard from the hills: Godred sets his troops in order for war; they are seen on the brow of the hill. Many are the foes of Godred; great is the courage of his warriors.

Raignald of the isles attends the chiefs of his foes; his arm is strong as the flourishing oak; his wisdom deep as the black lake; his swift ships

flew over the waves; he defied to battle the prince of the mountains

Bladdyn fell by his hand; he burnt the palace of the wood; the horn, embofſed with gold, graced his ſpoils; he returned to his caſtle over a ſea of blood.

Dunhelm bears the banner of the foe; he is the dragon of the moſſy plain; he kept the water of the ſeven ſprings. Wynfylt and his warriors fought to bear away the water in the horn of hoſpitality. Dunhelm aroſe from his ſtrong fort; his anlace glittered over his head.

Children of the hills (ſaid the ſon of Olave), reſtore the water to the gently-running ſtream.

The ſon of Meurig anſwered not: the anlace of Dunhelm divided his head; his blows fell like the ſtones of hail, when the loud winds ſhake the top of the lofty tree; the warriors fled like the clouds of night, at the approach of the ſun.

Elgar, from the borders of Northumberland, was among the enemies of Godred Crovan, ſon of Harald the Black: he led his troop down the hill, and began the fight with Oſpray: like the raging of the lake of blood, when the loud winds whiſtle over the ſharp cliffs of the rock, was the noiſe of the battle.

Summerled roſe in the fight like the rays of the morning; blood beamed about him; his helmet fell from his head; his eyes were like the lights upon the billows.

Octha, who fought for Godred, oppoſed the paſſage of his rage; his ſhield was like the rising ſun, his ſpear the tower of Mabyn; the ſpear of Summerled ſounded on the ſhield of Octha; he heard the ſhrill cry of joy, as the broken weapon fell to the ground: his ſword fell upon the ſhoulder of Summerled; he gnaſhed his teeth, and died.

Oſpray, like a lion, ravages the band of Elgar. Octha follows behind him, dying his long white robe in blood.

Elgar flies to the ſon of Vorti; his ſpear ſounds upon his helmet; the ſword of Octha divides the ſhield of Elgar: the Northumbrian warrior retires to his band. Dunhelm drives his long ſpear through the heart of Octha; he falls to the ground. Wilver ſets his foot upon his breathleſs corpſe, and buries him beneath the bodies of the foe.

Raignald, with his band, flies to the relief of Dunhelm: the troops of Wilver and Oſpray ſlowly retire. Dunhelm falls by the javelin of an unknown warrior; ſo falls the eagle by the arrow of the child.

Raignald rages like the fires of the mountain; the troops of Dugnal and Cormond melt before him.

Dugnal lifts high his broad ſhield againſt the breaſt of Raignald; his ſword hangs over his head: the troops of Raignald retire with their chief. Ealward, and the ſon of Harald the Black, fly to the war: the foe retire before them. Raignald encourages his men: like an eagle he rages in the fight.

The troops of Godred halt: the bands of Dugnal and Cormond forſake their leaders.

Godred retires to the bank of the Lexy; the foe followed behind, but were driven back with ſhame. On the bank of the Lexy the warriors are ſcattered like broken oaks.

Godred ſounds the ſilver ſhield; the chiefs aſſemble round his tent.

Let us again to the war, O chiefs! and drive the foe over the mountains.

They prepare for war; Dugnal leads the wolves of the iſle; with a loud voice they began the fight. Ealward falls by the ſword of Raignald. Cullifin ſcatters the javelins of fate. Fingal rages in the fight, but fell by the ſword of Elgar.

Cochlin heard the dying groans of his friend; his ſword pierced the heart of Elgar; he fell upon the body of Fingal.

Morvor and Eſſyr raged like ſons of blood; thouſands fell around them. Godwin ſcattered ſlaughter through the hoſt of the foe. Tatwallin ſweeps down the chief of the battle; like the noiſe of torrents rolling down the high mountains, is the noiſe of the fight; the feet of the warriors are wet with blood; the ſword of Cochlin is broken; his ſpear pierces through the foe like lightning through the oak: the chiefs of Godred fill the field with the bodies of the dead: the night approaches, and victory is undecided: the black clouds bend to the earth; Raignald and Godred both retire.

The chiefs of Godred aſſembled at the tent of council: Tatwallin aroſe and ſung:

"When the flowers aroſe in the verdant meadows, when the birds of ſpring were heard in the grove of Thor, the ſon of Victa prepared his knights for war; ſtrong as the moſſy tomb of Urſic, were the warriors he had choſe for his band; they iſſued out to the war. Wecca ſhook the crooked anlace at their head.

"Halt," ſaid the ſon of Victa; "let the troops ſtand ſtill: ſtill as the ſilent wood, when the winds are laid aſleep, the Saxons ſtood on the ſpreading plain.

"Sons of blood!" ſaid the immortal Wecca, "the foe againſt whom we muſt fight, are ſtronger than the whole power of our king; let the ſon of Henna, with three hundred warriors, be hid in the dark-brown wood; when the enemy faint in the battle, let them ſpread themſelves like the burſting cloud, and rain a ſhower of blood; the foe will be weakened, aſtoniſhed, and fly.

"The warriors held their broad ſhields over the head of the ſon of Victa; they gave him the chaplet of victory, and ſang the ſong of joy.

"Heanack, with the flower of the war, retired to the dark-brown wood: the ſun aroſe arrayed in garments of blood; Wecca led his men to the battle: like bears they raged in the fight; yet the enemy fled not, neither were they moved: the fight continued till noon; the troops of the ſon of Victa fought like the dragons of the mountain; the foe fainted; they were weakened, yet they fled not.

"The ſon of Henna drew forth his band to the plain; like a tempeſt they fell upon the foe; they were aſtoniſhed; they fled.

"Godred Crovan, ſon of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, and all the warriors who fight in his cauſe, let us purſue the ſame method; let the mountain of Secaloll conceal Dugnal, and three hundred choſen warriors, from the eyes of Raignald; when he is ſpent in the fight, let them iſſue to the war."

Godred arose from his throne, he led Tatwallin to a seat at his right-hand.

Dugnal prepares his troop; sing, O Tatwallin, the actions of Hengist and Horsa.

Tatwallin arose from his seat:

"When the black clouds stooped below the tops of the high hills, when the wolf came forth from the wood, when the branches of the pine perished, when the yews only smiled upon the russet-heath, the sons of Woden led the furious warriors to the bank of the swift stream; there sat the horse of the hill, whose crooked sword shone like the star of the evening.

"Peada was the banner of the hills: when he waved his golden torce upon the bodies of the slain, the hearts of his companions beamed with victory: he joined the numerous bands of the sons of Woden; like a swelling stream they enter the borders of the land of Cuccurcha.

"Locca of the brown valley sounds the shield; the king of Urrin hears the sound, he starts from his seat: assemble the lions of war, for the enemy are upon the borders.

"Sons of Morven, upon whose shields are seen the hawk and the serpent, swift as the wind fly to the warriors of Abon's stream: sons of war, prepare the spreading shield, the sword of fire, the spear, the azure banner made sacred by the God.

"Cuccurcha issues to the war, as an enemy's wolf to the field.

"Selward, whose face is a summer cloud, gleaming with the recent lightning of the storms, shakes the broad anlace.

"Eadgar and Emmieldred, sons of the mighty Rovan, who discomfitted Osniron with his steeds of fire, when the god of war, the blood stained Woden, pitched his tent on the bank of the wide lake, are seen in the troop.

"Creadda, whose feet are like those of the horse, lifts high the silver shield.

"On the plain, near the palace of Frica, he encountered with Egward; their swords rained blood, shields echoed to the valley of slaughter.

"These were the warriors of Cucchurcha, the lions of the war.

"Hengist and Horsa met them on the sandy plain; the shafts of death clouded the sun, swift as the ships of Horsa, strong as the arm of Suchullin: Peada ravaged the band of Cuccurcha like a mountain. Eadgar sustained the blow of Hengist: great was the fury of Emmieldred, his spear divided the broad shield, his anlace sunk into the heart: the sword of Anyoni pierced the breast of Cuccurcha, he fell like an oak to the plain.

"Creadda rages in the battle, he is a wild boar of the wood: the anlace of Horsa sounds on his round helm, he gnashes his teeth, he churns the smoaking gore, he dies. Locca reclines on his long spear, he is wearied with dealing death among his foes: the anlace of Hengist alights on his back, he falls to the ground.

"The men of Urrin fled to the forest: the lions of war, Hengist and Horsa, throw the spears of flight; they burn up the souls of the flying foe; the great image is red with blood; the flame lights the stars; the moon comes forth to grace the feast; the chaplet of victory hangs on the brow of the warriors."

Tatwallin ended his song,

The morning crept from the mountains, Dugnal with his troops retired to the forest on the mountain of Scoafull.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, prepares for battle. Raignald came down to the plain: long was the fight and bloody.

Godred Crovan beat his anlace on the shield; the warriors upon the mountain heard the sound of the silver shield; swift as the hunted stag they fly to the war, they hear the noise of the battle; the shout of the onset swells in the wind, the loud din of the war increases, as the thunder rolling from afar; they fly down the mountains, where the fragments of the sharp rock are scattered around; they ascend like the vapours, folding up the high hill, upon the borders of Ossoch; their helmets sweep the dawn of the morning; the saffron light shines on the broad shield; through the dark dells they cut a passage, through the dells where the beams of the sun are never seen.

On the rushy moor of Rossin they astonish the foe, and join in the war.

There fought Godred Crovan, death sat on his sword, the yelling breath of the dying foe shook his banner; his shield, the stream of Lexy, which surrounds the dark-brown wood, and shines at the noon of day; his anlace dropped blood, and tore through the helmets of the foe like the red lightning of the storm.

Dugnal, chief of the mountain warriors, who drove Rygwallon from his chariot of war, lifted his shield and spear through the heart of Morval; the weapon perforated, he yelled like a wolf of the mountain, he died.

Weolmund, of the white rock, arose in the fight; like the fires of the earth he burnt up the ranks of the foe; his spear a blasted oak, his shield the sea when the winds are still, he appeared a hill, on whose top the winter snow is seen, and the summer sun melts it up: victory sat on his helmet, death on his anlace.

Wilver, who supports the tottering rocks, who flies like the bird of summer over the plain, shakes the crooked sword as he rages upon the hills of the slain, and is red with living gore: the spears of the foe are gathered about him, the sharp javelins sound on his shield; he looks around the field, the savage Edwin flies to his aid; like two wolves they rage in the war, their shields are red with blood.

The bear of the north throws his lance: the fur-clad Godard Syrric displays his starry shield, the chiefs fall at his feet, he rises on the breast of Rynon, storms of blood surround his sword, blood flows around him.

When the storm rages in the sky, the torrents roll to the plain, the trees of the wood are borne away, the cattle falls to the ground, such was the fury of the fight on the moor of Rossin: the chiefs fell, our foes hait, they fly swift as the clouds of

winter. Oſpray throws the ſpear of Chaſo; ſwift as their fear he flies to the purſuit; the ſoul of Godred melted, he rolled the blue banner, wrought with gold, round the crimſon ſtream: his warriors dance around him, they ſing the ſong of Harald the Black; they hail him king; the golden ſandal is thrown over his helmet. May the gods grant this war for empire be his laſt.

THE HIRLAS,

Tranſlated from the ancient Britiſh of Owen Cyfeliog, Prince of Powys.

Ere the ſun was ſeen on the brow of the mountain, the clanging ſhields were heard in the valley: our enemies were appalled at the ſound. The red armour of our warriors glittered till the noon of day. The foe fled from the borders; they fell in the chaſe like ſtones of hail; they panted like hunted wolves.

Let the hirlas of Rhys overflow like the waters of the great river.

Where the golden banners declare the valour of Rhys, had the horn of hoſpitality long been uſed: it relieved the warriors, who fainted in the chaſe, and the traveller whoſe habitation is beyond the white mountains.

Bring here, O cupbearer, the carved hirlas of mirth, which glows with livid gold: let the ſparkling mead flow around it.

Gwgwyn, prince of my table, ſon of mighty men, thine are the firſt honours of the Hirlas; ſmall is the gift of gratitude; great were thy ſervices. When thy anceſtors ſtood in the fight, victory ſtood with them; loud were their voices in the battle, as the hygra of their charge.

Fill the golden hirlas of mirth; attend to the merits of the warriors, leſt they revenge on thee the diſgrace of their honour.

See Gryffydh, with his uplifted crimſon ſpear, expects it; he is the bulwark of the borders: ſprung from Cynfyll and the dragons of the hill; his name ſhall ever live in the ſongs of the bards. As refreſhed with the drink of mirth, his attendants fought, furious as the battle of the champions of the valley. Whilſt the tomb of Pendragon ſhall ſtand on the hill, his fame ſhall remain in the ſong.

Fill up the hirlas to Eadnyfed, who ſits like a god upon his broken armour: like a tempeſt he fell upon the ſhields of his foes: near Gyrthyn he flew an hoſt.

The diſtant nations heard the noiſe of the battle of Maelor; the ſound of the ſhields was heard in the mountains. Dreadful was the conflict as that of Bangor, when the warriors were trod to the ground. The princes fled: Morach beat the earth with his feet: Morvran fled over the mountain.

Fill up the golden hirlas. Let the mead be borne to Sylliw, defender of our coaſt; to the lion of war, the ſon of Madoc; fierce as a wolf in the fight; ſoft as the moſſy bed in peace.

To the ſons of Eſſyner, bear it next: ſtrong as two rocks they raged in the fight; the braveſt champion falls before them; like ſtorms they pierce the targets of the foe, ſweeping down the multitude as the loud billows ſweep the ſand.

Fill up the badge of honour. To Tudor bear the golden hirlas. Now to Moreiddeg, who, with his brother, aſſiſted our cauſe: valour ſet upon their brows; like wolves they fought for blood. Theſe are my chiefs.

Let the golden hirlas go round to the ſeat of Morgan, whoſe name ſhall be heard in the ſongs of our children: the ſight of his uſeleſs ſword blaſted my ſoul.

Fill up the badge of honour, the golden hirlas. To Gronwys bear it; aſtoniſhed I ſaw him ſtand like a rock on the ſpreading plain of Giveſhun; he ſuſtained the aſſault of an army. Upon the ſandy bank of the ſea his attendants did wonders. The chief of the foe was burnt in the fire of his rage, and the gleanings of the ſword were loſt in the ſtream.

In the heat of the battle, the ſon of Gryffydh burſt his chains; Menrig again raged in the war. When the ſun ſat on the hill, we ſung the ſong of victory.

Fill the hirlas of mirth to all the chiefs of Owcyn, who are the wolves of the mountain. Madoc and Meyler are in ſoul one; they are our caſtles. The warriors of the hill ſtood round their chief, ſtrong as the ſpear of Uther, ſwift in purſuit as the vapours of the night.

Fill the hirlas with mead. Let us drink to the honour of the warriors, who fell in the war.

Bear it to Daniel, beauteous as the verdure of the foreſt, ſavage as the prowling wolf.

O cupbearer! great is thy ſervice, in diſplaying the merits of the warrior; if thou haſt not heard his fame, his ſpear flies to thy breaſt, and his followers drink thy blood.

Whilſt the lamps of joy are burning, let the hirlas go round to the warriors who fought at Llydcomb; they fought with the rage of lions; the mead is their due: they defended Cwrys.

Let the hirlas go round. May the Ruler of all ſend us liberty and life.

Briſtol, Jan. 3. 1770. D. B.

GORTHMUND,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

The loud winds whiſtled through the ſacred grove of Thor; far over the plains of Denania, were the cries of the ſpirits heard. The howl of Hubba's horrid voice ſwelled upon every blaſt, and the ſhrill ſhriek of the fair Locabara, ſhot through the midnight-ſky.

Gorthmund ſlept on his couch of purple; the blood of the ſlain was ſtill on his cruel hand: his helmet was ſtained with purple, and the banner of his father was no more white. His ſoul ſhuddered at the howl of Hubba, and the ſhrill ſhriek of Locabara: he ſhook like the trembling reed, when the loud tempeſt rolls the foaming flood over the pointed rocks: pale was his face as the eglantine, which climbs the branches of the flowery bram-

ble. He ſtarted from his couch: his black locks ſtood upright on his head, like the ſpears which ſtand round the tent of the warriors, when the ſilver moon ſpangles on the tranquil lake.

Why wilt thou torment me, Hubba; it was not by my hand that the ſword drank thy blood. Who ſaw me plunge the dagger to the heart of Locabara? No! Nardin of the foreſt was far away. Ceaſe, ceaſe, thy ſhrieks; I cannot bear them. On thy own ſword thou haſt thy death; and the fair virgin of the hills fell beneath the rage of the mountains. Leave me, leave me: witneſs Hel*, I knew not Locabara, I forced her not to my embraces; no, I ſlew her not; ſhe fell by the mountaineers. Leave me, leave me, O ſoul of Hubba!

Exmundbert, who bore the † ſilver ſhield of Gorthmund, flew from his downy couch, ſwift as the rumour of a coming hoſt. He ſtruck the golden cup, and the king of the flying warriors awakened from his dream of terror. Exmundbert, is he gone? Strike the ſilver ſhield, call up the ſons of battle, who ſleep on the moſſy banks of Frome. But ſtay, 'tis all a viſion; 'tis over and gone as the image of Woden, in the evening of a ſummer-day. Hence to thy tent, I will ſleep again.

Gorthmund doubled his purple robe, and ſlept again.

Loud as the noiſe of a broken rock breaking down the caverns of Seoggeſwaldſcyre ‡, was the voice of Hubba heard; ſharp as the cry of the bird of death at the window of the wounded warrior, when the red rays of the morning riſe breaking from the eaſt, and the ſoul of the ſick is flying away with the darkneſs, was the ſhriek of Locabara. Riſe from thy couch, Gorthmund, thou wolf of the evening. When the ſun ſhines in the glory of the day; when the labouring ſwain dances in the woodland-ſhade; when the ſparkling ſtars glimmer in the azure of the night, and contentment ſleeps under the ruſtic roof, thou ſhalt have no reſt. Thine are the bitter herbs of affliction; for thee ſhall the wormwood ſhed its ſeed on the bloſſoms of the blooming flower, and imbitter with its falling leaves the waters of the brook. Riſe, Gorthmund, riſe, the Saxons are burning thy tents; riſe, for the Mercians are aſſembled together, and thy armies will be ſlain with the ſword, or burnt in the image of * Tewiſk. The god of victory ſhall be red with thy blood, and they ſhall ſhout at the ſacrifice. Riſe, Gorthmund, thy eyes ſhall be cloſed in peace no more.

The king of the ſwift warriors ſtarted from his couch; he ſhook like an oak through which the lightnings have cut their rapid way; his eyes rolled like the lights on the Saxons barks, in the tempeſt of the dark and black night.

Exmundbert flew to his chief; he ſtruck the ſilver ſhield. Sueno of the dark lake, and the black-haired Lecolwin, caught the lance and the ſhield, and preſt into the royal tent.

Warriors, ſtrike the ſhields of alarm; the Mercians are aſſembled together; the Saxons are burning our tents: give the cry of war, and iſſue to the battle; come upon them by the ſide of the thick wood, near the city of † Reggaceſter. Lift the banner Reafan; and he is a worſhipper of falſe gods, who withholds his ſword from blood. The ſilver ſhield reſounded to the wood of Sel, and the ‡ great iſland trembled at the clamorous noiſe.

Delward of the ſtrong arm, and Ax-bred of the foreſt of wolves, led the warriors to the thick wood: but quiet was the foreſt as the tranquil lake, when the winds ſleep on the tops of the lofty trees. The inhabitants of Reggaceſter ſlept in the ſtrength of their walls. The leaders returned.

There is no enemy near, O king! ſtill as the habitation of the dead, are the kingdoms around us: they have felt the ſtrength of thy arm, and will no more riſe up to oppoſe us. As the graſs falls by the hand of the mower, ſo ſhall they fall before us, and be no more. The banner Reafan ſhall be exalted, and the ſeven gods of the Saxons be trampled in the duſt. Let the armies of the north rejoice, let them ſacrifice to the gods of war, and bring out the priſoners for the ‖ feaſt of blood. The warriors threw down the lance, and the ſhield, and the ax of battle; the plates of braſs dropped from their ſhoulders, and they danced to the ſound of the § inſtrument of ſacrifice. Confuſ-

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* *Hela, or Hel, was the idol of the Danes, not, as ſome authors falſely aſſert, of the Saxons. He was the god of battle and victory. It is worthy remark, that every pagan deity of the northern nations, had its ſymbol or type, under which he was worſhipped. The type of Hel was a black raven: hence the Daniſh ſtandard was a raven. The ſymbol of Woden was a dragon, which was the ſtandard of the Saxons in general, and the arms of Weſſex.*

† *The office of ſhield bearer was very ancient and honourable: the leaders of armies had generally three ſhield-bearers; one to bear the ſhield, painted or engraved with the ſymbol of the god; and the others were employed to ſound the ſhields of alarm.*

‡ *Seoggeſwaldſcyre, from Seggeſwald, where Ethelbald, the ninth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch of England, was ſlain in an inſurrection of his ſubjects. This poem is certainly older than Alfred's time, and is, among numerous others, a proof that the diviſion of England into ſhires, was not introduced by that glorious monarch.*

* *The Pagan Saxons had a moſt inhuman cuſtom of burning their captives alive in a wicker image of their god Tewiſk. Whilſt this horrid ſacrifice was performing, they ſhouted and danced round the flames.*

† *Rowceſter, in Derbyſhire, a place of great antiquity.*

‡ *In the original* Muchilney. *As there were ſeveral iſlands of this name, the particular one here mentioned is Aubions.*

‖ *The Danes, not to be behind hand with the Saxons in acts of barbarity, had alſo their bloody ſacrifices. Their captives were bound to a ſtake, and ſhot to death with arrows.*

§ *The word in the original is* Regabibol, *an inſtrument of muſic, of which, as I know nothing farther, than that it was uſed in ſacrifices, I have*

ed as the cry of the fleet dogs, when the white bear is purſued over the mountains of the north; confuſed as the reſolutions of terror was the noiſe of the warriors. They danced till the mantle of midnight aſcended from the earth.

The morning ſhook the dew from her crown of roſes, on the yellow locks of the dancers; and the gleams of light ſhot through the dark gray ſky, like the reeking blood over the ſhield of ſteel. See, warriors, a dark cloud ſits on the mountain's brow, it will be a tempeſt at noon, and the heavy rains will fall upon us. Yes, ye * Danes, it will be a tempeſt, but a tempeſt of war; it will rain, but in ſhowers of blood. For the dark cloud is the army of † Segowald: he leads the flower of the warriors of Mercia, and on his right hand is the mighty ſon of battle the great Sigebert, who leads the warriors of Weſſex.

The dance was ended; and the captives of ſacrifice bound to the ſacred tree: they panted in the pangs of death.

Sudden from the borders of the wood, was the alarm given; and the ſilver ſhield rouſed the ſun from behind the black clouds. The archers of the ſacrifice dropped the bow, and caught the lance and the ſhield. Confuſion ſpread from watch-tower to watch-tower, and the clamour rung to the diſtant hills.

Gorthmund raged like a wild boar, but he raged in vain; his whole army was diſordered, and the cry of war was mixed with the yell of retreat.

Segowald came near with his Mercians on the right hand: and the great Sigebert led the Saxons round the thick wood.

The Danes rage like the tempeſt of winter, but the Mercians ſtand firm as the grove of oaks on the plains of ‡ Ambroiſburgh: great is the ſtrength of the ſwift warriors of the north, but their troops are broken, and out of the order of battle.

The Saxons, with the great Sigebert, have encircled the wood; they rage in the fight like wolves. The Danes are preſſed on all ſides; they fly like the leaves in Autumn before the ſtrong wind.

Gorthmund ſcorns to fly; he is deſcended from the ſon of battle, L'Achollan, whoſe ſword put to flight the armies of Moeric, when the ſun was covered with a mantle of blood, and darkneſs deſcended upon the earth at noon-day. He bears upon his arm the ſhield of Lofgar, the keeper of the caſtle of Teigne. Lofgar never fled, though the lances of the foe flew about him numerous as the winged ants in ſummer. Lofgar never fled, though the warriors of the mountains hurled the rocks upon him in the valley, when he fought for the ſhield of Penda: and ſhould Gorthmund fly, Gorthmund, whoſe ſword was his law, who held juſtice in his banner?

Segowald fought Gorthmund; he found him ſingly encountering an army.

Turn to me, ſon of Lofgar; I am Segowald of the lake, haſt thou not heard of my fame in battle? When the army of Hengiſt panted on the dark-brown heath, I cheered them to the war; and the banner of victory waved over my head. Turn thy arms upon me, Gorthmund, I am worthy thy ſtrength.

The ſon of Lofgar ruſhed to the ſon of Alderwold; they fought like the children of deſtruction on the plain of Marocan. Gorthmund fell. He fell, like the mountain boar beneath the arrow of the hunter.

As the ſhades of death danced before his eyes, he heard the yell of Hubba, and the ſhrill ſhriek of Locabara: Thou art fallen, thou ſon of injuſtice, thou art fallen; thy ſhield is degraded in the duſt; and thy banner will be honoured no more! Thy ſwift warriors are fled over the plain, as the driving ſheep before the wolf. Think, Gorthmund, think on Hubba, the ſon of Crinewalch of the green hill. Think on Locabara, whom thy ſword ſent to the regions of death. Remember thy injuſtice, and die!

NARVA AND MORED.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored,
The prieſt of Chalma's triple idol ſaid.
High from the ground the youthful warriors ſprung,
Loud on the concave ſhell the lances rung:
In all the myſtic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning ſands advance,
Whilſt the ſoft virgin, panting, looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind;
Aſcends the mountains brow, and meaſures round
The ſteepy cliffs of Chalma's ſacred ground.
Chalma, the god whoſe noiſy thunders fly
Through the dark covering of the midnight ſky.
Whoſe arm directs the cloſe-embattled hoſt,
And ſinks the labouring veſſels on the coaſt.
Chalma, whoſe excellence is known from far;
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the iſles,
Where nature in her ſtrongeſt vigour ſmiles;
Where the blue blaſſom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn;
Where ginger's aromatic, matted roor,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains ſhoot.
Three times the virgin, ſwimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the ſhadow of the myſtic trees:
When, like a dark cloud ſpreading to the view,
The firſt-born ſons of war and blood purſue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds diſtilling rain.

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tranſlated as above. Ribible, *among the Anglo-Saxons, was an inſtrument not unlike a violin, but played on with the fingers.*

* *In the original* Tannien, *which ſignifies either Danes or northern men.*

† *A Mercian of this name commanded the army of Offa; and a nobleman named Sigebert, was of great account in the court of Brightrick, king of Eſſex.*

‡ *Ambreſbury, in Wiltſhire, where Alfritha, wife to King Edgar, built a nunnery to atone for the murder of her ſon-in-law, Edward. In this place Eleanor, queen to Henry the Third, lived a nun.*

Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They courſe around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whoſe ſummits riſe
Far in the ſacred regions of the ſkies;
Upon whoſe top the black'ning tempeſt lours,
Whilſt down its ſide the guſhing torrent pours;
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end;
Which ſink in darkneſs, thick'ning and obſcure,
Impenetrable, myſtic, and impure;
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And, round the ſacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twiſt around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the ſplendour of the dying day,
Darts the red luſtre of the wat'ry way;
Sudden beneath Toddida's whiſtling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies ſink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud burſting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's ſacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coaſt,
Where howls the war-ſong of the chieftan's ghoſt;
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
From the young palm-tree ſpins the uſeful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble ſun,
In ſearch of gold, through every climate run:
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all viciſſitudes of woe.
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's ſea,
The warriors circle the myſterious tree;
Till ſpent with exerciſe, they ſpread around
Upon the op'ning bloſſoms of the ground.
The prieſteſs riſing, ſings the ſacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes through the dale.

Prieſteſs.

Far from the burning ſands of Calabar;
Far from the luſtre of the morning ſtar;
Far from the pleaſure of the holy morn;
Far from the bleſſedneſs of Chalma's horn;
Now reſt the ſouls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the duſt, and number'd with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long ſhall their attributes be known in ſong.
Their lives were tranſient as the meadow flow'r
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
And open all the priſons of the grave.
Bred to the ſervice of the godhead's throne,
And living but to ſerve his God alone,
Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day,
When on the ſpangling waves the ſun-beams play,
When the Mackaw aſcending to the ſky,
Views the bright ſplendour with a ſteady eye.
Tall, as the houſe of Chalma's dark retreat,
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
Completely beauteous as a ſummers ſun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
Where the ſoft Togla creeps along the meads,
Through ſcented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the ſweet Zinſa ſpreads its matted bed,
Liv'd the ſtill ſweeter flow'r, the young Mored;
Black was her face, as Tolga's hidden cell;
Soft as the moſs where hiſſing adders dwell.
As to the ſacred court ſhe brought a fawn,
The ſportive tenant of the ſpicy lawn,
She ſaw and lov'd! And Narva too forgot
His ſacred veſtment and his myſtic lot.
Long had the mutual ſigh, the mutual tear,
Burſt from the breaſt, and ſcorn'd confinement there.
Exiſtence was a torment! O my breaſt!
Can I find accents to unfold the reſt!
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentleſs to a wat'ry grave;
And, falling, murmur'd to the pow'rs above—
"Gods, take our lives, unleſs we live to love!"

Shoreditch, May 2. 1770. C.

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whoſe waters glide
In ſlow meanders down to Gaigra's ſide;
And, circling all the horrid mountain round,
Ruſhes impetuous to the deep profound;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell,
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vaſt ſhell:
There for a while in loud confuſion hurl'd,
It crumbles mountains down, and ſhakes the world.
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the burſting waves appear;
Fiercely propell'd, the whiten'd billows riſe,
Break from the cavern, and aſcend the ſkies;
Then loſt and conquer'd by ſuperior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid courſe.
On Tiber's banks where ſcarlet jaſſ'mines bloom,
And purple aloes ſhed a rich perfume:
Where, when the ſun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;
Baſk in the ſedges, loſe the ſultry beam,
And wanton with their ſhadows in the ſtream,
On Tiber's banks, by ſacred prieſts rever'd,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd;
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feaſt,
The tribe of Alra ſlept around the prieſt.
He ſpoke; as evening thunders burſting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;
Attend, Alraddas, with your ſacred prieſt!
This day the ſun is riſing in the eaſt;
The ſun, which ſhall illumine all the earth,
Now, now is riſing, in a mortal birth.
He vaniſh'd like a vapour of the night,
And ſunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confuſion, fear, and torment broke:
And ſtill when midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way through Tiber's wat'ry ſwamp.
On Tiber's banks, cloſe rank'd, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the diſtant edge of Galca's plain:
So when arriv'd at Gaigra's higheſt ſteep,
We view the wide expanſion of the deep;
See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
The quick declenſion of the circling globe;
From the blue ſea a chain of mountains riſe,
Blended at once with water and with ſkies:
Beyond our ſight in vaſt extenſion curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.
Strong were the warriors, as the ghoſt of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:
When the ſoft earth at his appearance fled,
And riſing billows play'd around his head;

When a ſtrong tempeſt riſing from the main,
Daſh'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the ſacred ſong,
Held the red ſword of war, and led the ſtrong;
From his own tribe the ſable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, deſcended from the god of war,
Who liv'd coeval with the morning ſtar;
Narada was his name; who cannot tell,
How all the world through great Narada fell!
Vichon, the god who rul'd above the ſkies,
Look'd on Narada but with envious eyes.
The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,
Bent his white bow, and ſummon'd him to fight.
Vichon, diſdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And ſcatter'd burning arrows in the ſky;
Threw down a ſtar the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with ſupernat'ral heat;
Bid a loud tempeſt roar beneath the ground;
Lifted the ſea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada ſtill eſcap'd; a ſacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him through the ſea.
The waters ſtill aſcending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the ſky:
There Vichon ſat; his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his ſeat the heavenly warrior ſtands,
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
The god, aſtoniſh'd, dropt; hurl'd from the ſhore,
He dropp'd to torments, and to riſe no more.
Headlong he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou ſprung;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild, and young.
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his ſhield:
That ſhield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain:
When the full ſails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came, and ſwell'd the ſeas with blood.
Slow at the end of his robuſt array,
The mighty warrior penſive took his way:
Againſt the ſon of Nair, the young Roreſt,
Once the companion of his youthful breaſt.
Strong were the paſſions of the ſon of Nair,
Strong, as the tempeſt of the evening air.
Inſatiate in defence; fierce as the boar;
Firm in reſolve as Cannic's rocky ſhore.
Long had the gods endeavour'd to deſtroy,
All Nicou's friendſhip, happineſs, and joy:
They fought in vain, till Vicat, Vichon's ſon,
Never in feats of wickedneſs outdone,
Saw Nica, ſiſter to the mountain king,
Dreſt beautiful, with all the flowers of ſpring:
He ſaw and ſcatter'd poiſon in her eyes;
From limb to limb, in varied forms he flies;
Dwelt on her crimſon lip, and added grace
To every gloſſy feature of her face.
Roreſt was fir'd with paſſion at the ſight,
Friendſhip and honour ſunk to Vicat's right:
He ſaw, he lov'd, and burning with deſire,
Bore the ſoft maid from brother, ſiſter, ſire.
Pining with ſorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And ſent to young Roreſt the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth: Oh! need I tell!
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:
His breathleſs army mantled all the plain;
And death ſat ſmiling on the heaps of ſlain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The penſive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
I, and my ſiſter's ghoſt are ſatisfy'd.

Brooke-Street, June 12.

ELEGY,

To the Memory of Mr. Thomas Phillips of Fairford.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam;
No more the wonders of the view I ſing:
Friendſhip requires a melancholy theme;
At her command the awful lyre I ſtring.

Now as I wander through this leafleſs grove,
Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning riſe,
How ſhall I teach the chorded ſhell to move;
Or ſtay the guſhing torrents from my eyes?

Phillips, great maſter of the boundleſs lyre,
Thee would the grateful muſe attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the pow'rs of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect?
O, lend my pen what animated thine,
To ſhow thee in thy native glories deckt.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted ſaw,
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And ev'ry image of his muſe was May.

So roſe the regal hyacinthal ſtar;
So ſhone the pleaſant ruſtic daiſied bed;
So ſeem'd the woodlands leſ'ning from afar;
You ſaw the real proſpect as you read.

Majeſtic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous ſong;
He taught the ſtream in hollow trills to glide,
And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
From purple cluſters preſs'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his fallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the ſeaſon thine.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a duſky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue:

His train, a motley'd, ſanguine, ſable cloud,
He limps along the ruſſet dreary moor;
Whilſt riſing whirlwinds, blaſting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white ſurges to the ſounding ſhore.

Nor were his pleaſures unimprov'd by thee:
Pleaſures he has, though horridly deform'd:
The ſilver'd hill, the poliſh'd lake, we ſee,
Is by thy genius fix'd, preſerv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleaſures too;
But I'm inſenſible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel, now I graſp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleaſing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy ſoul divine;

With thee did ev'ry power of genius dwell:
Thou wert the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy whose various figure-tinctur'd veſt,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets dreſt,
Her eyes, two ſpangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude ſhe ſwept thy ſtring,
And now ſhe ſoars and now again deſcends,
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-veſted mead ſhe bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the ſoftneſs of the dove,
Over thy paſſions ſpread her ſilver plume:
The roſy vale of harmony and love,
Hung on thy ſoul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentleſt, ſofteſt of the virtues, ſpread
Her ſilver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her beſt diſtinguiſh'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the muſic of the ſpheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And maſſy-muſcled Strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at ſcarlet Luxury and Pain,
And did at every cheerful feaſt preſide.

Content, who ſmiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry ſeeming ill;
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,
The happy muſe laid anxious troubles ſtill.

But ſee! the ſick'ned glare of day retires,
And the meek ev'ning ſhades the duſky gray:
The weſt faint glimmers with the ſaffron fires,
And, like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, ſtretch'd upon this heav'n aſcending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night;
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow'd hawthorns bow;
The loud winds whiſtle through the echoing dell;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the ſhrill ſhriekings of the ſcreech-owl ſwell.

With ruſtling ſound the duſky foliage ſlies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls:
The gurg'ling riv'let to the valley hies,
And loſt to ſight, in dying murmurs curls.

Now as the mantle of the ev'ning ſwells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm, by friendſhip's potent ſpells,
The ſoul of Phillips from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander through the dark'ned vale,
In converſe ſuch as heav'nly ſpirits uſe,
And borne upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the muſe.

But horror to reflection! Now no more
Will Phillips ſing, the wonder of the plain,
When doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard the nervous ſtrain.

A madd'ning darkneſs reigns through all the lawn,
Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,
The ſcream proclaims the curſt nocturnal bird.

Now, reſt my muſe, but only reſt to weep,
A friend made dear by every ſacred tie!
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or ſleep,
Phillips is dead, 'tis pleaſure then to die!

FEBRUARY,

AN ELEGY.

Begin, my muſe, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies ſound the thrumming ſtring;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gray,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins ſing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line,
The bounding hail, or drilling rain deſcend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd maſs of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift ſudden anguiſh darts through alt'ring corns,
And the ſpruce mercer trembles in his ſhop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the ſtage,
Procure a benefit, amuſe the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his ſqueamiſh grace
Defies the fury of the howling ſtorm;
And whilſt the tempeſt whiſtles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcaſe warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majeſty of city dames,
Whoſe jewels ſparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raiſe ſtrange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And conſcious of the excellence of lace,
With ſpreading frogs and gleaming ſpangles glares;

Whilſt Envy, on a tripod ſeated nigh,
In form a ſhoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute,

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a ſtripling of eighteen;
Or fabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the ſcene.

Now Foote, a looking-glaſs for all mankind,
Applies his wax to perſonal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applauſe,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"
Whilſt vers'd in all the drama's myſtic laws,
His graceful action ſaves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the muſes ſing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With tranſitory darkneſs ſhadows all.

Alas! how joyleſs the deſcriptive theme,
When ſorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouſe in Cheſhire cheeſe ſupreme,
Devours the ſubſtance of the leſs'ning bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkeſt ſky,
There teach the winter'd muſe with clouds to ſoar

Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind through alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring through the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the fabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound through meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! the wond'rous loss deplore,
The dregs of Nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

Bristol, Feb. 12. D.

ELEGY,

On. W. Beckford, Esquire.

Weep on, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;
But hence, ye venal—hence, each titled slave;
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,
And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes),
Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heav'n fraught with liberty! He came
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint, and fainter grew;
As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her power,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd death's arrows with a Christian eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom;
Receive his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on fame's wide pinions all sublime;
Till heaven's own bright, and never dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

ELEGY.

Haste, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.
Ye variegated children of the spring;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,
Faint are your colours; harsh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleasure nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.
Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams;
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrowds;
Ascend the bright-crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.
Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.
Ye circling seasons, intercept the year;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.
Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers, through the valleys stray.
Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.
Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-pac'd flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.
Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head,
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

TO MR. HOLLAND.

What numbers, Holland, can the muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part;
When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majeſtic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young ſky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree;
Pleaſing as meadows bluſhing with the ſpring,
Loud as the ſurges of the Severn ſea.

In terror's ſtrain, as clanging armies drear!
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praiſe,
In pity gentle as the falling tear,
In all ſuperior to my feeble lays.

Black angers ſudden riſe, ecſtatic pain,
Tormenting jealouſy's ſelf-cank'ring ſting;
Conſuming envy with her yelling train,
Fraud cloſely ſhrouded with the turtle's wing.

Whatever paſſions gall the human breaſt,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee by art, the demon ſtands confeſt,
But nature on thy ſoul has ſtamp'd the god.

So juſt thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and eaſe,
By thee the harſh line ſmoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe we're really diſtreſt,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confeſt,
No ſingle part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

Briſtol, July 21. D. B.

ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

Ye nine, awake the chorded ſhell,
Whilſt I the praiſe of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays:
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O muſe! above the Olympic height,
Make echo ſing his praiſe.

Nature in all her glory dreſt,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant veſt,
Her zone ethereal blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand;
The eye ſurveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties ſeem to roll the eye,
And bids the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind;
So taking are his men diſplay'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wiſh'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature ſhow,
The ſilver fountains ſeem to flow;
The hoary woods to nod:
The curling hair, the flowing dreſs,
The ſpeaking attitude, confeſs
The fancy-forming god.

Ye claſſic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the ſchools,
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the paſſions of mankind,
And in the face diſplays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artiſt, rouſe thy pow'rs,
And ſend, in wonder-giving ſhow'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view;
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of fame,
And own the ſeat thy due.

Briſtol, Jan. 29. 1769. ASAPHIDES.

TO MISS B—SH OF BRISTOL.

Before I ſeek the dreary ſhore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive ſtrain,
And though a lover ſings in vain,
Yet you ſhall hear the ſong.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid ſneers;
With aſſiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Nor teaſe you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the ſun
Does his hot courſe of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long external dog-ſtar reigns,
And ſplendour flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenſer than my mind,
Which burns a conſtant flame:
There will I loſe thy heavenly form,
Nor ſhall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw ſhadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the ſea,
I'll drown the ſofter ſubject, thee,
And ſink each lovely charm:
No more my boſom ſhall be torn;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cheriſh the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpoſe find
Thy ſway within my breaſt:
But hence, ſoft ſcenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be bleſt.

D. CELORIMON.

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M---- R----, OF BRISTOL.

Revolving in their deſtin'd ſphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in gray
Thoſe auburn treſſes fade away);
So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and ſong,
And all before you bow;
Whilſt unattentive to the ſtrain,
You hear the humble muſe complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In oppoſition to the nine,
Still violates your name;
Though tales of paſſion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold
Strive to confeſs a flame.

Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
In ſilver'd rev'rence ſhall expire,
Ag'd, wrinkl'd, and defac'd:
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taſte.

Though rapture wantons in your air,
Though beyond ſimile you're fair;
Free, affable, ſerene:
Yet ſtill one attribute divine,
Should in your compoſition ſhine;
Sincerity, I mean.

Though num'rous ſwains before you fall;
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how inſincere the ſtrains
Of thoſe, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of cenſure ſee
Maria can be true:
No more from fools or empty beaux,
Heav'n's repreſentatives diſcloſe,
Or butterflies purſue.

Fly to your worthieſt lover's arms,
To him reſign your ſwelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breaſt:
Or if Pitholeon ſuits your taſte,
His muſe with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
Shall read your cares to reſt. D.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

The ſun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intenſely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth ſupreme,
Rolls with the planets round the ſolar gleam;
Firſt Mercury completes his tranſient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More diſtant ſtill our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intenſe, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her ſilver glories through the night:
On the earth's orbit ſee the various ſigns,
Mark where the ſun, our year completing, ſhines:
Firſt the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next glaring wat'ry through the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, through the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion, flaming, bears the ſolar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the ſultry ſhower.
Now the juſt Balance weighs his equal force,
The ſlimy Serpent ſwelters in his courſe;
The fabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempeſts, urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fiſhes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the ſanguine Mars diſplays
A ſtrong reflection of primæval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far diſtant gleams,
Scarcely enlight'ned with the ſolar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tours majeſtic through the ſpacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Inveſting with a double ring his pace,
He circles through immenſity of ſpace. [good
Theſe are thy wond'rous works, firſt Source o
Now more admir'd in being underſtood.
Briſtol, Dec. 23. D. B.

THE GONSULIAD.

AN HEROIC POEM.

Of warring ſenators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten, muſe awake the lyre.
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the ſquare,
And N—t—n's future proſpects hang in air;
Where counſellors diſpute, and cocker's match,
And Caledonian earls in concert ſcratch;
A group of heroes, occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in ſilence ſat;
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chickens ſlain,
To form the whimſies of an *a-la-reine:*
Now forming caſtles of the neweſt taſte,
And granting articles to forts of paſte;
Now ſwallowing bitter draughts of Pruſſian beer
Now ſucking tallow of ſalubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and ſenates ſaw
His ſons, like aſſes, to one centre draw.
Inflated diſcord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell:
She, on the ſoaring wings of genius fled,
And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from ſight, ſhe ſprung,
And ſat aſtride on noiſy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, ſuperior to the venal pack
Of Bloomſbury's notorious monarch, Jack:
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty ſtock,
Whoſe intereſt winds his conſcience as his clock:
Whoſe attributes deteſtable, have long
Been evident, and infamous in ſong.
A toaſt's demanded: Madoc ſwift aroſe.
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His ſanguine fork a murder'd pigeon preſt,
His knife with deep inciſion fought the breaſt.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.
When thus he ſputter'd: "All the glaſſes fill,
And toaſt the great Pendragon of the hill:
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc ſprings.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You ſee the mighty monarch in his face:
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,
Demands this proper homage of the board." [beer
"Monarchs!" ſaid Twitcher, ſetting down hi
His muſcles writhing a contemptuous ſneer:
"Monarchs! Of mole-hills, oyſter-beds, a rock;
Theſe are the grafters of your royal ſtock:
My pony Scrub can fires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;

His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms;
Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
"Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of state:
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
His shadow body to the table bends:
His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days, for three a meal:
In ancient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest eat three a day.
With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher plies,
His stretching muscles and the mountain flies.
Swift, as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
It flew, and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives:
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.
And now confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun, exercis'd in every vice
That opens to a courtiers paradise,
With D—s—n trammel'd, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law:
From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To fortune thus address'd his private prayer:
"Goddess of fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-wing'd victory my untry'd fist:
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet;
And hanging cutters decorate each street."
The goddess smil'd, or rather smooth'd her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown;
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspir'd, he seiz'd a Gallic roll:
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew,
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear and kist the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part:
Grown hoary in the villanies of state,
A title made him infamously great.
A slave to venal slaves; a tool to tools:
The representative to knaves and fools.
But see! commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit.
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head;
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and ven'son their attention draws:
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;
Say, could their humble gratitude do less?
By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies;
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands:
One pointed fist his shadow'd corps defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
A darkling, shacking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fir'd with anguish, and inflam'd by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side:
With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But fortune (or some higher power or god),
Oblique extended forth a sable rod:
As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:
He fell, and, falling with a lordly air,
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Arose; but deafen'd with a singing sound,
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.
Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls:
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:
His India waistcoat, reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.
The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl;
The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r, to improve his diction, fight;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:
A rusty link of ministerial chain;
A living glory of the present reign.
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung;
Occurr'd, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:
A double river of congealing blood
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs tore,
When ladies scream, and greasy butchers roar:
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark.
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seiz'd, and up he springs:
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
For mangling captive carcases ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still,
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot;
In the fierce Cambrians breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, as mighty Chatham fell.
Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade;
Whose every action is of trifles made:
At Graft—n's well-stor'd table ever found;
Like G—n too for every vice renown'd.
G—n, to whose immortal sense we owe
The blood which will from civil discord flow:
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
Flaccus, the youthful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity saw the dreary fray:
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.

Fond of his eloquence, and eaſy flow
Of talk verboſe, whoſe meaning none can know:
He mounts the table, but, through eager haſte,
His foot upon a ſmoking court-pie plac'd:
The burning liquid penetrates his ſhoe,
Swift from the roſtrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he diſdains,
To ſpoil his pretty countenance with ſtrains.
Remounted on the table, now he ſtands,
Waves his high powder'd head and ruffled hands.
"Friends! let this clang of hoſtile fury ceaſe,
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace:
Shall olio's, from internal battle dreſt,
Like bullets outward perforate the breaſt;
Shall jav'lin bottles blood ethereal ſpill;
Shall luſcious turtle without furfeit kill."
More had he ſaid: when, from Dogloſtock flung,
A cuſtard pudding trembled on his tongue:
And, ah! misfortunes ſeldom come alone,
Great Twitcher riſing ſeiz'd a poiſn'd bone;
Upon his breaſt the oily weapon rlangs;
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
By mortals Alavat in common ſtyl'd;
Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child:
Burſting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimſon blood and vital ſpirits fraught,
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he ſends;
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the ſtubborn veſſel ſounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:
He fell. The royal Madoc riſing up,
Repos'd him weary, on his painful crup:
The head of Doxo, firſt projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:
The ſanguine tumour ſwells; again he falls;
On his broad cheſt the bulky Doxo ſprawls.
Tyro the ſage, the ſenſible, the ſtrong,
As yet unnotic'd in the muſe-taught ſong;
Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reaſons interven'd,
De Viris penſion'd, the defaulter ſcreen'd;
Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
In Fl—thc—r fifty Jefferies's appear,
Tyro ſtood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
In languid attitudes a truce deſir'd.
Long was the bloody fight; confuſion dire
Has hid ſome circumſtances from the lyre:
Suffice it, that each hero kiſs'd the ground,
Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd;
Who ſtretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus iſſu'd forth his dread command.
"Peace, wrangling ſenators, and placemen, peace,
In the king's name, let hoſtile vengeance ceaſe!"
Aghaſt the champions hear the furious ſound,
The fallen unmoleſted leave the ground.
"What fury, nobles, occupies your breaſt;
What patriots ſpirits has your mind poſſeſt.
Nor honorary gifts nor penſions pleaſe;
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!
How? Wiſt you not what ancient ſages ſaid,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
See this court-pie with twenty thouſand dreſt;
Be every thought of enmity at reſt.
Divide it and be friends again," he ſaid:
The council god return'd, and diſcord fled.

Briſtol, Jan. 4. 1770. C.

ELEGY.

Joyleſs I ſeek the ſolitary ſhade,
Where duſky contemplation veils the ſcene,
The dark retreat (of leafleſs branches made)
Where ſick'ning ſorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darkſome ruins of ſome ſacred cell,
Where erſt the ſons of ſuperſtition trod,
Tott'ring upon the moſſy meadow, tell
We better know, but leſs adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Through the wide window (once with myſteries dight)
The diſtant foreſt, and the darken'd wave
Of the ſwoln Avon raviſhes my ſight.

But ſee, the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a ſabled blue;
The rapt'ring proſpects fly the leſs'ning lawn,
And nature ſeems to mourn the dying view.

Self-ſprighted fear creeps ſilent through the gloom,
Starts at the ruſtling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghaſt with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with inceſſant ſcream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the ſoul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary ſtillneſs broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyleſs I ſeek the darkling hill and dale;
Where'er I wander ſorrow ſtill is there.

Briſtol, Nov. 17. 1769.

THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worſt they will certainly mend.

This truth of old was ſorrow's friend,
"Times at the worſt will ſurely mend."
The difficulty's then to know
How long oppreſſion's clock can go;
When Britain's ſons may ceaſe to ſigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vice exalted takes the lead,
And vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peereſſes turn'd out o' doors;
Whoremaſters peers, and ſons of whores;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile corruption's brazen face
At council-board ſhall take her place,
And lords-commiſſioners reſort
To welcome her at Britain's court,
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See penſion's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance ſafe, by current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power ſhall ſnore at eaſe,
While ſoldiers fire—to keep the peace;

When murders ſanctuary find,
And petticoats can juſtice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her ſail.
When ſhe complains of vile reſtraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint,
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors ſhall begin
Oppreſſion's hedge to keep her in,
She in diſdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid to ſave debate,
By prudent miniſters of ſtate;
And what the people did not give
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Popiſh biſhops dare to claim
Authority in George's name;
By treaſon's hand ſet up, in ſpite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Popiſh prieſt a penſion draws
From ſtarv'd exchequer, for the cauſe
Commiſſion'd, proſelytes to make
In Britiſh realms, for Britain's ſake,
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When ſnug in power, ſly recuſants
Make laws for Britiſh Proteſtants;
And d—g William's revolution,
As juſtices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When ſoldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride ſlay innocence,
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquiſition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor freedom lies,
Mark'd by the prieſt for ſacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the ſins
Of half the outs, and all the ins,
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When ſtewards paſs a boot account,
And credit for the groſs amount;
Then, to replace exhauſted ſtore,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When ſcrutineers, for private ends,
Againſt the vote declare their friends;
Or judge, as you ſtand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When George ſhall condeſcend to hear
The modeſt ſuit, the humble prayer;
A prince to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites diſgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! ſigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

When time ſhall bring your wiſh about,
Or ſeven years leaſe you ſold is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raiſe up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to ſtrike the blow,
And let the ſlaves of Mammon know
Britain's true ſons a bribe can ſcorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again ſhall take her ſeat,
And your redemption ſtand complete.

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring, now approaches with all his gay train,
And ſcatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all ſcruples remove,
Accept of my paſſion, allow me to love.

Without the ſoft tranſports which love muſt inſpire,
Without the ſweet torment of fear and deſire,
Our thoughts and ideas, are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the bloſſom, the ſpring of the ſoul,
The froſts of our judgments may check, not controul,
In ſpite of each hindrance, the ſpring will return,
And nature with tranſports refining will burn.

This paſſion celeſtial, by Heav'n was deſign'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the ſenſes, they quickly diſplay,
How great and prolific, how pleaſing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, ſince love is a flame,
Which poliſhes nature and angels your frame,
Permit the ſoft paſſion to riſe in your breaſt,
I leave your good nature to grant me the reſt.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all bloſſom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle, enamel the ground,
Shall the red bluſhing bloſſom be ſeen on the tree,
Without the leaſt pleaſure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer ſhould frown when I ſing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of ſpring!
The flowers will be faded, all happineſs fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright ſky.

London, May 4. 1770.

APOSTATE WILL.

In days of old, when Weſley's pow'r
Gather'd new ſtrength by every hour;
Apoſtate Will juſt ſunk in trade,
Reſolv'd his bargain ſhould be made;

Then ſtrait to Weſley he repairs,
And puts on grave and ſolemn airs;
Then thus the pious man addreſs'd,
Good Sir, I think your doctrine beſt;
Your ſervant will a Weſley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then inſtruction gave,
How he in this world ſhould behave:
He hears, aſſents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God,
Then lifting his diſſembling eyes,
How bleſſed is the ſect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this ſect retreat.
He then his circumſtance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next meeting for to make
A ſmall collection for his ſake.
The preacher ſaid, do not repine,
The whole collection ſhall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his buſineſs ſtrait he goes;
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The methodiſt appear'd in him;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apoſtate's ſtill;
He'd oft profeſs an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Weſley's name;
He was a preacher and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profeſs with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.
It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view,
Then——to the Methodiſts, adieu;
A Methodiſt no more he'll be,
The Proteſtants ſerve beſt for *he*.
Then to the curate ſtrait he ran,
And thus addreſs'd the rev'rend man;
I was a Methodiſt, 'tis true,
With penitence I turn to you;
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With juſtice I'd myſelf acquit,
Do ev'ry thing that's right and fit.
The curate ſtraightway gave conſent——
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with diſſembled grace.

April. 14. 1764.

HAPPINESS. 1769.

Since happineſs is not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourſelves as happy as we can;
Poſſeſt with fame or fortune, friend or whore,
But think it happineſs——we want no more.
Hail Revelation! ſphere-envelop'd dame,
To ſome divinity, to moſt a name,
Reaſon's dark-lanthorn, ſuperſtition's ſun,
Whoſe cauſe myſterious and effect are one——
From thee, ideal bliſs we only trace,
Fair as ambition's dream, or bounty's face,
But, in reality, as ſhadowy ſound
As ſeeming truth in twiſted myſteries bound.
What little reſt from over-anxious care
The lords of nature are deſign'd to ſhare,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only god we know.
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taſte.
The narrow way the prieſt-rid mortals tread,
By ſuperſtitious prejudice miſled:
This paſſage leads to heaven—yet, ſtrange to tell!
Another's conſcience finds it leads to hell.
Conſcience, the ſoul-camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.——
The bloody ſon of Jeſſe, when he ſaw
That myſtic prieſthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himſelf an ephod to his mind,
And ſought the Lord, and always found him kind.
In murder, **, cruelty and luſt,
The lord was with him, and his actions juſt.
Prieſtcraft, thou univerſal blind of all,
Thou idol at whoſe feet whole nations fall,
Father of miſery, origin of ſin,
Whoſe firſt exiſtence did with fear begin,
Still ſparing deal thy ſeeming bleſſings out,
Veil thy Elyſium with a cloud of doubt——
Since preſent bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy——
Or, if thy ſons the airy phantoms ſlight,
And dawning reaſon would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring ſpangle gold,
And madded in the ſearch of coins and toys,
Eager purſue the momentary joys.
* Catcott is very fond of talk and fame,
His wiſh a perpetuity of name,
Which to procure, a pewter-altar's made,
To bear his name, and ſignify his trade,
In pomp burleſqu'd the riſing ſpire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, ſtill purſue
The ſeeming happineſs thou haſt in view!
Unfiniſh'd chimneys, gaping ſpires complete,
Eternal fame on oval diſhes beat:
†Ride four-inch'd bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die——to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnotic'd this in proſe or * * * *,
He left his dinner to aſcend the tower.
Then what avails thy anxious ſpitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter ſet thy hand;
Hammer with every power thou canſt command;
Stamp thy whole ſoul, original as 'tis,
To propogate thy whimſies, name and phyz——

* *This pewterer is famous for producing to the world thoſe poems which Chatterton produced to him. He is famous for aſcending by a rope, with no little danger of his life, in order to place the top ſtone of St. Nicholas-church ſpire, and under it a piece of pewter recording this ſingular event. Nor is he left famous for paſſing the ſtream, by means of ſome narrow boards (on horſeback, I believe) before the new bridge was completed; that it might be ſaid (with how much propriety fame muſt decide) he firſt paſſed the bridge.* Croft.

† *The reader will recollect that poor Tom complains the foul fiend has "made him proud of heart, to ride on "a high-trotting horſe over four-inched bridges."—— Shakſpeare's poor Tom, as well as our's, diſcovered "reaſon in madneſs."* Croft.

Then, when the tottering ſpires or chimnies fall,
A Catcott ſhall remain, admir'd by all.
Endo, who has ſome trifling couplets writ,
s only happy when he's thought a wit———
Think's I've more judgment than the whole reviews,
Becauſe I always compliment his muſe.
f any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-ſicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his beſt-beloved friend,
Reads me aſleep, then wakes me to commend.
Say, ſages—if not ſleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
s flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exerciſe his ſting,
And not inſinuating flattery ſing?
s it more natural to torment than pleaſe!
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!
Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And ſpeak of worth where merit * *
Let lazy Barton undiſtinguiſh'd ſnore,
Nor laſh his generoſity to Hoare;
Praiſe him for ſermons of his curate bought,
His eaſy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active ſpirit, ever in diſplay,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His fainted ſoul diſtinguiſhably ſeen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.
Varo, a genius of peculiar taſte,
His miſery in his happineſs has plac'd;
When in ſoft calm the waves of fortune roll,
A tempeſt of reflection ſtorms the ſoul.
But what would make another man diſtreſt,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtleſs reſt.
No diſappointment can his thoughts invade,
Superior to all troubles not ſelf-made———
This character let gray Oxonians ſcan,
* And tell me of what ſpecies he's a man.
Or be it by young Yetman criticized,
Who damns good Engliſh if not Latinized †;
In Ariſtotle's ſcale the muſe he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays;
Vers'd in the myſtic learning of the ſchools.
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.
Pulvis, whoſe knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees:
Bleſt with a buſhy wig and ſolemn pace,
Catcott admires him for a foſſile face.
When firſt his farce of countenance began,
Ere the ſoft down had mark'd him almoſt man,
A ſolemn dulneſs occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wiſe.
—But little had ſhe read in nature's book,
For fools aſſume a philoſophic look.
O education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curſes of mankind belong;
Thou firſt great author of our future ſtate,
Chief ſource of our religion, paſſions, fate.
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has ſtampt the pedant with his name:

But thou haſt made him (ever waſt thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.
—Mould'ring in duſt the fair Lavinia lies,
Death and our doctor cloſ'd her ſparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the uſeleſs bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say ſhall this leaden ſword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian jupel ſtrike him dead!
But to return—in this wide ſea of thought,
How ſhall we ſteer our notions as we ought?
Content is happineſs, as ſages ſay——
But what's content? the trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be thy ſuperſtition led aſide—

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whoſe thunder ſhakes the ſky;
Whoſe eye this atom globe ſurveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy juſtice praiſe.

The myſtic mazes of thy will,
The ſhadows of celeſtial light,
Are paſt the power of human ſkill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguiſh ſwells the dewy tear,
To ſtill my ſorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodneſs love, thy juſtice fear.

If in this boſom aught but thee
Encroaching ſought a boundleſs ſway,
Omniſcience could the danger ſee,
And mercy look the cauſe away.

Then why, my ſoul, doſt thou complain?
Why drooping ſeek the dark receſs?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bleſs,

But ah! my breaſt is human ſtill;
The riſing ſigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The ſickneſs of my ſoul declare.

But yet, with fortitude reſign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the ſigh, compoſe my mind,
Nor let the guſh of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my ſinking ſpirit ſteals,
Will vaniſh at the morning light,
Which God, my Eaſt, my Sun, reveals.

THE ART OF PUFFING,

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

Vers'd by experience in the ſubtle art,
The myſteries of a title I impart;
Teach the young author how to pleaſe the town,
And make the heavy drug of rhime go down.
Since Curll, immortal, never dying name,
A double pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his ſhop:

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* "To hold to every man a faithful glaſs,
"And ſhow him of what ſpecies he's an aſs."
Prologue to Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife."
CROFT.

† *In the epiſtle on Ælla to Canynge, is this line*——
"The Engliſh, him to pleaſe muſt firſt be Latinized."
CROFT.

Who can like Pottinger enſure a book?
Who judges with the ſolid taſte of Cooke?
Villains exalted in the midway ſky,
Shall live again, to drain your purſes dry:
Not yet unrivall'd they; ſee Baldwin comes
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:
The honourable Boſwell writes, 'tis true;
What elſe can Paoli's ſupporter do?
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like bookſellers the world's firſt idol—gain.
For this they puff the heavy Goldſmith's line,
And hail his ſentiments, though trite, divine;
For this the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains:
For this was every readers faith deceiv'd,
And Edmund ſwore what nobody believ'd:
For this the wits in cloſe diſguiſes fight,
For this the varying politicians write;
For this each month new magazines are ſold,
With dulneſs fill'd and tranſcripts of the old;
The Town and Country ſtruck a lucky hit,
Was novel, ſentimental, full of wit;
Apeing her walk, the ſame ſucceſs to find,
The Court and City follow far behind.
Sons of Apollo learn, merit's no more
Than a good frontiſpiece to grace her door;
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dulneſs ſell.
Flexney and every bookſeller will buy—
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

July 22. 1770. VAMP.

* *Extract from the unpubliſhed MS. of the Satirical Poem, intituled*

KEW GARDENS.

WHAT are the wages of the tuneful nine?
What are their pleaſures, when compar'd to mine?
Happy I eat, and tell my numerous pence,
Free from the ſervitude of rhime and ſenſe.
Though ſing-ſong Whithead uſhers in the year
With joy to Britain's king and ſovereign dear,
And in compliance to an ancient mode,
Meaſures his ſyllables into an ode,
Yet ſuch the ſcurvy merit of his muſe,
He bows to deans, and licks his lordſhip's ſhoes.
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhime,
Fly far from poverty, be wiſe in time,
Regard the office more, Parnaſſus leſs;
Put your religion in a decent dreſs.
Then may your intereſt in the town advance
Above the reach of muſes or romance.

ODE †.

CHATTERTON IN THE SHADES.

'TIS done;—the MIGHTY STRIPLING gave the word,
Inſtant round Briſtol's crowded mart,
Beams of celeſtial glory dart,
And to each kindling breaſt poetic flames impart.
Give me the harp, he cried, of thouſand ſtrings!
Echo, from her mountain cell,
O'er deſert heath or ſhadowy dell
The repercuſſive notes in varying pauſes brings.
Now ſwell the ſtrains in accent bold;
Now tun'd to artleſs woe,
Let the ſoft numbers muſically flow;
Or to the praiſe of heroes old
Let freedom's war-ſong ſound in thund'rous terror roll'd.
Far hence all idle rhymes,
The taſte of none but giddy-paced times,
In manlier modes I ſtrike the deep-ton'd lyre
And other joys inſpire.
Whence is this ardour? what new motion bodes
My agoniſing ſoul?
It is decreed;
Illuſion come, work thy all-potent deed,
And deal around the land thy ſubtile dole.
Be the ſolemn ſubject dreſt
In antique numbers, antique veſt,
In time's proud ſmiles right gorgeouſly array'd;
With many a ſtrange conceit and lore profound,
There be the bookman's ſapient art diſplay'd,
While folly gapes and wonder ſtares around.
See fancy waſts her radiant forms along,
Borne on the plume ſublime of everlaſting ſong.
Brave RICHARD * calls; the creſcent falls,
He rears the croſs; the nations bow,
Vengeance, ariſe! Great Bawdin † dies!
Awful be the notes and flow.
JUGA'S ‡ woes demand the ſtrain,
Shall female ſorrow ſtream in vain?
Ah deck with myrtle wreathe that hapleſs herſe,
Nor let ſainted CHARITY §,
Godlike maid, with upcaſt eye,
Unheeded paſs without one votive verſe.
Grief's a plant of every clime,
Lull'd into birth from earlieſt time;
Soon it ſhoots a branching tree
Water'd with tears of miſery;
Change, my lyre, the numbers change,
And give aſpiring thoughts an ampler range,
In buſkin'd pomp appear,
Dread ÆLLA ‖, regal form,
Fate ſtalking in the rear,
Prepares the iron ſtorm.
Mark where the Norman canvaſs ſwells afar,
And wafts the deſtin'd troops to Albion's ſtrand;
Hear HAROLD ¶! hear! the diſtant ſound is war,
War that ſhall ſweep thee from thy native land.
The meaſure's clos'd, the work diſpos'd,
Hang the recording tablet high!
The colours mix, the ſoul they fix,
Conſeſt before the entranced eye.
Confirm, Pierian powers! the bold deſign,
And ſtamp with ROWLEY'S name each conſecrated line.

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* *A fac-ſimile of this extract is given by Dr. Gregory.*

† *Reprinted from a humorous publication, intituled* "*Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades, or* Nugæ Antiquæ et Novæ. *A new Elyſian Interlude in Proſe and Verſe.*" 8vo. 1782.—*While the Antiquaries are dancing in circles, under the direction of Leland, the Maſter of the Ceremonies: the author ſuppoſes that their ſolemnities are interrupted by the ſhade of a* YOUNG POET, *who ruſhes in and ſings this irregular ode.*

* *Eclog.* 2. † *Delbe of Syr Charles Bawdin.*

‡ *Elinoure and Juga.* § *Balade of Charitie.*

‖ *Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude, and Goddwyn a Tragedie.*

¶ *The Battle of Haſtings.*

ON THE POEMS IMPUTED TO ROWLEY.

(Reprinted in "Gentleman's Magazine," 1782. *From the Bury Post.)*

Accept, O Chatterton! too late, the wreath,
Which will not flourish upon Rowley's tomb;
Born ere our rugged language glow'd beneath
The mellowing touch of time, and caught the bloom
Of polish'd diction; born ere numbers sweet
Measur'd the varied round in harmony complete.

And ere to philosophic rule allied,
Our poesy the vague ideas taught
To know their rank; ere yet inventive pride
Burst the dark prison of the fetter'd thought.
Accept, ill-fated youth! to grace thy name,
The just, the dear-bought guerdon of disastrous fame.

Rich, flowery, nervous, plaintive, gay, sublime,
In sentiment and manners deeply skill'd!—
Had but our earlier ages learn'd to climb
Those heights, and that wide maze of knowledge fill'd,
Which to thy infant genius fate display'd,
Thy artful mimic theft had not itself betray'd!

But now, though antique gloom incrust the pile,
Wrought by thy hands, still beams through the disguise,
Th' internal symmetry, and mocks the toil,
Which offer'd mostly ruins to our eyes*.
Thy genius, form'd to polish and create,
Soar'd far above the times it strove to imitate.

Take then, O Chatterton! the bootless praise,
Which cannot vibrate on thy death-struck ear!
And O! if ever in remotest days,
A youth like thee shall taste the vital air,
O! may he learn from thy misfortunes known,
In conscious merit proud the works he forms to own!

Dec. 9. 1782.

SONNET TO EXPRESSION,

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Expression, child of soul! I fondly trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil catch thy sacred fire,
And beauty wakes for thee her touching grace.
But from this frighted glance thy form avert,
When horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh,
When frenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt sits heavy on thy lab'ring heart.
Nor ever let my shuddering fancy bear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him† the muses lov'd—when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the muses dear!
For charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding breast,
Mourns the blest power of verse could give despair [no rest.

* *This idea is elegantly pursued in Knox's Essay on the subject.*

† *Chatterton.*

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF CHATTERTON.

WRITTEN BY MRS. COWLEY.

O Chatterton! for thee the pensive song I raise,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praise!
Bright star of genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name.
Ye muses! who, as round his natal bed,
Triumphant sung, and all your influence shed;
Apollo! thou who rapt his infant breast,
And in his dædal numbers shone confest,
Ah! why in vain such mighty gifts bestow?
—Why give fresh tortures to the child of woe?
Why thus with barbarous care illume his mind,
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?
Thou haggard poverty! whose cheerless eye
Transforms young rapture to the pond'rous sigh;
In whose drear cave no muse e'er struck the lyre,
Nor bard e'er madden'd with poetic fire,
Why all thy spells for Chatterton combine?
His thoughts creative why must thou confine?
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the song of ancient days;
Nor paints in flowing tints from distant skies,
Nor bids wild scenery rush upon our eyes—
Check'd by her flight, his rapid genius cowers,
Droops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.
Behold him, muses! see your fav'rite son
The prey of want, e'er manhood is begun!
The bosom you have fill'd, with anguish torn—
The mind you cherish'd, drooping and forlorn!
And now despair her sable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends,
Ah! see! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye with caution is reveal'd—
Seize it Apollo!—seize the liquid snare,
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!
Stay, hapless youth! restrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!
Oh, hold! the cup with woe Eternal flows,
More—more than death the poisonous juice bestows!
In vain!—he drinks, and now the searching fires,
Rush through his veins, and writhing he expires!
No sorrowing friend, no sister, parent, nigh,
To sooth his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;
Alone, unknown, the muse's darling dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!
Bright star of genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON LATE OF BRISTOL.

How shall my pen make known the sad event,
How tell the loss, O earth, by thee sustain'd;
In what expressions give the tidings vent,
Of which the thought, my soul, so oft has pain'd!

Why wilt thou, torturing reflection, mad
Each fond idea of the blessings past;
Blessings which only to the anguish add;
O, did their pleasing efficacy last!

Think of his tender op'ning unfledg'd years,
Brought to a final criſis ere mature:
As fate had grudg'd the wonders nature rears,
Bright genius in oblivion to immure.

Weep, nature, weep, the mighty loſs bewail,
The wonder of our drooping iſle is dead;
O, could but tears or plaintive ſighs avail,
By night and day would I bedew my bed.

O, give his mem'ry reverential due,
His worth a tributary tear demands:
Still hold his many virtues in your view,
Then muſt a free-will offering 'ſcape your hands.

Had but his tender budding genius thriv'd,
Still blooming on, ſpite of the froſty blaſt;
Till ripen'd into manhood ſtill ſurviv'd,
The fruits full ripe—how rich the ſweet repaſt!

Ere vital utterance could ſcarce tranſpire,
His infant lips evinc'd a manly ſoul!
Predicting that heroic mental fire,
Which reign'd ſupreme within the mighty whole.

Friendſhip cemented by the ſlighteſt ties,
Full hardly brooks the intervening cauſe
That ſeparates the friend we lightly prize,
Burſting the bonds of friendſhip's ſacred laws.

Then how can I but feel the dire effect,
Where infancy began the ſocial tie,
Which ſtill increas'd, void of the leaſt defect,
As each revolving year did multiply.

Though great the loſs to me—Heav'n knows how great!
Were it but individually known,
I would not vainly thus repine at fate,
But providential juſtice ever own.

O, that's not all—my country feels the ſtroke,
The public good was ever in his view,
His pen his lofty ſentiments beſpoke,
Nor fear'd he virtuous freedom to purſue.

Yes, Liberty! thy fair, thy upright cauſe,
He dar'd defend, ſpite of deſpotic force,
To cruſh his much-lov'd country's wholeſome laws,
Its noble conſtitution's only ſource.

Ye muſes, leave your florid airy ſmiles,
And thou, mercurial Euphroſyne,
Forget thy wanton cranks and am'rous wiles,
To ſympathize with ſad Melpomene.

Your pride is fallen—your chief, your great ſupport,
Lies mould'ring to his own primæval duſt:
To you, while living, ever was his court,
Dead, in return, let not his mem'ry ruſt.

What caſe within his ſweet'ned numbers flow'd,
What ſymmetry each well-penn'd line evinc'd;
Such juſt connection on each verſe beſtow'd
Ev'n envy, of his worth, muſt ſtand convinc'd.

His lofty numbers how ſublimely great!
Liſting the raviſh'd ſenſe to heights ſupreme,
Again with fancy painted woes elate,
He ſhows the paſſions of the tragic theme.

Sharp viſag'd ſatire own'd him as her lord,
Excluſive of her hand-maid in her train,
Ill-nature, curſt attendant of the board
Of thoſe who ſtigmatiſe mankind for gain.

Not ſo with him—he paints each reigning vice
In ſtrongeſt colours of their genuine hue!
Sweet'ning the bitter draught with ſav'ry ſpice,
The moral picture reliſhing the view.

O, could my pen but catch his livid fire,
Hear thou my invocation, mighty dead!
My infant muſe with life mature inſpire,
Thy ſhade may dictate, though the ſubſtance fled.

Antiquity, bewail his cruel fate,
He paid thy hoary head the rev'rence due;
Thy valu'd acts reviving out of date,
Recalling ages paſt to preſent view.

To truths long dead, he gave a ſecond birth,
Reſcuing from oblivion occult ſtores:
Treaſures within the bowels of the earth,
Unheeded by the vulgar mind—explores.

Moſt ſtrange! ideas of ſo vaſt extent
Could e'er within his tender mind reſide,
No art or ſcience but ſome influence lent,
His intellectual parts to make more wide.

Why, fancy, wilt thou paint him to my eyes,
Why form the fond idea in my mind;
O, couldſt thou but ſome plaſtic means deviſe,
The ſubſtance with the ſhadow ſtill to find.

Briſtol, Oct. 1770. T. C.

AN ARCHAELOGICAL EPISTLE

To the Reverend and Worſhipful JEREMIAH MILLES, D. D. *Dean of Exeter, Preſident of the Society of Antiquaries, and Editor of a Superb Edition of the Poems of* THOMAS ROWLEY, PRIEST: *To which is annexed a Gloſſary, extracted from that of the learned Dean.*

EPISTELLE TO DOCTOURE MYLLES.

I.

As whanne a gronfer 1, with ardurous 2 glow,
Han 3 from the mees 4 liche 5 ſweltrie 6 ſun ariſt 7,
The lordynge 8 toade awhaped 9 creepethe ſlowe,
To hilte 10 his groted 11 weam 12 in mokie 13 kiſte 14;
Owlettes yblente 15 alyche dooe flizze 16 awaie,
In ivye-wympled 17 ſhade to glomb 18 in depe diſmaie.

II.

So, dygne 1 Deane Mylles, whanne as thie wytte 2 ſo rare
Han Rowley's amenuſed 3 fame chevyſed 4,

STANZA I. 1. A meteor. 2 burning. 3 hath. 4 meadows. 5 like. 6 ſultry. 7 aroſe. 8 ſtanding on his hind legs; rather, heavy, ſluggiſh. 9 aſtoniſhed, or terrified. 10 hide. 11 ſwelled. 12 womb, or body. 13 black. 14 coffin. 15 blinded, or dazzled. 16 fly away. 17 ivy-mantled. 18 frown.

STANZA II. 1 Worthy, or glorious, 2 wiſdom, knowledge. 3 diminiſhed, leſſened; or, metaphorically here, injured. 4 reſtored, or redeem-

His foemenne 5 alle forlette 6 theyre groffiſh gare 7, [devyſed,
Whyche in theyre houton ſprytes 8 theie han
Whan thee theie ken 9, wythe poyntel 10 in thie honde, [bronde 13.
Enroned 11 lyche anlace 12 fell, or lyche a burly-

III.

Thomas of Oxenford, whoſe teeming brayne
Three bawſin 1 rolles of olde rhyms hiſtorie
Ymaken hanne wythe mickle tene 2 and payne,
Nete kennethe 3 he of archeologie,
Whoe pyghtes hys knowlachynge 4 to preve echeone 5
Of Rowley's fetive 6 lynes were pennde bie Chattertone.

IV.

Hie thee, poor Thomas, hie thee to thie celle,
Ne mo wythe auntyante vearſe aſtounde 1 thy wytte;
Of ſeemlikeenly 2 rhym thou nete mai ſpelle;
For herehaughtree 3, or proſe thou botte arte fytte:
Vearſe for thie rede 4 is too great myſterie;
Ne e'er ſhalle Loverde 5 North * a Canynge proove to thee.

V.

Deane Percy, albeytte thou bee a Deane,
O whatte arte thou, whanne pheered 1 with dynge Deane Mylle?
Nete botte a groffyle 2 acolythe 3 I weene;
Inne auntyante barganette 4 lyes all thie ſkylle.
Deane Percy, Sabalus 5 will hanne thy ſoughle,
Giff mo thou doeſt amate 6 grete Rowley's yellowe rolle.

VI.

Tyrwhytte, though clergyonned in Geoffroie's leare 1, [ſtedde 2.
Yette ſcalle yat leare ſtonde thee in drybblet
Geoffroie wythe Rowley how maieſt thoue comphere 3? [redde,
Rowley hanne mottes 4, yat ne manne ever
Ne couthe bewryenne 5 inne anie ſyngle tyme,
Yet reynnethe 6 echeone mole 7, in newe and ſwotie ryme 8.

VII.

And yerſore, faitour 1, in aſhrewed 2 houre
From Rowley's poyntel thou the lode 3 dydſt take. [fhuir 4
Botte lo! our Deane ſcalle wythe forweltrynge
Thy wytte as pynant 5 as thie bowke 6 ymake;
And plonce 7 thee inne archeologic mudde,
As thou ydreinted 8 were in Severne's mokie 8 fludde.

VIII.

So have I ſeen, in Edinborrowe-towne,
A ladie faire in wympled paramente 1
Abbrodden goe 2, whanne on her powrethe downe
A mollock hepe 3, from opper oryal 4 ſente;
Who, whanne ſhee looketh on her unſwote geare 5, [ſteynct 9 aumere 10.
Han liefer 6 ben beſhet 7 thanne in thilke 8

IX.

"Spryte of mie Graie," the minſtrelle 1 Maiſonne cries,
"Some cheriſaunie 2 'tys to mie ſadde harte,
"That thou, whoſe fetive 3 poeſie I pryze,
"Wythe Pyndarre kynge of mynſtrells lethlen 4 "arte.
"Elſe nowe thie wytte to dernie roin 5 han come,
"For havynge protoſlene grete Rowley's hie re-"nome 6.

X.

"Yette, giff 1 thou ſojourned in this earthly "vale, [ſtynge;
"Johnſon atte thee had broched 2 no neder 3.
"Hee, cravent 4, the yſtorven 5 dothe aſſayle,
"Butte atte the quyck 6 ne dares hys venome "flynge.
"Quyck or yſtorven, giff I kenne aryghte,
"Ne Johnſon, ne Deane Mylle, ſcalle e'er agroſe 7 "thie ſpryte."

XI.

Butte, minſtrelle Maiſonne, blyn 1 thie chyrck-eynge dynne 2; wronge;
On thee ſcalle be bewrecked 3 grete Rowley's

---

od. 5 enemies. 6 give up, or relinquiſh. 7 rude, or uncivil cauſe. 8 haughty ſouls. 9 ſee. 10 pen. 11 brandiſhed. 12 ſword. 13 furious falchion.

STANZA III. 1 Big, or bulky. 2 labour, or ſorrow. 3 nothing knoweth he. 4 tortures his learning. 5 every one. 6 elegant.

STANZA IV. 1 Confound, or aſtoniſh. 2 beautiful, or delicate. 3 heraldry. 4 knowledge, or wiſdom. 5 lord.

STANZA V. 1 Matched, or compared. 2 grovelling, or mean. 3 candidate for deacon's orders. 4 ballads. 5 The devil. 6 derogate from, or leſſen.

STANZA VI. 1 Well inſtructed in Chaucer's language. 2 little ſtead. 3 compare. 4 words.

* *As this great Miniſter, either through neceſſity or choice, is apt to make uſe of a bad reaſon inſtead of a good, here is one ready made to his hands for* not *doing what would have done him honour.*

If it be conſidered, that the above verſe was written at leaſt a fortnight before the ſudden (and to him the unexpected) rout of the miniſtry, the author may juſtly arrogate to himſelf not only the poetic, but the prophetic character.

5 expreſs, or ſpeak in any ſingle era of our language. 6 runneth, or floweth. 7 ſoft. 8 in modern and ſweet verſification.

STANZA VII. 1 Vagabond. 2 accurſed, or unfortunate. 3 praiſe, or honour. 4 blaſting, or burning fury. 5 pining, meagre. 6 body. 7 plunge. 8 drenched. 9 black, or muddy.

STANZA VIII. 1 Dreſt in a princely robe. 2 go abroad in the ſtreet. 3 a moiſt, or wet heap, or load. 4 upper chamber-window. 5 unſweet, or ſtinking apparel. 6 had rather. 7 been ſhut up, or confined ſtill at home. *For this word, ſee Kerſey.* 8 ſuch. 9 ſtained. 10 robe, or mantle.

STANZA IX. 1 Poet. 2 comfort. 3 elegant. 4 dead. 5 ſad ruin. 6 been the firſt to kill or deſtroy the high fame of Rowley.

STANZA X. 1 If. 2 pointed. 3 adder. 4 coward. 5 the dead. 6 the living. 7 grieve, or trouble.

STANZA XI. 1 Ceaſe. 2 diſagreeable noiſe, or prate. 3 Revenged.

Thou, wythe thie compheere 4 Graie, dydde furſt begynne [ſonge,
To ſpeke inne deignous denwere 4 offe hys
And, wythe enſtroted 5 Warpool *, deemed hys laies [vaſe.
Freſhe as newe rhyms ydropte inne ladie Myller's

XII.

Oh Warpool, ne dydde thatte borne 1 vaſe conteyne
Thilke ſwotie 2 excremente of poete's lear 3;
Encaled 4 was thie hearte as carnes 5 ybene,
Soe to aſterte 5 hys ſweſt-kerved ſcryvennere 6.
Thy ſynne doe Loverde 7 Advocate's ſurpaſſe;
Starvation bee thou nempte 8, thou broder 9 of Dundaſſe.

XIII.

Enough of thilke adrames 1, and ſtrains like theſe,
Speckled wythe uncouth words like leopard's ſkin;
Yet bright as Avon gliding o'er her mees,
And ſoft as ermine robe that wraps a king;
Here, furſte of wiſeggers 2, I quit thy gloſs,
Nor more with Gothic terms my modern lays emboſs.

XIV.

For vearſe lyche thyſſe heen as puddynge fayre,
At Hocktyde 1 feaſte by gouler 2 cooke beſprente [there,
Wythe ſcanty plumbes, yat ſhemmer 3 heere and
Like eſtells 4 in the eve-merk 5 fermamente,
So that a ſchoolboie maie with plaie, not paine,
Pycke echeone 6 plumbe awaie, and leave the puddynge playne.

XV.

Yet ſtill each line ſhall flow as ſweet and clear,
As Rowley's ſelf had writ them in his roll;
So they, perchance, may ſooth thy ſapient ear,
If aught but obſolete can touch thy ſoul.
Poliſh'd ſo pure by my poetic hand,
That kings themſelves may read, and courtiers underſtand.

XVI.

O mighty Milles, who o'er the realms of ſenſe
Haſt ſpread that murky antiquarian cloud,
Which blots out truth, eclipſes evidence,
And taſte and judgment veils in ſable ſhroud;
Which makes a beardleſs boy a monkiſh prieſt,
Makes Homer ſtring his lyre, and Milton ape his jeſt *;

XVII.

Expand that cloud ſtill broader, wond'rous Dean!
In pity to thy poor Britannia's fate;
Spread it her paſt and preſent ſtate between,
Hide from her memory that ſhe e'er was great,
That e'er her trident aw'd the ſubject ſea,
Or e'er bid Gallia bow the proud reluctant knee.

XVIII.

Tell her, for thou haſt more than Mulgrave's wit,
That France has long her naval ſtrength ſurpaſt,
That Sandwich and Germaine alone are fit
To ſhield her from the deſolating blaſt;
And prove the fact, as Rowley's being, clear,
That loans on loans and loans her empty purſe will bear.

XIX.

Bid all her lords, obſequious to command,
As lords that beſt beſit a land like this,
Take valiant Viſcount Sackville by the hand,
Bid biſhops greet him with a holy kiſs,
For forming plans to quell the rebel tribe,
Whoſe execution foil'd all bravery, and all bribe.

XX.

Teach her, two Britiſh armies both ſubdued,
That ſtill the free American will yield;
Like Macbeth's witch †, bid her " ſpill much
" more blood,"
And ſtain with brethren's gore the flooded field;

---

4 aſſociate, or companion. 5 Diſdainful, or contemptuous doubt. 6 deſerving of puniſhment.

STANZA XII. 1 Burniſhed, or poliſhed. 2 ſuch ſweet, or delicate. 3 learning. 4 cold, or frozen. 5 ſtones, or rocks. 6 neglect. 7 ſhort-lived tranſcriber. 8 lord. 9 called. 10 brother.

STANZA XIII. 1 Such churls, or rather dreamers. 2 philoſopher, but here put for a perſon ſkilled in ancient learning, *furſte of wiſeggers* being ſynonymous to *preſident of the antiquarian ſociety*. They are not to be regarded, who derive the contemptuous term *wiſecare* from this radix.

STANZA XIV. 1 Shrovetide, or any tide Mr. Bryant pleaſes, who has written moſt copiouſly on the term, and almoſt ſettled its preciſe meaning. 2 ſtingy, or covetous. 3 glimmer. 4 ſtars, from the French. 5 duſky. 6 every.

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* *So Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's ſiſter, ſpells Mr. Walpole's name; I therefore have adopted her mode of orthography, as more orthographical.*

* *The reverend Editor proves, in his manner, that numberleſs paſſages, in* The Battle of Haſtings, *are not only borrowed from the original Greek of Homer, but alſo greatly improved. In the ſame way he has, with peculiar ſagacity, found out, " that the* grave *Milton, in his* PENSEROSO, *amuſed himſelf by reflecting on the* buſkin'd *tale of Chaucer in theſe lines:*

" Or call up him that left half-told
" The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold."

Juſt as Rowley had reflected on him before for not finiſhing his ſtories. See note on the Epiſtle to Maſter Canynge. O ye venerable ſociety of antiquarians, whatever ye in your wiſdom ſhall think fit to do with the reſt of your preſident's notes, inſcribe this, I beſeech you, in letters of gold over your new chimney-piece at Somerſet-Houſe.

† *This was left unnoted in the firſt edition, in order that it might prove a cruſt to the critics: and, if the author is well-informed, ſome of them have mumbled it. They ſay, and they ſay truly, that there is no ſuch expreſſion in the play of Shakſpeare. But, in the repreſentation of that play, where D'Avenant's alterations are admitted, for the ſake of ſome very fine old muſic, which Locke originally ſet to them, the following chorus over the caldron is well known by the frequenters of the theatre.*

" He muſt, he ſhall, he will *ſpill much more blood*,
" And become worſe, to make his title good."

Now the author has cautiouſly not called the witch, who ſings this, Shakſpeare's *witch, but* " Macbeth's *witch;*" *and therefore the quotation is pertinent, though D'Avenant, and not Shakſpeare, put the words into her mouth.*

Nor ſheath the ſword, till o'er one little iſle
In ſnug domeſtic pomp her king ſhall reign and ſmile.

XXI.

So from a dean'ry " riſing in thy trade,
And puff'd with lawn by byſhoppe-millanere 1,
Ev'n glommed 2 York, of thy amede 3 afraid,
At Lollard's Tower 4 with ſpyryng 5 eye ſhall peer,
Where thou, like Ælla's ſpryte, ſhalt glare on high,
The triple crown to ſeize, if old Cornwallis die *.

STANZA XXI. 1 Byſhoppe-millanere.—The word is formed from horſe-millanere, and means the robe-maker, or ſempſtreſs, of the lords ſpiritual. 2 Sullen, cloudy, or dejected. 3 Reward, or preferment. 4 The higheſt tower in the palace of Lambeth. 5 Aſpiring, or ambitious.

POSTCRIPT.

I have lately conceived, that, as Dryden, Pope, &c. employed their great talents in tranſlating Virgil, Homer, &c. it would be a very commendable employment for the poets of the preſent age, to treat ſome of the better ſort of their predeceſſors, ſuch as Shakſpeare and Milton, in a ſimilar manner, by putting them into archaelogical language. This, however, I would not call *tranſlation*, but *tranſmutation*, for a very obvious reaſon. It is, I believe, a ſettled point among the critics, with Dr. Johnſon at their head, that the greateſt fault of Milton (excluſive of his political tenets), is, that he writ in blank verſe. See then and admire how eaſily this might be remedied.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK I.

Offe mannes fyrſte bykrous volunde wolle I ſinge,
And offe the fruicte offe yatte caltyſnyd tre,
Whoſe lethal taſte into thys worlde dydde brynge
Both morthe and tene to all poſteritie.

How very near alſo (in point of dramatic excellence) would Shakſpeare come to the author of *Ælla*, if ſome of his beſt pieces were thus tranſmuted! As for inſtance the ſoliloquy of Hamlet, " *To be, or not to be.*"

To blynne or not to blynne, the denwere is;
Gif it be bette wythin the ſpryte to beare
The bawſyn floes and tackels of dyſtreſſe,
Orr by forloynyng amenuſe them clere.

Mils-end, March 15th, 1782.

* *All readers of true claſſical taſte, will, I truſt, applaud this concluding ſtanza, which returns to the ſtyle in which the epiſtle began, in judicious ſubſerviency to the rule of Horace:*

——————— Servetur ad inum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſeris, & ſibi conſtet.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES GRÆME.

Containing

ELEGIES,
HERO AND LEANDER,
A NIGHT-PIECE,
THE STUDENT,
ALEXIS,

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
HYMNS,
TALES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Bleſt in each talent, with each gift endow'd,
That lifts the poet from the vulgar crowd;
Superior genius, nature's nobleſt prize,
The ſplendid poliſh, learning's toil ſupplies;
The vigorous fancy, and the ardent mind,
The judgment ſolid, and the taſte refin'd:
Bleſt in the feelings, warm with young deſire,
Each paſſion glowing, and each wiſh on fire;
Bleſt in the raptures, full of heavenly flame,
Inſpiring viſions of eternal fame!
With virtues, graces, ſciences, adorn'd,
I ſaw my GRÆME in early youth inurn'd!
His keen eye faded, and extinct the flame
That rapt his wiſhes in the trance of fame!
Sprinkling the green ſod with memorial yews,
I wept—and with me wept each gentle muſe!

Dr. Anderſon's Monody to the Memory of a Beloved Wife.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF GRÆME.

The poet, whose life the present writer is about to delineate, has a double claim to a place among the poets of our nation, to whose story the public attention has been called by the collection of their works, from genius and from friendship. He was brought up with him from his infancy, and thinks it a duty incumbent on his friendship for him, to be the faithful executor of his fame, and to collect, among others, the incidents of his life, in order that his merits may be known, and his example may be followed. But in making this attempt to state his pretensions, and to estimate his worth, he feels and avows so much affection for the man, that he distrusts his judgment of the poet.

His short life, past in obscurity, and in the silent acquisition of knowledge, has scarce any objects for description to embellish, or events, to which narrative could give importance. If the detail of trivial particulars appear to be little deserving of transmission to posterity, it will be allowed as an excuse for the culpable minuteness of the writer, that the subject of his narrative was the friend of his youth, and the companion of his studies; and, if his opinion, in any instance, appear to be less the result of just judgment than of partial friendship, his feelings may claim some indulgence, though his sentiments do not correspond with those of the reader, who, with less friendship for the poet, than he avows, may possess, in a juster proportion, that peculiar combination of sensibility and judgment, upon which the delicacy of critical discernment depends.

James Græme was born at Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, Dec. 15. 1749. He was descended of a reputable family, of the middling class of farmers, that had resided on the estate of Carnwath, ever since it came into the possession of the family of Lockhart, without producing a single example of literary ambition. His father, William Græme, (or Graham), occupied a small farm in the village of Carnwath, and afterwards rented the farm of Spittal, adjacent to that village, on the river Medwan, about half a mile above its junction with the Clyde. The occupation of his ancestors was his principal inheritance, his wealth consisting chiefly in his industry, for which, and his integrity, he was distinguished among his neighbours. His mother, Anne Harvey, was of a family of the same rank, belonging to Lasswade, in the county of Mid-Lothian, and remarkable for nothing, but her exemplary prudence and frugality. They had six children, of whom the poet was the youngest. Of these six, two died before him; William, June 9. 1767, and Euphemia, Feb. 24. 1769, who was married to Thomas Dimmock, a farmer at Bank-Mains, near Carnwath, and left a son, James, now a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, a young man of an amiable character, and promising abilities; and three survive, George, the eldest, a farmer at Dolphington, a man of strong parts, and distinguished for his agricultural knowledge as a farmer, and his integrity as a neighbour; Robert, a farmer in Carnwath, a worthy and respectable man; and Anne, his favourite sister, married to Thomas Smith, a farmer in Quothquhan, in the parish of Liberton.

In his early childhood, he was of a delicate constitution, and in consequence of an affection commonly produced by extraordinary attention, the favourite of his parents; Providence wisely ordaining that where extraordinary attention is most wanted, parental affection should be most conspicuous.

The first years of his life did not pass without distinction. He very early discovered the most promising marks of lively parts and an active mind, and was much taken notice of for his inclination to letters and his thirst for pre-eminence in the sports and pastimes adapted to his age.

While he was a child, he was initiated in the alphabet by an old woman who kept a day-school in the village, whose discipline bore a strong resemblance to that of the "old dame," of whom Shenstone learned to read, and whom his poem of "the Schoolmistress" has delivered to posterity.

As he grew older, he went to the parish school of Carnwath, which was then taught by Mr. Hugh Smith, a man of such amplitude of learning, and such copiousness of intelligence, that it would be difficult to name any branch of literature or science with which he was unacquainted.

Under the tuition of this man, the present writer was at the same time initiated in grammar; and in his company he has since enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours. He hoped to

have gratified him with this account of his pupil, but he is disappointed by the stroke of death. Mr. Smith died April 17. 1794, in the 73d year of his age, leaving an example of active curiosity, persevering ambition, engaging politeness, and unaffected piety, worthy of imitation.

In those branches of education, which are usually taught in remote villages, Græme soon distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress. His intellect, memory, and diligence, carried him on before the other scholars of the same standing. Mr. Smith seeing his eagerness, and knowing his talents, allowed him to press forward, without waiting the tardy progress of slower boys.

The uncommon proficiency which he made in the learning taught at the school of the village, soon obtained him the reputation of a boy of excellent parts; which, as it commonly happens, prompted him to aspire above the vulgar occupations of the neighbourhood, and to despise every pursuit unconnected with the attainment of a polite and liberal education.

Misplaced and dangerous as this kind of ambition might seem in a boy of his station, it occasioned no anxiety in his parents. Being accustomed, from his infancy, to regard the capacity of their son with partiality, and flattered with the credit he might do the family by his learning, they resolved to dispense with his services in the business of the farm, for which he promised to be unequal, and to educate him for the church.

The want of patronage, and other obstacles equally obvious and intimidating, did not shake their resolution. Examples of success in similar circumstances, were within the reach of their observation. These examples, while they provoked their competition, served also to justify their choice, the singularity of which, indeed, was much less remarkable than the temerity; the clerical profession being an object of common and moderate ambition in North Britain, where the parity of rank and slender emoluments of the clergy offer no temptation to the families of the rich, and the attainment of a liberal education, is within the reach of persons of inferior rank.

He was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin language by Mr. Smith, whom he always praised for his attention and his skill.

Meantime, the knowledge and experience of Mr. Smith in agriculture and rural economy, particularly the culture and management of flax, procured him an appointment under the Honourable Board of Trustees for Fisheries, Manufactures, and Improvements, more suitable to the activity of his mind, than the employment of a schoolmaster; and Græme found his opportunities of improvement disproportionate to his docility; the qualifications of the assistant master being mean, and inadequate to the duties of his station.

Disgusted at the unskilfulness of his teacher, and impatient of the restraint imposed upon his literary progress, he left the school of Carnwath, and repaired to a more reputable seminary, in the village of Liberton, taught by Mr. John Brown, a teacher of classical knowledge superior to what is commonly found in remote country villages; and a worthy and intelligent man.

To this school, which was distant two miles from his father's dwelling, he walked every morning, carrying his daily provisions along with him.

He continued in this course of study two years, in which time he acquired a taste for general reading; was particularly solicitous to borrow books of history, poetry, and divinity, and was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment.

In 1763, when he was fourteen years old, he was sent to the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Lanark, then taught by Mr. Robert Thomson, brother-in-law to the "poet of the Seasons," a man whose eminent worth, uncommon knowledge in classical learning, indefatigable diligence, and strictness of discipline, without severity, placed him in the first rank among the instructors of youth in North Britain. This worthy and respectable man died in 1789.

Græme had very early obtained distinction in the pastimes adapted to his age, as well as in his classical studies. In a crowded school, collected from different parts of Great Britain and the West Indies, he now felt more strongly his own deficiencies, yet he did not shrink from a competition with the elder boys, in which there was a danger of experiencing the mortification of being inferior; but on every occasion, displayed a vigour of understanding, a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, and a spirit of enterprise, far superior to the talents of his companions.

His proficiency in classical learning was so remarkable, that it excited the emulation of the elder boys, of forward and active, but of superficial talents.

His Latin verſions, in particular, were the admiration and boaſt of Mr. Thomſon, who had the penetration to diſcover, in the ſallies of youthful fancy, marks of uncommon genius; and whoſe diſcernment conſtrued thoſe eccentricities of imagination, which received his correction, into a preſage of literary eminence.

Before he left Liberton, he gave evident ſigns of a propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry; but his taſte for elegant compoſition firſt appeared in his exerciſes at Lanark; and his firſt attempts in metrical compoſition are of no earlier date.

Though the diſcipline of the Lanark ſchool, like that of the other ſchools in North Britain, did not require him to perform exerciſes in Latin verſe, yet he attempted this mode of compoſition, as ſoon as he was ſufficiently maſter of the ancient proſody, and continued from time to time to write Latin verſes, which he found of the greateſt advantage, in giving him a ready command of Latin phraſeology.

He ſoon acquired a facility in the compoſition of Latin poetry; and the following fragment of a *Saphic Ode*, deſcribing the occupations and paſtimes of the ſcholars in the hours allotted for play, *Deſcriptio Scholæ Lanarcenſis*, muſt be allowed to be a very correct and manly performance for a boy of fifteen.

Pueri agreſtes irridendum pecus
Pannis obſiti, circa focum premunt
Nugas narrantes, cæteros ſed fugant
Rixæ menaces.

Seorſim ſcamnis inimici ſono
Sedunt, ætate catiores quidam
Luſumque vitant, cæteros ſpernentes,
Fronte obducto.

Ad generoſum ſcribit hic amicum;
Legit ac alter celebrem poetam,
Rite ſcalpello reſecat ſed ſordes
Tertius unguis.

Quidam quercetis trabibus dependunt,
Nominaque ſcalpunt Dædalea manu
Quidam, Dum alii (puerilis turma?)
Turbine ludunt.

In the public examination of the ſchool, before the autumn vacation 1766, he pronounced a valedictory oration, in Latin, according to the cuſtom of the ſchool, which was much applauded by his examinators, the miniſters of the preſbytery of Lanark, and the magiſtrates of the town.

In 1767, having paſſed through the forms of the grammar ſchool of Lanark, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where he applied himſelf, during the three ſucceeding years, to the ſeveral branches of literature and philoſophy, with his uſual aſſiduity and ſucceſs.

He was accompanied to Edinburgh, as he had been to Liberton and Lanark, by the preſent writer, who encouraged his propenſity to literature and to poetry, by an emulous and amicable participation of ſtudy, and the moſt unreſerved and familiar communication of ſentiments upon every ſubject. The habitudes of intimacy, begun from the cradle, were ſtrengthened by daily intercourſe, and improved by a ſimilarity of taſte and of purſuits, into a friendſhip that conſtituted the chief felicity of their lives.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an intimacy with Mr. John Græme, then tutor to the ſons of the preſent Lord Chief Baron Montgomery, a young man of an amiable diſpoſition and an elegant taſte, who cultivated his favourite ſtudies with congenial enthuſiaſm, and excited him to poetical compoſition, by his example and his applauſe.

This amiable and ingenious young man, endeared to the preſent writer, by his virtue and his genius, died of a conſumption in 1783, without obtaining a proviſion ſuitable to his merit. A ſhort time before his death, he wrote the pathetic *Invocation to Health*, preſerved in this collection, which cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

Among his fellow collegians, he lived in habits of the moſt familiar intercourſe with Dr. John Grieve, now a phyſician in London, whoſe well-known ingenuity, and long-tried friendſhip, it is a pleaſure to the preſent writer to recollect; and the Rev. Dr. William Gardiner, now miniſter of the

Engliſh congregation at Dantzick, of whoſe claſſic taſte, and ſocial diſpoſition, he cannot indulge himſelf in the remembrance, without anticipating the approaching time,

——— When Eurus, to his native bourne,
Shall waft him o'er the Scandinavian wave.

In the prelections of the profeſſors, and in the converſation of his companions, his talents found ample ſcope and encouragement. Accuſtomed to excel, his deſire of excellence found greater excitement; and his induſtry was equal to his emulation, which prompted him to aim at diſtinction in the moſt abſtruſe and difficult ſtudies, where either a competitor or applauſe could be found.

His ſucceſs was anſwerable to his aſſiduity. In claſſical learning, he ſurpaſſed the moſt induſtrious and accompliſhed ſtudent of his ſtanding. He ſpoke and compoſed in Latin, with a fluency and elegance that had few examples. He even exerciſed himſelf a little in Greek compoſition, which is not often done in the Scottiſh univerſities.

The acuteneſs of his intellect enabled him to enter with facility into the abſtruſeſt doctrines of abſtract philoſophy. Of mathematics, natural philoſophy, and metaphyſics, his knowledge was profound and maſterly; particularly of the latter, to the ſtudy of which he received an early determination, from the prevalence of ſpeculative theology among the lower ranks in North Britain.

He ſtudied the works of Ariſtotle, Deſcartes, Malebranche, Locke, Leibnitz, Clarke, Berkeley, Baxter, Hume, Hartley, Reid, &c. with great accuracy, and exerciſed his ingenuity in writing little eſſays on *Innate Ideas*, the *Immateriality of the ſoul*, &c. which ſhowed extenſive knowledge of pneumatology, of logic, and of philoſophy in general.

In endeavouring to qualify himſelf for deciding queſtions, which all pretend to diſpute about, he often indulged his propenſity to metaphyſical refinement, in maintaining falſe principles, which, though apparently trifling, from the conſequences they implied, and the mode of reaſoning they authoriſed, ſubjected him, among the unlearned, to the imputation of freethinking.

But this habit of diſquſition was not accompanied with a diſputatious humour in converſation. Diſpute he hated, and carefully avoided. He knew that it tends to contract and pervert the underſtanding, deprave the taſte, extinguiſh the love of truth and of delicacy, and render the heart inſenſible to the pleaſures of rational converſe.

His thoughts, full of ardour and vivacity, would often make excurſions beyond the limits of ſyſtem and the narrow views of prejudice; but theſe excurſions were made with modeſty, nor was his propenſity to argument ever accompanied with arrogance, being merely the wantonneſs of conſcious talents, and the ebullition of youthful vanity, which abated and ſubſided as he advanced in the ſtudy of a more liberal and enlightened philoſophy.

Ethics, politics, hiſtory, poetry, and criticiſm, afforded more humanizing ſubjects of inquiry, and unfolded to his view thoſe attractive beauties, to which his mind ſeemed to have an innate propenſity.

Recognizing, as it were the ſtandard of excellence congenial to his taſte, the writings of Epictetus, Plutarch, Antoninus, Cicero, Seneca, Shafteſbury, Hutcheſon, &c. Sydney, Locke, Monteſquieu, Rouſſeau, &c. Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, Burnet, Robertſon, &c. Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Taſſo, Boileau, Moliere, Voltaire, Spenſer, Shakſpeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomſon, &c. Longinus, Quintilian, Boſſu, Kaims, &c., became his favourite ſtudy, and ſupplanted every inquiſitive purſuit of a leſs amiable tendency.

The enchantment of metaphyſical philoſophy, the viſions of Malebranche, and the ſubtilties of Hume, now loſt poſſeſſion of his admiring fancy. Full of admiration of the inſtructive and ſublime writings of the moraliſt, the hiſtorian, the poet, and the critic, he forſook the ſtudy of an illuſive and unſatisfactory philoſophy, whoſe ſophiſtry deceives the underſtanding, and whoſe ſcepticiſm contracts the heart.

His attention was now awake to learn what might be uſeful in improving his taſte, enriching his ſentiments, and regulating his conduct. His chief delight was to peruſe the moſt approved delineations of virtue and of nature, and the moſt ſucceſsful repreſentations of life and of manners, and his higheſt ambition to rival the beſt maſters in the different departments of claſſical and ornamental literature.

A paſſion for romantic fiction and fabulous hiſtory, appeared in him very early in life, which was heightened and confirmed by a diligent peruſal of the old romances of Scudery, D' Urfe, Sydney, &c., and the modern novels of Cervantes, Le Sage, Marivaux, Rouſſeau, De Foe, Richardſon, Fielding, Smollet, &c.

Of the Gothic, Celtic, and Oriental mythology, he was a warm admirer; and frequently attempted imitations of the wild and flowery fictions of the northern and eaſtern nations. An imitation of *Oſſian* is printed among his poems. His turn for oriental compoſition appeared in the ſolution of a philoſophic queſtion, propoſed by Dr. Ferguſſon, as a college exerciſe, *Whether perſonal qualities or external advantages are moſt conducive to happineſs?* which he choſe to exemplify in the form of a *tale*, conceived and executed with all the fire and invention of eaſtern imagination.

In proſecuting his favourite ſtudies, his paſſion for reading was inſatiable, but too often indiſcriminate; for as he had not the means of purchaſing proper books, and had acceſs to no private library, he eagerly peruſed ſuch books as the kindneſs of his friends, the circulating libraries, or the library of the univerſity ſupplied.

In the departments of philoſophical, critical, and philological learning, he was chiefly indebted to the library of the univerſity; by the ſtatutes of which, every ſtudent who is matriculated, may take a certain number of books from the library to his own apartments, on depoſiting a ſum equivalent to their value, in the hands of the librarian, which is returned to him when he returns the books. In borrowing expenſive books, the pecuniary depoſit required in the library, was ſometimes wanting, a mortification which he acquieſced under with leſs patience than any other incident to the narrowneſs of his circumſtances.

His literary intrepidity is humouroufly deſcribed in the following lines of *the Student*, a poem written about this time, and publiſhed in Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine," a moſt uſeful periodical publication, in which ſeveral valuable original pieces may be found.

I read whate'er commenting Dutchmen wrote,
Turn'd o'er Stobæus, and could Suidas quote;
In letter'd Gellius trac'd the bearded ſage,
Through all the windings of a wiſe adage;
Was the ſpectator of each honeſt ſcar,
Each ſophiſt carry'd from each wordy war.
Undaunted was my heart, nor could appal
The muſtieſt volume of the muſtieſt ſtall;
Where'er I turn'd, the giant ſpiders fled,
And trembling moths retreated as I read, &c.

He declined no philological diſquiſition, profound or verbal; nor ſhrunk from the moſt cultivated or barren province of critical learning, or claſſical antiquities;

Attended heroes to the bloody fields,
Their helmets poliſh'd, and emboſs'd their ſhields,
With duteous hand the decent matron dreſt,
And wrap'd the ſtripling in his manly veſt,
Nor ſtopt I there, but mingled with the boys,
Their rattles rattled, and improv'd their toys,
Laſh'd conic turbos as in gyres they flew,
Beſtrode their hobbies, and their whiſtles blew, &c.

In 1768, he was engaged by Laurence Brown, Eſq. of Edmonſton, to aſſiſt the ſtudies of his ſons. Mr. Brown then reſided at Eaſt-hills, in the pariſh of Dunſyre. In this retreat he ſpent his vacation; and while he promoted the literary labours of his pupils, he purſued his own, and applied himſelf particularly to the ſtudy of poetry.

The genuine principles of poetry were connate with his mind. They had been actuated and awakened by the ſtudy of theſe writings that are moſt impregnated with poetical enthuſiaſm. He had acquired a competent ſtock of moral and natural knowledge; and his mind was ſo well furniſhed with poetical ideas, that his imagination ſeemed to riot over her intellectual feaſt. But his poetical powers were confined to the narrow province of external deſcription, and the walks of humour and ſatire. He had written *Paſtorals*, crowded with trite ſentiments and images borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, compoſed a mock-heroic poem, called *The Ralphiad*, in three cantos, with anno-

tations, in imitation of Pope's "Dunciad;" and produced a variety of ſhorter pieces, in Hudibraſtic verſe, with verſions from Simonides, Theocritus, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. But he had not attained to the nobleſt end of poetry, the power of addreſſing himſelf to the heart.

The paſſion of love was yet wanting to kindle the flame of enthuſiaſm, and to improve his poetical imagination; and he was hardy enough to riſk the dangers attending it, though warned by his favourite Thomſon, one of the poets of our country, who was nurſed in the lap of nature, and caught the true inſpiring breath.

> And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love,
> Of the ſmooth glance beware;—the kindling grace;
> Th' enticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye, &c.
>
> *Spring.*

In the quiet of rural ſolitude, of which every true poet is fond, he became acquainted with a young lady, whoſe beauty and accompliſhments made an impreſſion on his ſuſceptible heart; which contributed greatly to heighten his poetical enthuſiaſm, and determined his choice of the ſpecies of compoſition he chiefly cultivated;

> ——— the ſong of woe,
> The word-weigh'd *elegy*, of liquid lapſe,
> And cadence glib ———

His tender attachment to this lady, which ended but with his life, produced a variety of amatory poems, written under the character of ALEXIS, and addreſſed to her under the names of ELIZA and MIRA, which may be conſidered as the moſt univerſally intereſting of his poetical compoſitions.

In 1769, he obtained the notice of Alexander Lockhart, Eſq. then Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Seſſion, by the title of Lord Covington, to whoſe patronage his family had ſome pretenſions. Mr. Lockhart, whoſe learning and eloquence conſtitute an era in the hiſtory of the Scottiſh bar, was the grandſon of Sir George Lockhart, Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion, ſon of George Lockhart, Eſq. author of the "Memoirs of Scotland," and uncle to James Lockhart, Eſq. Count of the Holy Roman Empire, the repreſentative of the family of Lee and Carnwath, upon whoſe eſtate his father then reſided.

In the latter end of that year, he was preſented, on the recommendation of Mr. Lockhart, to a burſary or exhibition in the univerſity of St. Andrew's, which he accepted; but found reaſon ſoon after to decline, upon diſcovering that it ſubjected him to repeat a courſe of languages and philoſophy, which the extent of his acquiſitions, and the ardour of his ambition, taught him to hold in no great eſtimation.

This ſtep, it may be ſuppoſed, did not meet with the approbation of Mr. Lockhart, and the only advantage he derived from the exhibition, was a view of the venerable city of St. Andrew's, whoſe "ſpires, to Gothic fancy fair," amuſed his imagination, and an acquaintance which he contracted during his ſhort ſtay, with Wilkie, Profeſſor of Natural Philoſophy in the United College, author of "the Epigoniad," whoſe converſation and example encouraged his propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry, and confirmed him in the purſuit of poetical fame.

In 1770, he reſumed his ſtudies at Edinburgh, and having finiſhed the uſual preparatory courſe, was admitted into the theological claſs; but the ſtate of his health, which ſoon after began to decline, prevented him delivering any of the exerciſes uſually preſcribed to ſtudents of divinity.

He ſpent the vacation in the retirement of his native village, dividing the time between poetical compoſition, the ſtudy of the Greek and Roman poets, and an examination of the arguments of the principal writers on the Deiſtical controverſy, Bayle, Hobbes, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, Bolingbroke, &c. Bentley, Butler, Coneybeare, Leland, Foſter, Campbell, &c. which he ſtudied with indefatigable application. The reſult of his examination was ſuch as may be always expected in like caſes, where the inquirer has candour and ſenſe, a decided conviction of the truth of Chriſtianity.

Polemical divinity, and Biblical criticiſm, occupied alſo his particular attention. The writings of Cudworth, Hooker, Baxter, Barrow, Tillotſon, Burnet, Clarke, Hoadley, Balguy, Doddridge, Warburton, Middleton, Jortin, Gerard, &c. he ſtudied with his uſual accuracy. Of modern divines his greateſt favourites were Clarke, and Jortin. Of the contracted principles and unamiable prejudices of ſectaries, he had no conception. The words Preſbyterian and Epiſcopalian, Lutheran

and Calviniſt he well underſtood; but ſet no value on them. The title of a Chriſtian he thought infinitely more honourable.

In his claſſical and philoſophical ſtudies, he was greatly encouraged by the converſation and example of the Rev. John Chriſtie, miniſter of Carnwath; a man who had from nature, vigour of intellect; from ſtudy, enlargement of knowledge; and from habit, preciſion of reaſoning. He united ſolidity of judgment, nicety of criticiſm, and elegance of taſte, with friendlineſs of diſpoſition, politeneſs of manners, and goodneſs of heart. He was a maſter in Greek and Latin, and in acquiring thoſe languages, Græme was much aided by the communication of his ſkill in the grammatical art; without which it is impoſſible to learn them with accuracy. The preſent writer knew him very early, and participated in the advantages which Græme derived from the accuracy of his taſte, his liberality of communication, and the ſincerity of his friendſhip; of which at leaſt his gratitude, affection, and veneration, made him not unworthy. He died December 16. 1776, in the 58th year of his age, leaving his worthy conſort to lament the loſs of an affectionate huſband, his children, an indulgent parent, his pariſh, a pious and diligent paſtor, and the preſent writer, an intelligent and ſincere adviſer.

At the manſe of Carnwath, Græme enjoyed many agreeable hours; with ſuch companions as Mr. George Scott, ſchoolmaſter of the village, and a probationer of the preſbytery of Lanark, a man of a ſocial, cheerful, and affectionate diſpoſition, and Mr. William Stodart, ſon of James Stodart, Eſq. factor to Count Lockhart; a man whoſe vigorous faculties, and various attainments, predominated over his opportunities of improvement; and whoſe modeſt worth, liberality of ſentiment, and amiable manners, made him the delight of thoſe friends to whom he was thoroughly known. Mr. Stodart became afterwards an architect, an employment for which he was eminently qualified by his habits of ſtudy, and died at Hamilton, of a conſumption, in 1790, in the 42d of year his age.

But the time was now at hand when all his connections of friendſhip were to be diſſolved, when all his occupations of ſtudy and of amuſement were to be diſcontinued, and when all his purſuits in poetry and literature were to ceaſe for ever.

In the ſummer 1771, he was engaged, upon the recommendation of Mr. Chriſtie, by Martin White, Eſq. of Milton, near Lanark, to aſſiſt the ſtudies of his ſons.

He entered on his new employment on the 24th of July, and ſoon gained the affectionate attachment of his pupils, and the friendſhip of Mr. White, which, as his amiable worth and poetical talents became known, was warm even to enthuſiaſm.

Mr. White was deſcended of mean parents in the weſt of Scotland; when very young, he entered as a volunteer into the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, and in the war 1756, his courage and intrepidity recommended him to a pair of colours. In 1760, he had the command of a company in Bengal. In the memorable revolution of that year he adhered to Governor Vanſittart, was honoured with his confidence, and numbered among his friends. In every ſervice to which he was appointed, his gallantry and conduct were conſpicuous. He had a ſhare in the moſt diſtinguiſhed actions with Colonels Caillaud and Yorke. In 1763, he left the ſervice with the rank of Major, and a genteel fortune. Soon after his arrival in Scotland, he purchaſed the eſtate of Milton. He married Miſs Reid, of Saltcoats, Ayrſhire, by whom he had four children. In 1775, bathing in the river Clyde, near his own houſe, he was ſeized with a fit, and unfortunately periſhed. His character bore no traces of his original meanneſs. Without the advantage of a liberal education, he poſſeſſed the trueſt ſentiments of honour, a generous ſenſibility, a penetrating judgment, an extenſive knowledge, improved by reading, and a conſiderable ſhare of taſte and ſkill in polite literature. His filial affection was truly exemplary. He received his father, a day-labourer, into his houſe, placed him at his table, and treated him with every mark of attention and reſpect. The romantic circumſtance of his firſt viſit to him, in his obſcurity, is ſuppoſed to be the original of the ſtory of Brown in Smollet's "Expedition of Humphry Clinker." He was the early friend and patron of the late ingenious Colonel Dow, of whoſe gratitude and ingenuity, there exiſts a curious monument in a MS. heroic poem, celebrating his military ſervices, in the poſſeſſion of his family.

Of this performance Græme gives the following account, in a letter to the preſent writer, dated Milton, Aug. 29. 1771. "I have gained the Major's confidence ſo far as to be admitted to the peruſal of his private manuſcripts, among which there is an heroic poem by Mr. Dow, of which he

is the hero. It is, on the whole, a tame, dry, unanimated performance; a mere journal of marches, encampments, and trivial incidents, thrown into a kind of hobbling meaſure; while here and there (to parody Horace)

Purpureus late qui ſplendeat unus et alter,
Aſſuitur pannus cum lucus et Bramatis ara
Et properantis aquæ per amænos, ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Ganges aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus
Cum nunc non erat his locus——

" Mr. Dow himſelf beſt knows whether his own genius or intereſt led him to the choice of a ſubject, the leaſt of all capable of poetical embelliſhment. I ſuſpect the latter. The author of " Zingis" left to the ſprightly ſallies of an unſettered fancy, would certainly make a more gainly figure in the grove of the muſes. However, he has my hearty thanks for an hour's tolerable entertainment his labours afforded me.

" The letters," he adds, " of which I have read ſome quires, may all be authentic and true, for ought I know; but what imports to you or me, to pry into the private affairs of the unfortunate and ambitious Shah-zadah, the intriguing Rajah Coſſim-aly-khan, or the villanous Soubah Nadir? The warrior-correſpondents, Carnac, Caillaud, Yorke, Knox, &c. write all a pretty neat manly ſtyle. The Major makes no indifferent figure among them, I aſſure you, either in point of ſenſe, courage, or conſideration. His ſuperiors ſpeak of him with deference, and allow that his joining Major (afterwards Colonel) Yorke, with a party, ſo inconſiderable when compared with the vaſt numbers that oppoſed him, and the difficulty of the paſſes, equalled, if not ſurpaſſed any thing achieved in the whole war. His perſonal bravery (and indeed he appears to have killed two Indian chiefs with his own hand) is acknowledged to have been nothing to his prudence and conduct. You would be ſurpriſed at his letters; they have more elegance, ſentiment, and propriety, than are commonly to be met with."

The diſtinction which was paid him by Mr. White, and the reputation of his abilities, procured him the acquaintance of Dr. Mackinlay, of Woodſide, the Rev. James Scott, of Carluke, and other intelligent and reſpectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and entitled him to familiarity with perſons of higher rank than thoſe to whoſe converſation he had been before admitted; which ſerved to enlarge his knowledge of human life, and afforded him opportunities of indulging his ſpeculations on conſpicuous characters, for which he was admirably qualified by the quickneſs of his diſcernment, and the inquiſitiveneſs which is natural to an active and vigorous mind. In every perſon, and in every occurrence he found ſomething that deſerved attention, and he regularly communicated his obſervations to the preſent writer, in a kind of weekly journal, written in a correct, eaſy, and ſimple ſtyle, and like his converſation, ſeaſoned with that unaffected and playful humour in which he ſo greatly excelled.

In his firſt letter to him, dated Milton, July 26. 1771, he gives the following humorous account of the apartment allotted to him, on the attic ſtory. " After many a weary ſtep, I had the good fortune to reach my apartment, 1° 15 and as many ſeconds, on this ſide abſolute giddineſs. In ſpite of the carpet, the chairs, the hangings, and a thouſand fripperies with which it is decked, I ſuſpect it is neither more nor leſs than a garret. I had not been ſix minutes in it, before I diſcovered to my ſorrow, that I was not like to be its only inhabitant. A thriving family of ſwallows, with open mouth, ſaluted me very familiarly from the chimney, and an obliging colony of rats tired themſelves very heartily to communicate to me an idea of a horſe race, by ſcampering along the cieling. The familiarity of the one, and the ſprightly humour of the other, could not hinder the exertion of a certain natural antipathy in my breaſt, towards the immediate expulſion of my brother garreteers. However, not to incur ſingly the odium of diſlodging old tenants, I aſſociated to me my truſty friends, the footman and the cat. William ſet on a large fire, with a deſign to ſend the ſwallows to their winter quarters, by fumigation or otherwiſe, while Tabby, with a very ſignificant mew, gave her bearded couſins to underſtand what might be the fatal conſequences of ſo prepoſterous a mirth perſiſted in."

In the beginning of his letter to him, dated Auguſt 29th, he reflects on the happineſs which he derived from his periodical correſpondence, in the following terms of exultation: " What a com-

fortable thing it is for one that is obliged to act a borrowed part (and that a very dull one too) to break through the formal fetters that hang so heavy on him, and be at least one day in seven, himself. My countenance brightens, more manly spirits expand my heart, and every limb exults in its native freedom, and performs its office with greater alacrity. 'Tis here I breathe, and I don't know whether I can be said to live any where else. Here reason assumes a firmer tone, and judgment decides with proper assurance of men, manners, and things, her almost forgotten theme. Let me catch the propitious moment, and exhaust the friendly breast, ere " the curfew toll the knell" of departing liberty, and choke each glow of genius, in the cold, form-condensed atmosphere of a dining-room."

During his continuance with Mr. White, most of his time was spent in assisting the literary labours of his pupils, or in promoting the social pleasures of the family, by the vivacity and sprightliness of his conversation. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning, supplied him with innumerable images, and his lively fancy, aided by a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them, with an amazing exuberance of humour and pleasantry.

His muse, however, was not idle. While he was practising the duties of his employment, and the arts of conversation, he dedicated a considerable proportion of his time to reading, and found leisure to write verses, with his usual promptitude of invention, and facilty of composition.

The following instance, among others, is not incurious. In the autumn 1771, Archibald Hamilton, Esq. of the Isle of Man, and his new married lady, a daughter of the late Robert Dinwiddie, Esq. Governor of Virginia, were on a visit at Milton. It happened that Græme made one of the company at dinner, and being privately requested by Mr. White, to present the new-married couple with a poetical compliment, he retired to his apartment, and in little more than half an hour, produced a poem *to Archibald Hamilton, Esq. on his marriage with Miss Dinwiddie*, consisting of fifty-six lines, which displays a happy invention, and great command of numbers. Mr. Hamilton and his lady were highly pleased with his performance, and returned their acknowledgments in the following extemporaneous lines, expressive of their gratitude, and admiration of his genius.

Health to th' ingenious bard we grateful send,
Heav'n guard his talents and his life defend;
When themes so humble can inspire his lay,
And call such powers of fancy into play;
What notes sublime may we expect to hear,
His story's grace drawn from a higher sphere!

Thus encouraged and applauded, he continued to exercise his genius in poetical composition; and wrote his *Abra*, a fragment; *Alexis*, a tale; and some *verses to Mr. White*, in the couplet measure, which, from this time, he constantly used, with the single exception of the elegiac fragment *on the loss of the Aurora*.

He spent his time, upon the whole, not unusefully, nor unpleasantly; but neither the kindness of Mr. White, nor the docility of his pupils, could reconcile him to a state of dependence, nor restore the tranquillity of his mind.

In a letter to the present writer, dated August 21st, he observes, " In vain do you wrest a few innocent phrases in my last—in vain draw the flattering conclusion that I am happy—happy! dependence and happiness, I am afraid, are two incompatible things; I have ever found them so. Books, indeed, I have—Voltaire, Hume, Rapin, Robertson, Swift, Pope, Universal History, Biographia Britannica, Reviews, Voyages, and a thousand others; but where is the friendly face divine? Where is *Mira*? Where is every thing that can sweeten social life? As far as east is distant from, &c. But let me stop—I never touch that string, but it vibrates so long, that I become at the same time both wearisome and ridiculous. It ill becomes a pretender to philosophy to be dissatisfied with that station in the scale of society which Providence has assigned him. Though the most abject dependence, an artificial poverty of spirit, and the sneer of undeserved contempt, be objects, of all others, one should think, the least desirable to an ingenuous mind, yet ' murmur not,' says the Parenetic sage, ' nay, rather rejoice in thy prosperous fortune, thou gloomy child of discontent;

give her food, give her raiment, and nature is satisfied; thou hast these, thou hast more than these, *modo contrahe vela et vale*: thou hast no more to do, than just correct the dreams of an heated fancy, by the cool determinations of reason, and be as happy as a prince.' 'Tis a great pity that a thing so very obvious in theory, that the rawest student of moral philosophy comprehends it perfectly, should grow so cross, and wind itself into such a multiplicity of intricate warpings and implexures, as to defy the most patient and skilful unraveller, that ever whirled a philosophical windlass, to make so much of it as a bandage for the little finger of Affliction, far less a complete sarcloth for the leprous sons of Misfortune'—Tell me honestly, don't you think life is an insipid tedious, irregular, tragi-comic farce? The first act is an unincidental infantine piece of trifling low humour. The two first scenes of the second are tolerably pleasant and characteristical; the remaining ones become gradually more flat and uninteresting. The spectators and actors equally desire the catastrophe. It is delayed by incidents unpleasant and unexpected. We turn our eyes on the scenes that formerly gave us pleasure, and demand them with a vain *encore!* We demand impossibilities. The scenery is painted with fading colours; they glitter for a moment, and perish; and the most skilful painter cannot restore the transitory tints. What can we do? Why, just wish for the catastrophe again, and prefer our dark, cold, narrow, hereditary dwelling, to the magnificent wide illuminated theatre.—Away with life! I never think of it but it puts me out of humour. For the love of God write every week; it is all the comfort I have."

In the social circle, however, he was capable of putting on for a while the gay colours of mirth and cheerfulness, to cover that pensive melancholy, which the family had no opportunity of witnessing. Even on the distresses of his too susceptible mind, that fancy, in whose creation he so much delighted, threw a certain romantic shade of melancholy, which left him sad, but did not make him unhappy.

Meantime, the approbation which his compositions had received from Mr. White, and his friends, made him conceive a design of publishing a volume of poems, in which he meant to include the pieces which had appeared in Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine," his *Elegies*, in conjunction with those of the present writer, on similar subjects, his version of *Musæus*, the *Student*, *Night-Piece*, *Alexis*, and other miscellaneous pieces. In the prosecution of this design he was warmly encouraged by Mr. White, who testified, upon every occasion, the utmost solicitude to promote his fortune and his fame.

It is a consideration mortifying to human pride, that fine talents and the most exquisite sensibility are but too often the predisposing cause of an insidious and fatal disease. The history of the human mind furnishes many examples of premature genius, not unfrequently connected with extreme weakness and delicacy of frame. This connection is not accounted for in the common systems of the animal economy, which suppose the growth of the body, and developement of the mental faculties to be progressive and proportional, till they reach the point of maturity. The body, it is said, shoots out till the age of twenty, and the solids are attaining a degree of density till thirty; when the flexible muscles, growing daily more rigid, give a *physiognomic*, or character to the countenance, and energy to the mind. Though something like this progress is observed to take place, especially among the individuals of our species, who arrive slowly at maturity, and are distinguished by longevity; yet it is observed, to be infinitely diversified in different persons, from causes not very obvious, nor of easy explanation. The most probable causes appear to the present writer to be chiefly physical; for in the cases of mental precocity that have fallen under his observation, the early proofs of reason and genius were connected with appearances of a more sensible organization, and more irritable nerves; and, most frequently, with that peculiar structure of the glands and lymphatic vessels, which gives a predisposition to *scrophula* and pulmonary consumption.

While the scheme of publication was ripening, he was seized with a fever and cough, which, almost unperceived, and for some time, without any positive pain, terminated in a pulmonary consumption; a disease to which his delicacy of frame and of mind gave him a peculiar predisposition, and of which he had always been particularly apprehensive; especially after it had deprived him of a brother and a sister, a few years before.

In a letter to the present writer, dated September 23. 1771, he expresses his feelings on this event in a strain of manly dignity and composure. "By little less than a miracle, I am en-

abled to communicate to you an event the moſt important that ever entered into our correſpondence. You will pity me, yes, you will pity me, when you know that I am far gone in a conſumption. I cannot walk three yards without being the worſe of it. I have a prodigious pain in my head and breaſt, attended with a great difficulty in breathing. I ſweat in the mornings, and have, in ſhort, all the ſymptoms of a decline. I promiſe myſelf ſome advantage from riding, which exerciſe I begin to-morrow; as the Major and Mrs. White have been ſo good as ſet apart a poney for my ſole uſe. If I live yet a week you ſhall have more—if not—Heaven be our portion."

"Don't you deſpiſe me," he writes him October 13. 1771, "for my cowardice? It was nothing elſe kept me from writing to you. I can preſent a laughing face to all my acquaintances, and talk with my uſual indifference about any thing whatever; but when I think of you, my heart fails me, and I cannot perſuade myſelf that it is an eaſy matter to bid an eternal farewell to the man I love.—But I begin to feel rather too much for one in my way, and deſperate as my caſe is, I am reſolved to give my conſtitution fair play, at leaſt for a few weeks; ſo back fooliſh tears to your hollow fountains, and ſince ye have ſhown yourſelves ſo very forward on certain ſubjects, I will beware of you for the future. I need not tell you I am day by day approaching nearer and nearer to the perfection of leanneſs, a ſkeleton. I have not a pair of ſtockings that will clap to my legs, and my breeches are become the very picture of Captain Bobadil's. A kind of pale yellow has taken poſſeſſion of the hollow of my cheeks, which have by a natural ſympathy ſubſided to the level of my eye-balls,—abſceſſes, I am told, are forming or already formed in my lungs. I don't in the leaſt doubt of it. I feel a mortal twang, I don't know what to call it, about them. But be that as it may, I am reſolved to die *ſecundum artem*, moſt methodically. I eat new milk and ſtew'd apples, ride two hours and a half every day, &c.—My room is on the firſt floor now.—I am uſed like an only ſon.—I am under great obligations to the whole family—Heaven reward them; I ſhall never be able! When will I ſee you? Some demon tempts me to add—never. God bleſs you, and preſerve you for the noble uſes of ſociety, for which I was never deſigned."

His decline, though ſlow and inſidious, gaining a little ground every week, he ſaw death approaching, with his uſual calmneſs and reſignation, and now reſolved to return home, to receive thoſe attentions which his increaſing weakneſs required, from the anxiety of parental affection.

He left Milton about the latter end of October, and for ſome time after he returned to Carnwath, made his daily excurſions, and in December, was ſtill able to walk a few miles; but every experiment of this kind was followed by fatigue, and commonly by a fit of fever conſiderably ſevere.

From this time to his death, the cough and night ſweats continued to moleſt him; the complicated diſtreſs of which, aggravated by the diſcomforts and inconveniences of humble life, he bore with unexampled dignity and compoſure of mind. Hope, that commonly alleviates the ſufferings of the conſumptive, he renounced from the beginning; which at his years, and with his ſenſibility, the fires of literary ambition juſt kindling, and his wiſhes wrapt in the trance of fame, required an uncommon union of philoſophy and religion.

He lingered through the winter, during which his ſtrength ſunk ſo much that he could no longer bear riding on horſeback, nor walk without leaning on ſomebody's arm.

In this ſtate of helpleſſneſs and decay, he found ſome alleviation of his ſufferings, in the familiar viſits of Mr. White, and in the kind attentions ſhown him by his friends, Chriſtie, Scott, Stodart, and Somerville, who frequently ſat with him, and took particular pleaſure in deviſing expedients to amuſe him.

In the ſpring, he exerciſed his poetical talent, for the laſt time, in writing a complimentary *poem to Major White*, in which he drew the characters of Mrs. White and his pupils, in teſtimony of his gratitude for the friendſhip and benevolence, which ſerved to leſſen the wants and to ſooth the ſeverity of his illneſs.

As his life drew towards a cloſe, his weakneſs increaſed by degrees, but his pains abated conſiderably; he retained his compoſure, as well as the full uſe of his rational faculties to the laſt. Nor did his wit and playful humour forſake him, till he was no longer able to ſmile, or even to ſpeak. The preſent writer almoſt conſtantly ſat by him during the three laſt months of his life. He expired his laſt breath, without a groan, in the morning of the 26th of July 1772, in the 22d year of his age. His life was virtuous and innocent, and his end pious and exemplary. He was buried

in the church-yard of Carnwath, without a ſtone to mark the place of his duſt. His father died June 14. 1774, and his mother, December 6. 1788.

In the moment of recent grief for the loſs of the aſſociate of his childhood, his boſom-friend, and one of the pleaſanteſt and moſt inſtructive companions that ever man was delighted with, the preſent writer found ſome conſolation in the preſervation of his poetical remains.

The collection of his poems, in which he had made ſome progreſs before the commencement of his illneſs, was completed by the preſent writer before his death, and publiſhed ſoon after, according to his intended plan, in one volume octavo, under the title of *Poems on Several Occaſions, by James Græme*, Edinburgh 1773, with a preface, containing a ſhort account of his character. The expence of the impreſſion, which did not exceed three hundred copies, was defrayed by a ſubſcription, promoted by Mr. White, and his literary friends, at whoſe ſolicitation it was undertaken, and to whom its diſtribution was confined. It was never advertiſed for ſale. The profits of the publication were given to Mr. Walter Somerville, bookſeller in Lanark, who was of the ſame village, a ſchool-fellow, and common friend; and a man of great goodneſs of heart, and the ſtricteſt rectitude of principle. He died at Lanark in 1785.

The prefatory advertiſement concludes with the following deprecatory wiſhes for the temerity of the preſent writer in giving to the world, the incorrect effuſions of amorous tenderneſs, and the idle ſallies of youthful and poetic fancy.

"The public muſt decide, whether the author and his friend have acted with judgment and propriety in the preſent publication. It is only hoped, from the general ſtrain of the pieces, that this collection will furniſh no unpleaſing entertainment to the reader of ſenſibility. For him it is chiefly intended, and to him it is now inſcribed, in the fond perſuaſion, that he will regard with candour, and cheriſh with reſpect, the ſimple effuſions of fancy, friendſhip, and love."

A brief account of his life and writings, drawn up by the preſent writer, was printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1782, and has ſince been reprinted in the 12th volume of the "General Biographical Dictionary" 1784.

His poems, reprinted from the edition 1773, with ſome corrections, and additions, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. The pieces originally furniſhed by the preſent writer, he has been prevailed with to preſerve in this edition, though they have no pretenſions to be retained, but the partiality of his friend to what he had attempted in verſe, and the propriety of uniting compoſitions that have a perſonal, poetical, and ſentimental relation, in the ſame publication. As he is to anſwer for them to the world, in juſtice to his friend, he has prefixed his name to them, though they might be eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the diverſity of ſubject, and manner, and added ſome pieces, written ſince his death, containing, either directly or incidentally, his tribute of ſentiment to his memory; for which he flatters himſelf that he ſhall be excuſed by thoſe who value talents, and honour goodneſs. Of the character of a poet he deems too highly to plead a title to it before the impartial tribunal of the public; which allows no mediocrity in poetry. Whatever is capable of delighting in an extreme degree, cannot with impunity fall ſhort of the effect expected from it. But his failing to produce what he is ſuppoſed to promiſe, is not owing to a miſtake of his powers. Though the tranſition is eaſy, from admiring poetical beauties, to believing ourſelves capable of producing ſimilar excellencies; yet the aſſociation of youthful ſtudy, and the aſpirations of juvenile ambition, never led him to miſtake the talent of writing ſmooth verſes for poetical genius, or the vapid inſipidity of rhyme for the genuine fire of poetry. The making and mending verſes is not the buſineſs of his life. Amidſt the ſeverer ſtudies, and laborious duties of a learned and uſeful profeſſion, he cheriſhes the love of poetry and the liberal arts; without any ambition of being diſtinguiſhed as a "*two-fold* diſciple of Apollo."

His character may eaſily be collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned. His perſon was manly and prepoſſeſſing. His eye was lively and penetrating. His features were pleaſing and expreſſive, his geſtures animated, and all his movements and expreſſions were marked by extraordinary energy and vivacity. In the fortune of his life and the fate of his writings, he reſembles Bruce; and, like him, he was equally amiable and ingenious. His mind was capacious, his curioſity excurſive, and his induſtry indefatigable. He united acuteneſs of intellect with good ſenſe, and ſenſibility of heart with correctneſs of taſte and critical ſagacity.

Though ſtudious and learned, he was neither auſtere nor formal. In him the ſtricteſt piety and modeſty were united with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, and even playfulneſs of diſpoſition. He had, what perhaps all people of obſervation have, a ſlight tendency to ſatire; but it was of the gentleſt kind. He had too much candour and good-nature to be either a general ſatiriſt, or a ſevere one. Of perſons notoriouſly profligate, or rendered impudent by immorality, breach of public truſt, or ignorance, he was at no pains to conceal what he thought. The ſlighteſt appearance of immorality, vanity, pedantry, coarſe manners, or blameable levity diſguſted him. Like other votaries of the muſes, he was paſſionately fond of rural ſcenery, and delighted in walking alone in the fields. By the villagers, to whom he was little known, his love of ſolitude was miſtaken for an unſocial diſpoſition. The reverſe was his character. He was ſocial, cheerful, and affectionate, and by thoſe friends who thoroughly knew him, beloved even to enthuſiaſm. He practiſed every manly exerciſe with dexterity, participated in the amuſements becoming his age, and particulary excelled in the games of cheſs and backgammon; but to games of chance he had rather a diſinclination. In every thing he purſued he was indefatigable in aiming at perfection. The lowlineſs of his lot conſpired with the ſimplicity of his heart, to poſſeſs him with an early veneration for the virtues and the writings of the primitive ages; and the nature of his ſtudies afforded him the beſt opportunities to heighten and confirm that veneration, by enabling him to converſe familiarly with the moſt celebrated writers of Greece and Rome. He read their remains with ardour, and imbibed their ſentiments with enthuſiaſm; on them he formed his taſte and improved his heart. In his admiration of Grecian and Roman liberty, he founded his ardent love of political freedom, and his peculiar attachment to the popular part of our conſtitution. He found the principles of good writing in Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Cæſar, and others who are diſtinguiſhed by a ſevere and majeſtic ſimplicity of ſtyle. But he was charmed above all others with the humane writers of the elegiac claſs. The wit of Ovid and the learning of Propertius were the qualities he leaſt admired; but the tender ſimplicity of Tibullus affected him with the livelieſt delight, as it was moſt congenial to the gentleneſs of his diſpoſition, and exhibited the pureſt model of elegiac poetry. Time was not allowed him for going deep into French, Italian, and German literature; but he had read the beſt authors in theſe languages, in Engliſh verſions.

From the gentleneſs of his diſpoſition, the elegance of his fancy, and the claſſical ſimplicity of his taſte, the ſtyle of his poetry took its character, which has more tenderneſs than ſublimity, more elegance than dignity, more eaſe than force. Prompted generally by incident, and impatient of deſign, he wrote with more happineſs than care. But all his compoſitions are diſtinguiſhed by marks of genius and poetical feeling, with numbers animated and varied according to the ſubject. His thoughts are often ſtriking, and always juſt. His verſification, though not exquiſitely poliſhed, is commonly flowing and harmonious. His language is, in general, chaſte, correct, and well adapted; in elegy frugal of epithet and metaphor; in blank verſe and burleſque heroic, ſwelling and pompous, but not ſtiff or obſcure. In ſome paſſages, he has not been ſo careful as might have been wiſhed to chooſe perfect rhymes, or to avoid proſaic diction. All his pieces were written with ſurpriſing facility; moſt of them, as occaſion ſuggeſted, being the production of an evening in bed, before he went to ſleep, and, as his cuſtom was, committed to any ſcrap of paper, or blank leaf of a book that came in his way in the morning. As theſe ſcraps received the firſt effuſion of thought, unſubdued by the reiterated caſtigation of judgment, ſo they commonly remained, for he ſeldom could be brought to ſubmit to the trouble of reviſing them. His laſt production was always his favourite; but it continued to pleaſe him no longer than it was new. The piece that dropped from his pen in the morning, after having been preſented with eagerneſs, and read with tranſport to the preſent writer, was forgotten in the returning meditation of the evening, like the production of the preceding day. Of the incredible number of pieces he compoſed, the printed collection contains only thirty-eight elegies, and ſomewhat more than half that number of miſcellaneous poems and tranſlations; being all he deſigned for publication, or of which any complete copies have been preſerved.

His *Love Elegies*, the moſt finiſhed and the moſt pleaſing of his performances, are moſtly written in alternate rhyme, in the ſtyle of Hammond, whoſe ſimplicity and tenderneſs he has judiciouſly imitated, without adopting his Roman imagery derived from Tibullus, whom for the moſt part he tranſlates. But as love is of no particular country, and its language univerſal, he confeſſes in his ad-

miration of Hammond, the ſympathetic feelings of paſſion and of nature, ſo forcibly expreſſed in his elegies; a confeſſion common to every reader of ſenſibility, whoſe ſentiments have not been corrupted by literary prejudice, or perverted by the unmerited cenſure of Dr. Johnſon. Sincere in his love, almoſt without example, he wrote to a real not a fancied miſtreſs; and as he felt the diſtreſs he deſcribes, he has few ambitious ornaments, but expreſſes the ſimple unaffected language of the tender paſſions. To his ſincerity it is alſo owing, that the character of his elegies is but little diverſified, preſenting chiefly a recurrence of the querulous ideas of grief and diſappointment, a repetition of the ſoft diſtreſs of ill-requited love, and a ſeries of pathetic compariſons of the pretenſions of birth and wealth, with the happineſs and ſecurity of humble fortune, in which the preference is conſtantly aſcribed to the latter, and the rights of ſenſibility aſſerted with perſuaſive energy.

Sublimer happineſs can titles yield,
Can wealth or grandeur greater meed beſtow?
Unbiaſs'd nature ſcorns the blazon'd field,
And every finer feeling anſwers, No!

Of his *Elegies, moral and deſcriptive*, the ſentiments, in general, are pleaſing and pathetic, and the imagery pictureſque and beautiful. The *Elegy on the loſs of the Aurora*, the *elegy written at Cuthally Caſtle*, *October an Elegy*, and the *elegy on Mr. Fiſher*, deſerve particular commendation. They unite poetical beauty with that plaintive tenderneſs which is the characteriſtic of elegy. The amiable humanity, and tender ſimplicity which diſtinguiſh *the Linnet an Elegy*, are attractive and affecting in the higheſt degree. Though the palm of merit in this ſpecies of elegy be chiefly due to Jago, he has not adopted into his performance the identical circumſtances of fictitious diſtreſs employed by that poet, in his "Blackbirds," nor followed him in the train of his thoughts, or in the ſtructure of his ſtanza. The ſentiments ariſe ſpontaneouſly from the ſubject, which is new and happily imagined, and the pathetic touches and delicate ſtrokes of nature are ſuch as would not diſcredit the pen of the humane and ingenious "poet of the birds." They, who may think the ſupplemental ſtanza, offered by the preſent writer, unneceſſary, are at liberty to reject it; as well as the pieces of the ſame claſs, under his name, the comparative inferiority of which cannot eſcape obſervation. For the ſentiments, he flatters himſelf that he ſhall find an eaſy pardon. *Sylvia* and *Clara* were not the phantoms of his mind; but his life has been protracted till they have ſunk into their graves, and his pity and his praiſe are but empty ſounds.

Of his *Miſcellaneous Poems*, the *Night Piece*, *Hymn to the Eternal Mind*, *Fit of the Spleen*, *Abra*, *The Student*, *Alexis*, *Verſes to Mr. Hamilton*, *and Major White*, are chiefly diſtinguiſhed for felicity of invention, ſerioufneſs of ſubject, and ſtrength and elegance of compoſition. The poem on *Curling*, a winter amuſement peculiar to North Britain, abounds with pictureſque deſcription and original imagery. But the ſubject being local and little known, the didactic and technical alluſions, which are numerous, can only be underſtood by thoſe who are acquainted with the manly diverſion of *Curling*. His *Epiſtles*, *Songs*, *Anacreontics*, &c. diſplay invention, and no ſmall portion of that eaſe, vivacity, and delicacy, eſſential to ſucceſs, in the lighter and leſs elevated productions of fancy.

His *Hero and Leander* is for the moſt part a tranſlation from the Greek poem of *Muſæus*. Several paſſages in the original are omitted; others paraphraſed, and ſome entire ſpeeches and new circumſtances introduced. Following, in ſome meaſure, a new plan, he laboured under ſeveral diſadvantages, of which, in juſtice to himſelf, he gives the following account, in a familiar *dedication* to the preſent writer, omitted in this edition. "Ovid is far from being explicit. Had I known at what time the lovers lived, I might have introduced ſome of the public tranſactions of that period into the poem, and given it a greater air of probability. But all I could learn from him was, that they lived after the Trojan war. Perhaps my account of the matter may ſcarce appear an ingenious one, but I could poſitively give no better without running into *novel intrigue*, which the dignity of my numbers would not allow. Even where Ovid is explicit, I did not always find it convenient to follow him. Ovid has the *Nurſe* in the ſecret. I, out of pure regard to *Hero's* tranquillity, have given her no knowledge of the matter. Ovid makes *Leander*, at the approach of winter, intermit his viſits, which was abſolutely neceſſary to his plan of epiſtolary correſpondence. I had no ſuch view, and therefore drowned him in the firſt ſtorm I could conveniently raiſe.—The reaſons I give for the *cataſtrophe*, or in other words, the *moral* of the poem, may probably awake a laugh in a

modern fine gentleman, but if you don't join him in it, a fine gentleman's laugh won't put me out of countenance." His verſion is in many parts happily executed, but is extremely unequal; the metre was, perhaps, injudiciouſly choſen, for a tale ſo romantic in itſelf, ſwelling with all the pomp of blank verſe, is apt to grow into the idea of burleſque. But an eaſy flow of numbers, and a pleaſing harmony of expreſſion, make conſiderable amends for the diffuſion which this occaſions. Some of the ſpeeches are exquiſitely delicate and tender, and the deſcription which opens the ſecond book, is animated and poetical in an uncommon degree. The *moral* of the poem, contains a fine eulogium on conjugal love, which does honour to his ſenſibility and his virtue.

This celebrated love-tale is not the production of *Muſæus* of high antiquity, but of a grammarian of that name who lived in the 5th century. It was partly tranſlated by Marlow, in his admirable performance entitled "the Seſtiad," 1593, which was finiſhed by Chapman, 1606, and highly merits republication. It was afterwards tranſlated by Sir Robert Stapylton, 1647. The ſubſequent verſions are too numerous to be ſpecified.

To expatiate farther, in the ſtrain of friendly panegyric, on the moral and intellectual character of Græme would be neither difficult nor unpleaſing.

——————Juvat uſque morari
Et conferre gradum——————
Virg. V. 487.

But to accumulate yet more inſtances, of his amiable worth and poetical genius, would extend this preface to an undue length. The preſent writer is loth to part with his ſubject; which, there are a few who know, is by no means exhauſted. To Græme, and to every thing connected with him, he acknowledges he is partial; and they who have experienced the loſs of a beloved friend, will not think the worſe of him for having this infirmity. He can gain, alas! but little from his praiſe; but in ſtating his pretenſions, and eſtimating his worth, he finds a pleaſing, though a melancholy ſubject of remembrance. His mind is painfully ſoothed by a tender recurrence to thoſe events which helped to fill up the vacuum of youthful ſtudies and amuſements, by the reciprocal exchanges of confidence and friendſhip. To him, his memory and his fame will be ever dear and precious, till his own remembrance, and other faculties, ſhall fail him,

"And o'er his head cloſe the dark gulf of time!"

From the general commendation beſtowed, by the partiality of friendſhip, on the compoſitions of Græme, particular criticiſm may make many deductions. Many of his performances, written haſtily, at the age of eighteen, and of which his promiſcuous ſtudies and early death had prevented the reviſal, can ſcarcely be inſpected with all the ſeverity of criticiſm; and there is no reaſon to fear that it will ever be exerted againſt them. But, when every deduction is made which criticiſm requires, the general poetical merit of his compoſitions will be allowed to be conſiderably above mediocrity. That he had great force of genius, and genuine poetical feeling, cannot juſtly be denied; and there are ſcarce any of his performances that do not diſplay a tenderneſs of ſentiment, an energy of expreſſion, a vivacity of deſcription, and an appoſite variety of numbers, which evince the vigour of his imagination, and the accuracy of his taſte, and reflect much honour both on his heart and his underſtanding.

Whatever rank may be due to Græme, among the poets of our nation, his correctneſs of taſte, variety of erudition, vivacity of imagination, tenderneſs of ſentiment, felicity of invention, and facility in numbers, will be allowed to afford indications of a poetical genius, which, when matured by years, and improved by practice, might have produced ſomething conſiderable, and to furniſh an example of unnoticed ingenuity aſpiring to literature and to poetry under the preſſure of indigence, ſufficiently intereſting to learning and to benevolence, to juſtify the bringing his compoſitions forward to the attention of the readers of poetry, which may be the means of doing juſtice to his merit, and of preſerving his memory.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere——————
Virg. VI. 815.

THE WORKS OF GRÆME.

ELEGIES;

MORAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND AMATORY.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

The tuneful lark awakes the purple morn,
Returning plovers glad the dreary waſte;
The trees no more their raviſh'd honours mourn,
No longer bend below the wint'ry blaſt.

The Spring o'er all her genial influence ſheds,
Her ſmelly fragrance ſcents the balmy breeze;
Her op'ning bloſſoms purple o'er the meads,
Her vivid verdure veils the robbed trees.

The airy cliff reſounds the ſhepherd's lay,
Within it's banks the murm'ring ſtream'let flows;
Around their dams the ſportive lambkins play,
And from the ſtall the vacant heifer lows.

The voice of muſic warbles from the wood,
Delightful objects crowd the ſmiling ſcene;
All nature ſhares the univerſal good,
And cold deſpair exalts no breaſt but mine.

Diſmal to me appears the bloomy vale,
The haunts of pleaſure ſadden at my tread;
Unheard, unnoted, vernal zephyrs fail
The flow'ry waſte, and bend the quiv'ring reed.

No more, enraptur'd with ſucceſsful love,
I fit my numbers to the tuneful ſtring;
No more pourtray the verdure of the grove,
Or hear the voice of incenſe-breathing Spring.

The torrents, whiten'd with deſcending rain,
The wave-worn windings of the wand'ring rill,
The flow'ry flush that liv'ries all the plain,
The blue-gray miſt that hovers o'er the hill;

I ſing no more:—But raviſh'd from the maid
Who kindly liſten'd to my faithful ſighs,
I only grieving, droop the penſive head,
And mourn the bliſs relentleſs fate denies.

ELEGY II.

TO MIRA.

The cottage-ſwains, how exquiſitely bleſt
With ſun-burnt virgins in the prime of years!
A ſigh obtains the faireſt and the beſt;
At moſt, the pleading eloquence of tears.

No ſtubborn honour parts the willing pair;
No maiden barters happineſs for fame;
No prideful demon whiſpers in her ear,
The long ſucceſſion of a titled name.

O, had a turf-built hamlet's humble roof,
A ſhot-clad rafter caught your earlieſt view!
Or, ſternly rigid, fortune ſcowl'd aloof,
Nor ſtampt with dignity a parent's brow!

Or had I (love demands the lowly boon)
Grown to maturity in ſplendor's ray!
In folly's tinſel tatters tript the town,
The pride of fops, and glitter of a day!

Had treaſur'd gold improv'd my native worth,
Inglorious robb'd from Afric's ebon ſons;
A ruin'd caſtle claim'd a father's birth,
Where jack-daws neſtle, and the howlet moans!

But money'd merit, and paternal fame,
The gods to poor Alexis never meant:
He lives unſtory'd; loſt, alas! to him,
The herald's blazon and the painter's tint.

A ſoul unſully'd by the thirſt of gain,
A boſom riſing at another's woe,
He boaſts no more;—his cottage bounds the plain,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

A manſion not unworthy of the fair:
Why bluſhes Mira at the ſimple tale?
Can all the pomp of dirty cities dare
Vie with the fragrance of the vernal vale?

But, nurs'd amid the formulas of pride,
You want the heart to own the man you love,
Walk with feign'd pleaſure by the fopling's ſide.
And praiſe the nonſenſe which you diſapprove.

The very vale, you tread with willing feet,
You ſeem to ſcorn, and wantonly prefer,
The dull rotation of a crowded ſtreet,
A ſhrill-pip'd actreſs, and a dancing bear.

Farewell, dear maid! ſome happier youth poſſeſs
The blooming beauties ne'er deſign'd for me;
May fruitful Hymen yield him every bliſs,
And every joy I, hapleſs! hop'd in thee.

But, O, may none, invidious of your mirth,
Name loſt Alexis on the bridal day!
For, could you, Mira, though obſcure his birth,
Unpitying hear, a lifeleſs corſe he lay?

ELEGY III.

TO MIRA.

Presents may buy Belinda's venal kiſs,
And venal kiſſes charm the taſteleſs tribe;
My delicacy calls for cheaper bliſs,
And patriot diſtance ſcorns a paltry bribe.

The hill, that midway rears its lordly brow,
The torrent, headlong from its boſom roll'd;
A gift, with reckleſs eye, like Celia, view,
And frown, forbidding, on the proffer'd gold.

Colin may con with care the flatt'ring lay,
With bluſhing roſes vermile Trulla's cheek;
Bid unheaven'd graces on her boſom play,
And paint a goddeſs—for the girl is weak.

But other, Mira! were Alexis' ſtrains;
No heav'n-bred virgin ſtuff'd his dreaming head;
Thy beauties, ſuch as daily haunt our plains,
He ſung—the graces of a mortal maid.

When loneſome with thee in the ſilent hour,
He hail'd no goddeſs,—but a girl embrac'd;
Proſtrated low, ador'd no heav'nly pow'r,
But clung tranſported to thy maiden waiſt.

And ſhould the gods reſtore thee to my arms,
No fulſome flatt'ry ſhould exalt my phraſe;
No epithetic nonſenſe daub thy charms,
Good ſenſe thy beauty, conſtancy thy praiſe.

But vain the thought—I'll never ſee thee more;
The gods decree it, and the gods are juſt:
For ever doom'd thy abſence to deplore,
Till grief, ſlow-ſapping, crumble me to duſt.

ELEGY IV.

Night, raven-wing'd, uſurps her peaceful reign,
Sleep's lenient balſam ſtills the voice of woe;
A keener breeze breathes o'er the lowly plain,
And pebbly rills in deeper murmurs flow.

The paly moon through yonder dreary grove,
The ſcreech-owl's haunt, emits a feeble ray;
The plumy warblers quit the ſong of love,
And dangle, ſlumb'ring, on the dewy ſpray.

The maſtiff, conſcious of the lover's tread,
With wakeful yell the lift'ning maid alarms,
Who, looſely robb'd, forſakes the downy bed,
And ſprings reſerveleſs to his longing arms.

O, happy he! who, with the maid he loves,
Thus toys endearing on the twilight green,
While all is rapture, Cupid's ſelf approves,
And Jove conſenting veils the tender ſcene.

O, happy he! by gracious fate allow'd,
At duſky eve, to claſp the ſlender waiſt,
Preſs the ſoft lip, diſſolve the ſilky ſhroud,
And feel the heavings of a love-ſick breaſt.

Once mine the bliſs:—But now with plaintive care
I, lonely wand'ring, tune the voice of woe;
And, patient, brave the chilly midnight air,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

ELEGY V.

Within this willow-woven bower
I'll lay my limbs to reſt;
And breathe the fragrance of the mead,
In orient colours dreſt.

Sacred to grief, hail, hallow'd ſpot!
Here, long inur'd to woe,
Alexis tun'd the plaintive reed,
By Medwan's mazy flow.

Reclining on this very ſod,
While ſorrow dimm'd his eyes,
He rais'd his ſuppliant hands in vain!
Relentleſs were the ſkies.

O, cruel, to refuſe his boon!
How little did he crave?
'Twas but the cov'ring of a turf,
Th' oblivion of a grave.

And ſtill more cruel, to exile
The luckleſs lover ſo!
To drive him from the lovely haunts
Of ſolitary woe.

Here, memory of former days
Would cheer the muſing boy;
And o'er his melancholy ſpread
A tranſient gleam of joy.

But the wild hurry of a town
Recals no bliſsful ſcene;
Starves fond remembrance, and affords
No leiſure to complain.

The willows wav'd, by wanton winds,
Still ſhade thy ſedgy ſhore;
But rueful, Medwan! are thy banks,
Thy muſes mourn no more.

On yonder poplar's topmoſt bough,
Their airy harps are hung;
And ſilence muſes on the mead,
Where midnight fairies ſung.

ELEGY VI.

THE SUICIDE.

Yes, gentle ghoſt! I hear the ſolemn ſound,
That nightly rouſes to the ſcene of woe;
I ſee the ſhade that beckons to thy wound,
While o'er thy grave the teary torrents flow.

Though ſcreams the howlet from the dreary glade,
And croaks the raven from her bough-built neſt;
I'll bow me lowly o'er thy clay-cold bed,
And bid the turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.

Here ly'ſt thou, hapleſs! (let me wipe this tear),
Where ſlowly creeping ſteals the ſilent wave;
No pious parent deck'd thy early bier,
No maiden willows wither'd on thy grave.

In drear proceſſion went no friendly train
Solemnly ſad, or bade thy ſpirit reſt;
But, hurrying on, a noiſy crew profane
The coarſe green turf threw careleſs on thy breaſt.

Ghaſtly magnificent, no ſculptur'd tomb,
In buſto'd grandeur, courts the diſtant ſky;
No veiny marble emulates thy bloom,
No mournful lay bedews the paſſing eye.

But lowly, Lucy! lies thy lovely frame;
The duſt enclaſps thee in a cold embrace;
Breeze-chaff'd beſide thee mourns a falling ſtream,
And o'er thee loneſome waves the dark-green graſs.

Why bare thy boſom, ting'd with vital gore!
Point to thy wound?—I haſten, gentle ſhade—
Deſpair invites—I learn her fatal lore—
With deſp'rate hand thus urge the gleamy blade.

Some woodland bard ſhall mourn our early doom,
Soft o'er our grave awake the plaintive ſtrain;
Shall flit the meteor round our humble tomb,
And ſcreaming goblins haunt the bloody plain.

Shall tell the ſhepherds, on this verdant ſwathe,
A diſmal ſtory of a luckleſs pair;
Whom, brought untimely to a violent death,
A miſtreſs buried, and a ſire ſevere.

ELEGY VII.

A FLEETING life of pain, is man's
Inevitable lot;
To-day is privy to our woe,
To-morrow knows us not.

Fate bids a ſnaky wreath of care
Entwine the vital thread;
And feel alike its baneful pow'r,
The death and bridal bed.

Hope gilds in vain the future hour
With bliſs of ev'ry kind;
The wiſhful period waſtes away
But bliſs we never find.

In vain we ſtrive to eaſe the ſmart,
And meditate repoſe;
In vain aſſume the face of joy,
The maſk of human woes.

Who warring with a ſea of ills,
Some weary days have paſt,
Will ever find the future day
An image of the laſt.

Till death, no more a tyrant, ſpeed
The amicable blow,
Shut the ſad ſcene of mortal life,
And terminate their woe.

O, happy he! above his peers,
The favourite of Heav'n,
To whom a certain place of reſt,
An early grave is given.

Nor falling tear, nor ſwelling ſigh,
That mourn an abſent maid,
Tormenting fears, nor wiſhes vain,
Afflict his peaceful ſhade.

In ſure oblivion of his woes,
He moulders into duſt;
Spring's roſes wither on his grave
And cheer his hov'ring ghoſt.

ELEGY VIII.

TO ALEXIS.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHEN roſe-lip'd Health reveals her vivid bloom,
And Youth and Genius all their charms impart;
Why wears the face the diſcontented gloom?
Why, ſadly ſighing, heaves the penſive heart?

Can weeping melancholy's frantic train,
The brow deep-ſadden'd, and the tear-ſwoln eye,
Invade the vernal hour with plaint profane,
And pleaſure, peace, and letter'd fame ſupply?

Miſtaken friend!—it cannot, will not do;
Muſing and ſad, to murmur all alone!
'Tis fearful fancy guides your trembling view,
And from your boſom burſts th' unmeaning moan.

What though you meet with fortune's frowning form,
Pale envy's rage, and paſſion's ſtormy pow'r?
See ſlander's ſons your faireſt deeds deform,
And dark ſuſpicion ſhade the ſocial hour?

Soft pity beſt becomes the human heart,
And weakneſs claims the mild regarding eye;
And ſince the vernal day may ſoon depart,
Why ſhould you ſtrive to lengthen out the ſigh?

For think, ah think! it will not always laſt,
This fleeting life you lov'd, and now deplore!
Soon will the ſwift-wing'd day of youth be paſt,
Soon fate o'erwhelm—and ev'ry joy be o'er.

'Twere better far to join the jocund throng,
Wind the wild walk along the ſummer lawn;
Toy with the fair ſequeſter'd bow'rs among,
Or pour the lay at Mira's ſoft command!

What though no purpl'd king, nor titled ſire,
Grace the long progreſs of your humble line;
No gazing crowds your glitt'ring pomp admire,
Or, proſtrate low, miſcal your power divine.

What though no coſtly robe, nor ſhining ore,
Adorn your limbs, or heap th' o'erflowing cheſt;
The muſes ſcorn the ſplendid pride of pow'r,
And ſhed their honours on the low-born breaſt.

Poetic youths, in many a lawn, and grove,
Muſing, in tuneful tranſports, oft we find;
And oft the thymy heath they jaunting rove,
Or court, in wayward ſtrains, the whiſpering wind.

The ſylvan choirs, that wake the vocal lay;
The cryſtal ſtreams, that murmur as they flow;

The waving meadows, fragrant, freſh, and gay,
Have ſweets the ſons of grandeur never know!

Say, then, when nature ſpreads the pleaſing theme,
And willing muſes ſhed their genial art;
Say, will you quench the heav'n-enlighten'd flame,
And bid lorn ſorrow chill the glowing heart?

Forbear, my friend! the mournful ſigh forbear;
Too long hath ſorrow held her baleful ſway!—
See vengeful mirth her proſtrate banners rear,
And force the fury from her realms away!

'Tis done—and pleaſure takes her wonted ſtand;---
I ſee the ſmile;---I hear the ſprightly ſong;---
In ruddy circles crowd the jocund band,
And hail the numbers as they pour along.

Wide, and more wide, the vengeful victor flies;---
I ſee the lovers ſeek their fav'rite grove---
In either boſom ſoft ideas riſe;---
In ev'ry accent breathes inſpiring love!

'Tis juſt---indulge the long-forgotten feaſt,
With eager hand life's fleeting ſweets receive!---
Soon may diſeaſe impair the vig'rous taſte,
Dull ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry pow'r deprave!

Ah! could thy friend, in wonted eaſe reclin'd,
When health inſpir'd, and pleaſure led the day;
Again enjoy the genial feaſt reſin'd,
The mutual rapture, or the melting lay!

He would not reſtleſs roll his languid eyes,
With piercing pain exalt the cry of woe;
And cheerleſs view involving tempeſts riſe,
And vernal roſes wither as they blow.

But pale diſeaſe exhauſts him faſt away;
From him reviving joy will bloom no more;
No muſe melodious cheer the ling'ring day,
No lovely Clara learn her tender lore!

Dark is the dawning morn, that ſhone ſo fair;
And ſad the night that ſhed the balmy reſt;
And dim the radiant ſun's refulgent glare;
And bleak the field, in flow'ry fragrance dreſt!

Cold-hearted death, with wanly, glaring eye,
Forth from the gloom begins his deſtin'd way---
Soon will my lifeleſs frame forgotten lie,
Reſign'd to native earth---a clod of clay!

Haply, with partial tenderneſs poſſeſt,
Clara may breathe one ſecret ſigh ſincere;
And friendſhip ſtrike the ſorrow-ſobbing breaſt,
And bid remembrance drop one pious tear!

But not unmindful of the life you love,
Leave each warm wiſh to cold complaint a prey;
Follow, where pleaſure's ſoft ſuggeſtions move,
And wipe the ſtreamy tribute ſwift away.

ELEGY IX.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

The weird ſiſters, on the dreary ſtrand,
Foreſaw this day, twining the fatal thread,
And would have ſtopt, but, urg'd by Jove's command,
They ſpun the reſt, and weeping firm'd the deed.

O day accurs'd! that ſaw her laſt adieu,
To maiden honour, innocence, and fame;
Nor night's black mantle round thy viſage drew,
Nor ſent one cloud to cover Sylvia's ſhame!

On thee no morn ſhall rouſe the grateful ſong,
No gladd'ning ſun-beam wake the flow'ry dye;
But Phœbus roll his rayleſs car along,
In awful ſadneſs through the mirky ſky!

Vile birds obſcene ſhall range the ſulphry air,
The boding raven ſpread her ſooty plume;
The ſhrivell'd bat, the moping owl be there,
And, cluttering, add new horror to the gloom.

The hand of dread ſhall ſeal the lips of joy,
Pleaſure, aghaſt, forget her ſyren ſong;
Amazement petrify the feſtive boy,
And freeze the vig'rous ſpirits of the young.

Terror ſhall range the fav'rite haunts of love,
Fear's palſy'd arm embrace the poplar ſhade;
The graves pale 'habitants traverſe the grove,
While verdure withers at their baleful tread.

Not even more terrible that dreadful day,
When worlds ſhall ſtagger, and creation ſhake;
When chaos ſhall echo, and archangels ſay,
"Be time no more!—ye ſleeping dead awake!"

ELEGY X.

IN THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

The zephyrs, wak'd at ſpring's refreſhing gale,
Flap their light wings, and fan the verdant vale;
Where'er their balmy influence they breathe,
Green grows the graſs, and flow'rets bloom beneath;
In ſofter numbers rolling waters flow,
And ev'ry heart is freed from ev'ry woe;
The feather'd ſongſters wanton on the ſpray,
Sport with their mates, and love their lives away:
From hill to hill the careleſs ſhepherd roves,
And gathers garlands for the maid he loves;
With art he blends the flow'rs of diff'rent hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue.
O happy ſwain! O ſwain ſecure of bliſs!
The grateful girl will thank you with a kiſs.
Come, gentle ſwain! I'll join my toil with yours,
I'll weave gay garlands, and I'll gather flow'rs;
Won with ſuch gifts, Eliza may relent,
Forego her harſhneſs, and her frowns repent;
Pity my paſſion, and relieve my pain,
Nor let me ſigh the live-long night in vain. [vice,
Ah, flatt'ring thought! what garland, what de-
Can melt a boſom of unfeeling ice?
Still might I hope more happy days to ſee,
Were ſhe but cold and cruel unto me.
But the whole race alike her ſcorn and hate,
The gods themſelves can hardly mend my fate!
Then ply your labour, ſhepherd, and be bleſt,
With ſome fair maiden of more tender breaſt,
While I indulge, in unavailing woe,
Another's joy, the only joy I know.

ELEGY XI.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

The clam'rous din of buſy day is o'er;
Night, downy-wing'd, reſumes her ſilent ſway

Soft o'er the village sheds the balmy pow'r,
And soothes with cheering dreams the hours away.

The sons of labour o'er the homely straw,
Out-stretch'd at ease, in sweet refreshment doze;
And modest maids from moon-led swains withdraw,
To bathe their lovely limbs in soft repose.

But what avail the silence-shedding eve,
The downy bed, or sleep's refreshing pow'r?
Awake to anguish and inglorious grief,
Sylvia bewails the solitary hour!

Still unbefriended, succourless, and sad,
Her lasting shame arrests her closing eye;
Pensively droops her weary-wakeful head,
And from her bosom bursts a bitter sigh.

Cease, Sylvia! cease the unavailing view,
Quit the sad theme, and close the cry of care!
Can ceaseless sighs unspotted fame renew,
Or sorrows mingled with the midnight air?

Ah no! 'tis past, th' irrevocable doom!
In vain the tear, in vain the plaintive lay!
When black dishonour spreads her cheerless gloom,
Returning fame ne'er sheds one genial ray.

The scornful look, the acrimonious taunt,
Pale envy's sneer, and scandal's busy tongue,
Will still the hapless maiden mourner haunt,
Proclaim her folly, and her shame prolong.

In vain the pitying pray'r, the wish forlorn,
The contrite tear, the penitential sigh;
Alike they smooth the wreathy brow of scorn,
Melt the proud heart, or loss of fame supply.

Yes, you may sigh, and mourn, and wish in vain,
Nor find a balm to sooth your growing grief;
Contempt will still perpetuate the stain,
Returning virtue vainly beg relief.

No soft distress can melt the stubborn race,
Th' unfeeling heart, the ear that will not hear;
Nor maiden honour, sunk in sad disgrace,
Draw down the cheek the pity-streaming tear.

Yet, while the proud, with rival scorn pursue
Your shameful fall, and, unrelenting, frown,
I'll drop a tear—'tis nature's tribute, due
To other's woes, and frailties not our own.

Yes, I will mourn thee, hapless, charming maid!
Soft o'er thy virtue pour the pitying tear;
Till low in earth thy sigh-shook frame be laid,
And kind oblivion close thy doom severe!

ELEGY XII.

THE FAIR.

The sun shines potent from the mid-day sky,
His rays glance dazzling from the tinsel'd head,
The noon-tide fervour smooths the glossy hair,
And aids the blushes of the panting maid.

The rustic gallants, with their redd'ning prize,
Retire exulting from the dusty street,
Quaff the cool beer, and mix'd with kisses bland,
And forceful sighs, the tender tale repeat.

While coyly passive sits the modest fair,
With breast wild-throbbing, and dejected eye;
Or should she kind adjust the rosy lip,
Or court th' embrace, no envious tell-tale nigh.

On yonder board the bowl and tumbler mark
More costly liquor, and a richer Miss;
Fast by her side the brawny stripling smiles,
Nor values sixpence, while he gains a kiss.

If such the blessings of a low estate,
Who would not joy to guide the shining share,
To whirl the flail, ingulf the polish'd spade,
Or tune the reed beside a fleecy care?

Name not the biting blast the peasant bears,
The face embrown'd, the blister-swelling hand;
A day like this rewards an age of toil,
Softens the voice of many a rough command.

But lo! appears amid yon jovial crew
A brow deep-furrow'd by the hand of care!
'Tis Damon's---sorrow blanks his native bloom,
And musing melancholy dulls his air.

In vain Dorinda, fondling, strives to ease
The sorrows rankling in his pensive breast;
In vain his cheek is pal'd with jocund blow,
In vain his hand with artful squeeze is prest.

No kind endearments will the youth return,
Though instant thus she courts the balmy bliss,
And oft averts the radiance of her eyes,
In fond expectance of the ravish'd kiss.

Be gallant, Damon! with the willing maid,
Like others, toy the laughing hours away;
Commix'd with rugged labour's lusty sons,
Why more refin'd and delicate than they?

Can the smooth pebble of the playful boy
For ever curl the surface of the deep!
Can Clara censure what she does not see,
Or read inconstancy upon thy lip?

Still art thou gloomy---consolation's vain:
Can consolation bring the virgin here!
Till then, you feel the weighty hand of woe,
And drop in secret disappointment's tear.

ELEGY XIII.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

When virtue guards, and innocence protects,
The deadly musket and the sword are vain;
Fortune may frown, surrounding ills perplex,
The smile of conscience smooths the path of pain.

Serenely brave, through Lybia's scorching wilds
The good man walks, nor dreads her brindled brood,
Pursues his way where Indian never builds
His humble hut, and stems Orellan's flood.

A meagre wolf, a fiercer never den'd
In Alpin forest, or Helvetian hill,
Gaunt famine lengthen'd every claw to rend,
And hunger whetted ev'ry tusk to kill;

From me, unarm'd, with hideous howling fled,
Aghast, deserted his defenceless prey,
As in Virginian woods I lonely stray'd,
On Mira mus'd, and plann'd the plaintive lay.

Yes, lovely maid! ev'n here I feel thy pow'r,
Though kingdoms lie, and oceans rage between;
Revere thy virtues, all thy charms adore,
And wish thee present at each pleasant scene.

Wherever station'd by the will of Heav'n,
On Lybian deserts, or on Zemblan snows,
Wherever carry'd, or wherever driven,
Still shall thy absence number with my woes.

ELEGY XIV.

The moon shines silv'ry on the limpid stream,
Scarce blush the flow'rs, in fainter dyes array'd;
The howlets, rousing at the friendly beam,
With lazy pinions scour the dusky glade.

The time-struck turret, on yon mountain's brow,
Projecting wide, embrowns the lowly vale;
The spiry column lessens to the view,
And bluish clouds the scatter'd huts conceal.

The younglings, ravish'd from the fleece-clad ewes,
Wake plaintive bleatings from the turf-built fold;
The moon-scar'd heifer hollow-murm'ring lows,
And drony beetles noisy wings unfold.

The lapwing, clam'rous, seeks her vary'd race,
Along the heath she shoots on sounding wing;
From where yon firs their shaggy sharp tops raise,
The widow'd turtles doleful dirges sing.

It was Eliza! in a night like this,
As calm the air, as clear the conscious moon,
The midnight mourner sung our mutual bliss,
And rivers lull'd us, as they slowly run:

When you around me threw your velvet arms,
Moist roll'd your eye, wild heav'd your snowy breast,
And gentle spoke, while redden'd all your charms,
Words well remember'd, for you spoke and kiss'd.

"Before Alexis cease, in love's bright garb,
To be Eliza's dearest chief delight,
Shall cease yon twinkling stars---that glorious orb,
With silv'ry radiance to adorn the night."

But what avail, Eliza, all thy vows,
The soft endearments of thy faithless tongue,
Since for another all thy beauty blows,
Heaves thy fair breast, and warbles forth thy song?

The captive, fetter'd with the galling chain,
Immur'd in dungeons, and remote from day,
Should bright-ey'd hope her cheering influence deign,
The slug-turr'd concave echoes to his joy.

But hope no more illumes the future hour,
Despair invests it with her dismal shade;
Soon lay me low shall death's tremendous pow'r,
In long oblivion of the bridal bed.

I need no poison blended with the bowl,
No wound red-streaming from the pointed steel,
Grief chills the living vigour of my soul,
And round my heart death's leaden hand I feel.

ELEGY XV.

THE LINNET.

Unhappy and unblest the man,
Whom mercy never charm'd;
Whose heart, insensible and hard,
No pity ever warm'd.

Far from his dangerous abode,
Heav'n! may my dwelling lie;
And from his unrelenting race
Ye little warblers fly.

Though thick'ning hawthorns blend their boughs,
And furze wide spread around,
Yet build not there your downy nests,
Nor trust the faithless ground.

Although his smiling fields produce
The most, the fittest food;
Beware, beware, nor thither bring
Your young, your tender brood.

Behold a sister linnet there,
Laid lifeless on the green!
Fled is the smoothness of her plumes,
And fled her sprightly mien.

The grass grows o'er her ruffled head,
And many a tap'ring rush;
Though once a fairer, sweeter bird,
Did never grace a bush.

It was but yesterday she sat
Upon a thistle's top,
And ey'd her family pecking round:
Their support and their hope---

Each look, and ev'ry chirp, betray'd
A mother's fond delight;
To see them all so fully fledg'd,
And capable of flight.

Close in the middle of a bush,
With prickles thick beset,
She brought them forth; no savage boy
The wily nest could get.

Full twenty days, with pious bill,
Their gaping mouths she fed;
Till ripe, they left their hair-lin'd home,
Slow flitting as she led.

Joyful they flap'd their new-grown wings,
But happy for them all!
Had they but kept their native bush,
Nor seen a mother fall.

Blithsome she sat, and sweetly sang,
Nor dream'd of danger near;
How could she, conscious of no ill?
The guilty only fear.

But, prais'd for villany, alas!
Not innocence can shun,
Nor all a linnet's music ward
The schoolboy's lawless stone.

"Train'd by a rough unfeeling sire,
To cruelty and pride,
An infant ruffian passing by,
The harmless bird espied *."

* *This stanza added by Dr. Anderson.*

Conceal'd behind an hawthorn hedge,
He took his deadly aim;
Thick thick the feathers floated round,
And flutt'ring down she came.

Full fast her fearful younglings fly,
Into a neighb'ring shade;
Where low they cow'r disconsolate,
And mourn a mother dead.

Pensive they sit, with hunger pin'd,
Nor dare desert the spray;
Nor know they how to gather food,
No mother leads the way.

ELEGY XVI.

LAURA.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

DEEP in yon vale, where tow'rs the poplar tall,
And winds the slow wave down its crystal way;
A ruin'd castle lifts its hoary wall,
O'erhung with spreading pines, and beeches grey.

Where oft, responsive to the sprightly lay,
The light foot bounded o'er the festive floor;
And, shelter'd from the dog-star's sultry ray,
The jolly lordling led the revel hour.

Where oft, along the cool sequester'd glade,
The glitt'ring female train was seen to rove,
And warbled softly from the woodbine shade,
Were heard the vows of undissembled love.

But there, the song has now forgot to sound,
The gentle lovers there no longer sigh;
The mould'ring mansion howlets hoot around;
And echoing bowers to boding rooks reply.

There, oft, along the solitary green
The frighted shepherd hears the cry of care;
And fire-clad forms, and shadowy shapes, are seen
To walk the wild, or wing the mirky air.

There oft, contemplative of pomp and pow'r,
Time's wasteful rule, and fortune's fleeting day,
The muse-fir'd poet, at this solemn hour,
Sighs deeply sad, and plans the pensive lay.

Perhaps, now musing on the mould'ring wall,
The moss-grown roof, or ivy-mantled gate,
The eyes the crumbling fragments as they fall,
And vindicates the varying forms of fate.

Aid Contemplation aid my mounting mind,
Or Fancy deign her eye-enlightening ray,
Oft wou'd I loiter there, to thought resign'd,
And pour with rapture forth the moral lay.

But me no gifts the tuneful sisters give,
To grace the song with philosophic lore;
Fond love alone instructs me to deceive,
With wild-notes weak, the solitary hour.

Hail by the margin of this murm'ring stream,
That through the lone-vale leads its winding way,
Frequent I roam, in many a wayward dream,
Till twilight robe the glimm'ring groves with grey.

Hail Clara come,—my secret step to trace,
From scenes where joys in dull succession roll;
How sweet to fold her here in chaste embrace,
While rising rapture runs from soul to soul!

But who is she, along the op'ning glade,
Whose gentle form now rushes on my eye!
Low on the bank she leans her pensive head,
And pores upon the streamlet rolling by.

Fled are the charms which health and joy inspire,
Fled the fresh bloom, and fled the mirthful mien;
Her eye beams mildly with a fading fire,
And slow tears trickle down her cheek serene.

'Tis Laura!—musing melancholy leads
Her frequent footstep o'er the lonely dale,
Where winding waters glide through gloomy shades,
And pensive stock-doves pour their weary wail.

How chang'd from her, in beauty's brighter day
The pride and envy of each sparkling ball!
No sweeter tongue could chaunt the sprightly lay
No lighter foot could trip the festive hall.

The good, the gay, the graceful, and the young,
Submissive saw their rival charms surpast;
According praises flow'd from ev'ry tongue,
And hope, presaging, promis'd they should last.

And had she known the sly licentious art,
That gilds the praises of the rich and gay,
Free from dishonour's unrelenting smart,
She still had sung her smiling youth away.

But, unperceiv'd, the flatt'ring Flavio strove,
With soft deceit, to soothe her simple ear;
He bade the eye in melting fondness move,
And ev'ry word a winning softness wear.

The blooming prospect breath'd resistless guile,
The fast contagion ran through ev'ry pore;
Unhallow'd pleasure wore a wooing smile,
And, warmly wanton, urg'd the syren lore.

She little knew, to dread the tempting round,
Where vernal flow'rets veil their venom'd hue;
But rashly burst th' irremeable bound,
And bade the haunts of hallow'd love adieu!

The fair illusion now dissolves away,
No sprightly music warbles from her tongue!
No gay assemblies wing the jocund day,
No fawning Flavio leads her steps along!

Far from the sparkling ball, the festive shade,
She wastes her days in solitude forlorn!
While weeping loves surround her sleepless bed,
And mourning graces cloud her joyless morn.

So fades a flow'r by deadly drought destroy'd,
Nor breathes one sweet of all its fragrance past;
So droops a tree by wint'ry winds annoy'd,
And sighs its ravish'd honours to the blast.

Entranc'd in pleasure's meretricious bow'r,
Where madness, mirth, and giddy riot rave,
Unfeeling Flavio laughs his conquest o'er,
And boasts the wound his cruel flatt'ry gave.

In vain, revolves her solitary day,
Her sleepless night and ceaseless sigh are vain;
Unheard, unnoted, roll their rounds away,
Nor shed one sorrow o'er the frolic scene.

Pity, perhaps, amid the mad career
Of magic raptures, circling wildly round,
Some future day may disenchant his ear,
And all the bliss of jovial joy confound.

Haply, when age with retroſpective eye,
Reviews the arts that ſtain'd her ſpotleſs name,
Remorſe may learn to breathe a bitter ſigh
O'er the ſad relics of her ruin'd fame.

For me, lone wand'ring in the twilight ſhade,
When ſolemn ſtillneſs holds her lonely ſway,
May malice ne'er my muſing mind invade,
Nor ſcorn loud-laughing, claim my gentle lay.

Be mine the heart that melts at others woe,
The hearing ear and pitying eye be mine;
With ſoft compaſſion may my boſom glow,
And grief ſincere my feeling ſoul refine.

And may my maid, with ſympathizing care,
A frail and feebler virtue full in view,
Juſt heave one ſigh, and drop one tender tear!
To female fortune ſurely this is due!

So, may regarding heav'n our loves prolong;
So, when we ſink in honour'd age to reſt,
Some gentle bard may raiſe the mournful ſong,
And ſtrew with ſweeteſt flow'rs the feeling breaſt.

ELEGY XVII.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JAMES FISHER *.

Soft let me tread the hallow'd ground,
A druid's buried near!
And can I paſs a druid's grave,
Nor drop a friendly tear?

Short is the path, and broad the way,
That leads unto the tomb;
The flow'rs of youth but ſeldom bud,
Or wither in their bloom.

The vernal breezes ſweetly breathe,
And all their beauties wake;
When, lo! a ſtorm deſcends, and they
Are raviſh'd from the ſtalk.

Full many a youth in flow'ry prime
Indulges hope to-day,
Who never ſees to-morrow dawn,
Death's unſuſpected prey.

But while I weep in mournful ſtrains,
O'er youthful years laid low;
Still let me pauſe, nor dare blaſpheme
The hand that gives the blow.

How many diff'rent ills conſpire
To ſour the cup of life!
What various paſſions vex the breaſt,
With unabating ſtrife!

The woes that harrow up the heart
Increaſe with ev'ry day;
Death is our only hope, and he
In mercy ends the fray.

* *A ſtudent of divinity, in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, of diſtinguiſhed abilities, and of agreeable manners, who was unfortunately drowned in the Clyde, between Lanark and Stonebyres, in 1769. He was the ſon of William Fiſher, a reſpectable farmer in Covington. It is neceſſary to add, that the character of this pleaſant, accompliſhed, and ſenſible young man, having been miſtaken by ſome people, more prone to cenſure, than acute to obſerve, the Preſbytery of Biggar denied him his probation; and he was meditating a voyage to America. His body was thrown on the land, about ſix weeks after the accident, and interred in the church-yard of Covington.*

Hail! highly favoured of Heav'n,
Who ſafely on the ſhore,
Without concern, behold the wreck
That ſerv'd to waft you o'er.

But chiefly hail! lamented youth,
On whoſe green grave I lie;
While round me ſtalks thy penſive ghoſt
In ſullen majeſty.

No more ſhall malice wound thy fame,
Or envy's tale be ſpread;
For ſacred is the ſilent grave,
And hallow'd are the dead.

No longer wilt thou, here and there,
An hapleſs wand'rer roam;
Earth lends her mantle and ſupplies
An unmoleſted home.

As, reſcu'd from the bleaching wave,
Thy body turns to duſt;
Rememb'rance oft will drop a tear,
And own thy fate unjuſt.

The traveller who paſſes by,
With weeping heart will read,
The mournful lay which marks thy tomb,
And ſoothe thy penſive ſhade.

EPITAPH *.

Here lies, upon the lap of earth,
A youth unknown to fame,
Misfortune damp'd his lively parts,
And check'd his noble flame.

To malice, and to groundleſs hate,
A ſmile was all he gave;
And from regarding Heaven he gain'd,
In recompence, a grave.

The virtues that adorn'd his youth,
And mark'd his low eſtate,
Still, reader, keep before your eye,
And ſtrive to imitate.

The frailties of unripen'd age
Conſign to native earth;
Nor ſeek with ſacrilegious hand,
To draw theſe frailties forth.

So may his lamentable fate
Upon you never fall,
Nor death ſurpriſe you unawares,
Without a timely call.

ELEGY XVIII.

WRITTEN NEAR THE RUINS OF CUTHALLY CASTLE †.

The pale-ey'd moon ſerenes the ſilent hour,
And many a ſtar adorns the clear blue ſky;
While pleas'd I view this deſolated tow'r
That rears it's time-ſtruck tott'ring top ſo high!

Here was the garden, there the feſtive hall,
This the broad entry, that the crowded ſtreet;
The taſk how pleaſant to repair its fall,
And ev'ry ſtone arrange in order meet!

* *See Gray's Elegy written in a country church-yard.*
† *The ancient ſeat of Lord Somerville, near Carnwath.*

he ſcheme is finiſh'd;—ages backward roll'd
And all its former majeſty reſtor'd:—
nagination haſtens to unfold
The pomp, the pleaſures of its long loſt lord.

he voice of muſic echoes through the dome,
The jocund rev'llers beat the bending floor;
golden goblets generous liquors foam,
And mirth, loud laughing, wings the rapid hour.

s fancy brightens, other ſcenes are ſeen;
No privacy can 'ſcape her eagle eye;
ne follows lovers to the midnight green,
And throws a glory round them as they lie.

ut mark the change!—the muſic ſwells no more
And all the dome another proſpect wears;
s maſter's blood diſtains the feſtive floor,
And mirth, loud-laughing, ſaddens into tears.

, how unlike that gentle ſwain, who preſt
His yielding miſtreſs on the midnight green!
he lover now, in weeds of warriors dreſt,
Deſtruction threat'ning in his furious mien.

nmov'd, he ſees him murder'd in his prime,
And wipes the blood red-reeking on his ſword;
is ſavage miſtreſs hails the horrid crime,
And ſpurns the carcaſe of her late-lov'd lord.

ut not unpuniſh'd is the guilty pair,
Imagination hurries on their end;
ehold the lifted faulchion's deadly glare!
Now purple vengeance haſtens to deſcend.

hat ſtroke became thee!—pious was the deed;
So much an hapleſs brother's blood requir'd;
n vain let youth, in vain let beauty plead;
They pled for him, but pled, alas! unheard.

till, ſtill unweary'd, reſtleſs fancy roams,
On ſwelling waves of wild vagary toſt,
alls ſheeted ſpectres from the op'ning tombs,
And fills the tow'r with many a grilly ghoſt.

enſive they ſtalk in melancholy ſtate,
And to pale Cynthia bare their gaping wounds;
Vhile many a heapy ruin's moſs-clad height,
In hollow murmurs all their woes reſounds.

ut whence that mournfully melodious ſong,
That voice of elegy ſo ſadly flow
he certain ſymptom of a mortal wrong;
The diſmal utt'rance of an earthly woe?

Haply, ſome plaintive ſolitary wretch,
The thread-bare mourner of a thread-bare tale;
Vho nightly does the lunar radiance watch,
And join the howlet in his weary wail.

Grieving he ſees the ravages of time,
The fleeting nature of terreſtrial things.—
In vain the ſtately palace tow'rs ſublime,
" Low lie the labour'd monuments of kings.

Where is the darling ſeat of ſcepter'd pride,
" Proud Babylon, with all her brazen gates?
No penſile gardens grace the dreary void;
" There dens the dragon, with his ſcaly mates

Where the magnificence of Grecian fanes?
" No more the ſtory'd pyramids we ſee:
An heap of ſtones is all that now remains;
" 'Tis all they are, and all Verſailles ſhall be!

" Where the fam'd ſtructures of imperial Rome?
" Cæſarean theatres to contain a world?
" All, all are buried in one mighty tomb,
" All in one gulph of deſolation hurl'd!"

Happy, if this ſhould prove his only woe!
The death of theatres ſcarce could break my reſt;
From other cauſes all my ſorrows flow,
Far other troubles tear my bleeding breaſt.

From love, from love, my nightly wand'ring ſprings!
No ſlumber ſettles on my grief-worn eye;
Elſe not the ruin'd monuments of kings
Could tempt my ſteps below the midnight ſky.

ELEGY XIX.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Falſe and ill-grounded were my hopes,
My expectations vain;
Each ſtep increaſes my complaints,
And nouriſhes my pain.

Here will I pauſe—this ſhady walk,
That variegated field,
Nor all the lovely landſcape round,
Their wonted pleaſures yield.

One black and univerſal cloud
Wide overſpreads the whole;
Creation ſickens, and is dark
And gloomy as my ſoul.

Clyde's plaintive wave, the ſighing gale,
The warbler of each tree,
Sing one ſad melancholy ſong,
In uniſon with me.

Why ſhould I ſtruggle with my fate?
Alas! where'er I go,
I groan beneath my ſorrows weight,
And bear about my woe.

Yes, here I'll pauſe—and lay me down,
Nor ever hope relief!
But brood in ſilence o'er my ills,
And feed my growing grief.

If ye behold me, gentle peers!
Thus lowly as I lie,
Seek not to raiſe me from this turf,
In pity paſs me by.

So may ye never while ye live
My many mis'ries prove,
And never never, weep forlorn
A luckleſs latent love.

Unhappy he! who danger ſees,
Nor can the danger ſhun;
Who looks on beauty when it ſmiles,
And hopes, and is undone.

Yes, Clara ſmil'd; the ſmile I caught,
Red was her bluſh of ſhame;
But glad I caught the infant love,
And fann'd it to a flame.

Freely I took her to my arms,
Nor once of diſtance dream'd;
But every coming day and night
One ſcene of rapture deem'd!

But ſoon, O! ſoon, the viſion paſt,
The ſweet inchantment broke,
Too ſoon we from this fancy'd bliſs
To real woe awoke!

Diſjoin'd by deſtiny's award,
Without one laſt farewell.
Far, far from the delightful ſcene
Diſconſolate we dwell.

Diſjoin'd! for ever if diſjoin'd,
Of what avail this breath?
Better the cov'ring of a ſod,
The dark cold houſe of death.

Yet, yet a little, and I leave
Mortality's low ſphere;
Another world!—Say, Clara, will
You meet your Damon there?

No:—health and happineſs be thine,
Thine pleaſures ever new;
And while I live, my life ſhall be
One long, long ſigh for you.

ELEGY XX.

Her ſtarry mantle night aloft diſplays,
And all heav'n's azure reddens with her rays;
Silence and quiet ſtillneſs reign around,
Save where lorn Medwan ſends a ſullen ſound:
The weary ſwains in ſilent ſlumbers lie,
Mute is each tongue, and cloſ'd is ev'ry eye;
All nature ſleeps!—but ſtill this troubled breaſt
Broods o'er its ſorrows, and denies me reſt;
Awakes me nightly to lament my woe,
Where green reeds ruſtle as the breezes blow.
O, Mira! come, O, cruel! come and ſee
The many miſ'ries I endure for thee;
For thee, extended on this turf I lie,
Weep this big tear, and heave this mournful ſigh.
'Tis thy diſdain, my unrelenting fair!
Thus blues my breaſt, and rends my hapleſs hair:
Your chilling ſcorn, O! muſt I ever prove?
You ſure might pity whom you cannot love;
Might heave one ſigh, when all my ſighs you ſee,
And give one tear of all I ſhed for thee.
Hold, hold, raſh maid! my youth unripen'd ſpare,
Another frown will drive me to deſpair:
Will bring me immaturely to the grave,
And hurl me headlong in the rolling wave.

ELEGY XXI.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Guilt's grim attendants crowd my loathing ſight,
And lordly reaſon ſcorns my lowly love;
But all in vain! it pleads preſcription's right,
No pow'r can quench it, and no force remove.

My thoughtleſs childhood ſuck'd the precious bane,
With growing years the infant paſſion grew;
Now twiſted to the fibres of my heart,
It laughs at reaſon with a ſcornful brow.

Though ſhame with redd'ning cheeks obſcure he charms,
And infamy her native beauties ſhroud;
The lovely Sylvia pictur'd in my breaſt,
Like mid-day ſun diſpels the dark'ning cloud.

The ſmile of youth ſtill haunts my aſking thought
I hear the accents of the yielding maid,
And ſhrink below prevailing paſſion's pow'r,
What wiſe men dictated, and ſages ſaid.

ELEGY XXII.

At winter's numbing touch, the fields
Lie wither'd to a waſte;
The trees their naked boughs extend,
Obnoxious to the blaſt.

The lifeleſs leaves blow here and there,
The ſport of ev'ry wind;
And here and there the wood-birds flit,
But can no ſhelter find.

The ſkirting mountains, lately ting'd
With azure's airy hue,
In winter's hoary mantle clad,
Riſe dazzling to the view.

Love, erſt admirer of the plain,
To cottages retires,
Prevents the ſlumbers of the maid,
And kindles warm deſires.

In the unfiniſh'd furrow lies
The plough, nor wounds the field;
The reſtleſs rivers ceaſe to run,
In icy durance held.

Shorn of his rays, ſcarce does the ſun
His glaring orb reveal;
But ſudden ſets:—Night faſt behind
Unfolds her ſable veil.

But, fields, rejoice! Behold the ſpring
(Though diſtant) genial glow;
Behold her verdant mantle ſpread,
Behold her bloſſoms blow!

Behold, the warblers to the wood
A-neſtling faſt repair;
Behold, diſporting in the ſhade,
The loves and graces bare!

In mid-day ſplendor, ſee the ſun
Melt down the mountain ſnow!
Impetuous, on every ſide,
The muddy torrents flow!—

But in misfortune's cold embrace
No comfort ſmiles on me;
Joy ſaddens at my look, I live
New miſ'ries but to ſee.

Before me ev'ry proſpect low'rs;
Not one propitious ray
Of hope beams on my darken'd ſoul,
To light me on my way.

Mira is abſent!—all the ſame,
A field of flow'rs or ſnow;
Diſtant and neighb'ring ſuns afford
Like nouriſhment to woe.

ELEGY XXIII.

TO MIRA.

In the Manner of Ovid.

s fruitful Clydesdale stands my native seat,
Sean, but not sordid, though not spacious, neat;
n Clydesdale, noted for its lovely dames,
nd meadows, water'd with irriguous streams;
or juicy apples, and for mellow pears,
irm-footed horses, and laborious steers.
In vain would Phœbus cleave the earth with heat,
r scorching Sirius desolation threat;
n vernal pride still smiles the varied scene,
he fields still flourish, and the grass is green;
efreshing rills meander all around,
nd flow'ry turfs still shade the fruitful ground.
But what are meads or racy fruits to me,
When far remov'd from happiness and thee?
ach charming prospect changes to a wild,
And desolation reigns in ev'ry field.
Mira is absent!—though I dwelt above,
The dismal thought would sadden ev'ry grove,
Would change the hue of each immortal flow'r,
And star-stuck arches would appear to low'r.
But, wert thou there, the windy Alps would please,
Or Greenland, guarded with her glassy seas;
Thy presence would disarm the northern blast,
And melt the mountains of eternal frost.
How doubly pleasant, walking by thy side,
Were Medwan's meadows, and the banks of Clyde!
From blooming furze the linnet's matin lay,
Or lark's, swift borne on early winds away!
Come to my arms, my mistress and my wife!
Nor waste the morning of too short a life.
Where'er she comes, ye swelling hills subside!
And verdant valleys smile on ev'ry side!

ELEGY XXIV.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

The wakeful clock proclaims the midnight hour,
The list'ning ghosts obey the solemn sound;
Now flocking forth from restless graves they pour,
And now they range their melancholy round.

Where'er the lonely wood-encircled dome
Uprears its mould'ring moss-grown roof on high,
With footstep drear they sweep the silent gloom,
And wake pale horrors on the sleepless eye.

Perhaps the spot where first they drew their breath,
That saw them taste the sweets of cheerful day;
The spot where some fell ruffian gave them death,
And tore them from their blooming hopes away.

Fast by the stream whose drowsy waters flew
Darksome and dreary through the mirky vale,
Pensive they stalk, and murmur as they go
Unwearied wailings to the echoing gale.

Perhaps, when summer led the lengthen'd day,
And shed resistless round the sultry beam;
Languid they left th' insufferable ray,
To plunge and wanton in the cooling stream.

Fearless of fate, with far unequal arm,
Perhaps they prideful fought the farther shore;
In vain they fought,—in vain the loud alarm!—
The wave was ruthless, and they rose no more.

With sullen step, and terror-darting mien,
What crowds from ocean's oozy depths repair!
How many earth's unhallow'd fields resign,
To wail unnoted to the desert air!

From the lone church-yard's consecrated gloom,
Where grass-green graves in decent order heave,
The numerous victims of a milder doom
Their narrow cells with pensive pleasure leave.

Perhaps they hie them to their native grove,
Some fav'rite walk, or long-frequented scene;
Perhaps along the silent street they rove,
Or lightly trip it o'er the vacant green.

Perhaps (since memory of an earthly fire
Yet warms the bosom of the sep'rate mind)
They hover o'er some hoary-headed sire,
Or heart-dividing friend they left behind.

Or, as the rolling hours return the night,
In vehicles of air, unseen, they rove
Round some lorn maid, with fondly ling'ring flight,
Who mourns with many a sigh her ravish'd love.

No closing walls their airy forms restrain,
No rising hills nor rolling waves divide;
No dread have they of saucy-wreath'd disdain,
Nor fear the frown of unrelenting pride.

Delightful task!—by me envy'd in vain!—
Far, far remov'd, I plan the plaintive lay,
Where rising mountains rear their brows between,
And rolling waters mark the distant way.

And high-born pride, regards with scornful eye
The humble swain, the youth of low degree,
And deaf to love, and nature's forceful cry,
Exiles unhonour'd poverty and me.

Hence Clara wastes away her virgin bloom,
On distant plains, in solitude obscure,
Hence, all forlorn! I watch the midnight gloom,
And hence these melancholy musings pour.

ELEGY XXV.

TO ELIZA.

Fair is Eliza in her lover's eye;
No maiden on our plains is half so fair;
I gaze with rapture on your charms, but sigh
To think that others may that rapture share.

I can't endure the cringing fawning race
That bow around you wheresoe'er you go;
Contract your sphere, be cautious how you please:
The man that smiles upon you is my foe.

Away, the empty bustle of a crowd,
The languid starv'ling pleasures of a town;
But take, O take us some sequester'd wood,
To unknown bliss, or but to angels known.

I do not seek the glory of the vain,
Nor court I envy from the stolen glance;
Poor is the gift, and little does he gain,
Who leads a civil mistress in the dance.

Be mine the silent ecstasies of love,
Too nice for utt'rance, too refin'd for view;
I'm blest indeed! (thus far my wishes rove)
If only blest with solitude and you.

ELEGY XXVI.

OCTOBER.

LATE does the ſun begin his ſhorten'd race,
Languid, although no cloud obſcures the view;
The nipping hoar-froſt veils the ſhrivell'd graſs,
Where wav'd, erewhile, the cool refreſhing dew.

Cold from the north his hooked atoms calls,
And ev'ry field in firmer fetters binds;
Ruſtling in ſhow'rs the wither'd foliage falls,
Slow from the tree, the ſport of eddy winds.

The birds, all flocking from their ſummer haunts,
On the rough ſtubbles pick the coſtly grain;
His deadly ſnares the cruel fowler plants,
And intercepts the wing that flaps in vain.

Hard is their fate—if we may call it hard,
To ſhun the rigid winter's coming ſtorms,
When famine threatens in the farmer's yard,
And drifted ſnow the deſert field deforms.

The moſt familiar of all birds of ſong,
Domeſtic redbreaſt, on the window ſits,
While, ſeldom ſeen, though whirring all day long,
The active wren from hedge to hedge ſtill flits.

In ſigns like theſe, the ploughman wiſely reads,
Approaching winter, and provides a wife;
The joyleſs ſeaſon paſſes o'er their heads,
Loſt and unmark'd amid the ſweets of life.

But wretched he, whom all the long dark night
Fate on a lonely couch has doom'd to lie!
Does Mira frown at what I trembling write?
If Mira frown, that wretched ſwain am I.

ELEGY XXVII.

TO MIRA.

THY preſence, lovely maid! exalts
My breaſt with harmleſs glee;
And the decayed face of joy
Renews at ſight of thee.

Though harſh the utt'rance of my lips,
And fault'ring be my tongue,
Thy beauties harmonize my lay,
And linnets learn my ſong.

Incurtain'd in the ſhades of night,
I meditate thy charms;
Think on thy form, and ſlumb'ring feel
The preſſure of thy arms.

Waking, the phantom fades away,
And ſcarce deluſion ſeems—
O! haſten on the wings of wind,
And realize my dreams.

The ſun ariſes, and the ſwain
Unto his labour hies;
The ſwathy herbage furs the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cocks riſe.

He downward tends on ſloping wheels,
His glory gilds the weſt,
The joyful ruſtic leaves the rake,
And haſtens home to reſt.

But, in thy abſence, unto me
No ſeaſon brings repoſe
Alike, at morn or duſky eve,
I wreſtle with my woes.

ELEGY XXVIII.

TO DAMON.

On his having addicted himſelf to the Study of Natural Hiſtory.

COME, Damon! come, enough of wiſdom's ways,
Of antic antres, and of grottos wild;
Suppoſe a daffodil deſign diſplays,
Or lily, lady of the flow'ry field.

Suppoſe a mite, like potentates and kings,
Can plead antiquity, and boaſt of birth;
That not a muſhroom or a maggot ſprings
From the cold womb of uncreative earth.

Philoſophy, and idle whim, away!
What is a muſhroom or a mite to you?
"They mark intelligence."—But, Damon! ſay,
To love and nature is there nothing due?

Muſt Clara's beauties in their bloſſom fade?
The tears of ſorrow dim her lovely eyes?
While you, inſenſible, diſturb your head
With the genealogy of grubs and flies!

Recal her form, and feed on fancy's breaſt,
Unheard let Clodio tell his taſteleſs tale;
Her blooming beauties a divine repaſt,
An endleſs banquet, an exhauſtleſs meal!

If fair to fancy, how exceeding fair
When given unclouded to your lawleſs gaze!
It comes—behold the bridal day! prepare
A long farewell to wiſdom and her ways.

ELEGY XXIX.

CLARA TO DAMON.

AH, cruel change! from gentle to ſevere;
Change ever proves unfriendly to the fair:
Show me the man, the wond'rous man, whoſe mind
Alters to kinder ſentiments from kind?
No, there is no ſuch man; or, if there be,
Who would not wiſh the youth they love were he?
What maid would think ſhe overdid her part,
To graſp the dear inconſtant to her heart,
Diſcard each grim-ey'd guardian of her charms,
And fold, and cloſer fold him in her arms!
'Tis viſion all! the ſame ſevere decree
Has ruin'd womankind that ruins me;
Fram'd, delicately fram'd, for ſocial bliſs,
We feel each finer paſſion in exceſs;
In love at length each female friendſhip ends;
We ſcarce diſtinguiſh lovers from our friends;
Nor have we learn'd, with philoſophic pride,
From our's another's mis'ry to divide.
But man is faſhion'd in a rougher mould,
Inſenſible at beſt, and always cold;
His lumpiſh ſoul no gen'rous wiſh inſpires,
No pity melts, no heart-felt rapture fires;
Or, if for once it kindle into praiſe,
How ſoon the momentary flaſh decays!
Scarce have we time to hail the dawning light,
Ere the weak meteor vaniſhes in night;
With eager eyes we ſearch around in vain,
And think to ſee it glimmering again!

Alas, how fooliſh! 'tis for ever gone,
With the delightful hour in which it ſhone!
Ah me! and muſt I never more prolong
The night, in liſt'ning to my Damon's ſong!
Alas! can love admit of no decreaſe,
That too, too little! yet be render'd leſs?
My happineſs requires it ſhould be ſo;
It muſt, it ſhall! though worlds ſhould anſwer, No.
Yes, Damon, yes, a very weak excuſe
Will ſcreen the ſilence of your faithleſs muſe;
Tell me on ſyſtematic plains you ſtray,
"Borne on the wings of wiſdom far away."
But wherefore thus diſturb my quiet? why
Regard your failings with too nice an eye?
Though groſs be the deceit, if you deceive,
I pledge my maiden honour to believe.

ELEGY XXX.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Yet onward leads the length'ning way,
Perplexed and forlorn;
And chilly blows the mountain gale,
Around me reſtleſs borne.

No vernal verdure, freſh and fair,
Waves on the wat'ry ray,
That frequent ſtreaks yon gath'ring gloom,
And frequent fades away.

I ſee, wide-ſcatter'd here and there,
Along the dark-brown waſte,
The faded furze, the wither'd fern,
The rock moſs-clad and yaſt.

I hear the wild birds' wailing notes,
Remurm'ring o'er the heath;
Now to and fro they flocking flit,
Or cow'r the buſh beneath.

In awful blackneſs riſing round,
I ſee the brewing blaſt;
It howls from yonder hill's brown brow,
And ſweeps the ſounding waſte.

Near, and more near, my penſive eye
Remarks its rapid way;
Now leſs'ning ſinks yon grey-grown rock,
Now viewleſs ſwims away.

Reſiſtleſs night is falling faſt,
To fill the frowning ſcene,
And leaves no ſhelt'ring ſhade, to ward
The ſwift-deſcending rain.

I'll ſit me down upon the heath,
And wipe away this tear—
The chill blaſt rages ruthleſs by,
And horror meets my ear.

Ah me! the big round briny drop
Still gathers in my eye,
And, from my boding breaſt expires
Th' involuntary ſigh!

The twilight hour, with horror fraught,
Is fleeting faſt away;
And fruitleſs flows the falling tear,
That weeps my long delay.

In vain acroſs th' accuſtom'd green
May Clara look for me!
Nor her, nor the dear face of man,
My eyes will ever ſee!

Surpris'd along the mid-way waſte,
Where driving tempeſts blow,
The ſtern reſiſtleſs ſtroke of fate
Will lay my body low.

I feel, I feel the chilling ſtorm
Obſtruct my lab'ring breath;
My ſhiv'ring limbs will ſoon be pale
And lifeleſs on the heath.

Unſeen, unwept, no winding ſhroud
Will my cold corſe receive;
No ſad proceſſion bear me on,
To fill my father's grave;

No riſing ſtone reveal my name,
Or make my merit known;
No ſculptur'd elegiac lay
Lament my early doom.

Extended o'er the howling heath,
To bleaching blaſts a prey;
The wearing waſte of with'ring winds
Will moulder me away.

If e'er to thee, in happier hour,
My pray'r delightful roſe,
Pity my maid, myſterious heav'n!
And ſwift my ſorrows cloſe.

ELEGY XXXI.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Behold, ye fair! yon melancholy maid,
The tear juſt burſting from her downcaſt eye,
Who on the willow leans her penſive head,
"And pores upon the brook that babbles by."

She, once like you, did laugh the hours away,
Was often merry, and was ſeldom grave;
Walks were not wanting to deceive the day,
Nor love, I ween, to cheer the gloomy eve.

The flow'rs of beauty bloſſom'd on her cheek,
Men thought her witty, and ſhe thought ſo too;
She now and then would think, but oft'ner ſpeak,
And always did as other virgins do.

When, lo! ſhe fell, for paſſion was her guide,
From ſeeming pleaſure into real ſhame:—
Sneer not, ye flaunting progeny of pride!
In ſome black hour your fate may be the ſame!

Weigh well your actions, ponder ev'ry deed;
For future fame and future fortune, fear;
And follow not where pow'rful paſſions lead,
For fell repentance rages in the rear.

ELEGY XXXII.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Exil'd the ſocial joys of life,
I wander here forlorn,
Around me headlong torrents roar,
Nor gleams the diſtant morn.

Why leaps my coward heart with fear?
Though death beſets my way
No loving wife, no prattling babe,
Bewails my long delay.

Hackney'd in woe, my joyleſs youth
Diſſolves in briny tears;
And withers on my downy cheek,
The bloom of boyiſh years.

My earlieſt love, my only joy,
Deſerted virtue's lore;
Ingulph'd in infamy ſhe lies,
To riſe, alas! no more.

Tempeſts drive on, collect your rage,
Howl, genius of the ſtorm;
Extend, ye rivers! o'er the waſte;
Come, Death, in any form.

Thanks, thanks, officious pow'r! you come;
I feel thy friendly dart;
Cold chills the current of my life,
And freezes to my heart.

Farewell, thou canker of my hopes!
My ruin'd maid! adieu;
Welcome, forgetfulneſs of woe,
And ſleep for ever new.

ELEGY XXXIII.

TO CLARA.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Deprivd of all that mortals hold moſt dear,
The world's free converſe, and the ſocial ear;
Depriv'd of ev'ry pleaſurable ſcene,
The foreſt's foliage, and the meadow's green;
Where can this wretched boſom find repoſe?
Without is wildneſs, and within are woes:
To whom diſſolve in ſorrow's ſimple lay,
And ſoftly ſigh its miſeries away?
To whom but thee, where all my wiſhes tend,
My lovely miſtreſs, and my faithful friend:
To whom but thee, of all the gods have left,
The greateſt bleſſing, and the lateſt gift
Books, unperceiv'd, may ſteal the lagging hour,
And ſcar the wounds they ſtrive in vain to cure,
May for a moment ſooth the troubled mind,
But ſtill remains a dreadful void behind;
The pliant paſſions, hinder'd in their courſe,
Collect their rage, and ſtrike with double force;
Their waves repreſs'd, with double fury roll,
O'erwhelm, confound, and ſtupify the ſoul.
Hard are the wayward fates, that thus oppoſe
A mortal wight againſt immortal foes;
That, unconcern'd, behold me from afar
Waging an endleſs, an unequal war;
Hard is my fate! yet never had my cry
Impeach'd the rigid ruler of the ſky;
Never my murmurs, my complaints, been heard,
Had thy ſweet voice my drooping ſpirits cheer'd;
Thy hands ſuſtain'd me fainting in the field,
My bleeding wounds thy wiſdom's balſam heal'd.
Not ſuch the happineſs awaits my days,
For ever baniſh'd from thy beauty's blaze;
Weigh'd down by life's whole complicated woes,
Never to riſe from whence none ever roſe!
I ſlide, by all unnoted, to the tomb;
Tir'd of the preſent, court a world to come.
Whate'er my hopes, forgive this parting tear!
They ſoon ſhall wither on the mournful bier;
Soon with this crazy frame for ever loſt,
Hide their aſpiring turrets in the duſt.
Farewell, dear maid! conjecture what I feel,
In youth to bid the maid I love farewell:
Farewell, dear maid! and never may'ſt thou be
A pining, plaintive, dying wretch, like me.

ELEGY XXXIV.

Fled are the bloſſoms of each tree,
And blaſted ev'ry bough;
Silent and gloomy is the grove,
And ſolitary now.

In vain I ſeek each fav'rite ſpot,
That gave delight before;
Diſmal each fav'rite ſpot appears,
And gives delight no more.

A proſpect comfortleſs and ſad,
Long lengthens all around;
And ev'ry paſſing ſtreamlet gives
A melancholy ſound.

If on the azure of the eaſt
I fix my wand'ring eye,
Love, grief, and Mira, fill my ſoul;
I rave, I mourn, I cry.

And can I look to where the ſun
Directs his ev'ning ray,
Nor call to mind an hapleſs friend *,
Who lingers life away?

Yes, yes, I yield, unhappy youth!
Whene'er I think of thee;
I yield the dearly purchas'd prize,
Superior miſery.

But though unequal in the ſtrife,
I ſome diſtinction claim;
Ills, and misfortunes not a few,
Adorn my growing name.

Fate's iron pencil has engrav'd
On either penſive brow,
Some leading features of diſtreſs,
Some well-touch'd tints of woe.

Alike black envy's blaſting fang
And rooted ſpite we prove;
Alike we ſhed the ſecret tear
Of diſappointed love.

Alike, deceitful hope uſurps
Our unſuſpecting breaſt;
An artful miniſter of woe,
Ingenious to moleſt.

An endleſs crowd of ills, a ſad
Variety of pain,
Croſs iſſues, and tormenting fears,
Compoſe her dreadful train.—

Thrice happy they, who gain from heav'n
A calm unruffled life,
Of tearleſs ſorrow, ſilent woe,
Uninterrupted grief!

Abſtracted from this buſy ſcene,
Agreed with all around,
They ſteal from life, unfelt the pain,
Incurable the wound.

Such be the tenor of my days,
And ſuch my latter end;
And ſuch (he aſks no more) may heav'n
Beſtow upon my friend.

ELEGY XXXV.

ON COMING TO THE COUNTRY.

Hail, dear companions of my youthful days!
Frequented hills and natal valleys, hail!

* *Dr. Anderſon was then at Monkland Well, near Glaſgow, for the recovery of his health.*

Peace reſt around---while I inceſſant raiſe
My plaintive voice, and woes unweary'd wail.

Peace reſt around!---the only boon I crave,
Is, undiſturb'd, by yonder ſtream to ſtray;
To muſe unnoted in the cool of eve,
Unnoted court the dawning of the day.

Why would you aſk a melancholy man,
To number ills th' unhappy only prove?
The diſmal tale would turn the wanton wan,
Infectious ſorrow ſeize the group of love.

No, in my boſom let them ever reſt;
A boſom that rejoices in the ſmart:
I graſp the dear deſtroyer to my breaſt,
And feed the paſſion which muſt break my heart.

Yes, Mira! yes, I hug thy faithleſs form:
See happy days,—days never meant for me!
Yet ſtill I feel the riſing, raging ſtorm,
'Tis tranſport, joy, and death, to think on thee!

Death! let thy deep-dy'd purple garment flow,
The bloody dagger threaten in thy hand;
I fear thee not, array'd in weeds of woe;
Of woe, awak'd by Mira's own command.

ELEGY XXXVI.

By Medwan's ſolitary banks,
In vain I penſive ſtray;
And recollect each happy ſpot
Where lovely Mira lay.

Sad is the comfort, ſmall the joy,
Remembrance can beſtow;
A momentary gleam at moſt;
Short interval of woe!

Each waving willow brings to mind
Some fleeting pleaſure paſt;
And ev'ry blooming flow'r recals
Some joy for ever loſt.

Ev'n Medwan, as in ſullen haſte
Her gloomy waters roll,
Points back to former days, and feeds
The ſorrows of my ſoul.

Awak'd by mem'ry, ſleeping cares
With keener violence wound:
Each lowly lily bears a thorn,
And briers are ſpread around.

Ye pleaſing, lonely ſcenes! farewel;
Nor wake my waning woes;
Still let me ſhun your dang'rous path,
Nor hazard my repoſe.

Far, far remov'd from all your ſnares,
By unobſerv'd degrees,
My troubled ſoul may ſink again
To melancholy eaſe.

ELEGY XXXVII.

On the Loſs of the Aurora, with the Indian Superviſors, 1769.

Are there, who, loſt to all their country's charms,
To friends, companions, and their native home,
Who burſt, unfeeling, from a parent's arms,
And, mad for gold, in foreign regions roam?

Mean is their aim, if gold alone allures;
If glory fires not, nor their country's love:
On ſuch the Indian nightly curſes pours,
And calls red vengeance from the courts above.

Alas! how many, loſt to honeſt fame,
On Guinea's coaſt have courted black diſgrace;
Have render'd infamous a Briton's name,
By lording lawleſs o'er a feeble race!

How many, ev'n on India's fartheſt ſhore,
Have robb'd the helpleſs native of his own!—
Not ſuch the generous band, Aurora bore
To honeſt induſtry and fair renown!

Each breaſt beat faithful in its country's cauſe,
Each heart was warm with love of human kind;
Keen to eſtabliſh equitable laws,
They chode the failing breeze and lagging wind.

Not always in the bark where virtue ſails,
Does ſmooth-brow'd ſafety at the helm preſide;
Not always is ſhe fann'd with proſp'rous gales,
Since death's dark waves oft daſh againſt her ſide.

Since oft on rocks, to charts and maps unknown,
The hapleſs veſſel ſuffers ſudden wreck:
Nor is it virtue that can ſave alone,
When all around the wat'ry pillars break.

Were virtue pow'rful o'er the ſtormy deep,
Aurora on its boſom ne'er had lain;
Nor mothers taught their infant babes to weep
For fathers toſſing on the wat'ry main*.

.. ..

ELEGY XXXVIII.

On Medwan's ſolitary ſhore
No gaudy bloſſoms blow;
And ſilent is its leaf-lin'd bow'r,
Or but repeats my woe.

The fairy forms that revell'd here,
In fancy's fair array,
No longer ſoothe the liſt'ning ear
With love's alluring lay.

Sullen they leave their fav'rite ſcene,
To ſorrow's cruel crew;
But fate prepares another plain,
Ye friendly fays! for you.

Behold, by Tweed's tranſlucent ſtream,
Eliza builds your bower!
There ſhall you feed the ſecret flame,
While ſinging ſwains adore.

But me, what guardian god ſhall guide
Through this perplexing path?
Here walks wan Want, with giant ſtride,
And here Deſpair and Death.

In woe's wild windings, luckleſs loſt,
The fruitleſs ſearch I drop—
She dwells not on this dreary coaſt;
No happineſs I hope.

The gods no fairer fortune give
I'll bleſs the breeze that blows;

* *In December 1769, the ſhip arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence it ſailed ſoon after, but was never heard of afterwards. It is generally ſuppoſed to have taken fire, and that all the crew periſhed.*

And ſpend the ling'ring life I live
In friendſhip with my woes.

With Want, I'll ſpeak of former days;
With Death, of bliſs above;
But, with Deſpair, I'll wond'ring trace
The luckleſs lot of love.

ELEGY XXXIX.

Fate, when you forc'd me from the weeping maid,
Patient I bare it, nor did once repine:—
"Although depriv'd of love's ſolace, (I ſaid),
The ſacred joys of friendſhip ſhall be mine.

"Above each trifling wiſh, each low concern,
In peaceful ſolitude's untrodden path,
With virtuous Damon wiſdom's ways I'll learn,
And coolly wait the timely ſtroke of death."

.. ..

"Grant, while I live, the converſe of my friend,
And, O, be few the days I'm doom'd to live."—
Such was my pray'r, in lowlineſs of mind,
No greater boon I aſk'd the gods to give.

In vain I pray'd, my woes were not complete,
Nor yet the cup of miſery was crown'd;—
Poverty lurk'd in ſolitude's retreat,
And puſh'd me, ling'ring, from the hallow'd ground.

.. ..

Where ſhall I wander? to what diſtant ſhore,
Where friendſhip's heav'nly radiance never ſhone,
Carry this woe-worn carcaſe, never more
To feel its influence as I have done?

What generous hand will point me out the dome
Where independence and each virtue dwell?
Through India's ſultry regions ſhall I roam,
Or cow'r contented in the hermit's cell!

Vain is the ſearch: for, who will condeſcend
To guide the wand'rings of a wretch ſo mean!
Reſtore, kind Heav'n! my beſt, my only friend,
And let want ſweep me from the puzzling ſcene.

ELEGY XL.

Beneath this moſſy oak's embow'ring ſhade,
Where Clyde majeſtic rolls his lengthen'd ſtream,
I've found a ſeat for tender ſorrow made,
On which the ſun ne'er ſhed one genial gleam.

Hail, gentle genius of this mournful bow'r!
Who mingles tears with ev'ry plaintive gueſt;
Say, did you ever, by your friendly pow'r,
Serene the paſſions of ſo ſad a breaſt?

Say, ſkill'd in woes which ancient lovers bare,
Lovers to black oblivion long conſign'd;
Can all their complicated ills compare
With my unmingled miſery of mind?

When future lovers ſhall lament their fate,
Beneath the ſhadow of this aged tree,
The diſmal ſtory of my woes relate,
They'll ceaſe to ſorrow when they think of me

Tell them, Eliza was my earlieſt love;
Tell, how my humble paſſion ſhe repay'd;
When lawleſs ruffians ruſh'd into the grove,
And forc'd to diſtant climes the hapleſs maid.

Then onward lead them to yon hillock's height,
Whoſe graſs long-rankling drinks the ſullen wave,
And, weeping, bid the verdant turf lie light,
And plant the wat'ry willow round my grave.

So may they all eſcape my timeleſs end,
And never, never, my misfortunes feel;
Ne'er loſe a miſtreſs,—ne'er lament a friend,—
Nor bare their boſoms to the fatal ſteel.

ELEGY XLI.

Farewell, companions of my ſecret ſighs,
Love-haunted ſtreams, and vales beſprent with dew!
Penſive, I ſee the ridgy hills ariſe,
Which muſt for ever hide you from my view.

A fleeting ſhadow was my promis'd peace,
The baſeleſs fabric of a dream, my reſt;
I laid me down in confidence of eaſe,
And meedleſs ſorrow burſt my bleeding breaſt.

See, yonder fleets the viſionary ſcheme,
The fond illuſion of a ſimple mind—
The ſweers of love,—the ſolitary ſtream,
The fragrant meadow, and the whiſpering wind.

Say, my Eliza, was it fancy'd bliſs
You us'd to picture by yon falling rill?
O, ſay, where is it?—muſt it end in this?
O, ſtill deceive, and I'll believe you ſtill!

Say, fortune yet has happier days in ſtore;
Days big with tranſport, and with raptures new;
O! ſay I'm your's; I aſk, I hope no more;
But only ſay ſo, and I'll think it true.

But whither wanders my diſtemper'd brain,
On ſeas of fancy and vagary toſt?
Before me lies a bleak extended plain,
And love and rapture are for ever loſt.

ELEGY XLII.

TO MIRA.

Kneeling before the Majeſty of Heav'n,
For gilded roofs my prayer never roſe;
I aſk'd no fertile field's delicious fruit,
Nor bent a wiſh to all a Florio plows.

With thee to ſhare the calmer joys of life,
On thy ſoft boſom wear my age away;
And timely tott'ring on the verge of fate,
Look back with pleaſure on each well-ſpent day.

I aſk'd no more:—Of what avail to me
The tranſient honours of a fleeting hour;
The cumb'rous trappings of a large eſtate,
The painted hanging, and the marble floor?

Can riches blunt the dreadful dart of pain;
Or check misfortune in her mid career?
Diſpel the terrors of approaching fate;
Or ſnatch their owner from the mournful bier?

Let want expoſe me to the world's contempt,
And poverty in all her rags inveſt;
Return,—and let the fooliſh world deſpiſe;
Return,—in ſpite of poverty I'm bleſt.

If Heav'n, averſe, reject my earneſt pray'r,
And fortune fix me in theſe diſtant plains,
Ceaſe, ceaſe, dread ſiſters! your ungrateful toil,
And burn the luckleſs thread that yet remains.

ELEGY XLIII.

TO MIRA.

In the Manner of Tibullus.

Why, Mira! why this uſeleſs waſte of time?
To round your nails with artificial care,
To ſmear your lovely locks with ſulſome grime,
And add falſe ringlets to your gloſſy hair?

The irkſome taſk of meditating dreſs,
Each ſacrifice to faſhion's labour loſt;
The more you ſtrive to pleaſe, you plea e the leſs,
When unadorned, then adorn'd the moſt.

Let the ſtale virgin, with coſmetic art,
To wonted bloom the faded cheek reſtore;
In gorgeous garments ſtrive to gain a heart,
Who dares not truſt her native beauties more.

Rouge, and falſe ringlets certainly were meant
For cheeks turn'd yellow, and for locks turn'd gray;

The fringed petticoat, to hide within't
A leg that's clumſy, or a foot that's ſplay.

Some hoary beldam, in the natal hour,
Mumbled her incantations o'er your head;
Some beldam, ſkill'd in every ſimple's pow'r,
That grows unnoted in the vernal mead.

You wrong your ſacred beauties, and profane
Their myſtic energy to raiſe deſire;
Yes, magic ſpells and potent herbs were vain,
Your native charms, without enchantment, fire.

Come, Mira! come, while in your beauty's pride
Indulge to love; away with meaner things;
In raptures loſt, in love's embraces ty'd,
How filly grandeur, and the wealth of kings!

Let driv'lling dotards buy the ſtately dame,
To watch the foibles of declining years;
To wipe with duteous hand the ropy phlegm,
And wrap the flannel cov'ring round their ears.

To liſten ſleepleſs to the midnight moan,
Requires a jointure, and a rich reward;
And ſay what ſettlement can e'er atone
For the gruff violence of a griſly beard?

But to enclaſp the poliſh'd limbs of youth,
To ſhare the ſecrets of a tender breaſt,
Where every thought is conſtancy and truth,
And each wiſh riſes to make Mira bleſt!

Sublimer happineſs can titles yield?
Can wealth, or grandeur, greater meed beſtow?
Unbias'd nature ſcorns the blazon'd field,
And ev'ry finer feeling anſwers, No.

ELEGY XLIV.

While ſad I ſtray in ſolitary grief,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow;
No hope prophetic miniſters relief,
Nor thought preſaging mitigates my woe.

The diſmal proſpect thick'ning ills deform,
Black, and more black, each coming day appears;
Remov'd from ſhelter, I expect the ſtorm,
And wait the period of deceitful years.

Soon may it come:—and, O, may Mira ſoon
Forget the pleaſures ſhe has left behind;
All that at firſt her virgin graces won,
And all that ſince engag'd her youthful mind.

What is Alexis? what his boaſted love,
The banks of Medwan, and the vales around?
But a fair bloſſom in the dreamer's grove,
That ſudden ſinks, and never more is found.

Yes, yes, dear maid! the happineſs of youth
Is but the rev'ry of a real dream;
We catch deluſions in the guiſe of truth;
A lover's raptures are not what they ſeem.

But yet a little, and the eye of age
Diſſolves the phantoms to their native air;
A new creation opens on the ſage,
Another paſſion, and another fair.

Forgive my weakneſs, for 'tis ſurely weak,
To teach, and yet deſpiſe the prudent part;
I feel, alas! I feel it as I ſpeak;
This is a language foreign to my heart.

Her rigid lecture reaſon reads in vain,
Cold are her precepts, and her comforts cold;
I would not barter poverty and pain
For Clodio's wiſdom, or for Florio's gold.

One only boon is all I aſk of thee;
When in the manſion of the peaceful plac'd,
O, do not ſhed one precious tear for me,
But let my ſorrows in oblivion reſt!

As in the boſom of unwater'd wilds
A lowly lily languiſhes unſeen,
And ſoon to drought, unknown, unnoted, yields,
Leaving no traces that it once had been.

ELEGY XLV.

Ye dreams of bliſs, and flatt'ring hopes, that wont
With momentary joy to eaſe my care,
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and deſpair.

Well pleas'd, I ſaw your airy bubbles blown,
Seemingly fair, and deck'd with many a ray;
But, lo! the tempeſt roſe, and they were gone,
Broke and evaniſh'd in a ſingle day.

Peace, baſe-born wiſhes, ſprung from ſelfiſh pride!
Will fate reverſe her poſitive decree?
Yon hill divides us, and will ſtill divide,
Nor bend its lordly brow to pleaſure me.

Yes, far beyond yon hill's aſpiring height,
Which, to the orient, bounds our utmoſt view,
Where other ſtreams reflect the morning light,
And other mountains are array'd in blue;

Mira now liſtens to the midnight knell,
By little rills that mimic Medwan's flow;
And bids ſublimely ſad the ſpinet ſwell,
The ſolemn notes of ſympathetic woe.

Enough, dear maid! to conſtancy and love,
To tender parents ſurely ſomething's due;
Let others taſte the joys I cannot prove,
The happy man whom fortune means for you.

O! bring not down, with unavailing tears,
Their hoary heads with sorrow to the grave;
Let not thy grief afflict the full-of-years,
But grant the grandson whom they justly crave.

One thought is all I ask; if marriage vows,
And jealous Hymen, shall admit of one;—
One only thought,—in mem'ry of my woes,
One thought,—in pity of a wretch undone!

ELEGY XLVI.

Say, have I sworn deceitfully to heav'n,
Or yet profan'd the deities of love?
Has one injur'd me, and not been forgiv'n
Or, want neglected, drawn the wrath of Jove?

If so, let years in painful penance past,
And midnight pray'rs the grievous sin atone;
My youthful strength let pining sickness waste,
And tort'ring aches prey on ev'ry bone.

But spare, O spare, the lovely guiltless maid!
Why should she suffer for another's fault?
Is this the due of matin prayers paid,
Of purest piety, and untainted thought?

The dire disease deforms each lovely limb,
Death's pallid yellow overspreads her face;
Vain are my vows; for what can soften him,
The unrelenting butcher of the race!

Farewell, dear maid! again, again, farewell;
Nor doubt thy lover will survive thy death:
One fatal hour shall ring our solemn knell,
One grave shall hold, one turf shall cover both.

ELEGY XLVII.

TO MIRA.

By the remembrance of our secret joys,
And all the hallow'd mysteries of love;
Thy blooming beauties, and unfully'd fame,
The rolling river, and the conscious grove;

Forgive my fears, from too fond passion sprung,
Nor blame thy lover, if he dares complain—
'The wonted favours you deny me now,
Are they not lavish'd on a richer swain?

When prideful Florio exulting boasts
His lowing herds, that blacken all the lea,
Numbers his boundless stores; is he receiv'd,
Or heard with cold civility, like me?

Shook by disease, you late desponding lay,
Wan was your cheek, and hollow was your eye;
Relenting Heav'n beheld my pious grief;
A lover's grief is grateful to the sky:

Straight on your cheek the faded roses bloom'd,
Your wither'd eye-balls sudden moisture lav'd;
And shall another riot on these charms,
Possess these beauties which my piety sav'd?

Think not, false maid! Alexis, unaveng'd,
Will bear the pangs of ill-requited love;
O! timely shun the blasting curse of Heav'n;
An injur'd lover has a friend above.

Why check that tear, repress that swelling sigh?
Hail, happy omens of my future bliss!
Flow, quicker flow, ye sweet repentant tears!
Ye cannot flow so fast as I can kiss.

ELEGY XLVIII.

TO MIRA.

And were the fond, the tender things you said,
Your vows, confirm'd by ev'ry pow'r above,
'The mimic raptures of a longing maid,
To waste the tedious intervals of love?

When, warmly wanton, round my neck you hung,
For fawning Florio was the favour meant?
'Twas injur'd I the mournful harp that strung;
But fell yon tear because of my complaint?

The winning muse I, hapless! woo'd in vain;
Ascrib'd to Florio was the melting lay;
I till'd in sorrow, and I sow'd in pain,
A foreign hand the harvest swept away.

Ungrateful maid! for thee, with wakeful care,
I plann'd the pleasant, elegant retreat;
For thee the lowly cottage did prepare,
That might eclipse the dwellings of the great.

As, hand in hand, we left its hazel bourne,
This was design'd our walk at early dawn;
Here, sweetly sings the linnet from the thorn,
And mazy Medwan laves the lilied lawn.

Dismally shaded with surrounding yews,
And lonely, rises Florio's Gothic dome;
With dead men's bones each walk the sexton strews,
And ev'ry prospect beckons to the tomb.

But if such scenes to Mira's eyes are fair,
If such the paths her feet delight to tread,
Despis'd Alexis will attend her there,
Perhaps so happy as to please when dead.

ELEGY XLIX.

TO MIRA.

If you in fancy's ever-blooming scenes,
Contemplative of future grandeur, rove,
Delighted gaze on Florio's wide demesnes,
And blush to recollect an humbler love;

'Twere rude, dear maid! to break the golden dream,
To sweep the gaudy equipage away;
Sully the massy plater's silver gleam,
Or grind the China to its native clay.

Be far from me th' invidious, cruel task,
To point the flaws which fancy's colours hide!
Too soon experience will remove the mask,
And show the nakedness of pompous pride.

But if you cherish in your faithful breast,
The pleasing memory of former days,
Kindly recal each sacred promise past,
And only fate our happiness delays:

My willing muse shall speed the tedious hour,
And cheer your solitude with pious care;
At noon attend you in the woodland bow'r,
And add fresh fragrance to the ev'ning air.

Still true to virtue, let us shun the bait
That from her paths would tempt our steps astray.
Still for a favourable issue wait,
And through each difficulty edge our way.

Misfortune's waves may overwhelm a while,
But buoyant virtue will emerge at last;
The time advances that rewards our toil,
And blots from memory the sorrows past.

ELEGY L.

TO THE MEMORY OF ALEXIS.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Wide o'er the windings of the ſhadowy vale,
Silence afar extends her lonely ſway;
Save where the weſt wind whiſpers to the gale,
Or fans, with downy wing, the dewy ſpray.

Save, where reſponſive to the blackbird's note,
The bower of echo murmurs to the grove,
And the hoarſe raven pours her boding throat,
As through the gloom her ruſtling pinions rove.

Save, where ſoft warbling on the hawthorn ſpray
The nightingale does to her grief give vent;
And the fear'd owl on lazy pinions grey,
Slow-ſailing, makes her querulous complaint.

Led by the light of Veſper's twinkling urn,
That gilds the pale gloom gathering o'er the ſkies;
My lonely ſteps to theſe lov'd ſcenes return,
While low in earth, my loſt companion lies!

Here, broader ſpreads the lowly creeping thyme,
Here, fairer lilies, freſher daiſies, grow;
Here, ſprings the pride of Flora's flow'ry prime,
Blue hare-bells bud, and purple vi'lets blow.

And here, the willows weave a thicker ſhade,
And here, the hawthorns wear a whiter bloom;
And milder, o'er the many-colour'd mead,
The bloſſom'd furze exhales a fragrant fume!

Hard by the ſtream,—that down its winding way,
Frequent has led his muſing ſteps along;
That heard the muſic of his earlieſt lay,
And with its murmurs melodiz'd his ſong!

Hard by the ſtream,—within this leaf-lin'd grot,
Where clearer by, the cryſtal waters creep;
I've found the ſeat Alexis frequent ſought,
Slowly deſcending from yon upland ſteep.

Hail, hallow'd ſeat! ſo lonely and ſerene!
Sequeſter'd ſtream, and verdant valley, hail!
Still may the willow grace your windings green,
And ſtill the hawthorn whiten o'er your dale.

For oft, on Medwan's willowy banks, the fire
Of dædal fancy has inſpir'd his ſong;
And oft the ſacred veh'mence of his lyre
Has chas'd the white-wing'd minutes ſwift along.

Though now no naiad trace this green retreat,
Nor fairy footſtep mark this mazy way;
At eve's chaſte hour, I'll ſeek his hallow'd ſeat,
And waſte in penſive thought the cloſe of day.

Though fancy on my eye her fairy field,
Fraught with the ſweets of ſong, may not unfold;
Sorrow reſtrain the muſe's rovings wild,
And melt to languor down her ardour bold;

Out-ſtretch'd, beneath this willow-woven ſhade,
In flaunting pride unprofitably gay,
Mem'ry will wake the white-wing'd minutes fled,
And point each ſpot where muſing late he lay.

Still, ſtill, unweary'd, wander o'er and o'er
Each haunted walk, and long-frequented ſcene;
And, true to friendſhip's never-venal lore,
Pour fondly forth one tributary ſtrain!

Yes, Medwan! yes, along thy lengthen'd vales
Winding and wild, I'll mark thy mazes dear;
And while thy banks and ſweet ſequeſter'd dales
Swell on my ſight, I'll drop one tender tear.

For here his foot has now forgot to ſtray,
In love-lorn mazes winding ſweetly wild;
No ſedge-crown'd naiad liſtens to his lay,
Melodious warbled o'er th' accuſtom'd field.

While op'ning youth reveal'd each manly grace,
Fluſh'd the plump cheek, and ſpread the vermil hue,
Gave the rapt eye with glowing warmth to trace
Life's fair inchanting proſpects full in view:

Uproſe diſeaſe, and roſe with aſpect wan,
Conſumption, ſlow, reſiſtleſs, and fevere!
Swift, as ſhe roſe, each flatt'ring proſpect ran,—
And left me diſappointment's bitter tear!

It nought avail'd, that virtue gave him worth,
That genius deign'd her eye-enlight'ning ray;
Or Mira led his frequent footſtep forth,
Where woven willows fringe the wat'ry way!

I ſaw him ſink! I ſaw him yield his breath,
Stretch'd in yon lone cot's dim-diſcover'd ſhade!
And, like the ſwain who dies a vulgar death,
Low in yon church-yard green I ſaw him laid!

I ſaw a mother cloſe his eye to reſt!
I ſaw a ſiſter ſtretch him on the bier!—
Still the remembrance ruſhes on my breaſt,
And widow'd friendſhip drops another tear!

And ſure, when youth is ſnatch'd from fame's fair meed,
Friendſhip's ſoft warmth, and love's congenial glow,
And in the narrow grave untimely laid,
A ſigh ſhould murmur, and a tear ſhould flow.

With uncouth rhime, even I may deck the ſod;
With honeſt grief even I may wet the bier;
And oft, where ſleeps the learned and the good,
Give humble verſe, and drop the tender tear.

The widow'd turtle oft is heard to mourn
Her hapleſs conſort's melancholy fate;
And oft the plaintive blackbird droops forlorn,
In the lone ſhade, and does her grief relate.

Yes, my Alexis! while to me 'tis giv'n
On life's lorn way to wander, and to weep!
Ere, due to fate, deſcends the hand of heav'n,
To cloſe my lids in everlaſting ſleep:

Oft will my feet at morn's returning dawn,
With duteous ſteps to thy ſad urn repair,
And ſweep the dew-drops from each haunted lawn,
In fond remembrance of a friend ſo dear!

Oft by the margin of this lonely ſtream—
What time meek twilight brings the ſolemn hour;
Mindful of thee! I'll ſit, in wayward dream,
And oft theſe melancholy muſings pour—

Short is the date to youthful hope aſſign'd!
Swift is the hour to dædal fancy due!
To-day we fold an heart-dividing friend,—
To-morrow mourn him raviſh'd from our view!

Hear this, ye young, and truſt your hopes no more,—
Though fluſh'd with health each roſeate feature bloom—
With haſty lapſe ſome fleeting years are o'er,
And lo! we ſlumber in the ſilent tomb!

Hear this ye proud,—and ponder as ye hear,—
Though your light hearts now leap with tranſport high,

Though now ye wanton in your bright career,—
Alike we ſuffer,—and alike muſt die!

Youth's tow'ring hope, and learning's copious ſtore,
Pride's thought ſublime, and beauty's kindling bloom;
Serve but to ſport one flying moment hour,
And grace with ſhort-liv'd verſe the frequent tomb.

Inclin'd to error, mortals ſtill miſtake,
Expecting ſolid happineſs below;
Made drunk at fancy's feaſt, we ſleep, and wake
From viſionary bliſs, to real woe.

ELEGY LI.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARGARET GREY*.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

The muſe, ere-while, who penſive ſtrains eſſay'd,
Sigh'd as ſhe ſung, and rov'd the deep'ning ſhade,
O'er death's dread empire caſt a mournful view,
And mark'd the dying groan Alexis drew;
With weary wing again purſues her flight,
Where death's dim ſhadows float in endleſs night,
And, ſoftly ſighing, as ſhe ſends her eye
O'er the lone ſpot where Stella's relics lie,
Stoops, weakly hov'ring, o'er the awful ſcene;
Yon yew, wild-waving o'er the glimm'ring green,
Where circling ſods, in decent order laid,
Now hide, for ever hide, the hallow'd dead!
Yes, penſive muſe! indulge another tear!
The duſt of gentle Stella moulders here!
Grac'd with each gift the gayer world admires,
Beauty that warms, and elegance that fires;
Adorn'd with all that milder worth can give,
That lore which teaches how to love and live!
Good nature, ſmiling with unclouded eye;
Religion, pointing to her kindred ſky,
Taſte, unaſham'd at virtue's ſhrine to bow;
Love, undiſmay'd with friendſhip's fires to glow;
Senſe without pride, and prudence without art,
The ſofteſt boſom, and the kindeſt heart!
Behold her now, in youth's delightful morn,
From life's fair, flow'ry, flatt'ring proſpects torn;—
Stretch'd where lone ſilence haunts the ſolemn yew,
And tufted graſs waves wet with baleful dew!
How fleet is life! how frail this boaſted breath!
In op'ning youth invades the blaſt of death!
We flouriſh like the vernal foliage, blown
By the warm influence of a nearer ſun;
A while we baſk in ſpring's enliv'ning ray,
And in ſweet indolence imbibe the day;
Anon we fall! and ere the ſummer ſun
The ſhort-liv'd glory of our youth is gone!
Avails it ought, ye ſiſter-beauties! ſay,
To lead the dance, and chant the ſprightly lay?
Avails it ought to boaſt ſuperior grace,
The ſparkling eye, the ruby-tinctur'd face?
Can charms like theſe prolong the parting breath,
Soothe aching pain, or ſtop the ſtroke of death?
Ah! no—though virtue, innocence and truth,
Improv'd theſe charms, and ſiuſh'd the bloom of youth;
Though ſweeteſt manners, gentleſt arts combin'd,
Rul'd ev'ry grace, and ev'ry grace refin'd;
Conſumption ſlow extinguiſh'd nature's fires,
And Stella's ſelf in cruel pangs expires!
Vain is the hope to ward the deſtin'd blow,
That, undiſtinguiſh'd, lays the loveliеſt low!
All, all muſt number with the ſilent dead,
O'er ev'ry eye be mortal darkneſs ſpread!
All ſtoop to moulder in one common duſt,
Who charm but little, or who charm the moſt!
Death, hov'ring round, prevents with nimble dart
The bloom of beauty, and the pride of art!
Stops the ſoft cadence of the tuneful tongue,
And treats alike the poet and the ſong!
Ye weeping pair! whoſe breaſts are doom'd to know
The burſt of anguiſh, and the ſigh of woe!
Reſtrain your grief!—though ſure to grief is giv'n
A decent meaſure from indulging Heav'n:—
A mother's pang, a ſiſter's parting tear,
Suit Stella's doom, and grace her ſun'ral bier—
But ſighs that wild from plaintive boſoms flow,
Tears that diſtil from long-indulged woe,
Arraign the rule of all-directing Heav'n,
To whom ye owe that Stella once was giv'n!
Know, all its ways are righteous, good, and wiſe,
Though undiſcern'd by mortals' darken'd eyes!
Nor think unwelcome ſped the fatal dart,
That, heav'n-directed, ſtruck at Stella's heart;
For, not to Stella gloom'd that mournful day,
That tore her from your weeping eyes away!
Believe the muſe, who borne on faith's bright wings
Beheld the viſionary ſcene ſhe ſings:
Soon as her ſoul forſook the cumbrous clay,
Burſt into air and ſoar'd unſeen away,
Attendant ſeraphs led her upward flight
From earth's low orb, and ſcour'd the ſhades of night;
Before her bright unbarr'd the ſhining ſeats,
Where white-rob'd mercy guards the golden gates;

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* *Daughter of John Grey, Eſq. of Alnwick, in Northumberland, of the family of Howick, diſtinguiſhed by the military ſervices of Sir Charles Grey, K. B. and the conſtitutional principles, and parliamentary eloquence, of his ſon Charles Grey, Eſq. M. P. She died of a conſumption, December 16. 1773, in the 25th year of her age. Her mother, the eldeſt daughter of James Scott, Eſq. of Alnwick, agent to the Duke of Northumberland, died May 21. 1773. Her only ſiſter, Anne, was married to Dr. Anderſon, September 25. 1777, and died of a conſumption, December 25. 1785, in the 39th year of her age; leaving three daughters; two of whom, Anne-Margaret, and Margaret-Suſannah, yet ſurvive. When the life which made his own life pleaſant, was at an end, and the gates of death cloſed upon his proſpects, he ſought a vain relief from his miſery, by compoſing the long digreſſive "Monody to the memory of a Beloved Wife," mentioned in the "Life of Langborne." The loſs of a friend on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wiſh and endeavour tended, is a ſtate in which the mind looks abroad, impatient of itſelf, and finds nothing but emptineſs and horror. The blameleſs life, the artleſs tenderneſs, the modeſt reſignation, the patient ſickneſs, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loſt,—to aggravate regret for what cannot be repaired,—to deepen ſorrow for what cannot be recalled. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here, but languiſhment and grief!*

"Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio."

Unveil'd to view the ever-blooming bow'rs,
Where saints and seraphs hymn the raptur'd hours:
"Go to the mild and good," th' Almighty said,
The mild and good embrac'd the fainted maid!
Now hymning high, she joins th' angelic throng,
Who pour with rapture forth th' eternal song,
And fainted choirs, who mix their grateful lays,
With harpings high of everlasting praise.

This verse be thine! lamented maid! receive
The last sad tribute that the muse can give!
The muse, who once inspir'd with sprightlier pow'r,
Sung livel'er lays, and cheer'd your languid hour!
Now weak of wing, and unprepar'd to fly
Where fancy steers her tow'ring flight on high,
Broods, fondly hov'ring, where your ashes rest,
And bids the turf lie lightly on your breast.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

To speed the luckless moments, heavy-wing'd,
And from the drowsy monarch glorious steal,
And dark oblivion drear, the silent hour,
To meditation sacred and the muse;
In grave abstraction from the noise of life,
Thus let me frequent brush the dewy brake,
And, lonely devious, urge the darksome step,
Where, rising gradual, tow'rs the shrubby hill.
Now, night's vicegerent, silence, awful pow'r!
In sage solemnity, and pomp august,
Brooding, retir'd amid immantling glooms
Horrific, holds her solitary reign,
While yielding nature owns her potent sway.
The scold's loud 'larum, and the dinsome mirth
Of lawless revellers, plague not the ear:
And rock-born echo, daughter of the hill,
The dupe of empty clangour, answers not
The ox's bellow, or the horse's neigh.
Not one rebellious murmur wide around
Affects the sense; save from an aged fane
Whose rocky ruins, honour'd in decay,
Rise venerable, furr'd with drawling slugs),
Her lone retreat, the melancholic bird
Portentous and obscene, the hooting owl
Of formal phiz, in grave discordance hails
The full-orb'd moon, who now from orient climes
Drives slowly on, in majesty sedate,
Her silver wain; with noiseless flight they cleave
The blue expanse, her coursers eagle-wing'd.
Shook from night's sable skirt, the blue-gray cloud
Rests on the hill, flow creeping to the vale.
Athwart the vault etherial, airy borne,
The streamy vapours, carv'd to giant forms
By rural fancy, playful, wheel convolv'd,
Portending hunger, pestilence, and death:
To dreams the gloomy peasant, labour-worn,
Who, from the turf-clos'd window's scanty round,
With grave regard the novel wonder views,
And, ruminating sad, bewails the times.
The red-blue meteor, daughter of the marsh,
In dance irreg'lar sweeps the rushy vale,
While hell's grim monarch (so the vulgar deem),
Rides in the glimm'ring blaze, with purpose drear,
And murderous intent, and frequent drowns
The heedless wand'rer in the swardy gulf.
Now light-heel'd fairies ply the circ'lar dance,
With sportive elves, upon the midnight green;
While screaming hideous, from the dismal bourne
Of desolated castles, goblins pale,
Bloody and gaunt, the progeny abhorr'd
Of superstition, hell-engender'd pow'r,
By cunning monks conjur'd from lowest Styx,
Affright the maudlin rustic!—Now solemn,
To fancy's morbid eye, the sullen ghost, [stalks,
In sheeted grandeur through the church-yard
Horrendous, mutt'ring to the sick'ning moon;
Until the bird of Mars with noisy clap,
Arrousive of the dawn, shall crow aloud.
Now scandal's votaries, of flippant tongue
And haggard look, low-bending o'er a fire,
Almost extinct, beneath a cloud obscene,
Tobacco-form'd, sit planning future lies.
With bolts and double doors in vain secur'd,
Gray-headed av'rice on the elbow rais'd,
Distrustful listens to the plaintive breeze
That howls without, while to his jealous ear
A dire divan of hellish ruffians curs'd
Debate the future breach: mad at the thought,
With palsy'd arms, new-strung from fear, he grasps ['em.
His money-bags, and swears they shall not have
Now in his rev'rend study, cobweb-lin'd,
Beside a paly lamp, with bitten nails,
The meagre student o'er a folio sits
Of sagest bulk, in meditation deep:
Weak nature oft invites to sweet repose,
And bids restore the labour'd volume huge
To worms innate; but o'er his fancy come
The patron's money'd aunt, his future spouse,
The glebe, the solemn sables, cravat starch,
And urge some pages more; till rushing prone
The classic cruise, in hapless station plac'd,
In fragments scatter'd lies, and victor sleep
His triumph trumpets from the vocal nose.
Now, by the willow'd brink of wand'ring streams,
The woe-worn lover walks with varied pace,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies to the wind,
Obtesting heav'n, and cursing ev'ry star
That lowr'd malicious on his hopeful flame:
Or in a moss-lin'd cave, below an oak
Of ancient growth, he plans the song of woe,
The word-weigh'd elegy of liquid lapse,
And cadence glib: or, weary'd to repose,
His sigh-shook frame lies blissfully entranc'd
(For so he dreams), in fair Cleone's arms.

ABRA*. A FRAGMENT.

I SOUGHT repose from love's perplexing cares,
His groundless hopes, and still more groundless fears;

* *See Prior's Solomon.*

The luſcious nights with Zion's monarch paſt,
In ſpite of ev'ry art grew ſtale at laſt,
I long'd in ſolitude to doze the day,
Nor languiſhingly dull, nor vainly gay;
Now in grave contemplation ſtrive to ſcan
That charming, teazing, froward creature, man;
And now with dancing damſels plant a net
Before the unſuſpecting monarch's feet;
For ſtill (whate'er I thought), my tender breaſt
In ſilent ſighs too warm a love expreſt;
Still too much fervour wanton'd in my blood,
To act with rigour the affected prude.
But bent my fond indulgent ſpouſe to vex
(For, come what will, we wives muſt have our freaks),
To Sharon's pleaſant palace I retir'd,
Of thouſands admirable, moſt admir'd;
Tyre's dædal ſons, with learned wonder gaze,
And almoſt deify the dome they raiſe;
The humble Hiram ſcarce will own his plan,
Content to be a maſon and a man:
On ev'ry ſide extends a verdant mead,
With all the charms of various nature ſpread:
Here ſtrays a limpid ſtream, whoſe mazy courſe,
Is mark'd with willows, fragrant ſhrubs, and flow'rs;
And there, in diſtant perſpective ariſe,
Groves, caſtles, mountains, mingling with the ſkies;
The nice proportion, and the chaſte deſign,
May charm an artiſt's eye, but charm'd not mine;
'Twas Ophir's jewels, and Arabia's ſweets,
That lifted Sharon o'er a thouſand ſeats;
Whatever pamper'd females hold moſt rare,
Of all th' advent'rous merchant brings from far,
A gallant monarch joy'd to place it there.
On the embroider'd couch myſelf I flung,
Inviting ſleep, ſurrounding damſels ſung;
Be rural peace and innocence the theme,
Leſt love (ſaid I), uſurp my coming dream.
Obedient to my voice at once they raiſe,
In choir conſenting, their harmonious lays:
Now white-rob'd candour, and his blithſome peers,
O'er temperance's cup forget their years;
Forget each wayward, frowning fortune paſt,
And thank juſt Heav'n, that will reward at laſt.
Now healthy labour, and his ruſſet wife,
Snatch the coarſe meal, nor wiſh a happier life,
Bleſs the kind hand that, with aſſiduous care,
Still crowns their table with delicious fare;
But low, in gratitude for what they have,
To have no leſs, the only boon they crave.
While now beneath a ſpreading fig-tree's ſhade,
The ſhepherd-ſwain is indolently laid;
Sportive around his little lambkins play,
And all heav'n's muſic warbles from the ſpray:
In diſtant perſpective the wolf appears,
Who drinks the pleaſing ſound, and ſoftens as he hears.
Sleep that, unaſk'd, annoints the peaſant's eye,
And ſpreads his wings where labour's children lie;
At bathful diſtance ſtands, nor dares approach
The luſty lady on her lazy couch;
In vain invok'd! no ſleep, no ſlumber came,
To pour their balſam on my weary'd frame;
Each various poſture, each device I try'd,
But in each poſture was repoſe deny'd:
Mad at my fate, now here, now there, I toſt,
Curs'd the whole world, but curs'd myſelf the moſt;
Pray'd ſudden ruin on our race in rage,
Nor ſpar'd my lovely Solomon the ſage.
"The ſky, however clouded, ſoon will clear,"
Said Father David, that illuſtrious ſeer;
And, ſays his ſon, "The moſt impetuous blaſt
"Will ſpend its fury, and ſubſide at laſt."
So, after ſwearing, raving, all in vain,
What could I do, but be—myſelf again?
My native tenderneſs awak'd in ſighs,
And all the woman lighten'd in my eyes;
"Which of thy daughters, Zion, canſt thou tell,
"Detains that lover who once lov'd ſo well?
"Why lag theſe feet that once outſtript the wind?
"Slow are his ſteps that leaves a heart behind:
"Who could have thought he e'er would prove
"untrue,
"So firm the ſanction, and ſo great the vow!
"By Jacob's God, the dreadful God, he ſwore,
"The holy temple, and the myſtic gore;
"By David's throne, the Majeſty Divine,
"Which through all ages ſhall adorn his line,
"Ever to love me, concubine or wife,
"Or to be blotted from the book of life.
"Raſh was the oath—if Heav'n the forfeit ſpare,
"Thy ſpouſe will pardon, and do thou repair;
"A very little will my claims content,
"'Tis no great matter ſure—be complaiſant.
"How could, alas! my ſingle charms prevail
"Againſt the thouſands of thy great ſerail?
"But ſtill one night, or two, or more than two,
"I may at leaſt inſiſt on as my due."
Thus of feign'd falſehoods did my tongue complain,
While all my heart was harrow'd up with pain;
My troubled thoughts ſtill chang'd from this to that,
I fear'd, I hop'd, I wiſh'd, I knew not what:
But hark! is this my royal lover's voice?
"Awake, my fair! my beſt belov'd, ariſe!
"A chilly tremor o'er my frame is ſpread,
"And night's unwholeſome damps are on my head."
The well-known ſound went thrilling to my heart
Though ſtill I meant to act the prudiſh part;
I ſtrove my riſing tenderneſs to hide,
And with affected coolneſs thus reply'd:
"You come, my dear, at an improper hour,
"However willing, 'tis not in my pow'r;
"Indeed it is not—I have waſh'd my feet
"With precious ointments, and with odours ſweet;

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* * * * * * *

CURLING.

Fretted to atoms by the poignant air,
Frigid and Hyperborean flies the ſnow,
In many a vortex of monades, wind-wing'd,
Hoſtile to naked noſes, dripping oft
A cryſtal humour, which as oft is wip'd
From the blue lip wide-gath'd: the hanging ſleeve
That covers all the wriſt, uncover'd elſe,
The peaſant's only handkerchief, I wot,
Is glaz'd with blue-brown ice. But reckleſs ſtill

Of cold, or drifted snow, that might appal
The city coxcomb, arm'd with besoms, pour
The village youngsters forth, jocund and loud,
And cover all the loch: With many a tug
The pond'rous stone, that all the summer lay
Unoccupy'd along its oozy side,
Now to the mud fast frozen, scarcely yields
The wish'd-for victory to the brawny youth,
Who, braggart of his strength, a circling crowd
Has drawn around him, to avouch the feat:
Short is his triumph, fortune so decrees;
Applause is chang'd to ridicule, at once
The loosen'd stone give way, supine he falls,
And prints his members on the pliant snow.
The goals are marked out; the centre each
Of a large random circle; *distance scores*
Are drawn between, the dread of weakly arms.
Firm on his *cramp-bits* stands the steady youth,
Who leads the game: Low o'er the weighty stone
He bends incumbent, and with nicest eye
Surveys the further goal, and in his mind
Measures the distance; careful to bestow
Just force enough: then, balanc'd in his hand,
He flings it on direct; it glides along,
Hoarse murmuring, while, plying hard before,
Full many a besom sweeps away the snow,
Or icicle, that might obstruct its course.
But cease, my muse! what numbers can describe
The various game? Say, canst thou paint the blush
Impurpled deep, that veils the stripling's cheek,
When, wand'ring wide, the stone neglects the *rank*,
And stops midway?---His opponent is glad,
Yet fears a sim'lar fate, while ev'ry mouth
Cries, off the *hog*,—and Tinto joins the cry.
Or couldst thou follow the experienc'd play'r
Through all the myst'ries of his art? or teach
The undisciplin'd how to *wick*, to *guard*,
Or *ride full out* the stone that blocks the pass?
The *bonspeel* o'er, hungry and cold, they hie
To the next alehouse; where the game is play'd
Again, and yet again, over the jug;
Until some hoary hero, haply he
Whose sage direction won the doubtful day,
To his attentive juniors tedious talks
Of former times;—of many a *bonspeel* gain'd,
Against opposing parishes; and *shots*,
To human likelihood secure, yet storm'd:
With liquor on the table, he pourtrays
The situation of each stone. Convinc'd
Of their superior skill, all join, and hail
Their grandsires steadier, and of surer hand.

TO A FLY.

Leave this pale, this bloodless cheek,
Foolish, noisy, flutt'ring thing;
Haste where fresher features call thee,
Flitting on thy azure wing.

On yon verdant bank reclining,
See Eliza's charms invite,
But, content with perching on them,
Stop, nor cruel seek to bite.

Safely suck the pearly moisture
On her jutting rosy lip;
Fan nor handkerchief oppose thee,
See the maiden's fast asleep.

Fraughted with the pilfer'd fragrance,
Come and perch on me again;
Fear not on my lip to fasten;
Never fear, I won't complain.

But if still thou buzzest round me,
Quickly, quickly thou shalt die;
Thus, between my hands I'll crush thee,
An untow'ring vulgar fly.

THE STUDENT.

Remote from schools, from colleges remote,
In a poor hamlet's meanest, homeliest cot,
My earliest years were spent, obscurely low;
Little I knew, nor much desir'd to know;
My highest wishes never mounted high'r
Than the attaintments of an aged sire;
Proverbial wisdom, competence of wealth,
Earn'd with hard labour, and enjoy'd with health,
Blest, had I still these blessings known to prize!
More rich I sure had been; perhaps more wise.
One luckless day, returning from the field,
Two swains, the wisest of the village held,
Talking of books and learning, I o'erheard,
Of learned men, and learned men's reward:
How some rich wives, and some rich livings got,
Sprung from the tenants of a turf-built cot:
Then both concluded, though it ruin'd health,
Increase of learning was increase of wealth.
Fir'd with the prospect, I embrac'd the hint,
A grammar borrow'd, and to work I went,
The scope and tenor of each rule I kept,
No accent miss'd me, and no gender 'scap'd;
I read whate'er commenting Dutchmen wrote,
Turn'd o'er Stobæus, and could Suidas quote;
In letter'd Gellius trac'd the bearded sage,
Through all the windings of a wise adage:
Was the spectator of each honest fear,
Each sophist carry'd from each wordy war;
Undaunted was my heart, nor could appal
The mustiest volume of the mustiest stall;
Where'er I turu'd, the giant-spiders fled,
And trembling moths retreated as I read:
Through Greece and Rome I then observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd;
Attended heroes to the bloody fields,
Their helmets polish'd and emboss'd their shields;
With duteous hand the decent matron dress'd,
And wrapp'd the stripling in his manly vest;
Nor stopt I there, but mingled with the boys,
Their rattles rattled, and improv'd their toys;
Lash'd conic *turbos* as in gyres they flew,
Bestrode their hobbies, and their whistles blew:
But still when this, and more than this, was done,
My coat was ragged, and my hat was brown.
Then thus I commun'd with myself: "Shall I
"Let all this learning in oblivion die;
"Live in the haunts of ignorance, content
"With vest unbotton'd, and with breeches rent?
"None knows my merit here; if any knew
"A scholar's worth would meet a scholar's due.

" What then? The college! ay, 'tis there I'll
" ſhine,
" I'll ſtudy morals, or I'll turn divine;
" Struck with my letter'd fame, without a doubt,
" Some modern Lælius will find me out:
" Superior parts can never long be hid,
" And he who wants deſerves not be ſed."
Tranſported with the thoughts of this and
that,
I ſtitch'd my garments, and I dy'd my hat;
To college went, and found, with much ado,
That roſes were not red, nor vi'lets blue;
That all I've learn'd, or all I yet may learn,
Can't help me truth from falſehood to diſcern.

* * * * *

All mere confuſion, altogether hurl'd,
One dreary waſte, one vaſt ideal world!
Where uproar rules, and do you what you will,
Uproar has rul'd it, and will rule it ſtill.
Victorious *ergo*, daring conſequence,
Will ever be a match for common ſenſe!
To lordly reaſon ev'ry thing muſt bow,
The hero liberty, and conſcience too;
The firſt is fetter'd in a fatal chain,
The latter, gagg'd, attempts to ſpeak in vain.
Locke! Malebranche! Hume! abſtractions
thrice abſtract!
In reaſon give me what in ſenſe I lack;
I feel my poverty, and, and in my eye,
My hat, though dy'd, has but a duſky dye,
" Miſtruſt your feelings, reaſon bids you do."—
But, gentlemen, indeed I cannot now;
For after all your *ergo's*, look you there!
My hat is greaſy, and my coat is bare.
Hail moral truth! I'm here at leaſt ſecure,
You'll give me comfort, though you keep me
poor.
But ſay you ſo? in troth 'tis ſomething hard,
Virtue does ſurely merit a reward.
" Reward! O, ſervile, ſelfiſh; aſk a hire!"
Raiment and food this body does require:
A prince for nothing may philoſophize,
A ſtudent can't afford to be ſo wiſe.
Sometimes the Stoa's gloomy walks I try'd,
Wrinkled my forehead, and enlarg'd my ſtride,
Deſpis'd ev'n hunger, poverty, and pain,
Searching my pockets for a cruſt in vain.
Sometimes in Academus' verdant ſhade
With ſtep more graceful I exulting ſtray'd,
Saw health and fortune join'd with happineſs,
And virtue ſmiling in her ſocial dreſs;
On me ſhe did not ſmile, but rather lour;
I ſtill was wretched, for I ſtill was poor.
Sworn to no maſter, ſometimes I would dwell
With Shafteſbury, ſometimes with Mandeville;
Would call at ev'ry ſyſtem on my way,
And now with Leibnitz, now with Manes ſtay;
But after all my ſhiftings here and there,
My hat was greaſy, and my coat was bare.
Then I beheld my labours paſt, and lo!
It all was vanity, and all was woe;
I look'd on Learning, and her garb was mean,
Her eyes were hollow, and her cheeks were lean;
Diſeaſe and famine threaten'd in her train,
And want, who ſtrives to hide her rags in vain;
Her lurid brow a ſprig of laurel brac'd,
On which was mark'd, 'Unpenſion'd and unplac'd.'
I turn'd to Ignorance; and lo! ſhe ſat
Enthron'd beneath a canopy of ſtate;
Before her riches all his bags unty'd,
And ever and anon her wants ſupply'd,
While on a ſmiling plentitude of face,
Was clearly read, " A penſion and a place."

A FRAGMENT.

The world was all before me where to chooſe,
I ſcorn'd the ſhelter of a vulgar houſe.
So well aſſur'd (aſſur'd I was) each door
Was open to receive the learn'd and poor;
But none (alas! I felt it, for I try'd);
My learning valu'd, or my wants ſupply'd
Here ſtar'd grim poverty, pale famine there,
When love and Mira ſav'd me from deſpair.
Chas'd the lean phantoms from my frighted mind,
While all was love and gratitude behind,
Extinguiſh'd hope rekinkled in my breaſt,
And maudlin reaſon rav'd at fancy's feaſt;
Ages before it dwindled to a day,
And bliſs's barriers felt a ſwift decay;
Whatever's dear and valuable in life,
The liſping infant and the loving wife,
Were all contracted to a moment's ſpace,
And ev'ry one, that precious moment was:
To perfect happineſs, ideal, grew,
And vague futurity was chang'd to now.
Then ſaid I, in the fullneſs of my ſoul,
" No grief ſhall ſway me, nor diſtreſs controul,
" Here, will my ſorrows find eternal pauſe;
" Here, am I free from fortune and her laws;
" A ſource of joy within myſelf I find,
" And ſurely fortune cannot change my mind;
" This bliſs ſhall comfort me when all is gone,
" So intellectual, ſo all my own."
O, loſt to wiſdom! to experience loſt!
Fortune ſways all, but ſways the paſſions moſt;
On foreign dainties live the beggar train,
The mean dependants of a mobile ſcene;
Now triumphs this, now that again prevails,
As fortune ſwells, or does not ſwell our ſails;
And who would make them ſubject to the mind,
May fetter torrents, or may rein the wind.
" What!" cries ſome Stoic of the awful brow,
Who dreams he conquers—when he never knew—
" Are not the paſſions ſervants to my will?
" This, I may ſpare, and that I too may kill;
" May raiſe the feeble, and may curb the ſtrong."
No doubt! and charm the deaf man with a ſong.
Vain, fooliſh ſage! (a ſage can have no gall);
Vaunt not your victories, apathy does all;
Born without feeling, never did you feel;
Great the phyſician, who the whole can heal!

* * * *

For me, I aſk no philoſophic face,
Content to be the various thing I was;
To be in each extreme, and each exceſs,
Sometimes of miſery, ſometimes of bliſs:
Now calmneſs all, now altogether toſt,
Now ſhelter'd from, now driven by the blaſt;
Now in poſſeſſion of my Mira's charms,
Now rudely raviſh'd from her longing arms.
Such I have been, but ſuch no more will be;
At length ſafe landed from the raging ſea,

My days in one unbroken tenor flow,
Each the true picture of another's woe;
No room for hope, no remedy for care,
All, all is fwallow'd up in deep defpair!
Yet not from me the mighty change did fpring,
I neither impt nor cropt his eagle wing;
'Twas fortune firft gave hope her darling flight,
Then brought her headlong from the giddy height;
Bade fky-blue hills around the maid afcend,
And pride's ftrong bulwarks ev'ry where defend.

* * * * *

O, heav'nly goddefs! not that wanton dame,
Who blindly fcatters beauty, wealth, and fame;
But thou, (whoe'er thou art), whofe eye furveys,
And human actions yet in embryo weighs,
Whofe boundlefs wifdom ftill the beft intends,
By fitteft means effecting fitteft ends;
Level each rock-built barrier, and remove
Whatever mars the fuccefs of my love:
But if thou feeft it good to vex me ftill,
O, grant fubmiffion to thy holy will!
To human weaknefs human crimes tranflate,
And nature from rebellion feparate;
So fhall my hopes freth vigour yet attain,
Rife to new heights, and never fink again.

RONA:

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

THE noife of war is on the breeze,
"And can Hidallan ftay?
My foul is in the ftrife of fhields—"
He fpoke, and burft away.

O! where fhall Morna's maid repofe,
Till heroes have their fame?
On Morna's filent hill of hinds,
Or by its ruthy ftream?

But what if in the hour of blood
The lovely hero fall?
While fome dark warrior hangs his fhield
A trophy in his hall!

Leave, flumber! leave the eye of tears,
Forfake my limbs, repofe!
Lean, love-born maidens! from your clouds,
And aid me with your woes.

Fair was Hidallan, as the flow'r
That dyes the dufky heath;
But raife not, bards! the mournful fong
Around his ftone of death.

How fell the hero? In his might,
Amid his growing fame!
Not feeble was Hidallan's foe,
His fword a meteor's flame.

No more fhall Morna's hall rejoice,
The feaft of fhells be fpread;
The figh of Rona's fecret foul,
In death's dark houfe is laid.

Lour not on Rona from your cloud,
The rolling of your reft
Not weak, Hidallan! was my fire,
No fear difturb'd his breaft.

In aged Cairbar's lonely hall,
The ftrife of heroes rofe;
His was Rivine's ftolen glance,
And many were his foes.

In ftrength he grafp'd his fword of fire,
The ftouteft ftarted back:
Not weak, Hidallan! was my fire,
Nor is his daughter weak.

Ah! whither rolls thy airy hall?
The fky its blue refumes;
Her father's fword prepares the cloud,
On which thy Rona comes.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHILE fome, in all the luxury of health,
The pride of pleafure, and the pomp of wealth,
Inglorious, rous'd at paffion's frantic call,
Soak o'er the bowl, or madden at the ball,
Triumph illiberal o'er the fimple maid,
By love, or promife, to their arms betray'd;
Some painted trifle with anxiety chafe,
Or wallow fulfome in the lewd embrace,
By foul debauch and worthlefs feats fecure,
Remorfe vindictive in the fober hour;
The grave affociate of the good and fage,
Or nerv'd with youth, or filver'd o'er with age;
Through giddy life you urge your fteady way,
While confcience cheers the night and glads the day;
In vain aflail the vanities of youth,
You mark their progrefs, and you check their growth,
From learning all its formal pride remove,
Guard cheating friendfhip, fetter ftubborn love.
O! could I thus th' impetuous paffions crufh,
Stifle the figh, and curb the fecret wifh;
By reafon's fway this love of felf controul,
This blaze of youth, and impotence of foul;
Repref's the frothy infolence of fame,
The figh that heaves for an immortal name;
I would not reftlefs, midnight vigils keep,
Nor from my pillow drive encroaching fleep;
To the tenth ftanza elegies prolong,
Nor clothe my woe in all the pomp of fong;
With joylefs ftep an airy prize purfue,
Which mocks my grafp, yet glitters in my view;
Admire a virgin whom I fee no more,
Hills rife between us, and deep waters roar,
And, worfe than ftreams and mountains, ftill divide,
The daughter's piety, and the father's pride.

ON ENVY.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

You'RE right, my friend:—I'll afk no longer,
Whence our forrow, whence our woe?
'Tis envy:—yes, you do not wrong her,
All our ills from envy flow.

Young ladies, at the playhoufe fhining,
Seem the happieft beings there,
But yet, at home, they fit repining,
At one fairer, or as fair.

The hall when powder'd chaplains vifit,
Ruffles ftreaming at their breaft,
Each fhabby ftudent, fighing, fees it,
And concludes the puppies bleft.

But mark them in the nurs'ry moping;
Preſentations fire their brain;
The hale incumbent's long a-dropping;
Waiting-women ſooth in vain.

The modeſt bard, whoſe num'rous numbers,
Draw'rs and trunks from critics ſcreen;
What can break his midnight ſlumbers?
Writers in the Magazine.

Why, let him be the man he envies,
Weekly ſpread his oily odes;
Yea, let no critic ſtrictly canvaſs,
Zephyrs, meads, or groves, or gods.

Say, ſleeps he ſound? or needs he poppy?
Something does his brow engloom;
He ſtill is wretch'd,—and who is happy?
Beattie, Ogilvie, or Home?

Away, ye whining ſelf-tormenters!—
Come, ye ſons of meek content!
Whoſe boſoms envy never enters,
Clown, philoſopher, or faint:

And lead me to her hermit dwelling,
Lonely, ſure, the matron dwells;
Far from peeviſh, raving, railing,
Poets, ſtudents, beaux, or belles.

From the happy number daſh me;
Friend! you find I'm envious too;
What!—not believe I'm envious!—bleſs me!
Don't you ſee I envy you?

SONG.

A GIRL that is ſenſible, lovely, and rich,
Might ev'n claim a poor poet's reſpect;
But ugly, the ignorant, pennyleſs b———
He at leaſt may deſpiſe and neglect.

What though at the table his linen be foul,
And his hair briſtle up like a bruſh;
In his rat-peopled room he's a reſolute ſoul,
And values no miſsling a ruſh.

What though he ſhould be but an aſs at a bow,
And what though he bow not at all;
Full many, I wot, that can bow them full low,
Are neither ſo wiſe nor ſo tall.

Some pert little monkey may laugh at his looks,
And many ſneer at the length of his face;
But I'll lay you the odds, would he leave but his books,
She would laugh at her lover in lace.

The ſober grave matron, that peeps o'er her ſpects,
And is ſhock'd at the duſt on his ſhoes;
Would ſhe caſt but an eye on her own yellow cheeks,
Never more would ſhe do as ſhe does.

Fy, for ſhame, Mrs. Harridan! how can you talk
Of a manner ſo fine, ſo genteel!
Who the deuce would not duſt all his ſhoes in a walk,
To avoid the damn'd clack of a mill!

A truce with your merriment, gentlefolks all!
That ſilly-like lad that you ſee,
Has oft rais'd a laugh in an handſomer hall,
O'er a cup of far better than tea.

Though his phiz be ſo formal, ſo mute be his tongue,
He can ſpeak, and, nay more, he can ſmile;
As wiſe as your wiſeſt has hung on his ſong,
And a fairer embrac'd him the while.

Shorten not your dear noſes, my ladies! in ſcorn,
He has kiſs'd lips as ruddy as yours;
Yes, though they were freſh as the midſummer morn,
And array'd in the glory of flow'rs.

"Some juicy young milk-maid, the pride of the fold
The toaſt of ſome ale-drinking ring:"
Nay, ſtop till you hear all her merits be told;
She could curt'ſy, could dance, and could ſing.

Forgive me, Eliza! yes, you can forgive,
Though I praiſe you for what you deſpiſe;
The ſoft graces that breathe in your boſom, and live
They have not, and how can they prize?

Was it not for Eliza, the rigour of fate
Would ſoon how me down to the grave;
Alexis is loſt, if Eliza forget,
He is left, for ſhe only can ſave.

TO MISS ——— ———.

Thrice, lovely Sylvia! faireſt of the fair;
Fond Damon's favourite, and the muſe's care!
Propitious hear; nor, blooming maid! complain,
To find unequal to your praiſe my ſtrain.
With eaſe I paint the mazy prattling rill,
The woods and tow'rs that crown the craggy hill
The various bloſſoms that adorn the ſpring;
But Sylvia's charms what raptur'd youth can ſing
What ſtraining bard exalt his daring aim,
In juſt proportion to his lovely theme?
Your beauties crowd—which firſt ſhall grace m ſong,
Your bluſhing cheeks, or pretty liſping tongue?
Thoſe bluſhing cheeks where modeſt charms gan bol;
That liſping tongue, which ſteals the raviſh'd ſou
Your brow ſmooth poliſh'd, or your boſom fair,
Or flowing treſſes of your ſilver hair?
Your ſhapely leg, or ſtill more ſhapely thigh,
Or the mild radiance of your luſt'rous eye?
Shall I ranſack the grave for blooming maids?
For glowing virgins ſearch th' Elyſian ſhades?
Rouſe from dark night the bright Laconian dam
Or the chaſte object of Apollo's flame?
Can Spartan Helen, Daphne, bluſhing fair!
With thee in charms or modeſty compare?
No; let them reſt conceal'd from mortal view,
In all but fame inferior to you;
Nor long in that, if flowing numbers ſave
From blue oblivion, and the duſky grave;
If wit and worth diſtinguiſh'd honours claim,
And heav'nly ſhape entitle maids to fame.
Shall I bring down from Atlas' ſhady height,
Where bleſt immortals wanton in delight,
Where nectar circles as the thund'rer nods;
The happy fair that charm the happy gods?
Expoſe to ſight the ruddy Cyprian queen,
With graces dancing on th' enamell'd green;
Bid chaſte Diana ſtalk, with maiden pride,
Athwart the lawn, with quiver by her ſide,
Her virgin treſſes floating looſe behind,
Kiſs'd by each gale, and rais'd by ev'ry wind;

Bid all that's grave, majeſtic, noble, wiſe,
Beam forth effulgent from Minerva's eyes?
Stamp female grandeur on Queen Juno's brow?
On Hebe's cheek diſplay the roſe's hue?
Vain were the care—for not the queen of love,
Or ſiſter-wife of all-controuling Jove;
Or ſhe that ſtately ſcours the graſſy plain,
And counts her days by ſpotted lynxes ſlain;
Or ſhe that pours (when gods expand their ſoul)
The ſparkling nectar from the copious bowl;
Or ſhe that dares paternal thunder wield,
And urge the chariot through the martial field;
Or equal worth, or equal beauty, ſhare
With thee all-lovely, all-accompliſh'd fair!
But why in vain produce my tortur'd rhyme,
Abuſe your patience, and conſume your time?
One ſingle verſe will better paint your charms,
You, only you, are worthy Damon's arms.
1767.

TO MISS E—— B——.

EASY to learn the flatt'rer's artful tale,
Learn the ſoft phraſe that ſooths the ſimple ear;
Of all its beauties ſtrip the flow'ry vale,
In honour of the maid we hold moſt dear:
Suns might with eaſe be liken'd to your eyes,
And either breaſt a marble pillar riſe.

But would Eliza liſten to the lay,
Read, bluſhleſs read, what others might admire;
Then the weak folly, waſh its faults away,
Warm'd with the wildneſs of a lover's fire;
Or, rather would you ſcorn the varniſh'd tale,
Equal to moſt, you want not to excel."

SONG.

WHAT ſoftneſs of numbers, what ſweetneſs of ſong,
What thoughts that are handſome and pretty,
Can juſtly deſcribe all that's lovely, and young,
And all that tranſports me in Betty.

The leaſt of her beauties what figure can fit;
What compare with her ringlets ſo jetty!
What then can be ſaid of the goodneſs, the wit,
Of the graces and virtues of Betty?

I look'd on the virgin, and wander'd no more
Through the delicate dames of the city;
Becauſe, all I ſought for, and valu'd before,
Was entire and complete in my Betty.

Ever I ſerv'd you in pureneſs of heart,
Ye ſupreme and ſubordinate deities!
Health, pleaſure, and peace, to the maid ſtill impart;
For my life is bound up in my Betty's.

TO MISS M—— M——

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

POETIC art, with mimic tints, may trace
Each brighter beauty blooming on thy face;
Give to the dazzling verſe, or glowing lay,
Graces that warm us with a fainter ray.
Yet, what preſumptuous imitative art
May trace one beauty breathing in thy heart;
Awake theſe graces, that, in modeſt guiſe,
Charm ev'n unknown, and raviſh by ſurpriſe,
Give all their ſweetneſs, all their tender eaſe,
In equal numbers equal pow'r to pleaſe?
Boldly they dare deſcription's ſofteſt lay,
Borne on the wings of wonder far away;
O'er all the bounds that mark the muſes' reign,
Nouriſh their rapture, or inſpire their ſtrain.

SONG.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE tongue of the witty, the eyes of the fair,
And the pride of high damſels may plague you;
Nor pert, nor affected, nor prudiſh her air,
But modeſt and free is my Peggy.

Refin'd ſenſibility brightens her looks,
Smiles dwell on each delicate feature;
Her language is plain, not the language of books,
But the language of truth and good-nature.

Ye frowning pretenders to virtue ſevere,
Ye ſubduers of paſſions that drag you;
Away with your rigour, ye never need fear
To love and to feel like my Peggy.

When flow'rs ſpring apace in the late-looſen'd field,
And the fragrance of meadows invite us;
Why cenſure the favours my Peggy may yield,
Since hallow'd the ties that unite us?

Envy may lurk in our woodland retreat,
And malice may blacken conjecture;
But nothing our raptures, our bliſs ſhall abate,
For innocence is our protector.

O ye! by whoſe bounty and goodneſs we live,
By your goodneſs and bounty I beg you,
Health, ſtrength, independence, and honeſty give;
And make me a match for my Peggy.

THE CONTRAST.

WHAT now avails to gain a woman's heart,
The ſage's wiſdom, or the poet's art!
Pox on the times! the genius of old
Would whip you off a girl in ſpite of gold;
In ſpite of liv'ries, equipage, and lace,
And all the Gothic grandeur of a race.
But now the mill'ner's 'prentice, with a ſneer,
Bleſſing herſelf, cries, Heav'ns! what have we here?
A man of rhime, worth—fifty lines a-year.
Our wit ſtill pleaſes; but 'tis dev'liſh hard,
What ſaves the elegy ſhould damn the bard;
That gains acceſs to dreſſing, drawing-rooms,
A wiſh'd-for, welcome gueſt where'er it comes;
But me, the luckleſs author, ſcorn'd and poor,
Each ſurly porter drives from ev'ry door.
Conſcious of ſecret worth, I hurry home,
And now the maſter damn, and now the dome;
Firmly reſolv'd, whatever ſhall betide,
No more to aſk what has been once deny'd;
Reſolv'd, indeed! but ev'ry pow'r above
Laughs at your weak reſolves, and chiefly love.

" Brush the brown hat, and darn the breeches
" knee:
" The wealthy, pride may suit, but suits not thee:
" Papa, I own, look'd mighty sour and grim;
" But if the daughter smile, a fig for him!
" Mark'd you the secret motions of her eye?
" How kind yon glance had been, had none been
" by!
" Yon proud reserve, yon shyness, I could swear,
" Is prudence all, and pure pretence with her:
" 'Tis right—old fellows that can thousands give,
" May claim, at least, some rev'rence while they
" live:
" A few, few years lays Fuscus in his grave,
" And Mira's yours, perhaps, and all he gave!"
Intent on future harm, thus said the god
Who bends the stubborn purpose with a nod;
Constrains the stiff'st gladly to obey,
Makes the gay gloomy, and the gloomy gay.
Resist who will, too well I knew his pow'r,
In vain resisted, to resist it more!
My hands instinctive, at the forceful call,
At once seize gloves, and hat, and staff, and all;
Then forth I walk, and ever, as I go,
Con o'er my manners, and practise a bow;
Spread, careful spread, the cravat on my breast,
As prim and formal as a parish priest.
The knocker clacks.—" Who's there?"—" Is
" Miss within?"
" Confound the booby, what a monstrous din!
" She has no time, she says, to speak with you;
" For Mr. Florimel came here just now."
My heart beat thick, and ev'ry word he said
Distain'd my hollow cheeks with foreign red;
O, brutish times! and is that thing of silk,
That sapless sipper of an ass's milk;
That tea-nurs'd grinner, whose consumptive
cough.
Should he but mint a laugh, would take him off,
Preferr'd to me! in whose athletic grasp
Ten thousand buzzing beaux were but a wasp.
Sure wit and learning greater honour claim;
No wit, no learning, ever smil'd on him:
I'll lay my Lexicon, for all his airs,
That fellow cannot read the arms he bears;
Nor, kneeling, Mira! on his trembling knee,
Explain one half of all he says to thee.
" No matter, he has gold; whose precious hue
" Is beauty, virtue, wit, and learning too:
" O, blind to worth! what lovelier than a chaise,
" Two bowing footmen, and a pair of bays?
" What virtue like an handsome country-seat,
" A good per annum, and a course of plate?
" And then for wit—a clever library;
" He cannot read a book; but he can buy:
" A fig for learning! Learning does he lack,
" Whose factor both can write and sign—a tack*?
" Besides, you know, for ten or less per ann.
" Even you or any scholar, is his man."
Bear me, ye gods! O, bear me where you
please!
To unknown regions, over unknown seas;
Place me where dews refreshing never drop,
On Niger's banks, a swarthy Æthiop;
Or melt me to the fashionable size,
Below the scorching heat of Indian skies:
No; there, ev'n there, the lust of gold prevails,
Each river groans with ships, each breeze wit
fails:
The land abounds, nay ocean's fartheſt creeks,
With dirt that's sought for, or with dirt that seek
Fix me an icen statue at the pole,
Where winds can't carry, and where waves can
roll;
To man, to greedy man, your bard prefers,
White foxes, sables, ermines, cats, and bears,
And all the furry monsters Greenland can call
hers.
Or, is the boon too great for gods to give?
Recal the mighty word that bade me live:
So, in the dust forever shall I shun
That worst of evils that affronts the sun,
A fool whose crimes, or father's have made great
Spurning true genius prostrate at his feet.

* *A Scottish law-term, for a lease.*

ANACREON, ODE II. IMITATED.

TO BAVIUS.

Kind indulgent nature gives
Her favours to each thing that lives;
Her hand impartial envies none,
Each son of her's an only son.
" Her gifts are various."—True, indeed;
But various is each creature's need:
Pride and tatters, scholars claim;
Blockheads, family and fame;
City coxcombs, impudence;
Plodding peasants, common sense;
Statesmen, promises and lies;
Sages, cockle shells and flies;
Parsons, gravity of face,
And avarice, that saving grace;
Wits, and bucks, and bloods, and smarts,
Rags, and oaths, and ruffled shirts;
And all Apollo's flying fellows,
Laurel crowns and empty bellies.
In short, what mortal does not share
Of nature's fond maternal care?
Ev'n, Bavius, you, whom hardly we
Admit her offspring, hardly she;
(No wonder, certes, for you were
Beholden more to chance than her):
Yet from the tender matron got
Want of ear and strength of throat,
Staring, silly ignorance,
Nor common, nor uncommon sense.
Go on, industrious chief! go on;
First merit, and then wear the crown!
Another stab for ay secures
The spoils of murder'd muses yours.

TO MARTIN WHITE, ESQ*.

Untimely death too oft attends the brave;
" The path of glory leads unto the grave,"
Too oft, when war's alarming din is o'er,
Want waits the hero on his natal shore;
And what's more dreadful to a gen'rous mind
Scorn, from the basest, meanest of mankind,

* *Of Milton, Lanarkshire.*

But kinder fates (and kinder fates are due),
O, ever-honour'd White! distinguish you;
The laurels reap'd by Ganges' sacred flow,
In all their verdure still adorn your brow;
Respect and plenty former labours crown,
And envy mutters---They are fairly won.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

The sun was haft'ning to the main;
His beamy radiance play'd
Upon the mountain's edge; the plain
Confess'd a deeper shade.

The chant of birds, from vocal groves,
Harmonious swell'd the breeze;
The shepherds sung their rural loves,
And all around was peace.

When on a bank, where purple flow'rs
With blushing lustre shone;
Dissolv'd in woe, thus Sylvia pours
In air her plaintive moan.

"Once, downy-wing'd, the moments stole
Away, with headless flight;
And suns would warm the western goal,
Before I dream'd of night.

To range the mountain's bloomy side,
And mark where daisies grew,
Or cull with art the meadow's pride,
Was all the care I knew.

Or if another shar'd my breast,
It was by Damon led,
To search at eve the linnet's nest,
And see the bow'rs he made.

But, sad reverse! I now forlorn
Weep out the live-long day;
See joyless gleam the ruddy morn,
Joyless the ev'ning ray.

No op'ning blossoms braid my hair,
Or on my bosom shine;
No Damon deigns the name of fair,
Pressing his lips to mine.

For, ah! by cruel guiles misled,
In guardless hour I fell;
The joys of love and youth are fled,
With innocence to dwell.

No beam of hope illumes my soul,
No ray of future bliss;
But ev'ry sun must cheerless roll,
In sorrow black as this.

Damon! a maid whose beauties bloom
Unsullied by a crime,
Shall wipe your tears for Sylvia's doom;
And tears her fate may claim!

Yet, lovely youth! when in the grave,
Where soon I'll seek for rest,
O, bid the mournful cypress wave,
To shade my clay-cold breast!

And, mindful of our young amours,
Come each revolving year
And strow my sylvan tomb with flow'rs,
Nor check the pitying tear."

TO ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, ESQ.*

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH MISS DINWIDDIE†.

I YIELD, I yield, 'twere madness to contend,
When most admire you, and when all commend!
I yield, and own, whatever sages write,
A multitude for once have judged right.
The seeds of genius nature did supply,
Their growth was guided by a parent's eye;
Nice to discern and studious to improve,
Each modest wish he rais'd to gen'ral love;
To virtue pointed each luxuriant spray,
Nor coldly show'd, but ardent led the way.
The sire, the son, the world with wonder view,
And all the father they foresaw in you:
Foresaw that generous expanse of soul,
That warm benevolence, which grasps the whole;
O'erlooks distinctions of belief or race,
And closes systems in its wide embrace;
Foresaw that nameless virtue, little known,
Which hears another's praise, nor seeks its own;
Confirms th' applauses grateful hearts bestow,
Grieves at no joy, nor joys at any woe:
Foresaw, in embryo, all that ever can
Give grace to youth, and dignity to man;
The godlike fruits religion's garden yields,
When conscience guides the knife which reason wields.
With wonder they foresaw, and wond'ring see
Each worth (if worth so great can greater be)
Improv'd in kind, and heighten'd in degree.
Such virtue, spite of trial, still unquell'd,
Benignant Heav'n with gracious eye beheld;
"Shall he at once our happy mansions tread,
"From life's low cares and flesh's fetters freed?
"Or rather, with some kindred spirit know
"All that can be conceiv'd of heav'n below?
"'Tis fix'd; (and who shall question Heav'n's
"award)?
"Be Miss Dinwiddie his divine reward."
Sure virtue somehow mixes with the blood,
Runs in a line, and marks whole kindreds good;
Else, whence is none among your num'rous friends
But to his ancestors new lustre lends?
Else, whence were you and your accomplish'd bride
At once by virtue and by blood ally'd?
May ev'ry blessing, each domestic sweet,
Concur to crown an union so complete;
May ev'ry moment, as it passes by,
Disclose new raptures to the ardent eye;
May years revolving ever find you blest,
Your prospects blooming, and your joys increas'd;
Till bounteous Heav'n exhaust its ample store,
And mortal weakness can receive no more.
Forgive the freedom of a bard unknown,
Nor check his mounting spirits with a frown;
Fain would he fashion his untutor'd lays,
To honour virtue with deserved praise:
But fruitless prove all efforts to arouse
The lifeless languor of a mourning muse;
His genius scanty, and but small his skill,
The last in merit, but the first in will.

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* *Son of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, minister of Douglas.*

† *Daughter of Governor Dinwiddie.*

ON MISS AGNES SMITH *.

As ſome fair flow'ret on a lonely vale,
Grows ſafely, ſhaded from each rougher gale;
No vagrant bee is on its boſom found;
Enamour'd fairies haunt the hallow'd ground,
Smelling the breeze that ſpreads its virgin ſweets around.

So pure, ſo ſweet, ſo lonely, and ſo fair,
Melinda grows, beneath a parent's care;
I aſk but in her preſence thus to be,
To breathe her air, and all her charms to ſee:
Had angels envy, they would envy me.

LINES †

BY WRITTEN AT EAMBURGH CASTLE, 1789.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

As in ſome vale, remote from human eye,
Nurs'd by the vernal ſhower and genial ſky,
A primroſe rears its unregarded head,
Beneath the ſhelter of ſome hawthorn ſhade,
Unſeen, its unpolluted bloom diſplays,
And waſtes, unheeded, its ambroſial days;
No vagrant wing is on its boſom found;
No vagrant foot invades the lonely ground;
The breeze, enamour'd of its virgin bloom,
Fans its ſequeſter'd breaſt, and breathes its ſweet perfume.

So pure, ſo ſweet, ſo lonely, and ſo fair,
Sophia grows beneath ſome angel's care!
Sooth'd by the balm that ſea-born breezes bring,
When zephyrs ſport on aromatic wing;
And, ſafely ſhelter'd from the wint'ry blaſt,
That ſweeps, réſiſtleſs, o'er the wat'ry waſte,
Grows unregarded on this rocky ſteep,
That overhangs th' inhoſpitable deep,
Echoing the murmur of the ſurging wave,
And howling winds that o'er the world of waters rave!

TO MARTIN WHITE, ESQ.

Fond the attempt—in meaſure meet to dreſs
The various features of your various bliſs!
To make you now the gard'ner's garments wear;
Now follow ſlowly the laborious ſteer;
Now in Heſperian groves tranſported ſtray;
Now to the upland wind your weary way:
An irkſome taſk; yet taſteleſs were the wight
Who would refuſe it for ſo fine a ſight;
Around in various perſpective ariſe
Woods, rivers, mountains, cottages, and ſkies.
Her choiceſt gifts to you Pomona yields,
And Indian harveſts whiten o'er your fields;
Not richer crops by Ganges' ſacred tide
Reap Brama's ſons, than grace the banks of Clyde.
Nor be the labour of the ax forgot,
Nor the leaſt ſhrub that ſhades the charming ſpot;
Trees pil'd on trees defend the happy ſeat,
"Its ſummer's ſhadow, and its winter's heat."
What yet remains to make you fully bleſt,
To ſtill the cravings of a feeling breaſt?
The lovely conſort, ſocial and ſerene,
Deep read in books, nor of her reading vain:
Yet not from books is choiceſt knowledge drawn
Untutor'd thought oft more than learning can;
Nor yet on learning's tow'ring branches grow,
The fitteſt garland for a female brow;
Minerva's arts all other arts excel,
To net with grace, and ply the needle well;
With niceſt care the ſilmy thread to draw;
Direct the maids, and give the dairy law;
See that clean hands the curdling liquid preſs,
And mould to various forms the churn's increaſe
Yet ev'n theſe houſewife arts, though great, were vain,
Did not good-nature follow in the train; [care;
It follows!—Mark that brow unwreath'd with
None but the gentleſt paſſions harbour there!
So kind her look, ſo temper'd with reſerve,
We hope her love, yet wiſh moſt to deſerve;
Ever the ſame, no forms can diſcompoſe,
The chaiſe's rattle, nor the bruſh of clothes;
With the ſame eaſe ſhe welcomes ev'ry gueſt,
But ſtill the worthieſt is receiv'd the beſt.
Luckleſs the wight, however great her charms,
Who takes a barren miſtreſs to his arms!
Cold are the pleaſures of the nuptial bed,
That never aſk Lucina's friendly aid;
Though fortune ſhould all other gifts beſtow,
Theſe very gifts would but increaſe his woe;
"What, ſhall a ſtranger reap theſe fertile fields?
"An alien gather what my garden yields?
"Some ſhabby couſin, ſcarcely known by name,
"Flaunt in my clothes, and propagate my ſhame!"
But happy he, who in his warm embrace
Claſps the fair mother of a lovely race;
His joys are ever growing, ever new—
And glad am I that happy man are you!
See, fondly playful, hanging by her ſide,
The father's darling, and the mother's pride,
Kind-hearted Harry, form'd for calmer life
Than the bar's buſtle, or the ſoldier's ſtrife;
For private friendſhips form'd, and virtuous love,
And all the native paſſions of the grove.
But yet perhaps revolving years may trace
On each ſoft feature a more manly grace,
And then his father's footſteps he may fill,
And Milton's owner be a hero ſtill.
See Betſey, careleſs of her growing charms,
Hug puſſy, purring peaceful in her arms;
Arms that, when ſome important years are run,
Shall bleſs ſome hero, or ſome hero's ſon.
Aſide, in ſilent muſe, ſee Tommy ſtands,
Doom'd from his birth to viſit foreign lands;
A ſturdy boy, undaunted, void of fear,
Dreading alike a faggot and a ſpear;
Frank as a ſoldier, honeſt as a tar,
Equally fitted for the ſea or war.
What, little Martin! can be ſaid of thee?
A ſtranger I to thee, and thou to me!
May Harry's virtues animate thy breaſt,
And then thy father muſt be fully bleſt.
Thus I, enamour'd of my theme, purſue
A taſk my gratitude preſcrib'd—not you:—
Should any, too ſevere, deride my ſtrains,
And think you poorly paid for all your pains,
Tell them (perhaps they'll mind it while they live),
'Twas all a grateful dying bard could give.

April 1772.

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* *Daughter of Mr. Hugh Smith of Carnwath. She died of a conſumption in* 1771.

† *Imitated from the foregoing verſes.*

DAMON; OR, THE COMPLAINT.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

GREY twilight had begun her dusky reign,
Veiling the glories of the vernal year,
When from the village, his frequented walk,
Pensive and slow, the youthful Damon stray'd,
Along the windings of his native stream.
His downcast visage, clouded, pale, and wan,
Confess'd a bosom pierc'd with pining woe;
The jocund look, the joyous smile, were fled,
Fled the rapt eye that spoke the social soul:
Silence he sought—and his woe-deafen'd ear,
Long unaccustom'd to the melting voice
Of mirth and gay festivity, was wont
To court the murmur of the falling stream,
And list attentive to the breeze of eve;
While many a sigh sobb'd from his pensive breast,
And many a murmur mutter'd from his tongue,
And ever and anon the big round drop,
Unconscious, trickled from his tearful eye.
Onward his step had negligently stray'd,
To where the stream with deeper murmur flow'd,
Incessant rushing o'er a pebbly bed.
There the pale gloom, the lonely rolling stream,
The awful horrors of the waving wood,
Inspir'd his soul with a congenial dread,
And rous'd the secret sorrows of his mind:
He stop'd—he gaz'd—he tore his flowing hair,
He bar'd his bosom to the dewy breeze,
And wildly heaving his distemper'd breast,
In woeful accents breath'd this mournful tale.

"Forlorn, dejected, hapless, here I roam!
No friendly hand to guide my wand'ring step,
No kindly gleam to light my onward way,
No feeling heart to share my piercing grief,
Or shed the balm of consolation mild!
O, silent night! extend thy peaceful gloom;
Enwrap my musing melancholy head;
Shade all the horrors of my painful heart,
And take, O! kindly take, my rising sighs.
"Propitious fortune smil'd not on my birth,
No lineal honours grac'd my lowly name;
Remote from greatness and luxurious ease,
The pomp of grandeur, and the pride of wealth,
My youth was rear'd in solitude obscure,
And partial nature crown'd my humble lot
With love alone!—In vacancy of mind,
For ever then my lightsome spirits flow'd,
Obsequious dancing to the pleasing call
Of laughing hope, tranquillity, and ease:
The morn unclouded fled serene away,
In friendly, social, heart-exulting joy;
The blooming, modest, rosy-smiling look;
The easy, artless, unaffected grace
Of spotless beauty; the enchanting glance
Of simple virtue, innocence, and love,
Shone ever radiant on the evening hour!
"Say then, when prostrate on the humble earth
Was e'er, O heav'n! my voice imploring rais'd
To thee for honour, wealth, or gaudy fame?
From my warm heart did e'er one murmur flow,
'Gainst the fair form of that unerring law
Which sways my being with mysterious rule?
No; rather, did not calm contentment lull
Each rising wish? or if one wish escap'd,
Its frail ambition sought no higher boon,
Than, safely shelter'd in my native vale,
Remote, obscure, inglorious, and unknown,
That lasting love might crown my peaceful night,
And Sylvia gladden all my days with joy.
Burst, burst, my heart!—regardless Heav'n averse,
Despis'd my humble pray'r!—The modest rose
That early blossom'd on her vermile cheek,
And, op'ning, promised a future flow'r,
To smile delightful many a summer sun,
At guilt's fell touch, all withered and wan,
Droops its pale head, and fades away forlorn!
But let me not impiety to guilt
Presumptuous add, and causeless charge on Heav'n
The wicked purpose and the perverse deed!
Why should a worm, with daring breath, presume
To blame the course of ever-mystic pow'rs?
And prideful swelling on the feeble plume
Of reptile reason, screen with cobweb veil
This sacred truth,—that Providence is just?
No—It was pride, that tow'ring soar'd aloft,
Arous'd misfortune—who with frigid touch
Benumb'd its wings, and roll'd it in the dust!
But why—ah, whither roves licentious thought?
Still rebel passions rule my madding soul!
Still strays my heart!—though ever on my ear,
Soft-breathing from the lips of hallow'd Truth
And heav'n-descended Reason, sweetly low,
These sage persuasive accents seem to say:—
"Go, take a manly courage to your breast,
"Nor stray, sad sorrowing, by the lonely stream;
"See, art and science spread their grateful store,
"And all the muses all their sweets display,
"And court you, beck'ning to their tuneful cell:
"Forego the dear delights of early love,
"Unhallow'd by the fair esteem of virtue;
"And learn that lore divine, the bounteous pow'rs
"Bestow, to bless the fav'rite sons of earth."
I come, ye gentle monitors! I come!
But, ere I go, permit this tender sigh,
This swelling tribute of a parting tear:
The hour will come, when, sunk in silent rest,
My heart will cease to beat, my eyes to weep,
And claim the pious drop I now bestow.
"I rave, I rave! the doleful hour draws nigh!
Already dire affliction taps my frame;
My vitals languish, all my pow'rs decay:
"I leave you, Sylvia! ne'er remember me;
Forget, when I lie mould'ring in the grave,
How much I lov'd you, or how much I mourn'd.
In rural ease and calm retirement blest,
Haply some wealthier, happier youth may 'njoy,
In after-time, what fate denies to me:
But cease the sigh to heave, the wish to breathe,
Again to wander through the guileful rounds
Of fashion, folly, vanity, and vice!
May love, esteem, fair truth, and social joy,
Attend you peaceful through the vale of life;
May Heav'n, benignant, smile on all your ways,
And virtue light you blameless to your grave!
"'Tis there we'll meet:—'Tis there one common fate
Will mix our ashes in one common dust!
I go before!—I waste—I die apace!
Farewell, ye wilds! and thou sequester'd stream
The secret witness of my woe, farewell!

And thou, for whom I liv'd, for whom I die,
Sylvia, farewell! and all the world, adieu!"

ALEXIS:

OR, THE CONSTANT LOVER. A TALE.

Is there who ſcorns a conſtant lover? here
I claim his cenſure, and demand his ſneer;
That thing am I, and bold enough to own,
Where once I fix my love, I ſtill love on:
Sway'd by no accidents of coy, or kind,
With all my ſtrength, my heart, my ſoul, my mind

In *anno* ſixty —— (four years ago),
My hat, ods me! was then a very beau;
No ſhears had yet curtail'd its copious brim,
Nor gray-groat dreſſer ſpoil'd its welted trim;
My face ſecure (my face it then could hide),
Beneath its ſhadow ſun and wind defy'd:
My lips no paly ſcurfs, no bliſters knew,
And each plump cheek preſerv'd its native hue.
In ſixty —— (about this very time,
The meadows and my hat were in their prime),
I ſaw my Betſey firſt, a ſtrapping laſs,
Not quite a beauty, and not quite an aſs;
Her feet, though clumſy, and her ancles more,
Silk ſhoes atton'd for, for ſilk ſhoes ſhe wore;
Perhaps above ſome faults might too be ſpy'd,
If aught can be a fault that fringes hide;
The napkin floating white, like morning ſnow,
Made large amends for what was dun below;
And the fair pendants glitt'ring in her ear,
Conceal'd the dirt, if dirt indeed was there:
If muſic's ſweetneſs flow'd not from her tongue,
Nor Philomela warbled as ſhe ſung;
Yet was, I ween, her voice both ſhrill and loud,
And well could quell a kitchen's ev'ning crowd;
The laughter's giggle, and the laugh'd at's pout,
Struck with the ſound ſublime, alike were mute:
Ev'n pots and gridirons, if a word ſhe ſpake,
Felt thrilling tremors to their centre ſhake.
I ſaw, I bluſh'd, and (mark, my hat was new),
To a kind curt'ſy made as kind a bow;
Some diſtant words, then compliments enſu'd;
I wrote divinely, ſhe divinely ſew'd:
Then whip, ere either minded where we were,
I grew a lad of parts, and ſhe grew fair.
"I never ſpent ſo pleaſantly an hour;"
And, "Ma'am! I ne'er was proud of praiſe be-
fore."
"Sir, was it really you the ſonnet wrote?
"Such beauty, Ma'am, can raiſe the flatteſt
thought."
"A copy, Sir!"—"'Tis at your ſervice, Ma'am."
"And if you pleaſe, Sir, let it have your name."
Such was our firſt, our ſecret interview,
Such virtue has a welted hat, when new!

Though dark and gloomy was my lonely hall;
Though rotten was the roof, and rent the wall;
Though nothing it contain'd of human uſe,
But lank and feeble was each hungry mouſe;
So lank, ſo feeble, they had ſurely died,
Had not my books life's ebbing ſtream ſupply'd:
Yet ever after, morning, eve, and noon,
Its humble flour was ſweep'd with Mira's gown.
Nay, ſcarce an hour but from the ſpider's haunt
She wanted ſomething, or would ſeem to want
(The ſpider's haunt my hall, nor named wrong,
And vulgar Beſs was Mira ſtill in ſong).
In eaſy lapſe our moments onward roll'd,
She grew more yielding, and I grew more bold;
The cheek, the hand ſubdu'd, but fan my fire,
Still higher feats I meditate, and higher:
The lips capitulate, I ſtorm the breaſt;
But Honour's manly counſel ſav'd the reſt:
Yet what by day he impudence had deem'd,
With fame unblemiſh'd we in darkneſs dream'd.

Think not, licentious profligates profane!
I mean to warm you with a wanton ſtrain;
Pure as Clyde's cryſtal ſhall my numbers flow,
In all the native innocence of woe!
Hail, virgin goddeſs of the ſtreaming eye!
Who cheer my ſolitude with many a ſigh;
Who ſhed your ſoftelt influence on my head,
And drive foul paſſion from thy cypreſs ſhade;
My friend, my ſole companion, and my queen!
Life of my ſong! which elſe had lifeleſs been;
Hail to your dark domain! your kingdom come,
And wrap all nations in one friendly gloom:
So ſhall rude riot wholly diſappear,
Nor ſoul-mouth'd folly wound the modeſt ear;
The rake with wonder feel each wiſh refine,
And ev'ry breaſt be innocent as mine.
Yes, it is innocent; dejecting woe
So found it, and I truſt will leave it ſo:
Ev'n Mira, cruel, faithleſs as ſhe is,
Will do me juſtice, and acknowledge this.
Mira! that word recals my wand'ring ſong,
And points to days when my old hat was young;
When all was rapture, and the beardleſs bard
To city ſops and country ſquires preferr'd.

But nothing under heav'n is conſtant found;
For ceaſeleſs rolls the wheel of fortune round:
Now ſtand we trembling on the top, and now
The low is lofty, and the lofty low!
This uſeful leſſon what I tell will teach,
A truth old hats, as well as Plato, preach.

O, luſt of wealth! what evils ſpring from thee!
A curſe to all, a double curſe to me;
The term drew nigh, and frugal was the ſquire,
I would have rais'd, he would not raiſe my hire;
With heart-felt grief I ſaw my coat decay,
My only coat grew barer ev'ry day;
My breeches too the taylor's art ſurpaſt,
Faſt as he ſew'd, they ran to rags as faſt:
Autumn's bleak rains deſcend—where'er I go,
Water and dirt at once pervade my ſhoe:
A father's fears I for my ſtockings feel,
And hang in ſorrow o'er each helpleſs heel;
Diſtant, far diſtant, from a ſiſter's care,
My ſtockings, now a ſolitary pair!
My hat and veſt, though decent, ſtill, I ſaid,
Muſt too decay, as others have decay'd;
Terreſtrial is their birth, and, ſoon or late,
Terreſtrial hats and veſts muſt yield to fate!
Time, ever hurrying, brings the period on,
When this ſhall turn to rags, and that be brown.

Conſider, Sir (I ſaid with deference due),
The ſum of all my ſervices to you;
The tedious days in cloſe confinement ſpent:
With all the humble patience of a ſaint;
The boys were reſtleſs, and the nurſery near,
But did their roarings ever reach your ear?
Or did the ſwollen eye and blubber'd cheek
Ever the rigour of my tribe beſpeak?

No, Heaven can witneſs, gentle was my rule;
That of a drawing-room, and not a ſchool.
Conſider then, nor blame me if I'm free,
How coarſe my fare has been, how ſmall my fee!
I never drank what for your uſe was brew'd,
Nor was one offal from your plate my food;
The barley of your fields ſupplied my bread;
The water of your well my thirſt allay'd;
And then my wages—ſo exceeding poor,
The meaneſt ſcullion in your houſe has more:
The former I might bear, the latter too,
If all my clothes would laſt forever new:
If heaven with hoofs would harden either foot,
And ſhag me o'er with an immortal ſuit.
But Sir, you ſee (with that I turn'd me round)
This body can't be cover'd with———
For other———it will not do for leſs—
I might afford a pretty decent dreſs;
Might yet a ſtudent among ſtudents ſhine,
Nor with my rags affront the favouring Nine:
Think not my ſhabbineſs of mean concern,
If I be ſhabby, will the children learn?
No; be aſſur'd Sir, every growing rent
Grows certain ruin to my government:
The hour will come,—nay 'tis already here,
When they will ſcorn the man they ſhould revere,
Will ſlily draw each beggar-patch aſide,
And moſt expoſe what moſt I wiſh to hide.
Thus I ſubmiſs—'Squire Fuſcus anſwer'd fierce,
'You and your favouring Nine may ———,
'Take the old ——, and welcome; but if not,
'Go and be ——— I wont advance a groat."
Rous'd into rage, I dropp'd the deference due,
And all the ſcholar open'd to my view;
Below my notice, Sir, I ſcorn debate,
Though made my maſter by the frown of fate.
Gods! let my poverty for ever laſt;
Each coming day add ſorrow to the paſt:
Let labour bend me o'er his heavy ſpade;
Woe's cup be mine, and mine affliction's bread;
But never riches to my pray'rs impart,
And in your wrath deny a gen'rous heart.
This ſaid, I ſcornful from the ſquire withdrew,
Nor fear'd the ſurly terrors of his brow;
My books I bundled up without delay,
Nor could ev'n Mira's tears command my ſtay:
'Dear, lovely maid! my race of bliſs is run;
'Heav'n bids us part; the will of Heav'n be done:
'Though joy ſhall never light my mornings more,
'Nor ſooth my ſlumbers in the ſilent hour;
'Yet ſhall ſome gleams of comfort touch my
" mind,
'To think you once were faithful, once were
" kind.
'Farewell! and, oh! may ev'ry pow'r above
'That ſmil'd propitious on our riſing love,
'With ev'ry bleſſing, ev'ry good reward,
'Your gen'rous friendſhip for a friendleſs bard."
I weeping ſaid, and graſp'd her to my breaſt,
While broken ſobs and kiſſes ſpoke the reſt.
" Farewell, Alexis!—muſt I ſay farewell
'To him I've ever lov'd, and lov'd ſo well!
'Farewell! ſince thus my cruel ſtars ordain;
'Stars ſtill regardleſs of a lover's pain:
'But by the mem'ry of this laſt embrace,
'Our nights of rapture, and our days of bliſs;
'By the immortal fervour of your lays,
'And ev'ry monument of Mira's praiſe;
" When raviſh'd from theſe arms, I know not
" where,
" Beware, thy weeping Mira bids beware!
" Of wit's enchantment, and of beauty's ſnare;
" Bethink thee of thy vows of endleſs love,
" Theſe vows now regiſter'd in heav'n above;
" And ere the ſubtle ſyrens lay their lure,
" Prevent its malice, and apply the cure:
" Thus ſhalt thou, after various fortunes paſt,
" Come undebauched to my bed at laſt:
" Thine is my heart, and thine my hand ſhall be,
" My life, my happineſs, depends on thee!"
Such were her words.—Philoſopher ſevere!
Thou hard of credit, and of captious ear!
Say, would'ſt thou, in the wiſdom of thy youth,
Have ſought a Sorites to prove their truth?
If ſo, indeed a very ſage thou art,
And triple adamant environs thy heart;
With praiſes due thy prudence I commend;
But may'ſt thou, Zeno! never be my friend.
For me, with all my weakneſſes content,
Soon as I heard, as ſoon I gave aſſent;
The ſighs and tears that with each word increas'd,
Were demonſtration to a feeling breaſt.
What pity, Heav'n! the morn of all thou'ſt
made,
The radiant image of thy ſtarry head;
What pity woman, woman ſo divine!
Should want a will immutable as thine;
Then through our groves would plaints of falſe-
hood ceaſe,
And rills, unſwell'd with ſorrow, ſeek the ſeas;
Each gale on lighter pinions ſcour the ſkies,
Nor ſweat beneath a load of groans and ſighs.
Paſſion their counſellor, and whim their guide,
Their friends and fav'rites, vanity and pride;
No wonder women, angels as they ſeem,
This juſt now fit, unfit next moment deem;
No wonder Mira, with each grace adorn'd,
A day, one tedious day my abſence mourn'd;
A day, one tedious day, reſolv'd to keep
Her vows; but loſt them with her morning's ſleep.
Spruce from the city came a gaudy wight,
His hat was finer, and his hands more white;
A ſofter tinge each ſickly feature ſpread,
Criſp'd were the hoary honours of his head;
A gilt ſtaff trembled in his feeble hand,
To him a ſtaff, to me it were a wand;
He came, he bow'd; than me he better bow'd;
Nay, bent the knee; and bend it well he cou'd:
She ſmil'd, ſhe curtſy'd; and, (alas, alas!
That I ſhould live to ſing ſo ſad a caſe!)
She granted ev'ry favour in an hour,
That coſt me many months to gain before!
A woman once inconſtant's always ſo;
One bound'ry broke, no other bounds they know:
Thus ſheep, if once they break the turf-built fold,
No whins can ſcare them, and no dikes can hold.
The coxcomb Florio, ſo prim, ſo neat,
Soon ſhar'd his clumſy ragged rival's fate;
Out-bow'd, out-kneel'd, by one of ruſtic garb,
Who ſnapt to ſeize the bait, but ſeiz'd the barb;
Long pin'd in thinner air the fooliſh fiſh,
To gain his ſhelt'ring mud was all his wiſh;
Once more below his ſunleſs bank to lie,
In liſtleſs, lazy, loitering apathy.
In vain! when Mira ey'd the uſeleſs prey,
Far on the ſhore ſhe flung the thing away.

Irkſome the taſk, and tedious were the tale,
Words would grow ſcarce, and pen and ink would fail;
Nay, life's ſhort period hardly would ſuffice,
To give the ſum of her inconſtancies.
Yet ſtill I love her; do I what I will,
Some magic influence attracts me ſtill;
Attracts me ſtill, and with a force as ſtrong
As when my hat, my welted hat was young:
Elſe, why theſe ſighs that labour in my breaſt,
That ſeek for vent, and wiſh to be expreſt?
Soon as I reach my ſolitary hall,
Ye ſighs burſt forth! ye teary torrents fall!
There no rude ſwain ſhall mock your tender moan;
Your lovely ſorrow ſuits with love alone.

Sept. 6. 1771.

SONNET.

Farewell, diſturber of my reſt,
Succeſs leſs love! adieu;
With hopes, and jealouſies, and fears,
And all your happy crew.

Farewell, the mournful midnight lay,
The elegy of woe!
And all the diſmal ditties, ſung
By Medwan's mazy flow.

Hail, ſober dulneſs! ever hail,
My only, laſt relief!
Thy ſerious ſons in peace repoſe,
Inſenſible of grief!

No ſtudied harmony of ſound
Their paſſions e'er refin'd;
Nor melting melody of woe
E'er touch'd their callous mind.

Alike to them, when nature's call
Ferments their boiling blood,
Whether Belinda ſmile or not;
Another is as good.

The various ills of love and life,
The thinking only know;
And ſenſibility is join'd
Eternally with woe.

At firſt, the little ills of love
My boſom hardly wrung;
But lo! they gather'd ſtrength, and grew
Important as I ſung.

Thus, under a phyſician's care,
Intent on fame and fees,
The titubation of a pulſe
Increaſes to diſeaſe.

He talks in all the terms of art,
And wags his myſtic head;
While patients tremble for their life,
And think they're really bad.

TO MISS ——— ———

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Let gentle youths diſſolve in am'rous fires,
And breathe in melting lays their ſoft deſires;
With ſongs of wit, and ſonnets void of care,
Gay as their hopes, and as their hearts ſincere;
To ſpotleſs charms unfading trophies raiſe,
Of real love and undiſſembled praiſe:
Be theirs the bleſſings they deſerve to prove,
The garland gather'd from the myrtle grove;
The gracious glance of condeſcending maids;
Love long to laſt, and fame that never fades:
For them may Venus light the genial bed,
By hallow'd Hymen honourable made;
And crown th' embrace of many wedded years
With gen'rous ſons, to emulate their ſires;
Like them be bleſt with all their wiſhes crave,
A parent's joy, and age's honour'd grave.
Far other hopes my hapleſs breaſt inſpire;
Far other themes demand the muſe's fire!
With me the dear rewards of love are o'er;
For me the myrtle garlands bloom no more!
In cheerleſs darkneſs ſinks the ſhining ſcene,
Where ſoft affection held her early reign;
And chaſte enjoyment ſhed her conſtant ray,
To light, with radiance mild, my years away!
Oft, as unſeen, I ſeek the ſhady grove,
Scenes of young joy, and haunts of early love;
The painted meadow, or the purling ſtream,
Where fancy feeds, and where the muſes dream;
Where laughing loves and naked graces play
In ſportive gambols all the live-long day:
Sudden I ſee your fancy'd form ariſe;
See blooming beauties ſkim before my eyes;
See ev'ry love, and ev'ry charming grace,
Smile in your eye, or languiſh on your face.
I cloſer gaze—when, lo! a mournful train
Of weeping virtues cloud the radiant ſcene!
Nor love, nor blooming beauty ſtraight appears,
But ev'ry look a diſmal horror wears;
Obſcur'd by guilt, the dimpling ſmiles decay,
And all your glowing graces fade away!
Sad, then, I ſit me down;—or wand'ring rove
Through ev'ry walk, and weep our ruin'd love:
While conſcious bow'rs, and love-frequented ſhades,
Long-winding walks, and intermingled glades,
In fond remembrance op'ning to my view,
Refreſh my ſorrows, and my ſighs renew;
Deep plaintive murmurs periſh on my tongue,
Or flow away in melancholy ſong;
While all around the penſive groves complain,
Sigh ev'ry ſigh, and murmur ev'ry ſtrain!
But, Sylvia, what avails the murm'ring glade,
The ſighing grove, or ſympathizing ſhade?
Their ſeeming ſorrows unſucceſsful prove,
To ſooth the woes of diſappointed love;
To bid the black-wing'd ſeaſons backward roll,
Clear the foul ſtain, or waſh the guilty ſoul;
To beauty's form fair innocence reſtore,
Huſh the falſe tongue, bid ſlander wound no more:
Your crimes, your follies, riſe in endleſs view,
And my heart ſwells, my tears flow forth for you!
For you!—but why invite you forth to rove
Through ſcenes of ſorrow and deſponding love?
Scenes that (for ſo the ruling pow'rs decree)
Muſt ſtill be view'd, and ſtill bewail'd by me!
Enough for you—with ſolitary care
To view your fall, and ſhed a ſecret tear;
Careleſs of what the mourning muſe may ſay,
When wild with ſorrow burſts the love-lorn lay!
Enough for you—whene'er my thoughts I caſt
On all the joys of youth and virtue paſt;
When I reflect (forgive this ſwelling ſigh,
And this big tear juſt trickling from my eye),
When peaceful innocence and pleaſure play'd,
With gentle love beneath our native ſhade;

And bade our hearts, to grief or care unknown,
Confeſs their charming influence alone!
Enough for you---to grant the meed I crave,
For me the willow's paly wreath to weave;
And ſoftly bind it on my youthful brow,
Mark of my pain, and merit of my woe!
This ſad indulgence will reward my lays,
Approve my grief, and gives me all my praiſe;
So, when your ſorrows ceaſe, for ceaſe they muſt,
And your fair form ſhall moulder into duſt;
May ſome ſad youth, by pity's lore improv'd,
By virtue honour'd, and the muſe belov'd,
Due to your fate, devote the mournful line,
And join your mem'ry as your love to mine.
To mine!---ah, no! withdraw the wiſhful eye,
Check the ſoft tear, and ſtill the riſing ſigh;
Scatter the willow wreath you weave for me,
Who, idly raving, pour my plaint to thee!
To thee! who doated on my ſtrains before;
To thee! who never ſhall behold me more;
Praiſe all your virtues, number all your charms,
And fold, untainted, fold them in my arms!
'Tis o'er, alas!---the dear deluſion's o'er;
Returning reaſon reaſſumes her pow'r;
Before her ſwift the magic ſcenes decay,
That fancy gilded with deluſive ray;
Your guilt, your ſhame, ariſing to her view,
She tears the veil, and paints their real hue;
Unmantled follies ſtand around confeſt,
And wounded honour bares the bleeding breaſt;
While none remains of all the tender train,
But ſoft-ey'd pity's idly ling'ring ſtrain!
Farewell, weak maid! unmercifully long,
I pain your ear with an ungentle ſong;
But, ere I leave you, liſten to the lay
That wears no woe, and weeps no worth away;
Friendſhip refin'd inſpires the ſerious theme,
And reaſon lights it with her radiant beam;
While the big thought is lab'ring in my breaſt,
That ſoon the poet, ſoon the ſong will reſt,
Soon will my ſorrows, my reflections, end;
You loſe a lover, and lament a friend!
Where meek-rob'd penitence, of placid mien,
Her eye mild-beaming, and her brow ſerene,
Sedately ſits, uplift a ſigh ſincere;
Her ſmile alone will ruin'd love repair;
Smooth the rough path that leads to virtue's god,
And urge you ling'ring on the arduous road;
Your wav'ring ſoul with confidence confirm,
Inſpire with caution, and with courage arm;
Bid it at vice with indignation riſe,
Scorn all below, and hope its native ſkies,
Contemn the pleaſures that ariſe from ſenſe,
Dare to be good, and aim at excellence.
And though condemn'd by dooming pow'rs above
To live far diſtant from the man you love;
The irkſome path of life alone to tread,
No friend to counſel, and no hand to lead;
Regarding Heav'n will glad your weary way,
And blaze around a reconciling ray;
Winning and kind, the wand'ring wiſh reprove,
And grant in grace what is deny'd in love;
Mild to forgive, and piteous of the paſt,
Releaſe from life, and crown with joy at laſt;
Command the blow that turns your frame to duſt,
Bids grief ſubſide, and ev'ry ſigh be huſh'd;
Bids ſure oblivion o'er your follies creep,
And lull you peaceful in eternal ſleep.

Sept. 5. 1769.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

While youth yet ſcampers in its wild career,
And life's mad buſtle vibrates on our ear;
While frolic's looſer merriments delight,
And delicacy yields to appetite;
Why ſtrives my friend by ſtudies too ſevere,
To antedate the tyranny of care?
To weaken principles already weak,
The very principles by which we act?
Theſe bug-bear paſſions that affright you ſo,
Procure us all the happineſs we know;
From their repoſe reſults the calm of life,
But greater bliſs accompanies their ſtrife;
And when their gen'rous efforts you ſubdue,
You only do what ſager time would do;
If war was deſtin'd for each living wight,
Why has not nature arm'd us for the fight?
Chaſtis'd the flowing current of our blood,
And diſengag'd us from the fair and good?
Each human heart in Stygian armour dreſt,
And lin'd with triple braſs each ruffian breaſt?
How happy youth! if youth its bliſs but knew;
Theirs is the preſent, theirs the future too;
Where'er they turn, enjoyment courts their eye,
Enjoyment not forbidden by the ſky:
Here, walk the fairy fantoms of the grove,
Young friendſhip leaning on the arms of love;
There, fame in air diſplays the gaudy crown,
By ſages, heroes, poets, patriots, won.
Come, let us now each pleaſant ſcene enjoy,
Ere age's wither'd hands their ſweets deſtroy;
Sweep all away, and nothing leave behind
But philoſophic apathy of mind.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

All on the graſs-green margin of Clyde,
A fair maiden diſconſolate lay;
Red-ſwoln was her eye with the ſalt trickling tear,
And her cheek was as pale as the clay.

Wither'd and wan was her roſe-red lip,
And the charms of her youth were all flown;
Like a flow'r that is ſcorch'd by the mid-ſummer heat,
Or is plucked before it be blown.

Looſe on her neck hung her long long hair,
No green garland the ringlets combin'd;
Of Damon's falſe vows, and his late pledged troth,
And of mis'ry, ſhe ſung to the wind.

"Clyde, Clyde! roll on your clear cryſtal waves,
(It was thus with a ſigh ſhe began);
But roll where you will, you never will find
Such a lovely and faithleſs young man.

Beware, O! beware, ye fond, fond maids!
O! beware, and take warning by me!
Nay, truſt not a ſwain though he ſwears to be true,
They are falſe, but not lovely as he.

It was in yon ofier leaf-lin'd bow'r
O! too well I remember the place; [twigs,
For my own fingers wove the green bending
And he cover'd the benches with grafs:

That he took me in his foft circling arms,
And did fondlingly kifs me the while;
But beware, O! beware of the heart-ftealing kifs,
For men kifs where they mean to beguile.---

Sylvia! to hang on thy lily-white neck,
And to prefs thy fair bofom to mine,
Is enough, yes, away with bafe dirty pelf,
'Tis enough, 'tis enough to be thine.

Proud damfels may deck them in fine rich array,
And ev'ry rude feature adorn;
But can riches, or pride, e'er attire them like thee,
In the purple and freflineſs of morn?

'Away, fooliſh grandeur! I'll ne'er change my love,
'Or this kifs, this fweet kifs, be my laft:---
'Yes the gods who do look through this leaf-lin'd bow'r
'Can bear witneſs how truly I'm bleſt.'

Such, fuch were his words, then more clofe to his breaſt,
With full many a ſigh he me drew;
So kind, ſo ſincere, and ſo hearty they ſeem'd,
That I could not but think they were true.

Aſk not, O! aſk not, ye four four maids,
If more than a kifs he did won;
Think, but think on the place, and the dear, dear youth,
And then tell me, what would you have done?

How frail and how feeble a fond maid's bliſs,
Overturn'd by all breezes that blow!
How weak is the barrier, how narrow the line,
That does ſep'rate our love from our woe!

Where are ye now, ye falſe flatt'ring joys!
Ye proſpects of pleaſures unknown?
Like Demon, ye faithleſs have left me to weep,
And ye with him to Clara are flown.

O! do not receive them, thou raſh, raſh maid!
Or, farewell thy quiet of mind;
They may charm for a little, but yet, yet beware
Of a poiſon that feſters behind.

Look but on me; nay, nay, never fear,
I'm a rival you ſcarcely can dread;
No roſes now bloom on this pale lily cheek,
Nor is mine the fair flock that I feed.

Look yet again, and tell unto me,
And, O! ſee it be truth that you tell;
Can your fondneſs ſecure you the falſe wand'ring ſwain,
When I'm thus but for loving too well?

Away, haſte away, ye ſlow, ſlow hours!
And be dipt O you ſun! in the ſea:
Ah me! I but rave; for the time is no more
When the ev'ning brought comfort to me.

Sad, ever ſad!---is there no kind cure?
Not a balſam provided for woe?
O, tell me, ſome angel! in what happy clime
Does the precious remedy grow?

Kindly remember'd, thou fire-clad ſprite!
It is there, it is certainly there;
And ſoon will I ſeek in the cold darkſome grave
For a balſam to love and deſpair."

HYMN

TO THE ETERNAL MIND.

HAIL, ſource of happineſs! whate'er thy name,
Through ages vaſt ſucceſſion ſtill the ſame;
For ever bleſt, in giving others biſs
No boon thou aſkeſt of thy reptile race;
Their virtues pleaſe thee, and their crimes offend,
Not as a governor, but as a friend:
What can our goodneſs profit thee? and ſay,
Can guilt's black dye thy happineſs allay?
Raiſe vengeful paſſions in thy heav'nly mind,
Paſſions that ev'n diſgrace the human kind?
No: are we wiſe? the wiſdom is our own;
And folly's miſ'ries wait on fools alone:
We live and breathe by thy divine command,
Our life, our breath, are in thy holy hand;
But ſomething ſtill is ours, and only ours,
A moral nature, grac'd with moral pow'rs,
Thy perfect gift, unlimited and free,
Without reſerve of ſervice, or of fee.
Poor were the gift, if given but to bind
In everlaſting fetters all mankind!
To bind us o'er to debts we ne'er could pay,
And for our torment cheat us into day!
Not thus thou dealeſt, ſure it is not thus,
Father beneficent! with all, with us!
Thou form'd'ſt our ſouls ſuſceptible of bliſs,
In ſpite of circumſtance, of time and place;
A bliſs internal, ev'ry way our own,
Which none can forfeit, is deny'd to none;
For ever forfeit; for our freedom's ſuch,
'Tis ſcorn'd or courted, ſtill within our reach;
And if we ſink to miſery and woe,
Thou neither made us, nor decreed us ſo;
Perfection in a creature cannot dwell,
Some men have fallen, and ſome yet may fall;
Many the baits that tempt our ſteps aſtray,
From reaſon's dictates, and from wiſdom's way.
But, hail, Eternal Eſſence! ever hail!
Though vice now triumph, paſſion now prevail;
Though all ſhould err, yet all are ſure to find
In thee a father! and in thee a friend!
A friend, to overlook the mortal part,
The crimes, the follies foreign to the heart.

A FIT OF THE SPLEEN.

WHAT is this creature man, who ſtruts the world
With ſo much majeſty?—A frightful dream!
A midnight goblin, and a reſtleſs ghoſt,
Leaving the diſmal regions of the tomb,
To walk in darkneſs, and aſtoniſh night,
With hideous yellings, and with piteous groans!
The radiant orbs that glitter o'er your heads,
What are they more than lamps in ſepulchres?

That ſhine on dead men bones, and point out death,
Misfortune, ſorrow, miſery, and woe,
And all the ſad innumerable ills
That blazon the eſcutheon of mortality!
A horror viſible! than which the ſhades,
The thickeſt midnight ſhades, Cimmerian glooms,
Were clearer ſunſhine, and more wiſhful day!
The mountain's fragrance, and the meadow's growth,
The vernal bloſſom, and the ſummer's flow'r,
Are but funereal garlands, nature ſtrows
Munificent on this ſtupendous herſe,
This decorated prelude to the grave;
Inſatiable monſter! yawning ſtill,
Unfathomably deep!—A little while,
And lo! he cloſes on the painted ſcene,
And, ſurfeited with carnage, yawns no more!
Say, what is life?—this privilege to breathe?
But a continued ſigh—a lengthen'd groan—
A felt mortality—a ſenſe of pain—
A preſent evil, ſtill foreboding worſe—
A church-yard epitaph—a plaintive ſong—
A mournful univerſal elegy,
We ever read, and ever read with tears!

HERO AND LEANDER.

IN TWO BOOKS.

From the Greek of Muſæus.

Κεδνὰ κακοι φθειρουσι γυναικῶν ἠθεα μῦθοι
Φευγε Νυμφη φευγε!——— NAUM. GNOM.

BOOK I.

SING, heav'nly maid! the memorable lamp
Conſcious of ſecret loves, and the bold youth
Who nightly brav'd the horrors of the deep,
Courting a dark embrace, and ſilent joys,
On which the morn immortal never dawn'd;
That famous lamp, by whoſe auſpicious ray
The amorous Leander ſafely ſwam
To ancient Seſtus, and the longing arms
Of his fond miſtreſs, who with watchful care
Tended its nightly radiance, and renew'd
Its failing flame; till one malignant hour
Saw it extinguiſh'd, and Leander dead.
Faſt by the margin of the ſounding deep,
In a ſequeſter'd tow'r, a rev'rend pile,
The work of other days, belov'd of all,
The modeſt prieſteſs of the Cyprian queen,
Fair Hero dwelt; unſpotted was the maid,
And unexperienc'd in the dangerous ſweets
Of mutual love. She ſhunn'd the ſecret haunts
Of guileful pleaſure, where her wanton peers,
To youthful dalliance, and illicit joys,
Gave up their vanquiſh'd ſouls But in the fane
With duteous hand on Venus' altar burnt
The fragrant produce of Sabæan groves,
Propitiating the goddeſs, and her ſon
All-conqu'ring love—Relentleſs, ſavage pow'r!
Could not the piety of the lovely maid
Unbend thy ſtubborn bow? her pleading tears
Avert thy fatal arrows?—No ſhe fell
The hapleſs victim of thy cruel art,
Now came the day through Aſia's wide domains
To Venus ſacred, and the purple wounds
Of beautiful Adonis.—All the youth
Of ſea-girt Cyprus and Hæmonia come
To hold the feſtival.—Each virgin leaves
Her dance unfiniſh'd on thy fragrant top
Libanus! and thy ſoft luxurious ſons
On the tall cedars hang their uſeleſs harps
And throng to Seſtus.—All whoſe tender breaſt
Exults impaſſion'd at the pow'rful glance
Of female beauty on the Phrygian plains,
And thine Arcadia! but chiefly thine
Delicious Daphne! Syria's bliſful grove
Crowd thither alſo; and along with theſe
The youth of Abydos, ſcarce disjoin'd
By Helleſpontic ſtraits from Europe's ſhores,
And ancient Seſtus *.—Hero through the fane
In all the majeſty of beauty walk'd,
Performing ev'ry rite; her bluſhing cheek
Shed a ſoft luſtre round; as when the ſun
Gilds with his early beams a vernal mead,
Where, dropt with dew, the roſe and lily blend
In ſweet aſſemblage.---Looſely thrown behind,
A ſnowy garment bruſh'd her ſtately ſteps,
With ſilver fringes deck'd.---The graces ſmil'd
In ev'ry feature, ev'ry look;---eaſe ſat
On ev'ry limb;---each attitude confeſs'd
A prieſteſs worthy of the queen of love.
Each youth is fill'd with raviſhment, each breaſt
Heaves with deſire.——Where'er the virgin goes,
She quickly ſpreads the ſoft contagion round;
And pray'rs like theſe are heard through all the fane.
" Cytherean Venus, or if Ida's grove,
" Or Carian Cnidus, pleaſe thee more! attend
" My earneſt ſuit.---Be this! be this the maid
" Deſtin'd for me when in the fated hour
" I kindle up the Hymeneal torch,
" And leave thy altars; if, like one of us,
" The earth's increaſe ſuffices for her food,
" And nouriſhes her lovely frame:---But if
" (As is more likely) an immortal ſhe
" Of thy celeſtial train, be ſuch the fair,
" Th' immortal fair, the fates have mark'd my " wife."
Such was the univerſal pray'r.---But thou,
Leander! fir'd with a ſublimer flame,
And inextinguiſhable ardour, didſt
Greatly reſolve to gain the beauteous maid,
Or fall the victim of a fruitleſs love.
The uncorrupted torch of pure deſire
Flaſh'd in his eager ear; his boſom glow'd
With an unuſual warmth;---a conſcious bluſh
Suffus'd his burning cheek, and trembling ſeiz'd
His looſen'd knees, and ſhook his manly frame.
Thrice he attempted to accoſt her, thrice
Amazement, fear, and reverence repreſs'd
His meditated words.---At laſt his love,
Impatient of controul, o'ercame his fears.
Veiling his real intent in artful guiſe
Of curious inquiry, with ſilent tread
He ſteals to where the maiden ſtood, amid
A menial train.---He joins himſelf to theſe,
Feigning ſome matter of diſcourſe.---Meanwhile

* *The ſtrait is only half a mile over, about three miles from the Dardanelles, where the ruins of theſe cities are to be ſeen.*

The deep-drawn ſigh, the languiſhing regard,
The downcaſt penſive look, and frequent bluſh,
Soliciting attention, did attract
Her ſerious notice;---then, leſs fearful grown,
He rais'd his eye, while ev'ry wiſhful glance
Betray'd his inmoſt ſoul.---She, not unpleas'd,
Beheld his infant-love, and nought averſe
To the ſoft intercourſe, with a regard
Of infinite complacency receiv'd
Each token of his paſſion:---Oft ſhe veil'd
In virgin modeſty her bluſhing cheek;
In vain ſhe veil'd! her boſom's tell-tale heave
Faſt not unnoted; ev'n the very bluſh,
But ill conceal'd; each favourable ſign
Did not eſcape a lover's watchful eye.
Now night in ſilent majeſty advanc'd,
Wrapt in her ſtarry mantle:---Heſperus,
Propitious to love, with grateful blaze
Flam'd on heav'n's azure front.---The menial train
Forſook the miſtreſs;---ev'ry thing conſpir'd
To further his deſign.---He boldly ſeiz'd
Her lily hand, and preſs'd it to his lips
With many a gentle ſqueeze, and ſighing ſoft,
Whiſper'd his tender paſſion in her ear.
She, fullenly indignant, did withdraw
Her lovely lily hand:---He, nought diſmay'd,
Still perſever'd, and by the ſilver fringe
Of her white garment, dragg'd the baſhful fair,
Apparently reluctant, from the crowd
To the dread *penetralia* of the fane;
Where ſhe at length gave looſe to her complaints,
And chid Leander thus:---Rude ſtranger, ſay,
" Whence this preſumption? Think you me ſo
" light,
" So cheap a thing, ſo impotent of ſoul,
" As to be won by ev'ry breath of praiſe?
" To ſtoop and liſten to the tedious tale
" Of ev'ry fulſome flatterer? away!
" And dread the vengeance of a pow'rful fire."
Thus ſhe in maiden dignity; nor wiſh'd
Her threats ſucceſsful. While in ſoothing mood
Leander thus began; and, ſpeaking, kiſs'd
Her fragrant neck. " O fair above the ſex!
" Upon my heaving breaſt, immortal bliſs
" And real rapture let me ever drink
" Delighted;---ever dwell upon thy lips
" In ſacred tranſport:---Thus to claſp thee---thus
" Embrace thy charms, is happineſs beyond
" The narrow limits and invidious bourne
" Of weak mortality.---I feel my ſoul
" Glow with diviner fire, and ſoar above
" This humble ſcene of things.---Depriv'd of this,
" Not all the treaſur'd ore, nor num'rous herds
" That graze a thouſand hills, nor gilded ſtate
" Of purpl'd tyrants, nor the olive crown
" Gain'd with th' applauſes of aſſembled Greece
" On the Elëan plains, could ever draw
" One wiſh of life, to tread its irkſome rounds!
" To crawl the reptile prey of ev'ry care,
" So fall'n from what I am! ſo abject!---Yes,
" I'd ruſh on non-exiſtence, and defy
" The ſilent regions of the dead, to ſhow
" In all their bounds a miſery like this.
" If I muſt loſe thee, call thy father in
" While yet I hang upon thy neck and quaff
" Immortal pleaſures; let him ſtab me here;
" I'll thank him for his pains, my lateſt breath
" Shall bleſs the hand that gave the timely blow.--
" But why this diſmal apparatus? why
" This melancholy proſpect---this expence
" Of dreadful images? What hinders now
" The ſweet indulgence of a lawful flame?
" The time, the place, but moſt of all the voice,
" The ſilent pow'rful voice of nature calls
" Sweetly perſuaſive on us, to obey
" Her pleaſant ſacred mandates, and fulfil
" Her ſovereign decree.---Black darkneſs round
" Extends a negro-covering, and ſecures
" Our mutual tranſports from the impious eye
" Of envious cens'ring man;---and hov'ring near
" The ſmiling goddeſs from her dove-drawn car
" Looks down complacent, and approves each joy,
" Each heart-felt rapture of her youthful gueſts."
Thus he impaſſion'd ſpoke.---While ev'ry word,
Each glowing kiſs, and ev'ry mournful ſigh,
More prevalent than words, the winning ſpeech!
The ſoft pathetic eloquence of love!
Found but too eaſy credit.---On the earth
She fix'd her azure eye, and paſſive ſtood
In baſhful ſilence;---ſilence, the conſent
Of yielding maids unpractis'd. Oft ſhe drew
Around her ſnowy breaſt the looſe hung robe;
As oft th' invidious garment was remov'd
By vagrant hands licentious. Then at length,
Though too, too late! collecting the remains
The laſt weak efforts of a virgin ſhame,
She puſh'd him gently from her, and beſpoke
The lovely ſtranger thus:---" In vain you know
" Each paſſage to the heart! in vain poſſeſs
" The various eloquence of words! perhaps
" The next propitious gale may waft you hence
" A faithleſs wand'rer, leaving me to mourn
" Your broken vows, and ev'ry holy bond
" Tranſgreſs'd; each holy bond, and ev'ry vow,
" In ſecret darkneſs ſworn:---For open rites,
" And Hymen's outward pomp, my wayward
" fate
" And an inexorable fire deny!
" Say, if an exile from your natal ſhore;
" A ſojourner in Seſtus, could your tongue
" Conceal the favours of a loving maid,
" And give to deepeſt night each fond exceſs
" Of her affection? Ah! the tongue of man
" Is prone to ſcandal:---Could you hear me prais'd
" For modeſt charms and chaſtity, nor yet
" In youthful pride betray me to the world?
" Perhaps I ev'n might truſt you.---But declare
" Your name, your country, and your father's
" houſe;
" For mine you know:---Illuſtrious Hero I,
" The prieſteſs of this fane, condemn'd to dwell
" By cruel parents in a lonely tow'r
" By the rough Helleſpont; far, far remov'd
" From the ſociety of man, and all
" My maiden equals! Nightly in my ears
" The hollow winds ſing mournful, and the wave
" Beats on the rock below with horrid claſh,
" And ſhakes the aged dome;---while on my
" couch,
" My ſolitary couch, I trembling lie,
" And mourn my luckleſs fate with many a tear."
Thus bluſhing ſhe.---And thus the amorous youth
Incontinent returns:---" Down, coward fear!
" Let angry tempeſts rage, and ev'ry wind
" Turmoil the ſurgy deep, I'll boldly cleave
" The ſounding waters.---What is danger? what

" Death, in his form moſt frightful, when com-
" par'd
" With the ſweet hope of loſing all my cares
" In pureſt ecſtaſy and chaſte delight
" On my fair Hero's boſom? Yes, dear maid!
" I'll nightly ſwim the Helleſpont to thee,
" And bleſs his boiſt'rous billows, and his ſhores
" Rocky and ſteep, that graciouſly afford
" An opportunity to try my love.
" In ſtrong Abydos, the conſpicuous dome
" Of my old ſire Euryalus the ſage,
" An honour'd name, who haply now laments
" In cheerleſs ſolitude Leander's ſtay,
" His lov'd, his only ſon, ſtands eminent
" Juſt oppoſite to this, and clearly mark'd
" By day; now buried in impervious ſhade.
" Doubt not my pledged faith;—do only thou
" Let a pale lamp extend a glimm'ring ray
" Athwart the midnight gloom, to point the path
" And guide my doubtful courſe.—I aſk no more,
" But leave the reſt to providence and heav'n."
Struck with amazement at ſo bold a thought,
So daring a reſolve, ſhe graſp'd the youth
Cloſe to her panting breaſt, and kindly wiſh'd
The gods would proſper the attempt.—She fear'd
There might be danger in it;—yet ſhe hop'd
The ſea-born Venus would confirm his nerves,
And ſmooth the deep before his active arm.
The night was far advanc'd. Leander's mates,
Impatient to be gone, in noiſy haſte
Call'd loudly on him: The ungrateful ſound
Reach'd his unwilling ears; he ſudden ſnatch'd
A parting kiſs, and join'd the clam'rous crew.
While ſad and penſive Hero left the fane,
Revolving in her mind the midnight lamp,
The dangers of the deep, its rocky ſhores,
And all that might obſtruct Leander's love.

BOOK II.

Now riſing ruddy from Tithonus' bed,
The young Aurora urg'd her dappl'd ſteeds
Along the broad celeſtial way, and chas'd
Reluctant darkneſs to the weſtern world;
Each fragrant flow'ret of the humble vale
With pearly dew-drops hung, a deeper bluſh,
A freſher glow aſſum'd, and ſun-burnt hills
A greener mantle wore.—The ſons of Greece
Forſook the downy couch, and rang'd the wood
Profuſe of melody; or arduous ſcal'd
The verdant ſummit, or more gently trac'd
The flow'ry mazes of ſome murm'ring brook,
As chance or fancy led. But by the ſhore,
Apart from all, Leander thoughtful ſat,
And on fair Hero's lonely manſion fix'd
His eye unwearied, wiſhing for the dark,
The favourable hour, the hour of love:
His unbent bow and harmleſs quiver lay
Neglected on the rock, while round his head
Unhurt, the ſea-mew and the ſcreaming hern
Skim'd with inceſſant clang.—No more his ſoul
Pants for the bloody ceſtus, or exults
To hurl the jav'lin, or the weighty diſk,
Beyond his peers:—In vain his mettl'd ſteeds
Demand their wonted courſe, and neighing paw
Their ſtalls indignant; he regards them not:
His ſecret nuptials, and his ſpouſe's charms,
Yet unenjoy'd, engage his ev'ry care,
And vindicate each thought.—At laſt arriv'd
The long-expected hour.—Solemn and ſlow
Night reaſſum'd her ebon throne; the breeze
Blew keener from the ſhore, and onward roll'd
More lengthen'd billows; while the wither'd graſs
Long-rankling on the ſea-beat cliff, in ſtrains
More ſadly-pleaſing ſooth'd the penſive ear.
Athwart the ſilent face of night, now gleam'd
The red-blue taper, with a fickly ray
Diffus'd around; not much unlike the ſad,
The dreary glare of bearded comets, ſeen
By the obſervant ſage to ſhoot along
Their lengthen'd orbits of an hundred years;
Immenſely rapid!—Straight Leander hail'd
The glad appearance, and his ſilken robe,
Of thinneſt texture from the Tyrian loom,
Buoyant and light, collected on his head,
He careful bound; in act to plunge he ſtood,
Reckleſs of danger, when a threat'ning wave,
Of more than uſual bulk, enormous, daſh'd
The murm'ring ſhore, and cover'd all his limbs
With floating ſea-weed; then a ſudden fear
Congeal'd him to the rock; with both his hands
Immoveable he clung. But ſoon his love
Reſtor'd his wonted warmth:—The ridgy waves
Forſaken by the gale ſubſiding ſunk
To ſweet repoſe, on the unruffled breaſt
Of their cerulean ſire; with active bound,
And arms extended, from the craggy ſhore
He leapt impetuous, while the cloſing main
Reſounded to his fall; the gathering foam
In ſhining circles girt his manly neck
Emerging from the water.—But the maid
By the pale lamp ſtood watchful, and would oft
Oppoſe her mantle to the eddy breeze
Threat'ning its friendly radiance; or would ſteal
With ſilent ſteps to where the aged nurſe
In peaceful ſlumbers clos'd her rheumy eyes;
Leſt haply ſome returning flow of phlegm,
Some periodic gout, or racking ach,
Should rouſe the teſty matron, and betray
Their ſecret correſpondence.—Thus employ'd,
Breathleſs and ſpent with toil, Leander reach'd
The wiſhful harbour: To the nuptial couch
She led him, leaning on her breaſt, and wip'd
The brine offenſive from his ſhiv'ring limbs,
And wrung his lovely locks; a pleaſant taſk!
A grateful labour! interrupted oft
With mute embraces: then ſhe on his head
Pour'd precious ointment, and the ſoft'ning balm,
Of Syrian groves, moſt ſavoury, and cheer'd
His drooping ſpirits thus:—" My charming youth
" Much haſt thou ſuffer'd, well approv'd thy faith,
" But now 'tis paſt, the mighty danger's o'er!
" The couch is ready, and thy ſpouſe's arms
" Are open to receive thee; here enjoy
" The happy fruits of all thy hardy toils.
" Here, Leander! let me lull thy ſoul
" In bleſt oblivion of the wind and wave."
Reſtor'd to wonted vigour, and improv'd
In manly graces, he no longer ſhunn'd
The fond, the am'rous conteſt; but unloos'd
The maiden girdle.—Silent were their joys!
No choſen youth with melody and ſong
Led up the mazy dance; no ſacred bard,
Inſpir'd of heav'n, attun'd the melting lyre
To hallow'd numbers, and the hidden ſweets
Of Hymen's myſtic kingdom, the domain

Of lawful pleasures!---With the fragrant growth
Of blushing meadows, and the verdant boughs
Of spreading palms, no virgin train adorn'd
The nuptial couch;---no venerable sire,
No rev'rend mother, sung with quav'ring lips
The wishful Hymeneals; and no torch
Illum'd the bridal chamber:---Darkness veil'd
The happy pair, and conscious night diffus'd
Her shadows round them; while, unseen, unheard,
The sylvan deities, to celestial airs,
Light swept the floor in an immortal dance.
But drowsy Somnus by Almena's couch,
Fair Hero's guardian, took his silent stand,
And bath'd her temples in the pow'rful juice
Of midnight herbs, inducing sweet respite
From all the dread infirmities of age,
The panting asthma, and the piercing pain
Of joint contracting aches; where'er it sheds
Its balmy influence, no scalding rheum
The deep sunk eye-balls streaks with fiery red,
Averting peaceful slumbers.---Soft she lay
While not a sigh or mournful groan disturb'd
The blissful vigils of ecstatic love.

Such were Leander's nightly toils, and such
Their glorious recompense.---But righteous Heav'n
Oft most severely punishes the crimes
It seems to prosper: lawless were their joys,
From selfish passion sprung; the sage advice
Of parents was not ask'd: The marriage rites,
Of more than human origin, the bond,
The sacred bond, connecting man and wife
In holy union, and the fruitful source
Of all society, the sole defence
'Gainst an uncertain progeny, untrain'd
And fatherless, the burden of a state;
The marriage rites, that point the nearest road
To real rapture and unblended bliss,
To perfect friendship and parental love,
The noblest passions of the human heart,
Refin'd from all the dregs of gross desire,
Were disregarded——Now the winter hour,
Cold and uncomfortable, came, o'ercast
With low-hung vapours, rousing from their caves
Where they had slept the summer suns away
In inoffensive peace; the raging storms
Confus'dly hurrying through the murky void
Clouds roll'd on clouds.—The troubled ocean felt
The universal violence descend
To his profoundest depths, and furious pil'd
High tow'ring waves on tow'ring waves high-heap'd,
A wat'ry Caucasus! deform'd with mud
And ooze unsightly; threat'ning loud to pour
The blacken'd deluge on the frighted shore,
Aiding the wild commotion.—On the rock
The ship is dash'd impetuous: from the shore
The pensive sailor sees the floating wreck
Wide-scatter'd round, and shuns the faithless main.
Not so Leander: the accustom'd lamp
Beam'd through the horrid gloom;—he fearless plung'd
Into the Hellespont, impell'd by fate,
And love, as strong as fate.—From wave to wave
He bounding flies before the howling winds,
Now here, now there, as this or that prevails;
Undaunted still, he put forth ev'ry nerve,
Exerted ev'ry sinew, fixing still
His steady eyes upon the trembling ray,
Oft intercepted by the heapy surge.
Loud and more loud the bellowing tempest rag'd,
Whilst, corresponding with each dismal blast,
The bulky billows heav'd in dreadful dance.
Weary'd and faint with bootless toil, his limbs
Refus'd their office, and his feeble arms
Cleave to his panting sides.---Then suppliant thus
His pray'r to Neptune, and to ev'ry nymph
Inhabiting the deep, and ev'ry wind,
But chiefly blust'ring Boreas, he address'd:
" Once more, ye pow'rful deities! once more
" Indulge a lover's wishes; yet again
" Let me embrace my Hero, let me give
" One parting last embrace; and since this life
" Is due to destiny, in my return
" Let Ocean sink me to his lowest bed."
Thus he, alas! in vain; unhappy youth!
Nor god, nor nymph, nor blust'ring Boreas heard
The modest pray'r.---Unable to elude
Their sweepy force, each raging billow drove
Resistless o'er his head, emerging scarce
After long intervals;—while the rough winds
Extinguished the lamp, and with it all
His hopes of safety.---" Heav'n! (he said), I yield,
" Nor struggle longer with my fate---Adieu,
" My lovely Hero!---but, ye stormy winds,
" O bear me, bear me from the Sestian shore!
" Suffice one lover's death"——The greedy wave
Clos'd on the rest!---Already morning dawn'd,
Joyless and sad, when lonely in the tow'r,
Feigning Leander's tread in ev'ry blast,
Hero sat pensive, whilst foreboding sighs
Did shake her tender frame; impatient grown,
She from the window view'd the frightful deep,
High-swell'd and boist'rous.---Who can describe
Her soul's distress? But what must she have felt!
What suffer'd! when she saw his mangled corse
Dash'd on the rock below!---She from her breast
The various garment tore, and headlong leapt
The height prodigious!---Side by side they lay;
A loving pair, united ev'n in death.

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

How happy, O how happy, if he knew
The ills of higher life, the husbandman;
Whose yellow harvests, by his labour rais'd,
Supply his frugal board,—whose crystal streams
At once enrich his lands, and heaven's best boon,
Health's rosy balsam, to their master give;
Beyond the frown of greatness—aught beyond
That wealth can furnish, or that power can give,
But festers in the bosom, and but feeds
The gluttony of appetite, or struts
The dropsied belly of impure desire.

ON VISITING CARNWATH SCHOOL, 1769.

Dullness avaunt!—Cimmerian spectres hence!
The surgy surface of the miry lake
Subsides, horrendous, to receive your fall,
And mirky hell, unfathomably deep,
Yawns for her sable sons, with parent care!
Already, hunger-pin'd, with horrid yell
Re-echo'd by the adamantine roof
Of ancient Erebus, the infernal hound

Expands his jaws to welcome your return—
And ah! return ye muſt—if enter here—
Conſcious of former worth, this aged houſe
Contemptuous totters on its mould'ring baſe,
Threat'ning deſtruction to the ideot crew
That with pedantic orgies ſhall profane
Its hallow'd bourne—where infant genius bloom'd.

Here grave PHILANDER*, elegantly good,
And even in boyiſh years, maturely wiſe,
Felt kindling in his breaſt th' ethereal flame
Prompting to generous deeds———
And with the balm of mediation heal'd
The petty diſcord of his quarrelling mates,
Or reſcu'd with the manly hand of power
Defenceleſs childhood from the ſcourge of age.

Here THYRSIS† raviſh'd with the ſweets of found,
To indigeſted numbers tun'd the lyre;
Gaily melodious while with patient charms
His light Belinda flutter'd in the lay.

Here gay FLORELLO‡, of more open front,
And ſweeter manners, cheer'd his crowding mates,
With tale facetious, or with equal care,
Set limits to the race, while rival maids
Admir'd the beauty of the gallant boy.

Here O! illuſtrious and lamented youth!
ASPASIO§! all theſe lovely virtues dawn'd,
Which gain'd thee friendſhips in a foreign clime,
And drew compaſſion's tears from ſtranger eyes,
To ſee thee, all amid thy blooming hopes,
Struck immaturely from the ranks of men!

Here DAMON‖ ſtemm'd the eſtuating tide
Of boyiſh follies, and induſtrious ſcann'd
The feats of claſſic chieftains; early warm'd
With Roman liberty, and Grecian arts:
Or, variouſly character'd his brow
Stalk'd, indolently thoughtful, dreaming much
Of Hæmus's Pindus, and the holy hill
Of Phocis, water'd with Caſtalian ſprings.

And here ALEXIS¶ trifled many an hour,
Reckleſs of ſcience and the laurell'd maids,
Till late reclaim'd by DAMON's friendly care,
He turn'd the volumes fraught with ancient lore;
And not unfavour'd by the god of ſong,
To artleſs numbers tun'd the doric reed.

---

* *The Rev. James Somerville, now ſenior miniſter of Stirling.*

† *Mr. John Inglis, maſter of the grammar-ſchool of Cannongate, Edinburgh, and author of "The Patriot," a poem, printed in* 1777. *He died in* 1786.

‡ *Mr. Walter Somerville, bookſeller in Lanark. He died in* 1783.

§ *Mr. John Melroſe. He was bred a ſurgeon at South-Shields, attended the medical claſſes of Edinburgh, and afterwards ſettled in Jamaica, where he died in* 1766. *He was eminently ſkilled in polite literature, medicine, botany, and natural hiſtory. Some time before his death he was employed in collecting materials for a natural hiſtory of Jamaica. He contributed not a little to lead the author, and Dr. Anderſon (his couſin-german) to the love of reading, and the ſtudy of hiſtory and poetry.*

‖ *Dr. Anderſon.*

¶ *The Author.*

INVOCATION TO THE ELEGIAC MUSE.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

HAIL! ſoft-ey'd, tender, melancholy maid!
The poor man's comfort, and the lover's friend!
Give me thy ſacred ſolitudes to tread,
And on thy wildly wand'ring ſteps attend.

Say, if thou chooſeſt in the Cean grove
With muſing ſtep to weave thy winding way?
Or rather, through the labyrinths of love,
Penſive with thy Callimachus doſt ſtray?

Hark! hark! from Pontus came that doleful ſound?
Was't thou, or Ovid that inſpir'd the ſtring?
The ſolemn muſic ſaddens all around---
Not thus the wanton miſcreant us'd to ſing!

Say, ſhall I ſeek thee in the breezy glade,
Where thy Tibullus ſigh'd his ſimple ſong?
It ſuits thee well to ſooth ſo ſweet a ſhade,
And guard the relics of the fair and young!

Or, ſit'ſt thou muſing in the deſert dome,
Where learn'd Propertius fill'd the labour'd lay?
Or, with Catullus, o'er a brother's tomb,
Sigh'ſt thou ſad dirges to the crumbling clay?

Lo! the laſt glimm'rings of departing day,
Streak the ſmooth ſurface of the ſhadowy ſtream;
The weary hedger homeward plods his way,
And down the rough ſlope nods the tinkling team.

Now doſt thou loiter o'er the hallow'd bourne,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
And hear thy Gray, in moral muſings mourn
The peaceful peaſants in their cells that ſleep?

Or ſay, ſequeſter'd from the dinſome roar,
Which taſteleſs crowds uninterrupted ſend,
Meet'ſt thou thy Shenſtone in the rural bow'r,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend?

Or, deeply ſhelter'd in the ſolemn ſhade,
By noble Temple's gen'rous friendſhip wove,
Hear'ſt thou thy Hammond tune his tender reed,
As through the gloom his love-lorn footſteps rove?

Or, all attentive to the loneſome note
That burſts obſcure from Medwan's mazy vale,
Hear'ſt thou thy Græme, in many a love-ſick thought,
Pour penſive forth his ſweetly-vary'd tale?

Ah! does thy foot his favour'd haunt forego,
Led where loud wailings pierce the midnight-gloom—
Hear'ſt thou the knell of death, the ſhriek of woe,
Tell to the hollow gale his timeleſs doom!

That tear becomes thee—gentle was thy Græme!
Soft were his woes, and ſweet his warbled lays!
Yet laſts his love, and laſts his noble flame,
Eleſt in the ſtrain that lives to lateſt days.

Me unambitious, as I breathe my moan,
Nor laurell'd name, nor honour'd meed inſpires:
Me it delights to murmur all alone,
True to my love, and faithful to its fires.

Deep in the boſom of this moſs-lin'd grot,
Whoſe verdant ſide unhallow'd waters lave,
Where never poet pour'd the plaintive note,
Nor ling'ring lover lull'd the luneſome wave—

If e'er, outſtretch'd beneath the midnight ſky,
Muſing, erewhile, I mark'd thy viſions dear;
If e'er, when wayward beauty drew my eye,
According murmurs met thy ſoothed ear!

Deign, meek-ey'd maid! with muſing footſtep ſlow,
Pale face demure, and mien ſolemnly ſweet!
Deign, now invok'd, to harmonize my woe,
Sooth my ſad ſighs, and guide my wandering feet!

1773.

THE VISION,

TO MR. JOHN GRÆME,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Thou friend! for whom the languid muſe awakes
Her buried fire, and ſtrikes the jarring ſtring,
Propitious liſten to the feeble lay,
The backward virgin trilis at your command;
She, penſive ſtretch'd on ſloth's inglorious couch,
In ſecret ſighs bewail'd Alexis' fate,
And Nancy's abſence ineffectual mourn'd;
Till you, invidious of her ſad repoſe,
To wonted toils impell'd the liſtleſs maid,
Reluctant rouſing at the friendly call.
When ſhady night her dewy pinions ſpread,
Involving deep the ſummer-painted vale,
And verdant mountain in her formleſs gloom;
Damon, a youth of melancholy mien,
Who erſt, ambitious of the myrtle wreathe,
Tun'd his weak reed where Medwan's waters lave,
Bow'rs built by fays, and fields renown'd in ſong;
Hard by, where Aine devolves her mazy courſe
Irriguous, through romantic vales, of old
By ſiſter nations fill'd with ſounding war,—
Lonely and ſad, forſook his ſleepleſs couch,
Revolving ſerious in his anxious mind
The luckleſs love that wrung his tortur'd breaſt;
And ever, as in luring ſmiles array'd,
His gentle Nancy's abſent form aroſe,
And drew th' impaſſion'd glance from moiſten'd eye;
Gold-potent rivals, pageantry and birth,
Succeſſive roſe, and duſk'd the low'ring ſcene!
Nor was the ſwelling ſigh alone confin'd
To proper woes—for Strephon's tender grief
Piteous he pin'd; while, from his proffer'd hand,
Grieving he ſaw each lovely grace that blooms
On Jeſſey's damaſk cheek, unequal ſhrink,
As wealth, exulting, ſpreads her glittering ſtores,
In gay profuſion on the dazzled eye.

Thus, wrapt in thought, he reach'd a moſs-lin'd cave,
O'erwhich two oaks their verdant branches ſpread,
Commixing thick their raggy-fringed leaves,
While through and through the ſhooting ivy ſtray'd.
There, muſing ſtretch'd, the river's murmuring chime,
That broad below o'erſwept a pebbly channel,
Clos'd his moiſt lids, and ſunk his ſoul to reſt,
While Morpheus thus, to fancy's wakeful eye
Call'd up his airy unſubſtantial forms
And trac'd the ſcene the faithful virgin ſings.
Plac'd on the arid margin of a ſtream,
That down a rugged bed tumultuous hurl'd
Its diſmal wave, he mark'd with deep regard
The vernal flow'rs that fluſh'd the further ſhore.
High on a mound ſuperior to the reſt,
Two bluſhing roſes odorific wav'd
Their crimſon folds, diſpread to Titan's beam:
On theſe inſatiate hung his raptur'd eye,
And wiſhful mark'd the vermile glow, diffus'd
On either flow'r, by ſpring's refreſhful hand.
In wild amaze, and fancy'd viſion loſt!
A more than human form, ſerenely fair,
Thus gentle ſpoke—while penetration ſhone
From either eye, and Reaſon loud proclaim'd:
" Why, frantic youth! purſue with fateleſs gaze
" The florid phantoms, that deceitful ſkim
" In ſplendid dreſs before the curtain'd eye?
" 'Tis vain illuſion all!—the vermeil bluſh,
" That veils yon painted flow'rs, is but the work
" Of fancy's mimic hand—Fair Nancy's charms,
" If rightly view'd, and Jeſſey's, are no more!"
She ceas'd—and ſtraight the ſlumb'ring youth awoke,
And, ſhiv'ring, quick uprear'd his dewy limbs,
With nightly vapours chill'd, and leſs perplex'd,
With heedful eye explor'd the homeward path.

1774.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH,

BY MR. JOHN GRÆME*.

Hail! gentle goddeſs of the ſprightly look,
On whoſe plump cheek the roſes ever bloom,
How long ſhall youth—ſhall innocence invoke—
And wilt thou point me to the gloomy tomb!

O think how ill the youthful heart can bear
The diſmal thought of numb'ring with the dead!
How hard to part with all I hold moſt dear,
Ere half the ſummer of my life is fled!

What is my crime that thus thou hid'ſt thy face?
Did e'er theſe feet the paths of vice purſue?
Did e'er I wallow in the lewd embrace,
Or bid the paths of ſober life adieu?

Did e'er this youthful heart ungrateful prove?
Have I not worſhip'd at thy holy ſhrine?

* *Mr. Græme died of a conſumption, in 1781, ſoon after writing this ode.*

Been true to friendſhip and been true to love,
And ſhall I urge my innocence in vain?

That theſe pale cheeks their wonted bloom might wear,
Have I not uſed ev'ry various mean?
Mounted the ſteed---bruſh'd through the balmy air,
And tript it frequent o'er yon daiſi'd green?

What time in weſtern wind I heard thee rove,
Did e'er I loiter at the pleaſing ſound?
Have I not left the maiden of my love,
And woo'd thee on each ſilent hill around?

* * * * * * *

ſail! gentle goddeſs of the ſprightly look,
On whoſe plump cheek the roſes ever bloom,
low long ſhall youth---ſhall innocence invoke?---
O come, and ſnatch me from the gloomy tomb!

NANCY.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

ou aſk why I muſingly ſtray
Where rivers run ſlowly along!
hy I teach ev'ry bird of the ſpray
To ſing my diſconſolate ſong?
loiter'd, a ſimple young ſwain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
nd it is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

enſibly Nancy obtain'd
My heart, inexperienc'd in love;
hen I left her, ſhe fondly complain'd,
Or follow'd my ſteps to the grove.
hen walking, ſhe lean'd on my arm,
And would play with my fingers the while;
nd, as oft as I prais'd ev'ry charm,
She would anſwer each word with a ſmile.

I ſpoke of a field-flow'r I found,
How her face it but faintly diſplay'd,
e would dart a ſoft glance on the ground,
And bluſh a more raviſhing red.
nd in hand, as the path we purſu'd
he would ſtop, and with tranſport behold
w my bowers bended bright o'er the flood,
And my ſeats were ſpread over with gold.

y reed when I labour'd to ſound,
She would ſay was the ſweeteſt to hear,
d if ever a fault could be found,
t was, "Ah, were the ſong but ſincere!
For I've heard (ſhe would add with a ſigh)
' How the ſhepherds do pipe on the plain,
With the notes of the nightingale vie,
' While their boſoms unmoved remain!"

w bright was the ſun's golden beam,
When my Nancy ſo ſmilingly ſhone!
d how ſweet was the ſound of the ſtream,
When we trac'd its wild windings alone!

Each bird that ſaluted our ear
From the grove where we ſought to retire,
Warbl'd ſtill more melodious and clear,
As we ſtrove its ſoft ſtrains to admire!

And the primroſe, beſprinkl'd with dew,
And the violet of various dye,
Still aſſum'd a more delicate hue,
As our ſteps ſtole lovingly by!
And each tree that extended its ſhade
'Mid the thicket of willows I wove,
Spread its bloſſoms more bright o'er our head,
As we ſat and repeated our love.

But now with fond footſtep no more
Through the groves and the valleys we ſtray,
Recline in the bloſſoming bower,
And talk about love the long day!
Forſaking the ſweets of the vale,
The flower, and the ſtream, and the tree,
She roves on ſome far diſtant dale
With a ſwain more diſtinguiſh'd than me!

Yet, forc'd each fond hope to forego,
Of ev'ry ſweet ſolace forlorn;
Should one murmur upbraidingly flow
While I ſtrive with my fate and her ſcorn!
The proud ſhepherds who ſee my deſpair,
Rebuke me, nor dare I complain
That a nymph ſo exceedingly fair
Should prefer ſo engaging a ſwain.

For his manners, they ſay, are more ſmooth,
And the tint of his features more fine,
And the language that flows from his mouth
Has a ſoftneſs ſuperior to mine:
Then my raiment, be ſure, it muſt yield
To the luſtre his garments diſplay,
And my love-labour'd notes be excell'd
By the eaſe of his elegant lay!

Thus glide their gay triumphs along;
Nor ought I to utter a ſigh,
Since Nancy deſpiſes my ſong,
And the ſhepherds reprove my reply.
Yet my foot, ſtill averſe to forget
The ſoft ſcenes that engag'd me before,
Frequents the ſweet ſhade where we met,
And delights in the deſolate bower.

And oft-times a reflection will riſe---
(But I ſtudy the thought to reſign),
How a nymph ſo ſincere could deſpiſe
A boſom ſo gentle as mine!
Then ſuiting my reed to my lay,
I loiter the ſtreamlet along,
And teach the blithe birds of the ſpray
To ſing my diſconſolate ſong.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

TO JOHN GRIEVE, M. D.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHILE you, my deareſt Grieve, admire
The auguſt fane, and gilded ſpire,
The courtly mien, and meaſur'd ſtride,
Which mark the ſons of civic pride;

I wander in the rural ſcene,
O'er fields, with riſing plenty green,
O'er verdant lawns, and fragrant meads,
By ſloping banks and ſylvan ſhades,—
Where hill-born Alne, with conſcious pride,
Devolves her ſilver-winding tide,
By Alnwick's green-inwoven bowers,
Gay-gilt alcoves, and trophied towers—
Pleas'd if the cottage of a friend
Receive me, at my ramble's end;—
Which neither mean, nor elegant,
Beſpeaks nor luxury, nor want,—
To liſten to the homely joke,
And raillery, of country folk;
To tales repeated o'er and o'er,
Of this turn'd rogue, and that turn'd whore;
Of matches, politic and civil,
Or made by nature, or the devil;
Of jocky-feats at fairs and races,
And hair-breadth 'ſcapes in critic caſes,
And births, and deaths, and ſunday ſuits,
And dinners, dreams, and drinking-bouts,
And genealogies, as long
As epic Blackmore's endleſs ſong.
The world its diſtant din may keep,
Fred'rick may frown, the Pole may weep,
Bourbon the work of war renew,
Cath'rine the flying Turk purſue,
And George, a gracious gueſt! repair
To Portſmouth, when he will—or where—
To Alne's green marge I ſtill retire,
While ev'ning trims her fading fire,
And ſtill—while morning's meekeſt beam,
Juſt ſilvers o'er the ſhadowy ſtream,
Reflecting every grace of day—
To Alne's green marge I haſte away,
And, all along the winding ſhore,
I muſe—and build my birchen bow'r—
Pleas'd (if perchance my muſings meet
One ſpark of that poetic heat,
Which erſt inſpir'd my youthful dreams
On other banks, and other ſtreams)
To tune my feeble voice to raiſe
Another ſtrain to Nancy's praiſe,
And bid another ſigh ſincere
Purſue my Græme's unhonour'd bier!
"Well, Bob!—but ſure 'tis ſometimes fit,
"You mind the lab'ring world of wit;
"Inquire if ſubtile ſceptics ſtill
"Stain their own morals, and their quill;
"Obſerve the ſtory-telling tribe
"Trim old-new facts in ſtyle full glib;
"And eke obſerve the rant-retailers
"Of rambles, pranks, and female failures;
"And (well diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt
"By the rapt eye and tatter'd veſt)
"Obſerve th' enthuſiaſtic choir,
"Whoſe rival fingers ſtrike the lyre."
Mind wit!—dear Grieve! you don't reflect,
My lot how low, my voice how weak!
Incurious, indolent, and dull,
I little care to go to ſchool,
Or waſte the morning of my days
In pilf'ring ſprigs from other's bays.
Let Maſon's laurels ſtill entwine
His claſſic brow, and Goldſmith ſhine,
In ſpite of fortune's blinded ſway,
A Pope in rhyme, in manners Gay!
What is't to me?—I may admire,
But never match their heav'nly fire;
Impell'd by that perſuaſive power
That plans the whim from hour to hour,
To woo a wayward muſe in vain,
And force from unimproved brain
Some ſorry couplets, void of merit,
Or as to diction, or to ſpirit;
For ſuch a poet, paſſing well,
As juſt can write, but ne'er excel.
This draws from vanity its ſource,
And with its author, Grieve! is yours.

1774.

A WISH.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

I ASK not Heav'n! the cumbrous ſkill to know
The tribes and hiſt'ries of the human race;
In foreign climes what herbs faneſcent grow,
What unknown ſyſtems crowd untravel'd ſpace.

I aſk not to triumph in glory's car,
With honour's wreath to twine my lordly brow,
To ſwell my coffers with reſplendent ore,
Nor tame unnumber'd valleys with my plough.

But gracious grant me in ſome lonely cot
To ſpend the remnant of a joyleſs life;
From learning, pride, and pageantry remote,
Nancy my friend, my miſtreſs, and my wife.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD GLOVER, ESQ.

Containing

LEONIDAS, ‖ LONDON,
POEM ON NEWTON, ‖ HOSIER'S GHOST,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

GLOVER! thy mind in various virtue wiſe,
Each ſcience claims, and makes each art thy prize;
With Newton, ſoars familiar to the ſky,
Looks nature through, ſo keen thy mental eye;
Or down deſcending on the globe below,
Through humble realms of knowledge loves to flow;
Promiſcuous beauties dignify thy breaſt,
By nature happy, as by ſtudy bleſt.
Thou wit's Columbus! from the epic throne,
New worlds deſcry'd, and made them all our own.
Thou firſt through real nature dar'd explore,
And waſt her ſacred treaſures to our ſhore.
Nor Arioſto's fables fill thy page,
Nor Taſſo's points, but Virgil's ſober rage.
How ſoft, how ſtrong thy varied numbers move,
Or ſwell'd to glory, or diſſolv'd to love.
Correct with eaſe, where all the graces meet,
Nervouſly plain, majeſtically ſweet:
The Muſes will thy ſacrifice repay,
Attendant warbling in each heavenly lay.

THOMPSON'S EPISTLE TO GLOVER.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER was born in St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, in 1712. He was the ſon of Richard Glover, Eſq. an eminent Hamburgh merchant in the city.

He received the whole of his education under the Rev. Daniel Sanxay, at Cheam ſchool, a place which he afterwards delighted to viſit, and ſometimes attended the anniverſary, held of late years in London, where he feaſted and appy in relating his juvenile adventures.

At this ſeminary he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the quickneſs of his progreſs, and early began to exhibit ſpecimens of his poetical powers.

At the age of ſixteen, he wrote a *poem to the memory of Sir Iſaac Newton*, prefixed to the "View of Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy," publiſhed in 4to, 1728, by his intimate friend Dr. Pemberton. "I have preſented my readers, "ſays Dr. Pemberton in the preface to this work, "with a copy of verſes on Sir Iſaac Newton, which I have juſt received from a young gentleman, whom I am proud to reckon among the number of my deareſt friends. If I had any apprehenſion that this piece of poetry ſtood in need of an apology, I ſhould be deſirous the reader might know that the author is but ſixteen years old, and was obliged to finiſh the compoſition in a very ſhort time, but I ſhall only take the liberty to obſerve, that the boldneſs of the digreſſions will be beſt judged of by thoſe who are acquainted with Pindar."

Conſidering this poem as the compoſition of a ſchool-boy, it will excite no ſmall degree of ſurpriſe, as it poſſeſſes more claim to applauſe, and requires fewer allowances for faults, than productions of ſuch an age are always allowed. To Glover may be applied what the preſent Earl of Orford ſaid of his friend Gray, "that he never was a boy."

Though poſſeſſed of talents which were calculated to excel in literature, he was content to devote his attention to commerce, and at a proper period commenced a Hamburgh merchant; as appears from the following lines, with which he begins his poem called *London*.

> Ye northern blaſts, and Eurus, wont to ſweep
> With rudeſt pinions o'er the furrowed waves;
> A while ſuſpend your violence, and waft
> From ſandy Weſer, and the broad-mouth'd Elbe,
> My freighted veſſels to the deſtin'd ſhore,
> Safe o'er th' unruffled main————

As a merchant he ſoon made a conſpicuous figure; but his commercial affairs did not occupy his whole attention. He ſtill found leiſure to cultivate the ſtudy of poetry; and continued to aſſociate with thoſe who were eminent in literature and ſcience; eſpecially among the party in oppoſition to the adminiſtration of Walpole.

One of his earlieſt friends was Green, the ingenious but obſcure author of that truly original poem, intituled "The Spleen," which, in 1737, ſoon after his death, was publiſhed by Glover. This excellent performance contains the following preſage of his literary eminence, with an evident alluſion to his *Leonidas*, which he had begun when very young.

> But there's a youth that you can name,
> Who needs no leading ſtrings to fame,
> Whoſe quick maturity of brain
> The birth of Pallas may explain:
> Dreaming of whoſe depending fate,
> I heard Melpomene debate,
> This, this is he that was foretold,
> Should emulate our Greeks of old:
> Inſpir'd by me with ſacred art,
> He ſings and rules the varied heart;
> If Jove's dread anger he rehearſe,
> We hear the thunder in his verſe;

If he deſcribe love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot on his page;
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring draw,
The keener paſſions then engage
Aright, and ſanctify their rage;
If he attempt diſaſtrous love,
We hear thoſe plaints that wound the grove;
With him the kinder paſſions glow,
And tears diſtill'd from pity flow.

On the 21ſt of May 1737, he married Miſs Nunn, with whom he received a fortune of 12,000l. and in the ſame month he publiſhed his *Leonidas*, an epic poem in nine books, 4to, which completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

Leonidas was inſcribed to Lord Cobham, and on its firſt appearance, was received by the public with great approbation; though it has ſince been unaccountably neglected.

But its favourable reception was not entirely owing to its intrinſic merits. At the time of its publication, a zeal, or rather rage for liberty, prevailed in England; a conſtellation of great men, diſtinguiſhed by their virtues as well as their talents, ſet themſelves in oppoſition to the Court; every ſpecies of compoſition that bore the ſacred name of freedom, recommended itſelf to their protection, and ſoon obtained poſſeſſion of the public favour. Hence a poem founded on the nobleſt principles of liberty, and diſplaying the moſt brilliant examples of patriotiſm, ſoon found its way into the world.

Lyttleton, then high in the ranks of oppoſition, in a popular publication called *Common Senſe*, under the ſignature of *Philo Muſæus*, No. 10. April 9. 1737, praiſed it in the warmeſt terms. Dr. Pemberton publiſhed "Obſervations on Poetry, eſpecially epic, occaſioned by the late poem upon *Leonidas*," 12mo, 1738, merely with a view to point out its beauties; and it was praiſed by Thompſon, of Queen's College, and other poets. It paſſed through three editions in 1737, and 1738; but it afterwards experienced the fate of thoſe literary productions, which owe a temporary celebrity to the influence of party-principles, without deſerving it.

The imprudent zeal of his friends had encouraged ſuch extravagant ideas of it, that though it was found to have very great beauties, yet the ardour of the lovers of poetry ſoon ſunk into a kind of cold forgetfulneſs with regard to it; becauſe it did not poſſeſs more than the narrow limits of the deſign would admit of, or indeed than it was in the power of human genius to execute. It was ſeverely animadverted upon, in a ſeries of letters addreſſed "to the author of Leonidas," in the "Weekly Miſcellany," for May 1738, under the ſignature of *Miſo-Muſæus*.

In 1739, he publiſhed his *London, or the Progreſs of Commerce*, 4to; and ſoon after his ballad intituled *Hoſier's Ghoſt;* both theſe pieces ſeem to have been written with a view to incite the nation to reſent the depredations of the Spaniards; and the latter had a very conſiderable effect.

His connection with Cobham, Lyttleton, Pitt, and other leaders of the oppoſition, introduced him to the notice of Frederick Prince of Wales, then ſtruggling for popularity, and profeſſing himſelf the patron of wit; who diſtinguiſhed him by his countenance and patronage; and once, it is ſaid, preſented him with a complete ſet of the claſſics, elegantly bound.

The political diſſentions at this period, raged with great violence, and more eſpecially in the metropolis. In 1739, Sir George Champion, who was next in rotation for the mayoralty, had offended a majority of his conſtituents, by voting with the Court party in the buſineſs of the Spaniſh convention. This determined them to ſet him aſide, and chooſe the next to him in ſeniority; accordingly Sir John Salter was choſen on Michaelmas day; and on this occaſion Glover took a very active part: as appears from "A Narrative of what paſſed in the Common Hall of the City of London, aſſembled for the election of a Lord Mayor, on Saturday the 29th of September, on Monday the 1ſt and Tueſday the 2d of October; together with a defence of theſe proceedings, both as reaſonable and agreeable to the practice of former times," 8vo, 1739, written by Benjamin Robins, the ſuppoſed author of "Lord Anſon's Voyage."

In 1740, the ſame reſolution of the majority continuing, Glover preſided at Vintner's Hall, September 25th, at a meeting of the Livery, to conſider of two proper perſons to be recommended

to the Court of Aldermen; when it was refolved to fupport the nomination of Sir Robert Godfchall, and George Heathcote, Efq. who being returned to the Court of Aldermen, the latter gentleman was chofen; but he declining the office, another meeting of the Livery was held at Vintner's Hall, October 13th, when Glover again was called to the chair, and the meeting refolved to return Humphry Parfons, Efq. and Sir Robert Godfchall, to the Court of Aldermen, who made choice of the former to fill the office.

On the 19th of November, another meeting was held at Vintner's Hall, when Glover pronounced an eulogium on Sir John Barnard, and advifed the Livery to choofe him one of their reprefentatives in Parliament, notwithftanding his intention to refign.

On all thefe occafions, Glover acquitted himfelf in a very able manner. His fpeeches, printed in the "London Magazine," 1740, and the "Annals of Europe," 1748, p. 283, are elegant, fpirited, and adapted.

His talents for public fpeaking, his knowledge of political affairs, and his information concerning trade and commerce, foon after pointed him out to the merchants of London, as a proper perfon to conduct their application to Parliament, on the fubject of the neglect of their trade. He accepted the office, and in fumming up the evidence, gave very ftriking proofs of his oratorical powers.

This remarkable fpeech was pronounced at the bar of the Houfe of Commons, January 27. 1742, and foon afterwards publifhed under the title of *A fhort account of the late application to Parliament, made by the merchants of London, upon the neglect of their trade, with the fubftance thereupon as fummed up by Mr. Glover*, 8vo, 1742.

By his appearance in behalf of the merchants of London, he acquired, and with great juftice, the character of an able and fteady patriot; and, indeed, on every occafion, he fhowed a moft perfect knowledge of, joined to the moft ardent zeal for, the commercial intereffs of the nation, and inviolable attachment to the welfare of his countrymen in general, and that of the city of London in particular.

In 1744, died Sarah Ducheſs of Marlborough, and by her will left to Glover and Mallet, 500l. each, to write the hiftory of the Duke of Marlborough. Of Glover, her grace fays, "that fhe believes him to be a very honeft man, who wifhed, as fhe did, all the good that could happen to preferve the liberties and laws of England."

This bequeft never took place. It is fuppofed that Glover very early renounced his fhare; and Mallet, though he continued to talk of performing the talk, almoft as long as he lived, is now known never to have made the leaft progrefs in it.

About this period, having in conſequence of unavoidable loffes in trade, and perhaps, in fome meafure, of his zealous warmth for the public intereffs, to the neglect of his own private emoluments, fomewhat reduced his fortunes, he withdrew a good deal from public notice, and preferred, with a very laudable delicacy, an obfcure retreat to popular obfervation, until his affairs fhould put on a more profperous appearance.

While he lived in obfcurity, known only to his friends, and declining to take any active part in public affairs, the Prince of Wales, it is faid, fent him, on account of the embarraffment of his circumftances, 500l.

The Prince died in March 1751, and in May following, Glover was once more drawn from his retreat by the importunity of his friends, and condefcended to ftand candidate for the place of Chamberlain of the City of London, in oppofition to Thomas Harrifon, Efq.

It unfortunately happened, that he did not declare himfelf till moft of the Livery had engaged their votes. After a few days, finding that his antagonift gained ground upon the poll, he gave up the conteft on the 6th of May. Mr. Deputy Harrifon was declared duly elected, May 7th, and on this occafion, Glover made the following fpeech to the Livery, which exhibits the feelings of a manly, refigned, philofophical mind, in unprofperous circumftances.

"Heretofore, I have frequently had occafion of addreffing the Livery of London in public; but at this time I find myfelf at an unufual lofs, being under all the difficulties which a want of matter deferving your notice, can create. Had I now your rights and privileges to vindicate,—had I the cauſe of your fuffering trade to defend,—or were I now called forth to recommend and enforce the parliamentary fervice of the moft virtuous and illuftrious citizen,—my tongue would be free from

conſtraint, and expatiating at large, would endeavour to merit your attention; which now muſt be confined to ſo narrow a ſubject as myſelf. On thoſe occaſions, the importance of the matter, and my known zeal to ſerve you, however ineffectual my attempt might prove, were alway ſufficient to promiſe me the honour of a kind reception, and unmerited regard. Your countenance firſt drew me from the retirement of a ſtudious life; your repeated marks of diſtinction firſt pointed me out to that great body, the merchants of London, who, purſuing your example, condescended to intruſt me, unequal and unworthy as I was, with the moſt important cauſe; a cauſe where your intereſt was as nearly concerned as theirs. In conſequence of that defer[illegible] which has been paid to the ſentiments and choice of the citizens and traders of London, it was impoſſible but ſome faint luſtre muſt have glanced on me, whom, weak as he was, they were pleaſed to appoint the inſtrument on their behalf; and if from theſe tranſactions I accidentally acquired the ſmalleſt ſhare of reputation, it was to you, that my gratitude aſcribes it; and I joyfully embrace this public opportunity of declaring, that whatever part of a public character I may preſume to claim, I owe primarily to you. To this I might add the favour, the twenty years countenance and patronage of one, whom a ſupreme degree of reſpect ſhall prevent me from naming; and though under the temptation of uſing that name as a certain means of obviating ſome miſconſtructions, I ſhall, however, avoid to dwell on the memory of a loſs ſo recent, ſo juſtly, and ſo univerſally lamented.

" Permit me now to remind you, that when placed by theſe means in a light not altogether unfavourable, no lucrative reward was then the object of my purſuit; nor ever did the promiſes or offers of private emolument induce me to quit my independence or vary from the leaſt of my former profeſſions, which always were and remain ſtill founded on the principles of univerſal liberty; principles which I aſſume the glory to have eſtabliſhed on your records. Your ſenſe, and the ſenſe of your great corporation, ſo repeatedly recommended to your repreſentatives in Parliament, were my ſenſe, and the principal boaſt of all my compoſitions, containing matter imbibed in my earlieſt education, to which I have always adhered, by which I ſtill abide, and which I will endeavour to bear down with me to the grave; and even at that gloomy period, when deſerted by my good fortune, and under the ſevereſt trials; even then, by the ſame conſiſtency of opinions, and uniformity of conduct, I ſtill preſerved that part of reputation which I originally derived from your favour, whatever I might pretend to call a public character, unſhaken and unblemiſhed; nor, once in the hour of affliction, did I baniſh from my thoughts, the moſt ſincere and conſcientious intention of acquitting every private obligation, as ſoon as my good fortune ſhould pleaſe to return; a diſtant appearance of which ſeemed to invite me, and awakened ſome flattering expectations on the rumour of the vacancy of the Chamberlain's office; but always apprehending the imputation of preſumption, and that a higher degree of delicacy and caution would be requiſite in me than in any other candidate, I forbore, till late, to preſent myſelf once more to your notice, and then, for the firſt time, abſtracted from a public conſideration, ſolicited your favour for my own private advantage. My want of ſucceſs ſhall not prevent my cheerfully congratulating this gentleman on his election, and you on your choice of ſo worthy a magiſtrate; and if I may indulge a hope of departing this place with a ſhare of your approbation and eſteem, I ſolemnly from my heart declare, that I ſhall not bear away with me the leaſt trace of diſappointment."

In his retirement, he finiſhed the tragedy of *Boadicea*, which he had begun many years before, and in 1753, it was brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, and acted nine nights, with great ſucceſs. From the following lines in the prologue, it appears to have been patroniſed by his friends in the city.

Beſide his native Thames, our poet long
Hath hung his ſilent harp, and huſh'd his tongue;
At length his muſe from exile he recals,
Urg'd by his patrons in Auguſta's walls,
Thoſe generous traders, who alike ſuſtain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raiſe affliction's drooping train;
They who, benignant to his toils, afford
Their ſheltering favour, have his muſe reſtor'd,
They in her future fame will juſtly ſhare,
But her diſgrace, herſelf muſt ſingly bear;
Calm hours of learned leiſure they have given,
And could no more, for genius is from heav'n

Though there is rather a deficiency, both as to incident and characters in this play, yet the language is very poetical, and the descriptions beautiful. It is such a production as might be expected from the author of *Leonidas*; but it seems better adapted to give pleasure in the closet than the theatre. "To the most material objections," says Archbishop Herring, writing to a friend, of this play, "the author would say (a Shakespeare must in some instances) that he did not make, but told it as he found it. The first page of the play shocked me, and the sudden and heated answer of the Queen to the Roman ambassador's gentle address, is arrant madness; it is, indeed, unnatural. It is another objection in my opinion, that *Boadicea* is really not the object of crime and punishment, so much as pity; and notwithstanding the strong paintings of her savageness, I cannot help wishing she had got the better. She had been most unjustly and outrageously injured by those universal tyrants, who ought never to be mentioned without horror. However, I admire the play in many passages, and think the two last acts admirable. In the fifth, particularly, I hardly ever found myself so strongly touched." Dr. Pemberton published "Some Reflections on the Tragedy of Boadicea," 8vo, 1753, to recommend this play, upon the principle, that dramatic dialogue without incidents, and poetry without description, metaphor, or similes, approach nearest to perfection, because they approach nearest to nature. From tragedies written on this principle, verse should also be rejected, as nothing can be a more evident or perpetual deviation from nature, than dialogue in verse. Mr. Crisp Mills addressed "A Letter to Mr. Glover, on occasion of his tragedy of Boadicea," 8vo, 1753, in which he applauds him for the regularity of his piece, but censures him for omitting to introduce into it a *plot* or *intrigue*; without which, he thinks, *a set of connected dialogues can never be a play*. A pamphlet intituled "Female Revenge, or the British Amazon, exemplified in the life of Boadicea; with observations on the diction, sentiments, and conduct of the play," 8vo, 1753, and other anonymous remarks, criticisms, and reflections, appeared about this time, relating to this play.

In 1761, he published his *Medea*, a tragedy, 4to, taken from the dramas of Euripides, and Seneca, and constructed professedly upon the ancient plan, each act terminating with a chorus. It was not acted till 1767, when it was brought on the stage at Drury-Lane, for Mrs. Yates's benefit, and has since been often performed with success. Heinsius and Scaliger have called the "Medea" of Seneca, the *Alta Medea*: but that title more properly belongs to the work of Glover, which is superior both to the "Medea" of Seneca, and even that of Euripides. In Euripides, *Medea* tells us that she murders her children because she would rather have them fall by her own hand, than by the hands of the Corinthians, which, as she had effected the death of *Creusa*, she might expect. This produces very little that is interesting or affecting. Indeed, when *Jason* is informed of the murder of his children, he gives a loose to parental sorrow, but the altercations between him and *Medea* on that occasion, are very low and trifling. Seneca, with a greater appearance of probability, imputes her murder to revenge. When *Medea* discovers *Jason's* fond affection for his children, she immediately meditates their destruction. But when he describes her as deliberating upon this cruel deed, though very ingenious in his distinctions, he is certainly too minute. *Medea's* motive to the murder, imputed, as it is by Glover, to the rage of madness, is much more natural, and produces more affecting scenes than could follow from the motives to which either the Greek or Latin poets have ascribed it. She appears in the work of our countryman, that wild, infuriate, sun-born *Medea*, which the ancient mythology represents her. Her indignation on the thought of *Jason's* deserting her for *Creusa*, is forcibly expressed. The pathetic manner of Euripides is happily imitated in the tender conversation between *Medea* and her children in the second scene of the third act. When she is told by *Jason* that he is married to *Creusa*, her sudden madness is well conceived, and expressed in a grand and affecting manner. But when, still raving and distracted, she comes upon the stage, her hands dropping with the blood of her children, her words and wild appearance perfectly harrow up the soul.

It is begun.
Now, to complete my vengeance, will I mount
The burning chariot of my bright forefather;
The rapid steeds o'er Corinth will I drive,
And with the scatter'd lightnings from their manes
Consume its walls, its battlements, and towers;
Then, as the flames embrace the purple clouds,

And the proud city crumbles from its baſe,
The demon of my rage and indignation
All grim, and wrapt in terror, ſhall beſtride
The mountainous embers; and denounce abroad
To gods and men, my wrongs and my revenge.

When her returning reaſon diſcovers to her what ſhe had done, her horror and anguiſh are dreadful, even beyond imagination. The tragedy ends, like that of Seneca, by repreſenting *Medea* ſnatched up into the air in a chariot drawn by dragons. The unities are preſerved throughout, the diction in general is harmonious, poetical, and picturesque, animated in proportion to the ſcenes it repreſents, and riſing or falling with the paſſions. But the thoughts are ſometimes ſpun too fine; ſome of the epithets, though not pedantic, are too ſtiff, and the blank odes introduced by way of chorus, though not inharmonious, muſt be very diſagreeable to ears long accuſtomed to rhyme in lyric compoſitions.

At length, having ſurmounted the difficulties of his ſituation, he again relinquiſhed the pleaſures of retirement; and in the parliament which met at the acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty, 1761, he was elected for Weymouth. About this time, he intereſted himſelf about India affairs, at one of Mr. Sullivan's elections, and in a ſpeech introduced the fable of the "Man, Horſe, and Boar," and drew this concluſion, that whenever merchants made uſe of armed forces to maintain their trade, it would end in their deſtruction.

In 1770, he publiſhed a new edition (the fifth) of *Leonidas*, in 2 vols. 12mo, corrected throughout, and extended from nine books to twelve. It had alſo ſeveral new characters added, beſides placing the old ones in new ſituations. The improvments made in it were very conſiderable; but the public curioſity was not ſufficiently alive to recompence the pains beſtowed on this once popular performance.

On the failure of the bank of Douglas, Heron, and Company, at Ayr, in June 1772, he took a very active part in the ſettling thoſe complicated concerns, and in ſtopping the diſtreſs then ſo univerſally felt. In February 1774, he called the annuitants of that banking-houſe together at the King's Arms Tavern, London, and laid propoſals before them, for the ſecurity of their demands, with which they were fully ſatisfied.

He alſo undertook to manage the intereſts of the merchants and traders of London, concerned in the trade to Germany and Holland, and of the dealers in foreign linens, in their application to Parliament in May 1774. Both the ſpeeches made on theſe occaſions were publiſhed in a pamphlet in that year.

In 1775, he engaged on behalf of the Weſt India merchants, in their application to Parliament, and examined the witneſſes, and ſummed up the evidence, in the ſame maſterly manner he had done on former occaſions. For the aſſiſtance he afforded the merchants in this buſineſs, he was complimented by them with a ſervice of plate of the value of 300l. The ſpeech which he delivered in the Houſe was printed in that year. This was the laſt opportunity he had of diſplaying his oratorical talents in public.

Having now arrived at a period of life which demanded a receſs from buſineſs, he retired to eaſe and independence, and wore out the remainder of his life with dignity and with honour, in the exerciſe of the virtues of private and domeſtic life, and in his attention to his muſe. He died at his houſe in Albemarle-Street, November 25. 1785, in the 73d year of his age.

No edition of his *Leonidas* has been called for ſince 1770. His *London* was reprinted in the ſecond volume of "Pearch's Collection of Poems," 1774. *The Athenaid*, a ſequel to *Leonidas*, which he bequeathed, with his other manuſcripts, to his daughter Mrs. Halſey, was preſented to the world, as it came from his hands, with the exception of a few corrections from the pen of a friend, in 3 vols. 12mo, 1788. He has alſo written a ſequel to his *Medea*; but as it requires ſcenery of the moſt expenſive kind, it has never been exhibited. It is ſaid, indeed, that it was approved by Mrs. Yates, the magic of whoſe voice and action in the firſt part, produced as powerful effects as any imputed by Greek or Roman poets, to the character ſhe repreſented. He has left ſome other dramatic pieces, which, it is hoped, will be preſented to the world. His *Leonidas*, reprinted from the edition 1770, *Poem on Sir Iſaac Newton, London, and Hoſier's Ghoſt*, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The following character of Glover, drawn up immediately after his death, by his friend Dr. Brocklesby, and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1785, is adopted without exception, as it contains an accurate and elegant estimate of his virtue, his learning, his eloquence, his patriotism, and his poetry.

"Through the whole of his life, Mr. Glover was by all good men revered, by the wise esteemed, by the great sometimes careffed and even flattered, and now his death is fincerely lamented by all who had the happinefs to contemplate the integrity of his character. Mr. Glover, for upwards of 50 years paft, through every viciffitude of fortune, exhibited the moft exemplary fimplicity of manners; having early attained that perfect equanimity, which philofophy often recommends in the clofet, but which in experience is too feldom exercifed by other men in the teft of trial. In Mr. Glover were united a wide compafs of accurate information in all mercantile concerns, with high intellectual powers of mind, joined to a copious flow of eloquence as an orator in the Houfe of Commons. Since Milton, he was fecond to none of our Engliih poets, in his difcriminating judicious acquaintance with all ancient as well as modern literature; witnefs his *Leonidas*, *Medea*, *Boadicea*, and *London*; for, having formed his own character upon the beft models of the Greek writers, he lived as if he had been bred a difciple of Socrates, or companion of Ariftides. Hence his political turn of mind, hence his unwarped affection and active zeal for the liberties of his country——hence his heartfelt exultation whenever he had to paint the impious defigns of tyrants, in ancient times fruftrated, or in modern defeated, defeated in their nefarious purpofes to extirpate liberty, or to trample on the unalienable rights of man, however remote in time or fpace from his immediate prefence. In a few words, for the extent of his various erudition, for his unalloyed patriotifm, and for his daily exercife and conftant practice of Xenophon's philofophy, in his private as well as in public life, Mr. Glover has left none his equal in the city, and fome time, it is feared, may elapfe, before fuch another citizen fhall arife, with eloquence, with character, and with poetry, like his, to affert their rights, or to vindicate with equal powers, the juft claims of free-born men. Suffice this teftimony at prefent, as the well-earned meed of this truly virtuous man, whofe conduct was carefully marked, and narrowly watched by the writer of the foregoing haffy fketch, for his extraordinary qualities during the long period in human life of upwards of 40 years; and now it is fpontaneoufly offered as a voluntary tribute, unfolicited and unpurchafed; but as it appears juftly due to the memory of fo excellent a poet, ftatefman, and true philofopher, in life and death the fame."

This account of his private and public character, by one who knew him well, is fo ample and fatisfactory, that it leaves little to be added. In the domeftic relations of hufband and parent, his manners were as amiable as his abilities were refpectable. In the character of a merchant he diftinguifhed himfelf by the moft exemplary integrity; yet in fortune he made no advances towards affluence. He was a patriot of the moft independent caft, and fcorning to bind himfelf about any one political party, was by all alike neglected. But there is a fame, not refulting from fo perifhable a means as the contention of parties, and alike out of their power to confer or take away, which will long flourifh round the name of Glover.

As a poet his abilities are already well known. His *Leonidas*, though not in the higheft clafs of epic poems, had, at its firft publication, many admirers, and is ftill perufed with pleafure. The fubject of the poem is the gallant actions of *Leonidas*, and his heroic defence of, and fall at the pafs of Thermopylæ. It is characterized by a bold fpirit of liberty, and generous, tender, and noble fentiments; but it leans towards the tender rather than the fublime. The author every where appears to be a virtuous man, and a good citizen; he expreffes manly and patriotic fentiments; though many of them are taken from the orations of Lyfias and Ifocrates. The ftyle poffeffes many poetical graces; but it is often familiar and profaic, and is generally deficient in that awful fimplicity, and unadorned fublimity which are the characteriftics of the epic mufe. It abounds in the affecting, the tender, and the beautiful, more than in the heroic and fublime. Some of the characters are well-drawn, and fupported with proper dignity and elevation. The epifode of *Teribafus* and *Ariana*, is poetical and pleafing. In its machinery and incident it has been thought defective; but on no principle or reafon whatever, unlefs a fuperftitious reverence for the practice of Homer and Virgil. Thefe poets very properly embellifhed their ftory by the traditional tales and popular le-

gends of their own country; but does it thence follow, that in other countries, and in other ages, epic poetry muſt be wholly confined to antiquated fictions and fairy tales? Lucan has compoſed a very ſpirited poem, certainly of the epic kind, where neither gods nor ſupernatural beings are at all employed. Davenant has made an attempt of the ſame kind, not without ſucceſs; and undoubtedly a poetical recital of great adventures, though the agents be every one of them human, may be made productive of the marvellous, without forſaking the probable, and fulfil the chief requiſites of epic compoſition *Leonidas* is not exactly founded upon the model of the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil, or the Jeruſalem of Taſſo, the three moſt regular and complete epic works that ever were compoſed. But it affords a ſufficient proof, that, however the uſe of machinery may heighten the effect, it is not eſſential to the exiſtence, or to the ſucceſs of epic poetry. It has a juſt title to be claſſed with Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Lucan's Pharſalia, Statius's Thebaid, Camoen's Luſiad, Voltaire's Henriade, and Wilkie's Epigoniad. The diction, the characters, and the narration of the poet are diſtinguiſhed by the general ſtrain and ſpirit of epic compoſition. But it is not without defects. It is too abrupt and laconic in the ſtructure of its periods to ſuit the melody of verſe, and is deficient in that poetical enthuſiaſm which is chiefly raiſed and nouriſhed by an intimate acquaintance with the wild and ſublime ſcenes of nature, and that creative and vigorous imagination, which preſenting a higher order of things than is to be found in human life, produces the marvellous, and raiſes that admiration which ſhould be the predominant paſſion in heroic poetry. Hence Thomſon, who was a poet truly inſpired, when he heard that a citizen of London had paid his addreſſes to the epic muſe, exclaimed, "He write an epic poem, who never ſaw a mountain!"

The excellencies of *Leonidas* have received every poſſible recommendation and illuſtration from the elegant critique of Lyttleton, and the learned "Obſervations" of Dr. Pemberton; to which Mr. Murphy alludes in the following lines inſerted in the laſt edition of his "Epiſtle to Dr. Johnſon," 1786.

> For freedom when *Leonidas* expires,
> Though Pitt and Cobham feel their poet's fires,
> Unmov'd, lo! Glover hears the world commend,
> And thinks even *Pemberton* too much his friend.

"Since I have read *Leonidas*," ſays Lyttleton, Common Senſe, No. 10. "I have been ſo full of all the beauties I met with in it, that to give ſome vent, I found it neceſſary to write to you, and invite my countrymen to take part with me in the pleaſure of admiring what ſo juſtly deſerves their admiration. And in doing this I have yet a farther view; I deſire to do them good as well as pleaſe them; for never yet was an epic poem wrote with ſo noble and ſo uſeful a deſign; the whole plan and purpoſe of it being to ſhow the ſuperiority of freedom over ſlavery; and how much virtue, public ſpirit, and the love of liberty, are preferable both in their nature and effects, to riches, luxury, and the inſolence of power.

"This great and inſtructive moral is ſet forth by an action the moſt proper to illuſtrate it of all that ancient or modern hiſtory can afford, enforced by the moſt ſublime ſpirit of poetry, and adorned by all the charms of an active and warm imagination, under the reſtraint of a cool and ſober judgment.

"And it has another ſpecial claim to protection; for I will venture to ſay, there never was an epic poem which had ſo near a relation as this to Common Senſe: the author of it not having allowed himſelf the liberty ſo largely taken by his predeceſſors, of making excurſions beyond the bounds, and out of ſight of it, into the airy regions of poetical mythology. There are neither fighting gods, nor ſcolding goddeſſes, neither miracles nor enchantments, neither monſters nor giants, in his work; but whatſoever human nature can afford that is moſt aſtoniſhing, marvellous, and ſublime.

"And it has this particular merit to recommend it, that, though it has quite the air of an ancient epic poem, there is not ſo much as a ſingle ſimile in it, that is borrowed from any of the ancients, and yet, I believe, there is hardly any poem that has ſuch a variety of beautiful compariſons; ſo juſt a confidence had the author in the extent, and rich abundance of his own imagination.

"The artful conduct of the principal design; the skill in connecting and adapting every episode to the carrying on and serving that design; the variety of characters, the great care to keep them, and distinguish each from the other by a propriety of sentiment and thought; all these are excellencies which the best judges of poetry will be particularly pleased with in *Leonidas*.

"Upon the whole, I look upon this poem as one of those few of distinguished worth and excellence, which will be handed down with respect to all posterity, and which, in the long revolution of past centuries, but two or three countries have been able to produce. And I cannot help congratulating my own, that after having in the last age brought forth a Milton, she has in this produced two more such poets, as we have the happiness to see flourish now together, I mean Mr. Pope, and Mr. Glover."

Dr. Pemberton's observations on the principal characters in Leonidas, under the head "Sentiment and Character," are subjoined; as "this is the part of poetry," as he expresses it, "in which the divine invention is most eminently distinguished."

"*Xerxes* is an example of a little mind inflated with absolute power. He is not only proud, impatient of contradiction, and precipitate, the natural effects of the adoration and blind submission, which had always been paid him; but we see in him likewise many personal weaknesses. He is possessed of so mean a vanity, as to conclude his great and extensive dominion a proof of his being so singular a favourite of heaven, that no bounds could be set to his good fortune: he had persuaded himself, that the Greeks must have the same abject veneration for him, as his own slaves; and will scarce believe, that his ambassadors had made a true report, who bring him an answer contrary to what his foolish pride had imagined; and it is with extreme difficulty, that his brothers dissuade him from proceeding against them upon that supposition: nay, at last he gives order for attacking the Greeks with the air of being still confident they must submit to his will without resistance. We soon after find this haughty and insolent monarch indued with a temper so weak and fickle, that upon a little ill success all his vain presumption and confidence abandon him, and he condescends to the proposing conditions, which, before, his pride could not have suffered him to think of without the utmost indignation.

"In his brother *Hyperanthes* we see a good character, but confined to the virtues, which can have place under arbitrary government. He is valiant, so far unprejudiced, as to be duly sensible of the superior virtue in his enemies; but had no reluctance to commit any kind of injustice towards them, when his brother had pitched upon them for a conquest. Otherwise he has great good nature, and a just esteem for real merit. This appears in his behaviour towards *Demaratus*, the Spartan exile, and much more in his singular affection for his friend *Teribasus*.

"*Teribasus* possesses a very worthy mind, improved by the study of philosophy, but oppressed by the violence of a soft passion; a weakness, which the luxury, and the indulgence for pleasure in an Asiatic court must have greatly increased. But *Teribasus* behaves not under this passion like the whining lovers of romance, who excite our contempt; but in so manly and reasonable a manner, that makes him an object of just compassion, and still worthy the esteem of every one, that has any feeling for human weakness.

> But unreveal'd and silent was his pain:
> Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
> Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
> A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
> Conceal'd his anguish; B. v. ver. 50.

though still

> ——————the secret flame
> Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.
> Ibid. ver. 54.

"*Ariana* is still a less exceptionable subject of pity, as we do not so much require in that sex firmness of temper to resist these soft impressions. Her despair and violent resolution in consequence of it are the effects of an excess of passion very natural to the serious and thoughtful turn of her character.

" This epiſode is a ſhining ornament in the poem, as ſuch a tender ſcene is a judicious relief to the ſeverity, which is the general caſt of the work, and is founded upon a kind of diſtreſs, which Ariſtotle expreſsly prefers, ſuch as ariſes from ſome error in a perſon of great and conſpicuous worth. Too frequent a repreſentation of calamities abſolutely unavoidable, ſerve only to deject the ſpirits, and create a diſreliſh for life; but ſuch as are grounded upon pardonable errors, whether exceſs of any paſſion, or defect of judgment, inſtruct, while they excite commiſeration.

" *Polydorus*, the attendant upon *Ariana*, is an example of an heroic ſpirit ſo oppreſſed by the flower of his age being waſted in ſlavery, as to have loſt all taſte of life. In leſs elevated characters, long continued calamity debaſes the mind, and confines its wiſhes to mean gratifications; but in the generous breaſt of *Polydorus* it ends in unſurmountable grief. The only pleaſure, to which we find him ſenſible, is revenge.

" In *Demaratus*, the exiled king of Sparta, we have another example of unmerited diſtreſs, but of a more delicate kind. He, cheriſhed in a luxurious court, with all the ordinary means of enjoyment in his power, pines away at the ſenſe of being out of a condition to act worthy of himſelf. In his interview with *Polydorus* he even ſuſpects and laments a diminution of his virtue. In his converſation with *Xerxes*, though at firſt he endeavours to ſpeak of his countrymen with as much reſerve as poſſible; yet we ſoon ſee his admiration of their virtues carry him out with great freedom in their praiſes, and he cannot refrain drawing the parallel between the military force of Greece and of Aſia, in terms very diſagreeable to the monarch, whoſe protection he was forced to accept; and in the end breaks into a flood of tears.

——————————Aſide
His head he turn'd, and wept in copious ſtreams, &c.

" We ought not to paſs over another obſervation upon this dialogue; the great diſtinctneſs with which the argument is here explained. The poet has been able to give every proof its due place and force unreſtrained by the numbers of his verſe.

" If we are preſented in the Perſian army with patterns of ill fortune, on which we muſt reflect with regret; when we turn our eyes to the Grecian camp, we find a very different ſcene. There magnanimity is matched againſt the greateſt difficulty human nature can have to contend with, the certain expectation of death: but the fortitude and vigour of mind, by which theſe heroes are ſupported, place them quite out of the ſight of pity; not a ſingle circumſtance ſuggeſts a thought of their being unhappy: on the contrary, they are continually the objects of our admiration, almoſt of our envy. This ardent ſpirit ſhines out moſt eminently in *Leonidas*, their chief; but from him diffuſes itſelf through them all: though there is not a ſingle leader of eminence among them, which the poet has not marked with a character peculiarly his own.

" The active vigour of *Alpheus* is very diſtinct from the deliberate valour of *Dieneces*.

" The ambition of *Megiſtias* is confined to merit the eſteem of the people, by whom he is entertained. Upon this principle he animates his ſon in the fourth book, and the ſame is his motive for ſharing their laſt fate.

" The ſilence with which *Menalippus* obeys the command of his aged father to provide for his own ſafety, is, I think, very judiciouſly imagined. For though it is not neceſſary, that every gallant man ſhould have the reſolution to make a voluntary ſacrifice of his life; yet the want of the ſame high ſpirit, by which the reſt are animated, muſt impreſs on him that conſciouſneſs of his inferiority, and create that degree of confuſion, which of neceſſity muſt cloſe his lips.

" The gentle and polite character of *Agis* renders him in particular worthy the intimate friendſhip of the great *Leonidas*; in whom humanity and a genteel turn of mind diſtinguiſh themſelves among his more ſublime virtues.

" The fierceneſs of *Diomedon* makes indignation and high contempt of an effeminate enemy, whom he had formerly ſeen to fly before him, a ruling motive in his conduct.

" In *Demophilus* we ſee a ſpeculative temper, where cool reflection ſupports an aged mind, and ſupplies the fire of youth. This draws from him thoſe inſtructive ſentiments, which he utters over the body of *Phrxortes*. There is the ſame air in the ſhort addreſs at his firſt interview with *Leonidas*. And the ſame appears again, when he makes his choice for himſelf and all his troops to accompany

Leonidas in his laſt fate. The ſublimity of this character diſtinguiſhably appears upon this occaſion towards his kinſman *Dithyrambus*.

" The aged *Megiſtias* will not permit his ſon to finiſh his life with himſelf. But though *Demophilus* bears the affection of a parent to his, the ſuperior turn of his mind makes him fonder of the glory than of the life of *Dithyrambus*.

" *Dithyrambus* poſſeſſes, in an eminent degree, the amiable character of high merit accompanied with equal modeſty. His ambition is ever to deſerve praiſe rather than receive it. He chooſes *Diomedon* for his conſtant companion in action, his wiſh being to equal the greateſt. And at the ſame time he is an admirer of all virtue but his own.

" This moderation, and delicacy of mind, create that reluctance, with which he engages *Teribaſus*, whoſe virtues, though in an enemy, he held in high eſteem. In this ſcene the poet has brought together ſeveral characters, and ſupported each with great ſucceſs. The gloomy caſt of mind, which ever accompanied *Teribaſus*, here appears without breaking his ſpirit. The impatience with which *Hyperanthes* advances forward, when he hopes to ſee his friend victorious, the eagerneſs, with which he flies to revenge upon his diſappointment, and the ſudden ſuſpenſe of that reſolution to aſſiſt his dying friend, with the return of his indignation, as ſoon as his friend expires, are ſtrong effects of that warmth of heart becoming a firm amity.

" The reſpective characters of theſe two heroes are alſo well preſerved in the manner, wherein each takes his reſolution to ſhare the glory with *Leonidas* in his fatal cataſtrophe. The fierce intrepidity of *Diomedon* prompts him to appear the foremoſt of all in this high-ſpirited reſolution; and *Dithyrambus* with the modeſty peculiar to his character, is ſolicitous to throw an humble ſhade over his own glory.

" For brevity I paſs over the leſſer characters of the poem; though they alſo are diſtinctly marked. The ſavage fierceneſs of *Phraortes*, the vain arrogance of *Tigranes*, the diffidence and hypocriſy of *Anaxander*, and the confidence in villany of *Epialtes*, are very manifeſt.

" The character of *Leonidas* is the moſt diſtinctly exhibited of any, being placed in a greater variety of lights. We ſee him in council, in the army, in his family, and in his retirements. His firſt appearance in the Spartan council ſhows us the ruling principle of his mind. The general principle, upon which valiant and heroic actions are founded, is, that there are occaſions, which make it reaſonable to put life in hazard. And we daily ſee this principle exerted in very different degrees in proportion to the meaſure of courage and ſpirit of different men. But Leonidas extends this principle ſo far, and has formed ſo exalted a conception of virtue, as to think it neceſſary for a great man to place the deſire of life wholly out of the queſtion.

" It is upon this foot, that notwithſtanding the character of Leonidas is raiſed ſo far above that of other men, yet it appears abſolutely natural; becauſe his motives are not of a different nature from thoſe of others, but only improved in degree.

" When Leonidas is retired, and the warmth of heart excited by the public preſence is ſo far abated, that he is left without reſtraint to his cool reflections, the poet has taken care not to outrage his character by diveſting him of human nature; but we ſee thoſe ſtruggles, which muſt neceſſarily paſs through the mind of the greateſt man upon ſo extraordinary an occaſion. Here he is not without natural fears; but has a ſpirit in his moſt deliberate moments to overcome them. His principal motive is the public good; though he is alſo not inſenſible to the fame which muſt accompany ſo meritorious an action.

" Cold men have conſidered this ſublime degree of that deſire of praiſe, which is implanted in our nature, as a weakneſs; but it is certainly a part of *Leonidas's* character to hold it in high eſteem; for as he has recourſe to it for the ſupport of his own mind, ſo in his firſt ſpeech to his followers on their arrival at Thermopylæ, he excites them to act with their utmoſt vigour upon the ſame motives.

" In his family another part of his character appears. He is there tender and affectionate, but ſtill able to ſuppreſs the ſecret motions of his own heart, when it was neceſſary for inſpiring his queen with ſpirit to ſupport a calamity unavoidable. And accordingly, he does in part raiſe and calm her mind. But when the ſudden warning for his departure has renewed her grief, that ſhe faints in his arms, and he is left, as it were, alone to himſelf; he breaks out into a degree of tender-

neſs, that ſhows all his foregoing reſolution to be the effect of true firmneſs of mind, not of inſenſibility.

" We next ſee him before the general council of Greece. And here he acts a new part. In the Spartan council he exerts a ſpirit and vigour, that commands all who hear him; but now he gives his advice with the moderation of one more diſpoſed to be directed than authoritatively to influence an aſſembly, to whoſe prudence the general ſtates of the country had intruſted the conduct of their affairs.

" He is next brought into the field, and ſhown in the midſt of thoſe dangers, to which, for the public ſervice, he had ſo freely offered himſelf. And here the ſame reſolution ſupports him to perform with the greateſt coolneſs all the offices of a ſkilful and prudent commander, to contemn in his laſt hours every peril, and to meet his fate with no leſs firmneſs than that, wherewith he firſt accepted of it, at a diſtance in the council of Sparta.

" Thus I think our author in his principal Grecian heroes, and moſt eminently in *Leonidas* their leader, has repreſented with ſingular ſtrength, and truth, virtuous characters of high ſpirit ſuperior to the greateſt misfortunes; which is an achievement Plato thought the moſt difficult of all poetical imitation."

The author of the " Remarks on Leonidas, in the " Weekly Miſcellany," No. 234. after taking notice of ſeveral faults and improprieties, concludes thus: " I ought in juſtice to confeſs to thoſe readers who may chance not to have read *Leonidas*, that though there are faults ſufficient to juſtify the oppoſition I made to it, yet there are beauties more than ſufficient to repay them the trouble in reading it over."

In the *Athenaid*, which is a poetical hiſtory of the wars between the Greeks and Perſians, in thirty books, he propoſes revenge for the death of *Leonidas*, as the great ſubject of his poem. The following is the exordium:

> The Perſians vanquiſh'd, Greece from bondage ſav'd,
> The *death of great Leonidas reveng'd*,
> By Attic virtue——celebrate O muſe!

The concluſion is in the ſame ſtrain,

> ——————Night drops her ſhade
> On thirty millions ſlaughter'd. Thus thy death
> *Leonidas of Sparta was aveng'd;*
> Greece thus by Attic virtue was preſerv'd.

It is indeed ſo much a counterpart to Leonidas, though ſtill more proſaic, as to ſuperſede the neceſſity of a particular critique. Events that are the ſubject of authentic record, are ill adapted to epic poetry. At the ſame time, the hiſtorical tranſactions of every age, are capable of poetical arrangement, and poetical embelliſhment. But the narrow and limited view which he has taken of his ſubject, removes its grandeſt and moſt dignified aſpect, and renders the epic muſe inferior to the hiſtorical. Many of the epiſodes, however, are affecting and pathetic; and ſome of the characters are well drawn, particularly thoſe of *Themiſtocles* and *Ariſtides*. But the importance and dignity of the events recorded are much diminiſhed by the poetical mode of narration, and ſtrike us leſs than in the original hiſtorian.

His *London* requires no diſtinct examination. The ſubject, which is the origin and progreſs of commerce, is peculiarly intereſting to Britons; and the compoſition diſcovers a vigour of invention, a force of deſcription, a dignity of ſentiment, and a facility of expreſſion, not unworthy of the author of *Leonidas*. His *Hoſier's Ghoſt* is one of the moſt pathetic and beautiful ballads in the Engliſh language.

THE WORKS OF GLOVER.

LEONIDAS: A POEM.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

——Θανεῖν δ' οἵοισιν ἀνάγκα,
Τί κε τις ἀνώνυμον ὑγρὰς, ἐν σκότῳ
Καθήμενος, ἕψοι μάταν, ἁπάντων
Καλῶν ἄμμορος; PIND. OLYMP. OD. I.

PREFACE.

o illuſtrate the following poem, to vindicate the
bject from the cenſure of improbability, and to
ow, by the concurring evidence of the beſt hiſ-
ians, that ſuch diſintereſted public virtue did
ce exiſt, I have thought it would not be impro-
r to prefix the ſubſequent narration.

While Darius, the father of Xerxes, was yet on
e throne of Perſia, Cleomenes and Demaratus
re kings in Lacedemon, both deſcended from
ercules. Demaratus was unfortunately expoſed
an uncertain rumour, which rendered his legi-
macy ſuſpected, to the malice and treachery of
colleague, who had conceived a perſonal re-
ntment againſt him; for Cleomenes, taking ad-
antage of this report, perſuaded the Spartans to
amine into the birth of Demaratus, and refer
e difficulty to the oracle of Delphi; and was aſ-
ted in his perfidious deſigns by a near relation
Demaratus, named Leutychides, who aſpired
ſucceed him in his dignity. Cleomenes found
ans to corrupt the prieſteſs of Delphi, who de-
red Demaratus not legitimate. Thus, by the
ſe practices of his colleague Cleomenes, and of
kinſman Leutychides, Demaratus was expelled
m his regal office in the commonwealth, a La-
demonian, diſtinguiſhed in action and counſel,
d the only king of Sparta, who, by obtaining
e Olympic prize in the chariot-race, had increaſ-
the luſtre of his country. He went into volun-
y baniſhment; and, retiring to Aſia, was there
otected by Darius, while Leutychides ſucceeded
the regal authority in Sparta. Upon the death
Cleomenes, Leonidas became king, who ruled in
njunction with this Leutychides, when Xerxes,
e ſon of Darius, invaded Greece. The number
land and naval forces which accompanied that
monarch, together with the ſervants, women, and other uſual attendants on the army of an eaſtern prince, amounted to upwards of five millions, as reported by Herodotus, who wrote within a few years after the event, and publicly recited his hiſtory at the Olympic games. In this general aſſembly, not only from Greece itſelf, but from every part of the world, wherever a colony of Grecians was planted, had he greatly exceeded the truth, he muſt certainly have been detected, and cenſured by ſome among ſo great a multitude; and ſuch a voluntary falſehood muſt have entirely deſtroyed that merit and authority, which have procured to Herodotus the veneration of all poſterity, with the appellation of the Father of Hiſtory. On the firſt news of this attempt on their liberty, a convention, compoſed of deputies from the ſeveral ſtates of Greece, was immediately held at the Iſthmus of Corinth, to conſult on proper meaſures for the public ſafety. The Spartans alſo ſent meſſengers to inquire of the oracle at Delphi into the event of the war, who returned with an anſwer from the prieſteſs of Apollo, that either a king, deſcended from Hercules, muſt die, or Lacedemon would be entirely deſtroyed. Leonidas immediately offered to ſacrifice his life for the preſervation of Lacedemon; and, marching to Thermopylæ, poſſeſſed himſelf of that important paſs with three hundred of his countrymen; who, with the forces of ſome other cities in the Peloponneſus, together with the Thebans, Theſpians, and the troops of thoſe ſtates, which adjoined to Thermopylæ, compoſed an army of near eight thouſand men.

Xerxes was now advanced as far as Theſſalia; when, hearing that a ſmall body of Grecians was

aſſembled at Thermopylæ, with ſome Lacedemonians at their head, and among the reſt Leonidas, a deſcendent of Hercules, he diſpatched a ſingle horſeman before to obſerve their numbers, and diſcover their deſigns. When this horſeman approached, he could not take a view of the whole camp, which lay concealed behind a rampart, formerly raiſed by the Phocians at the entrance of Thermopylæ on the ſide of Greece; ſo that his whole attention was engaged by thoſe who were on guard before the wall and who at that inſtant chanced to be the Lacedemonians. Their manner and geſtures greatly aſtoniſhed the Perſian Some were amuſing themſelves in gymnaſtic exerciſes; others were combing their hair; and all diſcovered a total diſregard of him, whom they ſuffered to depart, and report to Xerxes what he had ſeen; which appearing to that prince quite ridiculous, he ſent for Demaratus, who was with him in the camp, and required him to explain this ſtrange behaviour of his countrymen Demaratus informed him, that it was a cuſtom among the Spartans to comb down and adjuſt their hair, when they were determined to fight till the laſt extremity. Xerxes, notwithſtanding, in the confidence of his power, ſent ambaſſadors to the Grecians to demand their arms, to bid them diſperſe, and become his friends and allies; which propoſals being received with diſdain, he commanded the Medes and Ciſſians to ſeize on the Grecians, and bring them alive into his preſence. Theſe nations immediately attacked the Grecians, and were ſoon repulſed with great ſlaughter; freſh troops ſtill ſucceeded, but with no better fortune than the firſt, being oppoſed to an enemy not only ſuperior in valour and reſolution, but who had the advantage of diſcipline, and were furniſhed with better arms, both offenſive and defenſive.

Plutarch, in his Laconic Apothegms, reports, that the Perſian king offered to inveſt Leonidas with the ſovereignty of Greece, provided he would join his arms to thoſe of Perſia. This offer was too conſiderable a condeſcenſion to have been made before a trial of their force, and muſt therefore have been propoſed by Xerxes after ſuch a ſeries of ill ſucceſs, as might probably have depreſſed the inſolence of his temper; and it may be eaſily admitted, that the virtue of Leonidas was proof againſt any temptations of that nature. Whether this be a fact or not, thus much is certain, that Xerxes was reduced to extreme difficulties by this reſolute defence of Thermopylæ, till he was extricated from his diſtreſs by a Malian, named Epialtes, who conducted twenty thouſand of the Perſian army into Greece through a paſs, which lay higher up the country among the mountains of Octa; whereas the paſſage at Thermopylæ was ſituated on the ſeaſhore between thoſe mountains and the Malian bay. The defence of the upper paſs had been committed to a thouſand Phocians, who, upon the firſt ſight of the enemy, inconſiderately abandoned their ſtation, and put themſelves in array upon a neighbouring eminence; but the Perſians wiſely avoided an engagement, and with the utmoſt expedition marched to Thermopylæ.

Leonidas no ſooner received information that the Barbarians had paſſed the mountains, and would ſoon be in a ſituation to ſurround him, than he commanded the allies to retreat, reſerving th three hundred Spartans, and four hundred The bans, whom, as they followed him with reluc tance at firſt, he now compelled to ſtay. But th Theſpians, whoſe number amounted to ſeven hun dred, would not be perſuaded by Leonidas to fo ſake him. Their commander was Demophilus and the moſt eminent amongſt them for his va lour was Dithyrambus, the ſon of Harmatide Among the Lacedemonians, the moſt conſpicuou next to Leonidas was Dieneces, who being tol that the multitude of Perſian arrows would ob ſcure the ſun, replied, the battle would then be i the ſhade. Two brothers, named Alph.us an Maron, are alſo recorded for their valour, an were Lacedemonians. Megiſtias, a prieſt, by birt an Acarnanian, and held in high honour at Spa ta, refuſed to deſert Leonidas, though entreated b him to conſult his ſafety, but ſent away his onl ſon, and remained himſelf behind to die with th Lacedemonians.

Herodotus relates, that Leonidas drew up h men in the broadeſt part of Thermopylæ, wher being encompaſſed by the Perſians, they fell wit great numbers of their enemies; but Plutarch Diodorus Siculus, and others, affirm, that the Gr cians attacked the very camp of Xerxes in th night. Both th ſe diſpoſitions are reconcileab to probability. He might have made an attac on the Perſian camp in the night, and in th morning withdrawn his forces back to Therm pylæ, where they would be enabled to make th moſt obſtinate reſiſtance, and ſell their lives up the deareſt terms. The action is thus deſcribe by Diodorus: "The Grecians, having now r "jected all thoughts of ſafety, preferring glory "life, unanimouſly called on their general to le "them againſt the Perſians, before they could b "appriſed that their friends had paſſed round th "mountains. Leonidas embraced the occaſio "which the ready zeal of his ſoldiers afforde "and commanded them forthwith to dine as m "who were to ſup in Elyſium. Himſelf, in co "ſequence of this command, took a repaſt, as t "means to furniſh ſtrength for a long contin "ance, and to give perſeverance in danger. A "ter a ſhort refreſhment, the Grecians were no "prepared, and received orders to aſſail the en "mies in their camp, to put all they met to t "ſword, and force a paſſage to the royal pa "lion; when, formed into one compact body wi "Leonidas himſelf at their head, they march "againſt the Perſians, and entered their camp "the dead of night. The Barbarians, wholly u "prepared, and blindly conjecturing that th "friends were defeated, and themſelves attack "by the united power of Greece, hurry togeth "from their tents with the utmoſt diſorder a "conſternation. Many were ſlain by Leonid "and his party, but much greater multitudes "their own troops, to whom, in the midſt of th "blind confuſion, they were not diſtinguiſhab "from enemies; for as night took away t "power of diſcerning truly, and the tumult w "ſpread univerſally over the camp, a prodigio "ſlaughter muſt naturally enſue. The want "command, of a watch-word, and of confiden "in themſelves, reduced the Perſians to ſuch

ſtate of confuſion, that they deſtroyed each other without diſtinction. Had Xerxes continued in the royal pavilion, the Grecians, without difficulty, might have brought the war to a ſpeedy concluſion by his death; but he, at the beginning of the tumult, betook himſelf to flight with the utmoſt precipitation; when the Grecians, ruſhing into the tent, put to the ſword moſt of thoſe who were left behind; then, while night laſted, they ranged through the whole camp in diligent ſearch of the tyrant. When morning appeared, the Perſians, perceiving the true ſtate of things, held the inconſiderable number of their enemies in contempt, yet were ſo terrified at their valour, that they avoided a near engagement; but encloſing the Grecians on every ſide, ſhowered their darts and arrows upon them at a diſtance, and in the end deſtroyed their whole body. In this manner fell the Grecians, who, under the conduct of Leonidas, defended the paſs of Thermopylæ. All muſt admire the virtue of theſe men, who with one conſent maintaining the poſt allotted by their country, cheerfully renounced their lives for the common ſafety of Greece, and eſteemed a glorious death more eligible than to live with diſhonour. Nor is the conſternation of the Perſians incredible. Who among thoſe Barbarians could have conjectured ſuch an event? Who could have expected that five hundred men would have dared to attack a million? Wherefore ſhall not all poſterity reflect on the virtue of theſe men as the object of imitation, who, though the loſs of their lives was the neceſſary conſequence of their undertaking, were yet unconquered in their ſpirit; and among all the great names delivered down to remembrance, are the only heroes who obtained more glory in their fall, than others from the brighteſt victories? With juſtice may they be deemed the preſervers of the Grecian liberty, even preferably to thoſe who were conquerors in the battles fought afterwards with Xerxes; for the memory of that valour, exerted in the defence of Thermopylæ, for ever dejected the Barbarians, while the Greeks were fired with emulation to equal ſuch a pitch of magnanimity. Upon the whole, there never were any before

"theſe who attained to immortality, through the "mere exceſs of virtue; whence he praiſe of their "fortitude hath not been recorded by hiſtorians "only, but hath been celebrated by numbers of "poets, among others by Simonides the lyric."

Pauſanias, in his Laconics, conſiders the defence of Thermopylæ by Leonidas as an action ſuperior to any achieved by his cotemporaries, and to all the exploits of preceding ages. "Never (ſays he) "had Xerxes beheld Greece, and laid in aſhes the "city of Athens, had not his forces under Hy-"darnes been conducted through a path over "mount Oeta, and by that means encompaſſing "the Greeks, overcome and ſlain Leonidas." Nor is it improbable, that ſuch a commander at the head of ſuch troops ſhould have maintained his poſt in ſo narrow a paſs, till the whole army of Xerxes had periſhed by famine. At the ſame time his navy had been miſerably ſhattered by a ſtorm, and worſted in an engagement with the Athenians at Artemiſium.

To conclude, the fall of Leonidas and his brave companions, ſo meritorious to their country, and ſo glorious to themſelves, hath obtained ſuch a high degree of veneration and applauſe from paſt ages, that few among the ancient compilers of hiſtory have been ſilent on this amazing inſtance of magnanimity and zeal for liberty; and many are the epigrams and inſcriptions now extant, ſome on the whole body, others on particulars, who died at Thermopylæ, ſtill preſerving their memory in every nation converſant with learning, and at this diſtance of time ſtill rendering their virtue the object of admiration and of praiſe.

I ſhall now detain the reader no longer, than to take this public occaſion of expreſſing my ſincere regard for the Lord Viſcount Cobham, and the ſenſe of my obligations for the early honour of his friendſhip; to him I inſcribe the following poem; and herein I ſhould be juſtified, independent of all perſonal motives, from his Lordſhip's public conduct, ſo highly diſtinguiſhed by his diſintereſted zeal and unſhaken fidelity to his country, not leſs in civil life than in the field: to him, therefore, a poem, founded on a character eminent for military glory, and love of liberty, is due from the nature of the ſubject.

R. GLOVER.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

XERXES, king of Perſia, having drawn together the whole force of his empire, and paſſed over the Helleſpont into Thrace, with a deſign to conquer Greece; the deputies from the ſeveral ſtates of that country, who had ſome time before aſſembled themſelves at the Iſthmus of Corinth, to deliberate on proper meaſures for reſiſting the invader, were no ſooner appriſed of his march into Thrace, than they determined, without further delay, to diſpute his paſſage at the ſtreights of Thermopylæ, the moſt acceſſible part of Greece on the ſide of Thrace and Theſſaly. Alpheus, one of the deputies from Sparta, repairs to that city, and communicates this reſolution to his countrymen; who chanced that day to be aſſembled in expectation of receiving an anſwer from Apollo, to whom they had ſent a meſſenger to conſult about the event of the war. Leutychides, one of their

two kings, counſels the people to advance no farther than the Iſthmus of Corinth, which ſeparates the Peloponneſus, where Lacedemon was ſituated, from the reſt of Greece; but Leonidas, the other king, diſſuades them from it. Agis the meſſenger, who had been deputed to Delphi, and brother to the queen of Leonidas, returns with the oracle; which denounces ruin to the Lacedemonians, unleſs one of their kings lays down his life for the public. Leonidas offers himſelf for the victim. Three hundred more are appointed, all citizens of Sparta, and heads of families, to accompany and die with him at Thermopylæ. Alpheus returns to the Iſthmus. Leonidas, after an interview with his queen, departs from Lacedemon. At the end of ſix days he encamps near the Iſthmus, when he is joined by Alpheus; who deſcribes the auxiliaries, then waiting at the Iſthmus, thoſe who are already poſſeſſed of Thermopylæ, as alſo the paſs itſelf; and concludes with relating the captivity of his brother Polydorus, in Perſia.

The virtuous Spartan, who reſign'd his life
To ſave his country at th' Oetæan ſtreights,
Thermopylæ, when all the peopled eaſt
In arms with Xerxes fill'd the Grecian plains,
O muſe, record! The Helleſpont they paſs'd,
O'erpow'ring Thrace. The dreadful tidings ſwift
To Corinth flew. Her Iſthmus was the ſeat
Of Grecian council. Alpheus thence returns
To Lacedemon. In aſſembly full
He finds the Spartan people with their kings;
Their kings, who boaſt an origin divine,
From Hercules deſcended. They the ſons
Of Lacedemon had conven'd, to learn
The ſacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
That morn expected from the Delphian dome.
But Alpheus ſudden their attention drew,
And thus addreſs'd them: For immediate war,
My countrymen, prepare. Barbarian tents
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
The Iſthmian council hath decreed to guard
Thermopylæ, the Locrian gate of Greece.
Here Alpheus paus'd. Leutychides, who ſhar'd
With great Leonidas the ſway, uproſe
And ſpake. Ye citizens of Sparta, hear.
Why from her boſom ſhould Laconia ſend
Her valiant race to wage a diſtant war
Beyond the Iſthmus? There the gods have plac'd
Our native barrier. In this favour'd land,
Which Pelops govern'd, us of Doric blood
That Iſthmus inacceſſible ſecures.
There let our ſtandards reſt. Your ſolid ſtrength,
If once you ſcatter in defence of ſtates
Remote and feeble, you betray your own,
And merit Jove's deriſion. With aſſent
The Spartans heard. Leonidas reply'd:
O moſt ungen'rous counſel! Moſt unwiſe!
Shall we, confining to that Iſthmian fence
Our efforts, leave beyond it ev'ry ſtate
Diſown'd, expos'd? Shall Athens, while her fleets
Unceaſing watch th' innumerable foes,
And truſt th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour, ſhall ſhe hear,
That to barbarian violence we leave
Her unprotected walls? Her hoary ſires,
Her helpleſs matrons, and their infant race,
To ſervitude and ſhame? Her guardian gods
Will yet preſerve them. Neptune o'er his main,
With Pallas, pow'r of wiſdom, at their helms,
Will ſoon tranſport them to a happier clime,
Safe from inſulting foes, from falſe allies,
And eleutherian Jove will bleſs their flight.
Then ſhall we feel the unreſiſted force
Of Perſia's navy, deluging our plains
With inexhauſted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, will ſupport
A Perſian lord, and lift th' avenging ſpear
For our deſtruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean, ſuch dang'rous counſels, which would
blaſt
Your long-eſtabliſh'd honours, and aſſiſt
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds!
Each low and partial paſſion thence expel!
Greece is our gen'ral mother. All muſt join
In her defence, or, ſep'rate, each muſt fall.
This ſaid, authority and ſhame controul'd
The mute aſſembly. Agis too appear'd.
He from the Delphian cavern was return'd,
Where, taught by Phœbus on Parnaſſian cliffs,
The Pythian maid unfolded Heav'n's decrees.
He came; but diſcontent and grief o'ercaſt
His anxious brow. Reluctant was his tongue,
Yet ſeem'd full charg'd to ſpeak. Religious dread
Each heart relax'd. On ev'ry viſage hung
Sad expectation. Not a whiſper told
The ſilent fear. Intenſely all were fix'd,
All ſtill as death, to hear the ſolemn tale.
As o'er the weſtern waves, when ev'ry ſtorm
Is huſh'd within its cavern, and a breeze,
Soft-breathing, lightly with its wings along
The ſlacken'd cordage glides, the ſailor's ear
Perceives no ſound throughout the vaſt expanſe.
None, but the murmurs of the ſliding prow,
Which ſlowly parts the ſmooth and yielding main.
So through the wide and liſtening crowd no ſound
No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air!
While thus the iſſue of thy awful charge
Thy lips deliver'd. Spartans, in your name
I went to Delphi. I inquir'd the doom
Of Lacedemon from th' impending war,
When in theſe words the deity reply'd:
" Inhabitants of Sparta, Perſia's arms
" Shall lay your proud and ancient ſeat in duſt
" Unleſs a king, from Hercules deriv'd,
" Cauſe Lacedemon for his death to mourn."
As when the hand of Perſeus had diſclos'd
The ſnakes of dire Meduſa, all who view'd
The Gorgon features, were congeal'd to ſtone,
With ghaſtly eyeballs on the hero bent,
And horror, living in their marble form;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they ſtood
In ſpeechleſs terror frozen, on their kings
The Spartans gaz'd: but ſoon their anxious look
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unſhaken. Riſing, he diſplays
His godlike preſence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With ſtrength Herculean. On his aſpect ſhine
Sublimeſt virtue, and deſire of fame,
Where juſtice gives the laurel, in his eye

The inextinguiſhable ſpark, which fires
The ſouls of patriots; while his brow ſupports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he caſt his looks around, and ſpake:
Why this aſtoniſhment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths,
Which lead to virtue? Fruitleſs were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The diſtant ſummit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our paſſage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he aſſumes,
To ſhake the firmneſs of a mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happineſs in vain.
Then ſpeak, O Sparta, and demand my life!
My heart, exulting, anſwers to thy call,
And ſmiles on glorious fate. To live with fame,
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal luſtre is a bleſſing, Jove
Among the choiceſt of his boons reſerves,
Which but on few his ſparing hand beſtows.
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaim'd.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paus'd,
Suſpending praiſe; nor praiſe at laſt reſounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heav'n:
A reverential murmur breathes applauſe.
So were the pupils of Lycurgus train'd
To bridle nature. Public fear was dumb
Before their ſenate, ephori, and kings,
Nor exultation into clamour broke.
Amidſt them roſe Dieneces, and thus:
Haſte to Thermopylæ. To Xerxes ſhow
The diſcipline of Spartans, long renown'd
In rigid warfare, with enduring minds,
Which neither pain, nor want, nor danger bend.
Fly to the gate of Greece, which open ſtands
To ſlavery and rapine. They will ſhrink
Before your ſtandard, and their native ſeats
Reſume in abject Aſia. Arm, ye ſires,
Who with a growing race have bleſs'd the ſtate.
That race, your parents, gen'ral Greece forbid
Delay. Heav'n ſummons. Equal to the cauſe
A chief behold. Can Spartans aſk for more?
Bold Alpheus next. Command my ſwift return
Amid the Iſthmian council, to declare
Your inſtant march. His dictates all approve.
Back to the Iſthmus he unweary'd ſpeeds.
Now from th' aſſembly, with majeſtic ſteps,
Forth moves their godlike king, with conſcious worth
His gen'rous boſom glowing. Such the port
Of his divine progenitor; impell'd
By ardent virtue, ſo Alcides trod,
Invincible to face in horrid war
The triple form of Geryon, or againſt
The bulk of huge Antæus match his ſtrength.
Say, muſe, what heroes, by example fir'd,
Nor leſs by honour, offer'd now to bleed?
Dieneces the foremoſt, brave and ſtaid,
Of vet'ran ſkill to range in martial fields,
Well-order'd lines of battle. Maron next,
Twin-born with Alpheus, ſhows his manly frame.
Him Agis follow'd, brother to the queen
Of great Leonidas, his friend in war,
His try'd companion. Graceful were his ſteps,
And gentle his demeanor. Still his ſoul
Preſerv'd the pureſt virtue, though refin'd
By arts unknown to Lacedemon's race.
High was his office. He, when Sparta's weal
Support and counſel from the gods requir'd,
Was ſent the hallow'd meſſenger to learn
Their myſtic will, in oracles declar'd,
From rocky Delphi, from Dodona's ſhade,
Or ſea-encircled Delos, or the cell
Of dark Trophonius, round Bœotia known.
Three hundred more complete th' intrepid band,
Illuſtrious fathers all of gen'rous ſons,
The future guardians of Laconia's ſtate.
Then roſe Megiſtias, leading forth his ſon,
Young Menalippus. Not of Spartan blood
Were they. Megiſtias, heav'n-enlighten'd ſeer,
Had left his native Acarnanian ſhore;
Along the border of Eurotas choſe
His place of dwelling. For his worth receiv'd,
And hoſpitably cheriſh'd, he the wreath
Pontific bore in Lacedemon's camp;
Serene in danger, nor his ſacred arm
From warlike toil ſecluding, nor untaught
To wield the ſword, and poize the weighty ſpear.
But to his home Leonidas retir'd.
There, calm in ſecret thought he thus explor'd
His mighty ſoul, while nature in his breaſt
A ſhort emotion rais'd. What ſudden grief,
What cold reluctance now unmans my heart,
And whiſpers that I fear? Can death diſmay
Leonidas? Death, often ſeen and ſcorn'd,
When clad moſt dreadful in the battle's front?
Or to relinquiſh life in all its pride,
With all my honours blooming round my head,
Repines my ſoul, or rather to forſake,
Eternally forſake my weeping wife,
My infant offſpring, and my faithful friends?
Leonidas, awake. Shall theſe withſtand
The public ſafety? Hark, thy country calls.
O ſacred voice, I hear thee! At the ſound,
Reviving virtue brightens in my heart;
Fear vaniſhes before her. Death, receive
My unreluctant hand. Immortal fame,
Thou too, attendant on my righteous fall,
With wings unweary'd wilt protect my tomb.
His virtuous ſoul the hero had confirm'd,
When Agis enter'd. If my tardy lips
(He thus began), have hitherto forborne
To bring their grateful tribute of applauſe,
Which, as a Spartan, to thy worth I owe,
Forgive the brother of thy queen. Her grief
Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man,
Though Lacedemon call thy prime regard,
Forget not her, ſole victim of diſtreſs,
Amid the gen'ral ſafety! To aſſuage
Such pain, fraternal tenderneſs is weak.
The king embrac'd him, and reply'd: O beſt,
O deareſt man, conceive not, but my ſoul
To her is fondly bound, from whom my days
Their largeſt ſhare of happineſs deriv'd!
Can I, who yield my breath, leſt others mourn,
Leſt thouſands ſhould be wretched when ſhe pines,
More lov'd than any, though leſs dear than all,
Can I neglect her griefs? In future days,
If thou with grateful memory record
My name and fate, O Sparta, paſs not this

Unheeded by. The life, for thee resign'd,
Knew not a painful hour to tire my soul,
Nor were they common joys I left behind.
So spake the patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd
In tend'rest passion. Then in eager haste
The faithful partner of his bed he sought.
Amid her weeping children sat the queen
Immoveable and mute. Her swimming eyes
Bent to the earth. Her arms were folded o'er
Her lab'ring bosom, blotted with her tears.
As when a dusky mist involves the sky,
The moon through all the dreary vapours spreads
The radiant vesture of her silver light
O'er the dull face of nature: so the queen,
Divinely graceful shining through her grief,
Brighten'd the cloud of woe. Her lord approach'd.
Soon, as in gentlest phrase his well-known voice
Awak'd her drooping spirit, for a time
Care was appeas'd. She lifts her languid head.
She gives this utt'rance to her tender thoughts:
O thou, whose presence is my sole delight;
If thus, Leonidas, thy looks and words
Can check the rapid current of distress,
How am I mark'd for misery! How long!
When of life's journey less than half is pass'd,
And I must hear those calming sounds no more,
Nor see that face which makes affliction smile.
This said, returning grief o'erwhelms her breast.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord,
Pale, bleeding, breathless on the field of death,
Her ever-during solitude of woe,
All rise in mingled horror to her sight,
When thus in bitt'rest agony she spake:
O whither art thou going from my arms?
Shall I no more behold thee? Oh! no more,
In conquest clad, o'erspread with glorious dust,
Wilt thou return to greet thy native soil,
And find thy dwelling joyful! Ah! too brave,
Why would'st thou hurry to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd——Another might have bled,
Like thee a victim of Alcides' race,
Less dear to all, and Sparta been secure.
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears;
All with these babes lament a father lost.
Alas, how heavy is our lot of pain!
Our sighs must last, when ev'ry other breast
Exults in safety, purchas'd by our loss.
Thou didst not heed our anguish—dieſt not seek
One pause for my instruction how to bear
Thy endless absence, or like thee to die.
Unutterable sorrow here confin'd
Her voice. These words Leonidas return'd:
I see, I share thy agony. My soul
Ne'er knew how warm the prevalence of love,
How strong a parent's feelings, till this hour;
Nor was she once insensible to thee
In all her fervour to assert my fame.
How had the honours of my name been stain'd
By hesitation? Shameful life preferr'd
By an inglorious colleague would have left
No choice, but what were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept. Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I rush, uncall'd, to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country press my doom.
Oh! thou dear mourner! Wherefore swells afresh
That tide of woe? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and heav'n
Claim for my country, for my sons and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Hath my heart
E'er known a pause in love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness be shown
Most warm, most faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedemon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children the diffusive good.
I am selected by th' immortal gods
To save a people. Should my timid heart
That sacred charge abandon, I should plunge
Thee too in shame, in sorrow. Thou wouldst mourn
With Lacedemon; wouldst with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Behold thy sons now worthy of their name,
Their Spartan birth. Their growing bloom would pine
Depress'd, dishonour'd, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own merit, on their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious will they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.
Here paus'd the patriot. In religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow;
Ceas'd for a moment soon again to stream.
Behold, in arms before the palace drawn,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence. Then her griefs renew'd,
Surpassing utt'rance, intercept her sighs.
Each accent freezes on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Her agitation. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus with lifted eyes,
Address'd to heav'n. Thou ever-living pow'r,
Look down propitious, fire of gods and men;
O to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace!
And thou, my bright forefather, seed of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit, I from thee derive,
Transports me from them to resistless fate,
Be thou their guardian! Teach them like thyself
By glorious labours to embellish life,
And from their father let them learn to die.
Here ending, forth he issues, and assumes
Before the ranks his station of command.
They now proceed. So mov'd the host of heav'n
On Phlegra's plains to meet the giant sons
Of Earth and Titan. From Olympus march'd
The deities embattel'd; while their king
Tower'd in the front with thunder in his grasp.
Thus through the streets of Lacedemon pass'd
Leonidas. Before his footsteps bow
The multitude exulting. On he treads
Rever'd. Unfated, their enrapture'd sight

Purſues his graceful ſtature, and their tongues
Extol and hail him, as their guardian god.
Firm in his nervous hand he gripes the ſpear.
Low, as the ankles, from his ſhoulders hangs
The maſſy ſhield; and o'er his burniſh'd helm
The purple plumage nods. Harmonious youths,
Around whoſe brows entwining laurels play,
In lofty-ſounding ſtrains his praiſe record;
While ſnowy-finger'd virgins all the way
Beſtrew with od'rous garlands. Now his breaſt
Is all poſſeſs'd by glory, which diſpell'd
Whate'er of grief remain'd, or vain regret
For thoſe he left behind. The rev'rend train
Of Lacedemon's ſenate laſt appear
To take their final, ſolemn leave, and grace
Their hero's parting ſteps. Around him flow
In civil pomp their venerable robes,
Mix'd with the blaze of arms. The ſhining troop
Of warriors preſs behind him, Maron here
With Menalippus warm in flow'ry prime,
There Agis, their Megiſtias, and the chief,
Dieneces. Laconia's dames aſcend
The loftieſt manſions; thronging o'er the roofs,
Applaud their ſons, their huſbands as they march:
So parted Argo from th' Colchian ſtrand
To plough the foaming ſurge. Theſſalia's nymphs,
Rang'd on the cliffs, o'erſhading Neptune's face,
Still on the diſtant veſſel fix'd their eyes
Admiring, ſtill in pæans bleſs'd the helm,
By Greece intruſted with her choſen ſons
For high adventures on the Colchian ſhore.
  Swift on his courſe Leonidas proceeds.
Soon is Eurotas paſs'd, and Lerna's bank,
Where his victorious anceſtor ſubdu'd
The many headed Hydra, and the lake
To endleſs fame conſign'd. Th' unweary'd bands
Next through the pines of Mænalus he led,
And down Parthenius urg'd the rapid toil.
Six days inceſſant was their march purſu'd,
When to their ear the hoarſe-reſounding waves
Beat on the Iſthmus. Here the tents are ſpread.
Below the wide horizon then the ſun
Had dipp'd his beamy locks. The queen of night
Gleam'd from the centre of th' ethereal vault,
And o'er the raven plumes of darkneſs ſhed
Her placid light. Leonidas detains
Dieneces and Agis. Open ſtands
The tall pavilion, and admits the moon.
As here they ſit converſing, from the hill,
Which roſe before them, one of noble port
Is ſeen deſcending. Lightly down the ſlope
He treads. He calls aloud. They heard, they knew
The voice of Alpheus, whom the king addreſs'd.
  O thou, with ſwiftneſs by the gods endu'd
To match the ardour of thy daring ſoul,
What from the Iſthmus draws thee? Do the Greeks
Neglect to arm and face the public foe?
  Good news give wings, ſaid Alpheus. Greece is arm'd.
The neighb'ring Iſthmus holds th' Arcadian bands.
From Mantinea Diophantus leads
Five hundred ſpears; nor leſs from Tegea's walls
With Hegeſander move. A thouſand more,
Who in Orchomenus reſide, and range
Along Parrhaſius, or Cyllene's brow;
Who near the foot of Erymanthus dwell,
Or on Alphean banks, with various chiefs
Expect thy preſence. Moſt is Clonius fam'd,
Of ſtature huge, unſhaken rock of war.
Four hundred warriors brave Alcmæon draws
From ſtately Corinth's towr's. Two hundred march
From Phlius. Them Eupalamus commands.
An equal number of Mycenæ's race
Ariſtobulus leads. Through fear alone
Of thee, and threat'ning Greece the Thebans arm.
A few in Thebes authority and rule
Uſurp. Corrupted with Barbarian gold,
They quench the gen'rous, eleutherian flame
In ev'ry heart. The eloquent they bribe.
By ſpecious tales the multitude they cheat,
Eſtabliſhing baſe meaſures on the plea
Of public ſafety. Others are immers'd
In all the ſloth of plenty, who unmov'd
In ſhameful eaſe, beheld the ſtate betray'd.
Aw'd by thy name, four hundred took the field.
The wily Anaxander is their chief
With Leontiades. To ſee their march
I ſtaid, then haſten'd to ſurvey the ſtreights,
Which thou ſhalt render ſacred to renown.
  Forever mingled with a crumbling ſoil,
Which moulders round th' indented Malian coaſt,
The ſea rolls ſlimy. On a ſolid rock,
Which forms the inmoſt limit of a bay,
Thermopylæ is ſtretch'd. Where broadeſt ſpread,
It meaſures threeſcore paces, bounded here
By the ſalt ooze, which underneath preſents
A dreary ſurface; there the lofty cliffs
Of woody'd Oeta overlook the paſs,
And far beyond o'er half the ſurge below
Their horrid umbrage caſt. Acroſs the mouth
An ancient bulwark of the Phocians ſtands,
A wall with gates and tow'rs. The Locrian force
Was marching forward. Them I paſs'd to greet
Demophilus of Theſpia, who had pitch'd
Seven hundred ſpears before th' important fence.
His brother's ſon attends the rev'rend chief,
Young Dithyrambus. He for noble deeds,
Yet more for temperance of mind renown'd,
In early bloom with brighteſt honours ſhines,
Nor wantons in the blaze. Here Agis ſpake:
  Well haſt thou painted that illuſtrious youth.
He is my hoſt at Theſpia. Though adorn'd
With various wreaths, by fame, by fortune bleſs'd,
His gentle virtues take from envy's lips
Their blaſting venom; and her baneful eye
Strives on his worth to ſmile. In ſilence all
Again remain, when Alpheus thus proceeds:
  Platæa's choſen veterans I ſaw,
Small in their number, matchleſs in their fame.
Diomedon the leader. Keen his ſword
At Marathon was felt, where Aſia bled.
Theſe guard Thermopylæ. Among the hills,
Unknown to ſtrangers winds an upper ſtreight,
Which by a thouſand Phocians is ſecur'd.
  Ere theſe brave Greeks I quitted, in the bay
A ſtately chieftain of th' Athenian fleet
Arriv'd. I join'd him. Copious in thy praiſe
He utter'd rapture, but auſterely blam'd
Laconia's tardy counſels; while the ſhips
Of Athens long had ſtemm'd Eubœan tides,
Which flow not diſtant from our future poſt.
This was the far-fam'd Æſchylus, by Mars,

By Phœbus lov'd. Parnaſſus him proclaims
The firſt of Attic poets, him the plains
Of Marathon a ſoldier, try'd in arms.
Well may Athenians murmur, ſaid the king.
Too long hath Sparta ſlumber'd on her ſhield.
By morn, beyond the Iſthmus we will ſpread
A gen'rous banner. In Laconian ſtrains
Of Alcman and Terpander lives the fame
Of our forefathers. Let our deeds attract
The brighter muſe of Athens in the ſong
Of Æſchylus divine. Now frame thy choice.
Share in our fate; or, haſt'ning home, report,
How much already thy diſcerning mind,
Thy active limbs have merited from me,
How ſerv'd thy country. From the impatient lips
Of Alpheus ſwift theſe fervid accents broke:
I have not meaſur'd ſuch a tract of land,
Have not untir'd, beheld the ſetting ſun,
Nor through the ſhade of midnight urg'd my ſteps
To animate the Grecians, that myſelf
Might be exempt from warlike toil, or death.
Return? Ah! no. A ſecond time my ſpeed
Shall viſit thee, Thermopylæ. My limbs
Shall at thy ſide, Leonidas, obtain
An honourable grave. And oh! amid
His country's perils, if a Spartan breaſt
May feel a private ſorrow, fierce revenge
I ſeek not only for th' inſulted ſtate,
But for a brother's wrongs. A younger hope,
Than I, and Maron, bleſs'd our father's years,
Child of his age, and Polydorus nam'd.
His mind, while tender in his op'ning prime,
Was bent to ſtrenuous virtue. Gen'rous ſcorn
Of pain, or danger taught his early ſtrength
To ſtruggle patient with ſevereſt toils.
Oft, when inclement winter chill'd the air,
When frozen ſhow'rs had ſwoln Eurotas' ſtream,
Amid th' impetuous channel would he plunge
To breaſt the torrent. On a fatal day,
As in the ſea his active limbs he bath'd,
A ſavage corſair of the Perſian king
My brother naked and defenceleſs bore,
Ev'n in my ſight, to Aſia; there to waſte
With all the promiſe of its growing worth
His youth in bondage. Tedious were the tale,
Should I recount my pains, my father's woes,
The days he wept, the ſleepleſs nights, he beat
His aged boſom. And ſhall Alpheus' ſpear
Be abſent from Thermopylæ, nor claim,
O Polydorus, vengeance for thy wrongs
In that firſt ſlaughter of the barb'rous foe.
Here interpos'd Dieneces. Their hands
He graſp'd, and cordial tranſport thus expreſs'd:
O that Lycurgus from the ſhades might riſe
To praiſe the virtue, which his laws inſpire!
Thus till the dead of night theſe heroes paſs'd
The hours in friendly converſe, and enjoy'd
Each other's virtue. Happieſt of men!
At length with gentle heavineſs the pow'r
Of ſleep invades their eye-lids, and conſtrains
Their magnanimity and zeal to reſt:
When ſliding down the hemiſphere, the moon
Immers'd in midnight ſhade her ſilver head.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas on his approach to the Iſthmus is met by the leaders of the troops, ſent from other Grecian ſtates, and by the deputies, who compoſed the Iſthmian council. He harangues them; then proceeds in conjunction with theſe forces towards Thermopylæ. On the firſt day he is joined by Dithyrambus; on the third he reaches a valley in Locris, where he is entertained by Oileus, the public hoſt, of the Lacedemonian ſtate; and the next morning is accompanied by him in a car to the temple of Pan: he finds Medon there, the ſon of Oileus, and commander of two thouſand Locrians, already poſted at Thermopylæ, and by him is informed, that the army of Xerxes is in ſight of the paſs.

Aurora ſpreads her purple beams around,
When move the Spartans. Their approach is known.
The Iſthmian council, and the diff'rent chiefs,
Who lead th' auxiliar bands, advance to meet
Leonidas; Eupalamus the ſtrong,
Alcmæon, Clonius, Diophantus brave
With Hegeſander. At their head is ſeen
Ariſtobulus, whom Mycenæ's ranks
Obey Mycenæ once auguſt in pow'r,
In ſplendid wealth, and vaunting ſtill the name
Of Agamemnon. To Laconia's king
The chieftain ſpake. Leonidas, ſurvey
Mycenæ's race. Should ev'ry other Greek
Be aw'd by Xerxes, and his eaſtern hoſt,
Believe not, we can fear, deriv'd from thoſe,
Who once conducted o'er the foaming ſurge
The ſtrength of Greece; who deſert left the fields
Of ravag'd Aſia, and her proudeſt walls
From their foundations levell'd to the ground.
Leonidas replies not, but his voice
Directs to all. Illuſtrious warriors, hail!
Who thus undaunted ſignalize your faith,
Your gen'rous ardour in the common cauſe.
But you, whoſe counſels prop the Grecian ſtate,
O venerable ſynod, who conſign
To our protecting ſword, the gate of Greece,
Thrice hail! Whate'er by valour we obtain,
Your wiſdom muſt preſerve. With piercing eyes
Contemplate ev'ry city, and diſcern
Their various tempers. Some with partial care
To guard their own neglect the public weal.
Unmov'd and cold are others. Terror here,
Corruption there preſides. O fire the brave
To gen'ral efforts in the gen'ral cauſe.
Confirm the wav'ring. Animate the cold,
The timid. Watch the faithleſs. Some betray
Themſelves and Greece. Their perfidy prevent,
Or call them back to honour. Let us all
Be link'd in ſacred union, and this land
May face the world's whole multitude in arms.
If for the ſpoil, by Paris borne to Troy,
A thouſand keels the Helleſpont o'erſpread;
Shall not again confederated Greece
Be rous'd to battle, and to freedom give
What once ſhe gave to fame? Behold, we haſte
To ſtop th' invading tyrant. Till we fall,
He ſhall not pour his myriads on your plains.
But as the gods conceal, how long our ſtrength
May ſtand unvanquiſh'd, or how ſoon may yield;
Waſte not a moment, till conſenting Greece
Range all her free-born numbers in the field.
Leonidas concluded. Awful ſtepp'd
Before the ſage aſſembly one ſupreme

And old in office, who addreſs'd the king.
Thy bright example ev'ry heart unites.
From thee her happieſt omens Greece derives
Of concord, ſafety, liberty and fame.
Go then, O firſt of mortals, go, impreſs
Amaze and terror on the barb'rous hoſt;
The free-born Greeks inſtructing life to deem
Leſs dear, than honour, and their country's cauſe.
This heard, Leonidas, thy ſecret ſoul,
Exulting, taſte of the ſweet reward
Due to thy name through endleſs time. Once more
His eyes he turn'd, and view'd in rapt'rous thought
His native land, which he alone can ſave;
Then ſummon'd all his majeſty, and o'er
The Iſthmus trod. The phalanx moves behind
In deep arrangement. So th' imperial ſhip
With ſtately bulk along the heaving tide
In military pomp conducts the pow'r
Of ſome proud navy, bounding from the port
To bear the vengeance of a mighty ſtate
Againſt a tyrant's walls. Till ſultry noon
They march; when halting, as they take repaſt,
Acroſs the plain before them they deſcry
A troop of Theſpians. One above the reſt
In eminence precedes. His glitt'ring ſhield,
Whoſe gold-emblazon'd orb collects the beams,
Caſt by meridian Phœbus from his throne,
Flames like another ſun. A ſnowy plume,
With wanton curls diſporting in the breeze,
Floats o'er his dazzling caſque. On nearer view
Beneath the radiant honours of his creſt
A countenance of youth in roſy prime,
And manly ſweetneſs won the ſix'd regard
Of each beholder. With a modeſt grace
He came reſpectful tow'rd the king, and ſhow'd,
That all ideas of his own deſert
Were ſunk in veneration. So the god
Of night ſalutes his empyreal fire;
When from his altar in th' embow'ring grove
Of balmy Delos, or the hallow'd bound
Of Tenedos, or Claros, where he hears
In hymns his praiſes from the ſons of men,
He reaſcends the high, Olympian ſeats:
Such reverential homage on his brow,
O'erſhading, ſoftens his effulgent bloom
With lovelineſs and grace. The king receives
Th' illuſtrious Theſpian thus. My willing tongue
Would ſtyle thee Dithyrambus. Thou doſt bear
All in thy aſpect to become that name,
Renown'd for worth and valour. O reveal
Thy birth, thy charge. Whoe'er thou art, my ſoul
Deſires to know thee, and would call thee friend.
To him the youth. O bulwark of our weal,
My name is Dithyrambus; which the lips
Of ſome benevolent, ſome gen'rous friend
To thee have ſounded in a partial ſtrain,
And thou haſt heard with favour. In thy fight
I ſtand, deputed by the Theſpian chief,
The Theban, Locrian, by the fam'd in war,
Diomedon, to haſten thy approach.
Three days will bring the hoſtile pow'rs in view.
He ſaid. The ready ſtandards are uprear'd.
By zeal enforc'd, till ev'ning ſhadows fall,
The march continues, then by day-ſpring ſweeps
The earlieſt dews. The van, by Agis led,
Diſplays the griſly face of battle rough
With ſpears, obliquely trail'd in dreadful length
Along th' indented way. Beſide him march'd
His gallant Theſpian hoſt. The centre boaſts
Leonidas the leader, who retains
The good Megiſtias near him. In the rear
Dieneces commanded, who in charge
That Menalippus, offspring of his friend,
For theſe inſtructions. Let thine eye, young man,
Dwell on the order of our varying march;
As champain, valley, mountain, or defile
Require a change. The eaſtern tyrant thus
Conducts not his Barbarians like the ſands
In number. Yet the diſcipline of Greece
They will encounter feeble, as the ſands,
Daſh'd on a rock, and ſcatter'd in their fall.
To him th' inquiring youth. The martial tread,
The flute's ſlow warble, both in juſt accord,
Entrance my ſenſes; but let wonder aſk,
Why is that tender vehicle of ſound
Preferr'd in war by Sparta? Other Greeks
To more ſonorous muſicruſh in fight.
Son of my friend, Dieneces rejoins,
Well doſt thou note. I praiſe thee. Sparta's law
With human paſſions, ſource of human woes,
Maintains perpetual ſtrife. She ſternly curbs
Our infant hearts, till paſſion yields its ſeat
To principle and order. Muſic too,
By Spartans lov'd, is temper'd by the law;
Still to her plan ſubſervient melts in notes,
Which cool and ſooth, not irritate and warm.
Thus by habitual abſtinence, apply'd
To ev'ry ſenſe, ſuppreſſing nature's fire,
By modes of duty, not by ardour ſway'd,
O'er each impetuous enemy abroad,
At home o'er vice and pleaſure we prevail.
O might I merit a Laconian name!
The Acarnanian anſwer'd. But explain,
What is the land we traverſe? What the hill,
Whoſe parted ſummit in a ſpacious void
Admits a bed of clouds? And gracious tell,
Whoſe are thoſe ſuits of armour which I ſee
Borne by two Helots? At the queſtions pleas'd,
Dieneces continues. Thoſe belong
To Alpheus and his brother. Light of foot
They, diſencumber'd, all at large precede
This pond'rous band. They guide a troop of ſlaves,
Our miſſile-weapon'd Helots, to obſerve,
Provide, forewarn, and obſtacles remove.
This tract is Phocis. That divided hill
Is fam'd Parnaſſus. Thence the voice divine
Was ſent by Phœbus, ſummoning to death
The king of Sparta. From his fruitful blood
A crop will ſpring of victory to Greece.
And theſe three hundred high in birth and rank,
All citizens of Sparta . . . . cries the youth,
They all muſt bleed, Dieneces ſubjoins,
All with their leader. So the law decrees.
To him with earneſt looks the gen'rous youth.
Wilt thou not place me in that glorious hour
Cloſe to thy buckler? Gratitude will brace
Thy pupil's arm to manifeſt the force
Of thy inſtruction. Menalippus, no,
Return'd the chief. Not thou of Spartan breed,
Nor call'd to periſh. Thou unwedded too
Would'ſt leave no race behind thee. Live to praiſe,
Live to enjoy our ſalutary fall.
Reply is needleſs. See, the ſun deſcends.
The army halts. I truſt thee with a charge,

Son of Megiſtias. In my name command
Th' attendant Helots to erect our camp.
We pitch our tents in Locris. Quick the youth
His charge accompliſh'd. From a gen'rous meal,
Where at the call of Alpheus, Locris ſhow'r'd
Her Amalthean plenty on her friends,
The fated warriors ſoon in ſlumber loſe
The memory of toil. His watchful round
Dieneces with Menalippus takes.

The moon rode high and clear. Her light benign
To their pleas'd eyes a rural dwelling ſhow'd,
All unadorn'd, but ſeemly. Either ſide
Was fenc'd by trees high-ſhadowing. The front
Look'd on a cryſtal pool, by feather'd tribes
At ev'ry dawn frequented. From the ſprings
A ſmall redundance fed a ſhallow brook,
O'er ſmoothest pebbles rippling juſt to wake,
Not ſtartle ſilence, and the ear of night
Entice to liſten undiſturb'd. Around
The graſs was cover'd by repoſing ſheep,
Whoſe drowſy guard no longer bay'd the moon.

The warriors ſtopp'd, contemplating the ſeat
Of rural quiet. Suddenly a ſwain
Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
Upriſe the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
Is rous'd. All heedful of the wonted ſound
Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
Th' obſerving warriors move. Ere long they reach
A broad and verdant circle, thick enclos'd
With birches ſtraight and tall, whoſe gloſſy rind
Is clad in ſilver from Diana's car.
The ground was holy, and the central ſpot
An altar bore to Pan. Beyond the orb
Of fkreening trees th' external circuit ſwarm'd
With ſheep and beeves, each neighb'ring hamlet's wealth
Collected. Thither ſoon the ſwain arriv'd,
Whom, by the name of Melibœus hail'd,
A peaſant throng ſurrounded. As their chief,
He nigh the altar to his rural friends
Addreſs'd theſe words: "Sent from diff'rent lords
With contribution to the public wants,
Time preſſes. God of peaſants, bleſs our courſe!
Speed to the ſlow-pac'd ox, for once impart!
That o'er theſe valleys, cool'd by dewy night,
We to our ſummons true, ere noon-tide blaze
May join Oileus, and his praiſe obtain.

He ceas'd. To ruſtic madrigals and pipes,
Combin'd with bleating notes and tinkling bells,
With clamour ſhrill from buſy tongues of dogs,
Or hollow-ſounding from the deep-mouth'd ox,
Along the valley herd and flock are driv'n
Succeſſive, halting oft to harmleſs ſpoil
Of flow'rs and herbage, ſpringing in their ſight.
While Melibœus marſhall'd with addreſs
The inoffenſive hoſt, unſeen in ſhades
Dieneces applauded, and the youth
Of Menalippus caution'd. Let no word
Impede the careful peaſant. On his charge
Depends our welfare. Diligent and ſtaid
He ſuits his godlike maſter. Thou wilt ſee
That righteous hero ſoon. Now ſleep demands
Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
Of moſs beneath a wholeſome beech they lay,
Arm'd as they were. Their ſlumber ſhort retires
With night's laſt ſhadow. At their warning rous'd,
The troops proceed. Th' admiring eye of youth
In Menalippus caught the morning rays
To guide its travel o'er the landſcape wide
Of cultivated hillocks, dales and lawns,
Where manſions, hamlets interpos'd; where domes
Roſe to their gods through conſecrated ſhades.
He then exclaims. O ſay, can Jove devote
Theſe fields to ravage, thoſe abodes to flames?

The Spartan anſwers: Ravage, ſword and fire
Muſt be endur'd as incidental ills.
Suffice it, theſe invaders, ſoon or late,
Will leave this ſoil more fertile by their blood
With ſpoils abundant to rebuild the fanes.
Precarious benefits are theſe, thou ſee'ſt
So fram'd by heav'n; but virtue is a good
No foe can ſpoil, and laſting to the grave.

Beſide the public way an oval fount
Of marble ſparkled with a ſilver ſpray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow caſques
Dipp'd in the limpid ſtream. Behind it roſe
An edifice, compos'd of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moſs. Old, batter'd arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
Theſe words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megiſtias reads; the reſt in ſilence hear.
"Yon marble fountain, by Oileus plac'd,
"To thirſty lips in living water flows;
"For weary ſteps he fram'd this cool retreat;
"A grateful off'ring here to rural peace,
"His dinted ſhield, his helmet he reſign'd.
"O paſſenger, if born to noble deeds
"Thou would'ſt obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
"Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
"And thy decline to hoſpitable cares.
"Reſt here; then ſeek Oileus in his vale."

O Jove, burſt forth Leonidas, thy grace
Is large and various. Length of days and bliſs
To him thou giv'ſt, to me a ſhorten'd term,
Nor yet leſs happy. Grateful we confeſs
Thy diff'rent bounties, meaſur'd full to both.
Come let us ſeek Oileus in his vale.

The word is giv'n. The heavy phalanx moves.
The light-pac'd Helots long ere morning dawn'd,
Had recommenc'd their progreſs. They o'ertook
Blithe Melibœus in a ſpacious vale,
The fruitfulleſt in Locris, ere th' ſun
Shot forth his noon-tide beams. On either ſide
A ſurface ſcarce perceptibly aſcends.
Luxuriant vegetation crowds the ſoil
With trees cloſe-rang'd and mingling. Rich the loads
Of native fruitage to the ſight reveal
Their vig'rous nurture. There the flushing peach,
The apple, citron, almond, pear and date,
Pomegranates, purple mulberry, and fig
From interlacing branches mix their hues
And ſcents, the paſſenger's delight; but leave
In the mid-vale a paſture long and large,
Exuberant in vivid verdure cropp'd
By herds, by flocks innum'rous. Neighb'ring knolls
Are ſpeckled o'er with cots, whoſe humble roofs
To herdſmen, ſhepherds, and laborious hinds
Once yielded reſt unbroken, till the name
Of Xerxes ſhook their quiet. Yet this day
Was feſtive. Swains and damſels, youth and age,
From toil, from home enlarg'd, diſporting, fill'd
Th' enliven'd meadow. Under evy ſhade
A hoary miniſtrel ſat; the maidens danc'd;

Flocks bleated; oxen low'd; the horſes neigh'd;
With joy the vale reſounded; terror fled;
Leonidas was nigh. The welcome news
By Melibœus, haſt'ning to his lord.
Was loudly told. The Helots too appear'd.
While with his brother Alpheus thus diſcours'd.
In this fair valley old Oïleus dwells,
The firſt of Locrians, of Laconia's ſtate
The public hoſt. Yon large pavilions mark.
They promiſe welcome. Thither let us bend,
There tell our charge. This ſaid, they both advance.
A hoary band receives them. One, who ſeem'd
In rank, in age ſuperior, wav'd his hand
To Melibœus, ſtanding near, and ſpake.
By this my faithful meſſenger I learn,
That you are friends. Nor yet th' invader's foot
Hath paſs'd our confines. Elſe, o'ercaſt by time,
My ſight would ſcarce diſtinguiſh friend or foe,
A Grecian or Barbarian. Alpheus then.
We come from Lacedemon, of our king
Leonidas forerunners. Is he nigh?
The cordial ſenior tenderly exclaims,
I am Oïleus. Him a beardleſs boy
I knew in Lacedemon. Twenty years
Are ſince elaps'd. He ſcarce remembers me.
But I will feaſt him, as becomes my zeal,
Him and his army. You, my friends, repoſe.
They ſit. He ſtill diſcourſes. Spartan gueſts,
In me an aged ſoldier you behold.
From Ajax, fam'd in Agamemnon's war,
Oilean Ajax flows my vital ſtream,
Unmix'd with his preſumption. I have borne
The higheſt functions in the Locrian ſtate,
Not with diſhonour. Self-diſmiſs'd, my age
Hath in this valley on my own demeſn
Liv'd tranquil, not recluſe. My comrades theſe,
Old magiſtrates and warriors like myſelf,
Releas'd from public care, with me retir'd
To rural quiet. Through our laſt remains
Of time in ſweet garrulity we ſlide,
Recounting paſt atchievements of our prime;
Nor wanting lib'ral means far lib'ral deeds,
Here bleſs'd, here bleſſing we reſide. Theſe flocks,
Theſe herds and paſtures, theſe our num'rous hinds,
And poverty, hence exil'd, may divulge
Our generous abundance. We can ſpread
A banquet for an army. By the ſtate
Once more entreated, we accept a charge,
To age well-ſuited. By our watchful care
The goddeſs Plenty in your tents ſhall dwell.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when the enſigns broad
Of Lacedemon's phalanx down the vale
Were ſeen to wave, unfolding at the ſound
Of flutes, ſoft warbling in th' expreſſive mood
Of Dorian ſweetneſs unadorn'd. Around,
In notes of welcome ev'ry ſhepherd tun'd
His ſprightly reed. The damſels ſhow'd their hair,
Diverſify'd with flow'rets. Garlands gay,
Ruſh-woven baſkets, glowing with the dyes
Of amaranths, of jaſmin, roſes, pinks
And violets they carry, tripping light
Before the ſteps of grimly-featur'd Mars
To blend the ſmiles of Flora with his frown.
Leonidas they chaunt in ſilvan lays,
Him the defender of their meads and groves,
Him more than Pan, a guardian to their flocks.
While Philomela, in her poplar ſhade
Awaken'd ſtrains her emulating throat,
And joins with liquid trills the ſwelling ſounds.
Behold Oïleus and his ancient train
Accoſt Laconia's king, whoſe looks and words
Confeſs remembrance of the Locrian chief.
Thrice hail! Oïleus, Sparta's noble hoſt.
Thou art of old acquainted with her ſons,
Their laws, their manners. Muſical as brave,
Train'd to delight in ſmooth Terpander's lay,
In Alcman's Dorian meaſure, we enjoy
In thy melodious vale th' unlabour'd ſtrains
Of rural pipes, to nightingales attun'd.
Our heart-felt gladneſs deems the golden age
Subſiſting where thou govern'ſt. Still theſe tones
Of joy continu'd may thy dwelling hear!
Still may this plenty, unmoleſted, crown
The favour'd diſtrict! May thy rev'rend duſt
Have peaceful ſhelter in thy father's tomb!
Kind heav'n, that merit to my ſword impart!
By joy upliſted, forth Oïleus broke.
Thou doſt recal me then! O ſent to guard
Theſe fruits from ſpoil, theſe hoary locks from ſhame,
Permit thy weary'd ſoldiers to partake
Of Locrian plenty. Enter thou my tents,
Thou and thy captains. I ſalute them all.
The hero full of dignity and years,
Once bold in action, plac'd now in eaſe,
Ev'n by his look, benignly caſt around,
Gives laſſitude relief. With native grace,
With heart-effus'd complacency the king
Accepts the lib'ral welcome, while his troops,
To relaxation and repaſt diſmiſs'd,
Pitch on the wounded green their briſtled ſpears.
Still is the evening. Under cheſnut ſhades
With interweaving poplars ſpacious ſtands
A well-fram'd tent. There calm the heroes ſit,
The genial board enjoy, and feaſt the mind
On ſage diſcourſe; which thus Oïleus cloſ'd.
Behold, night lifts her ſignal to invoke
That friendly god, who owns the drowſy wand.
To Mercury this laſt libation flows.
Farewell till morn. They ſeparate, they ſleep
All but Oïleus, who forſakes the tent.
On Melibœus, in theſe words he calls.
Approach my faithful friend. To him the ſwain.
Thy bondman hears thy call. The chief replies,
Loud for the gath'ring peaſantry to heed.
Come, Melibœus, it is ſurely time,
That my repeated gift, the name of friend
Thou ſhouldſt accept. The name of bondman wounds
My ear. Be free. No longer, beſt of men,
Reject that boon, nor let my feeble head,
To thee a debtor, as to gracious heaven,
Deſcend and ſleep unthankful in the grave.
Though yielding nature daily feels decay;
Thou doſt prevent all care. The gods eſtrange
Pain from my pillow, have ſecur'd my breaſt
From weeds too oft in aged ſoil profuſe,
From ſelf-tormenting petulance and pride,
From jealouſy and envy at the fame
Of younger men. Leonidas will dim
My former luſtre, as that ſilver orb
Outſhines the meaneſt ſtar; and I rejoice.
O Melibœus, theſe elect of Jove

To certain death advance. Immortal powers!
How ſocial, how endearing is their ſpeech!
How flow in lib'ral cheerfulneſs their hearts!
To ſuch a period verging men like theſe
Age well may envy, and that envy take
The genuine ſhape of virtue. Let their ſpan
Of earthly being, while it laſts, contain
Each earthly joy. Till bleſs'd Elyſium ſpread
Her ever-blooming, inexhaufted ſtores
To their glad ſight, be mine the grateful taſk
To drain my plenty. From the vaulted caves
Our veſſels large of well-fermented wine,
From all our gran'ries lift the treaſur'd corn.
Go, load the groaning axles. Nor forget
With garments new to greet Meliſſa's nymphs.
To her a triple change of veſtments bear
With twenty lambs, and twenty ſpeckled kids.
Be it your care, my peaſants, ſome to aid
Him your director, others to ſelect
Five hundred oxen, thrice a thouſand ſheep,
Of luſty ſwains a thouſand. Let the morn,
When firſt ſhe bluſhes, ſee my will perform'd.
They heard. Their lord's injunctions to fulfil
Was their ambition. He, unreſting, mounts
A ready car. The courſers had enroll'd
His name in Iſthmian and Nemean games.
By moonlight, floating on the ſplendid reins,
He o'er the buſy vale intent is borne
From place to place, o'erlooks, directs, forgets
That he is old. Meantime the ſhades of night,
Retiring, wake Dieneces. He gives
The word. His pupil ſeconds. Ev'ry hand
Is arm'd. Day opens. Sparta's king appears.
Oileus greets him. In his radiant car
The ſenior ſtays reluctant; but his gueſt
So wills in Spartan reverence to age.
Then ſpake the Locrian. To aſſiſt thy camp
A choſen band of peaſants I detach.
I truſt thy valour. Doubt not thou my care,
Nor doubt that ſwain. Oileus, ſpeaking, look'd
On Melibœus. Skilful he commands
Theſe hinds. Him wiſe, him faithful I have
prov'd
More than Eumæus to Laertes' ſon.
To him th' Oetæan woods, their devious tracks
Are known, each rill and fountain. Near the
paſs
Two thouſand Locrians wilt thou find encamp'd,
My eldeſt born their leader, Medon nam'd,
Well exercis'd in arms. My daughter dwells
On Oeta. Sage Meliſſa ſhe is call'd,
Enlighten'd prieſteſs of the tuneful nine.
She haply may accoſt thee. Thou wilt lend
An ear. Not fruitleſs are Meliſſa's words.
Now, ſervants, bring the ſacred wine. Obey'd,
He, from his ſeat upriſing, thus proceeds:
Lo! from this chalice a libation pure
To Mars, to Grecian liberty and laws,
To their protector, eleutherian Jove,
To his nine daughters, who record the brave,
To thy renown, Leonidas, I pour;
And take an old man's benediction too.
He ſtopp'd. Affection, ſtruggling in his heart,
Burſt forth again. Illuſtrious gueſt, afford
Another hour. That ſlender ſpace of time
Yield to my ſole poſſeſſion. While the troops,
Already glitt'ring down the dewy vale,
File through its narrow'd outlet; near my ſide
Deign to be carry'd, and my talk endure.
The king, well pleas'd, aſcends. Slow move
the ſteeds
Behind the rear. Oileus graſps his hand,
Then in the fulneſs of his ſoul purſues.
Thy veneration for Laconia's laws
That I may ſtrengthen, may to rapture warm,
Hear me diſplay the melancholy fruits
Of lawleſs will. When o'er the Lydian plains
Th' innumerable tents of Xerxes ſpread,
His vaſſal, Pythius, who in affluent means
Surpaſſes me, as that Barbarian prince
Thou doſt in virtue, entertain'd the hoſt,
And proffer'd all his treaſures. Theſe the king
Refuſing, ev'n augmented from his own.
An act of fancy, not habitual grace,
A ſparkling vapour through the regal gloom
Of cruelty and pride. He now prepar'd
To march from Sardis, when with humble tears
The good old man beſought him. Let the king
Propitious hear a parent. In thy train
I have five ſons. Ah! leave my eldeſt born,
Thy future vaſſal, to ſuſtain my age!
The tyrant fell reply'd: Preſumptuous man,
Who art my ſlave, in this tremendous war,
Is not my perſon hazarded, my race,
My comfort? Former merit ſaves from death
Four of thy offſpring. Him, ſo dearly priz'd,
Thy folly hath deſtroy'd. His body ſtraight
Was hewn aſunder. By the public way
On either ſide a bleeding half was caſt,
And millions paſs'd between. O Spartan king,
Taught to revere the ſanctity of laws,
The acts of Xerxes with thine own compare,
His fame with thine. The curſes of mankind
Give him renown. He marches to deſtroy,
But thou to ſave. Behold the trees are bent,
Each eminence is loaded thick with crowds,
From cots, from ev'ry hamlet pour'd abroad,
To bleſs thy ſteps, to celebrate thy praiſe.
Oft times the king his decent brow inclin'd,
Mute and obſequious to an elder's voice,
Which through th' inſtructed ear, unceaſing flow'd
In eloquence and knowledge. Scarce an hour
Was fled. The narrow dale was left behind.
A cauſeway broad diſcloſ'd an ancient pile
Of military fame. A trophy large,
Compact with creſted morions, targets rude,
With ſpears and corſlets, dimm'd by eating
age,
Stood near a lake pellucid, ſmooth, profound,
Of circular expanſe, whoſe boſom ſhow'd
A green-ſlop'd iſland, figur'd o'er with flow'rs,
And from its centre lifting high to view
A marble chapel, on the maſſy ſtrength
Of Doric columns rais'd. A full wrought freeze
Diſplay'd the ſculptor's art. In ſolemn pomp
Of obeliſks and buſts, and ſtory'd urns
Sepulchral manſions of illuſtrious dead
Were ſcatter'd round, o'ercaſt with ſhadows black
Of yew and cypreſs. In a ſerious note
Oileus, pointing, opens new diſcourſe.
Beneath yon turf my anceſtors repoſe.
Oilean Ajax ſingly was depriv'd
Of fun'ral honours there. With impious luſt
He ſtain'd Minerva's temple. From the gulf

Of briny waters by their god preſerv'd,
That god he brav'd. He lies beneath a rock,
By Neptune's trident in his wrath o'erturn'd.
Shut from Elyſium for a hundred years,
The hero's ghoſt bewail'd his oozy tomb.
A race more pious on the Oïlean houſe
Felicity have drawn. To ev'ry god
I owe my bliſs, my early fame to Pan.
Once on the margin of that ſilent pool
In their nocturnal camp Barbarians lay,
Awaiting morn to violate the dead.
My youth was fir'd. I ſummon'd from their cots
A ruſtic hoſt. We ſacrific'd to Pan,
Aſſail'd th' unguarded ruffians in his name.
He with his terrors ſmote their yielding hearts.
Not one ſurviv'd the fury of our ſwains.
Rich was the pillage. Hence that trophy roſe;
Of coſtly blocks conſtructed, hence that fane,
Inſcrib'd to Pan th' armipotent. O king,
Be to an old man's vanity benign.
This frowning emblem of terrific war
Proclaims the ardour and exploits of youth.
This to Barbarian ſtrangers, ent'ring Greece,
Shows what I was. The marble fount thou
ſaw'ſt,
Of living water, whoſe tranſparent flow
Reliev'd thy march in yeſter ſultry ſun,
The cell, which offer'd reſt on beds of moſs
Show what I am, to Grecian neighbour's ſhow
The hoſpitality of age. O age,
Where are thy graces, but in lib'ral deeds,
In bland deportment? Would thy furrow'd
cheeks
Loſe the deformity of time? Let ſmiles
Dwell in thy wrinkles. Then, rever'd by youth,
Thy feeble ſteps will find——Abruptly here
He paus'd. A manly warrior full in ſight
Beſide the trophy on his target lean'd,
Unknown to Sparta's leader, who addreſs'd
His rev'rend hoſt. Thou pauſeſt. Let me aſk,
Whom do I ſee, reſembling in his form
A demigod? In tranſport then the ſage.
It is my ſon, diſcover'd by his ſhield,
Thy brave auxiliar Medon. He ſuſtains
My ancient honours in his native ſtate,
Which kindly choſe my offspring to replace
Their long-ſequeſter'd chief. Heart-winning
gueſt!
My life, a tide of joy, which never knew
A painful ebb, beyond its wonted mark
Flows in thy converſe. Could a wiſh prevail,
My long and happy courſe ſhould finiſh here.
The chariot reſted. Medon now approach'd,
Saluting thus Leonidas: O king
Of warlike Sparta, Xerxes' hoſt in ſight
Begin to ſpread their multitude, and fill
The ſpacious Malian plain. The king replies:
Accept, illuſtrious meſſenger, my thanks.
With ſuch a brave aſſiſtant, as the ſon
Of great Oïleus, more aſſur'd I go
To face thoſe numbers. With this godlike friend
The father, now diſmounting from his car,
Embraces Medon. In a gliding bark
They all are wafted to the iſland ſane,
Erected by Oïleus, and enrich'd
With his engrav'd achievements. Thence the
eye
Of Sparta's gen'ral in extenſive ſcope
Contemplates each battalion, as they wind
Along the pool; whoſe limpid face reflects
Their weapons, gliſt'ning in the early ſun.
Them he to Pan armipotent commends,
His favour thus invoking. God, whoſe pow'r
By rumour vain, or echo's empty voice
Can ſink the valiant in deſponding fear,
Can diſarray whole armies, ſmile on theſe,
Thy worſhippers. Thy own Arcadians guard.
Through thee Oïleus triumph'd. On his ſon,
On me look down. Our ſhields auxiliar join
Againſt profane Barbarians, who inſult
The Grecian gods, and meditate the fall
Of this thy ſhrine. He ſaid, and now intent
To leave the iſland, on Oïleus call'd.
He, Medon anſwer'd, by his joy and zeal
Too high tranſported, and diſcourſing long,
Felt on his drowſy lids a balmy down
Of heavineſs deſcending. He, unmark'd
Amid thy pious commerce with the god,
Was ſilently remov'd. The good old chief
On carpets, rais'd by tender menial hands,
Calm in the ſecret ſanctuary is laid.
His haſt'ning ſtep Leonidas reſtrains,
Thus ſervent prays: O Maia's ſon, beſt pleas'd,
When calling ſlumber to a virtuous eye,
Watch o'er my venerable friend. Thy balm
He wants, exhauſted by his love to me.
Sweet ſleep, thou ſoft'neſt that intruding pang,
Which gen'rous breaſts ſo parting muſt admit.
He ſaid, embark'd, relanded. To his ſide
Inviting Medon, he rejoin'd the hoſt.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

LEONIDAS arrives at Thermopylæ about noon on the fourth day of his departure from the Iſthmus. He is received by Demophilus, the commander of Theſpia, and by Anaxander the Theban, treacherouſly recommending Epialtes, a Malian, who ſeeks, by a pompous deſcription of the Perſian power, to intimidate the Grecian leaders, as they are viewing the enemy's camp from the top of mount Oeta. He is anſwered by Dieneces and Diomedon. Xerxes ſends Tygranes and Phraortes to the Grecian camp, who are diſmiſſed by Leonidas, and conducted back by Dithyrambus and Diomedon; which laſt, incenſed at the arrogance of Tygranes, treats him with contempt and menaces. This occaſions a challenge to ſingle combat between Diomedon and Tygranes, Dithyrambus and Phraortes. Epialtes after a conference with Anaxander declares his intention of returning to Xerxes. Leonidas diſpatches Agis with Melibœus, a faithful ſlave of Oïleus, and high in the eſtimation of his lord, to view a body of Phocians, who had been poſted at a diſtance from Thermopylæ for the defence of another paſs in mount Oeta.

Now in the van Leonidas appears,
With Medon ſtill conferring. Haſt thou heard,
He ſaid, among th' innumerable foes
What chiefs are moſt diſtinguiſh'd? Might we
To fame, reply'd the Locrian. Xerxes boaſts
His ableſt, braveſt counſellor and chief
In Artemiſia, Caria's matchleſs queen.
To old Darius benefits had bound

Her lord, herſelf to Xerxes. Not compell'd,
Except by magnanimity, ſhe leads
The beſt appointed ſquadron in his fleet.
No female ſoftneſs Artemiſia knows,
But in maternal love. Her widow'd hand
With equity and firmneſs for her ſon
Adminiſters the ſway. Of Doric race
She ſtill retains the ſpirit, which from Greece
Her anceſtors tranſplanted. Other chiefs
Are all Barbarians, little known to fame,
Save one, whom Sparta hath herſelf ſupply'd,
Not leſs than Demaratus, once her king,
An exile now. Leonidas rejoins.
Son of Oileus, like thy father wiſe,
Like him partake my confidence. Thy words
Recal an era, ſadd'ning all my thoughts.
That injur'd Spartan ſhar'd the regal ſway
With one—Alas! my brother, eldeſt born,
Unbleſs'd by nature, favour'd by no god,
Cleomenes. Inſanity of mind,
Malignant paſſions, impious acts deform'd
A life, concluded by his own fell hand.
Againſt his colleague envious he ſuborn'd
Leutychides. Him perjury and fraud
Plac'd on the ſeat, by Demaratus held
Unſtain'd in luſtre. Here Oileus' ſon.
My future ſervice only can repay
Thy confidential friendſhip. Let us cloſe
The gloomy theme. Thermopylæ is nigh.
Each face in tranſport glows. Now Oeta rear'd
His tow'ring forehead. With impatient ſteps
On ruſh'd the phalanx, ſounding pæans high;
As if the preſent deity of fame
Had from the ſummit ſhown her dazzling form,
With wreaths unfading on her temples bound,
Her adamantine trumpet in her hand
To celebrate their valour. From the van
Leonidas advances like the ſun,
When through dividing clouds his preſence ſtays
Their ſweeping rack, and ſtills the clam'rous wind.
The army ſilent halt. Their enſigns fan
The air no longer. Motionleſs their ſpears.
His eye reveals the ardour of his ſoul,
Which thus finds utt'rance from his eager lips.
All hail! Thermopylæ, and you, the pow'rs,
Preſiding here. All hail! ye ſylvan gods,
Ye fountain nymphs, who ſend your lucid rills
In broken murmurs down the ruggid ſteep.
Receive us, O benignant, and ſupport
The cauſe of Greece. Conceal the ſecret paths,
Which o'er theſe crags, and through their foreſts wind,
Untrod by human feet, and trac'd alone
By your immortal footſteps. O defend
Your own receſſes, nor let impious war
Profane the ſolemn ſilence of your groves.
Then on your hills your praiſes ſhall you hear
From thoſe, whoſe deeds ſhall tell th' approving world,
That not to undeſervers did ye grant
Your high protection. You, my valiant friends,
Now rouſe the gen'rous ſpirit, which inflames
Your hearts; exert the vigour of your arms:
That in the boſoms of the brave and free
Your memorable actions may ſurvive;
May ſound delightful in the ear of time,
Long, as blue Neptune beats the Malian ſtrand,
Or thoſe tall cliffs erect their ſhaggy tops
So near to heav'n, your monuments of fame.
As in ſome torrid region, where the head
Of Ceres bends beneath her golden load;
If from a burning brand a ſcatter'd ſpark
Invade the parching ground; a ſudden blaze
Sweeps o'er the crackling champaine: through his hoſt
Not with leſs ſwiftneſs to the furtheſt ranks
The words of great Leonidas diffus'd
A more than mortal fervour. Ev'ry heart
Diſtends with thoughts of glory, ſuch as raiſe
The patriot's virtue, and the ſoldier's fire;
When danger moſt tremendous in his form
Seems in their ſight moſt lovely. On their minds
Imagination pictures all the ſcenes
Of war, the purple field, the heaps of death,
The glitt'ring trophy, pil'd with Perſian arms.
But lo! the Grecian leaders, who before
Were ſtation'd near Thermopylæ, ſaiute
Laconia's king. The Theſpian chief, ally'd
To Dithyrambus, firſt the ſilence breaks,
An ancient warrior. From behind his caſque,
Whoſe creſted weight his aged temples bore,
The ſlender hairs, all-ſilver'd o'er by time,
Flow'd venerable down. He thus began:
Joy now ſhall crown the period of my days;
And whether nigh my father's urn I ſleep;
Or, ſlain by Perſia's ſword, embrace the earth,
Our common parent; be it as the gods
Shall beſt determine. For the preſent hour
I bleſs their bounty, which hath giv'n my age
To ſee the brave Leonidas, and bid
That hero welcome on this glorious ſhore,
To fix the baſis of the Grecian weal.
Here too the crafty Anaxander ſpake.
Of all the Thebans, we, rejoicing, hail
The king of Sparta. We obey'd his call.
O may oblivion o'er the ſhame of Thebes
A dark'ning veil extend! or thoſe alone
By fame be curs'd, whoſe impious counſels turn
Their countrymen from virtue! Thebes was ſunk,
Her glory bury'd in diſhoneſt ſloth.
To wake her languor gen'rous Alphæus came,
The meſſenger of freedom. O accept
Our grateful hearts, thou, Alpheus, art the cauſe,
That Anaxander from his native gates
Not ſingle joins this hoſt, nor tamely theſe,
My choſen friends behind their walls remain.
Enough of words. Time preſſes. Mount, ye chiefs,
This loftieſt part of Oeta. This o'erlooks
The ſtreights, and far beyond their northern mouth
Extends our ſight acroſs the Malian plain.
Behold a native, Epialtes call'd,
Who with the foe from Thracia's bounds hath march'd.
Diſguis'd in ſeeming worth, he ended here.
The camp not long had Epialtes reach'd,
By race a Malian. Eloquent his tongue,
His heart was falſe and abject. He was ſkill'd
To grace perfidious counſels, and to clothe
In ſwelling phraſe the baſeneſs of his ſoul,
Foul nurſe of treaſons. To the tents of Greece,
Himſelf a Greek, a faithleſs ſpy he came.
Soon to the friends of Xerxes he repair'd,
The Theban chiefs, and nightly councils held
How to betray the Spartans, or deject

By conſternation. Up the arduous ſlope
With him each leader to the ſummit climbs.
Thence a tremendous proſpect they command,
Where endleſs plains, by white pavilions hid,
Spread like the vaſt Atlantic, when no ſhore,
No rock, no promontory ſtops the ſight
Unbounded, as it wanders; while the moon,
Reſplendent eye of night, in fulleſt orb
Surveys th' interminate expanſe, and throws
Her rays abroad to deck in ſnowy light
The dancing billows. Such was Xerxes' camp;
A pow'r unrivall'd by the mightieſt king,
Or fierceſt conqu'ror, whoſe blood-thirſty pride,
Diſſolving all the ſacred ties which bind
The happineſs of nations, hath upcall'd
The ſleeping fury, Diſcord, from her den.
Not from the hundred brazen gates of Thebes,
The tow'rs of Memphis, and thoſe pregnant fields,
Enrich'd by kindly Nile, ſuch armies ſwarm'd
Around Seſoſtris; who with trophies fill'd
The vanquiſh'd eaſt, who o'er the rapid foam
Of diſtant Tanais, o'er the ſurface broad
Of Ganges ſent his formidable name.
Nor yet in Aſia's far extended bounds
E'er met ſuch numbers, not when Ninus led
Th' Aſſyrian race to conqueſt. Not the gates
Of Babylon along Euphrates pour'd
Such myriads arm'd; when, emptying all her ſtreets,
The rage of dire Semiramis they bore
Beyond the Indus; there defeated, left
His blood-ſtain'd current turbid with their dead.
Yet of the chiefs, contemplating this ſcene,
Not one is ſhaken. Undiſmay'd they ſtand;
Th' immeaſurable camp with fearleſs eyes
They traverſe: while in meditation near
The treach'rous Malian waits collecting all
His pomp of words to paint the hoſtile pow'r;
Nor yet with falſehood arms his fraudful tongue
To feign a tale of terror. Truth herſelf
Beyond the reach of fiction to enhance
New aids his treaſon, and with cold diſmay
Might pierce the boldeſt heart, unleſs ſecur'd
By dauntleſs virtue, which diſdains to live,
From liberty divorc'd. Requeſted ſoon,
He breaks his artful ſilence. Greeks and friends,
Can I behold my native Malian fields,
Preſenting hoſtile millions to your ſight,
And not in grief ſuppreſs the horrid tale,
Which you exact from theſe ill-omen'd lips.
On Thracia's ſea-beat verge I watch'd the foes;
Where, joining Europe to the Aſian ſtrand,
A mighty bridge reſtrain'd th' outrageous waves,
And ſtemm'd th' impetuous current: while in arms
The univerſal progeny of men
Seem'd trampling o'er the ſubjugated flood
By thouſands, by ten thouſands. Perſians, Medes,
Aſſyrians, Saces, Indians, ſwarthy files
From Ethiopia, Egypt's tawny ſons,
Arabians, Bactrians, Parthians, all the ſtrength
Of Aſia, and of Libya. Neptune groan'd
Beneath their number, and indignant heav'd
His neck againſt th' incumbent weight. In vain
The violence of Eurus and the north,
With rage combin'd, againſt th' unyielding pile
Daſh'd half the Helleſpont. The eaſtern world
Sev'n days and nights uninterrupted paſs
To cover Thracia's regions. They accept
A Perſian lord. They range their hardy race
Beneath his ſtandards. Macedonia's youth,
The brave Theſſalian horſe with ev'ry Greek,
Who dwells beyond Thermopylæ, attend,
Aſſiſt a foreign tyrant. Sire of gods,
Who in a moment by thy will ſupreme
Canſt quell the mighty in their proudeſt hopes,
Canſt raiſe the weak to ſafety, Oh! impart
Thy inſtant ſuccour! Interpoſe thy arm!
With lightning blaſt their ſtandards! Oh! confound
With triple-bolted thunder Aſia's tents,
Whence ruſhing millions by the morn will pour
An inundation to o'erwhelm the Greeks.
Reſiſtance elſe were vain againſt a hoſt,
Which overſpreads Theſſalia. Far beyond
That Malian champain, ſtretching wide below,
Beyond the utmoſt meaſure of the ſight
From this aſpiring cliff, the hoſtile camp
Contains yet mightier numbers; who have drain'd
The beds of copious rivers with their thirſt,
Who with their arrows hide the mid-day ſun.
Then we ſhall give them battle in the ſhade,
Dieneces reply'd. Not calmly thus
Diomedon. On Perſia's camp he bent o'er,
His ſow'ring brow, which frowns had furrow'd
Then fierce exclaim'd. Bellona, turn and view
With joyful eyes that field, the fatal ſtage,
By regal madneſs for thy rage prepar'd
To exerciſe its horrors. Whet thy teeth,
Voracious death. All Aſia is thy prey.
Contagion, famine, and the Grecian ſword,
For thy inſatiate hunger will provide
Variety of carnage. He concludes;
While on the hoſt immenſe his cloudy brow
Is fix'd diſdainful, and their ſtrength deſies.
Meantime an eaſtern herald down the paſs
Was ſeen, ſlow-moving tow'rds the Phocian wall
From Aſia's monarch delegated, came
Tigranes and Phraortes. From the hill
Leonidas conducts th' impatient chiefs.
By them environ'd, in his tent he ſits;
Where thus Tigranes their attention calls.
Ambaſſadors from Perſia's king we ſtand
Before you, Grecians. To diſplay the pow'r
Of our great maſter were a needleſs taſk.
The name of Xerxes, Aſia's mighty lord,
Invincible, exalted on a throne,
Surpaſſing human luſtre, muſt have reach'd
To ev'ry clime, and ev'ry heart impreſs'd
With awe, and low ſubmiſſion. Yet I ſwear
By yon refulgent orb, which flames above,
The glorious ſymbol of eternal pow'r,
This military throng, this ſhow of war
Well nigh perſuade me, you have never heard
That name, at whoſe commanding ſound the banks
Of Indus tremble, and the Caſpian wave,
Th' Egyptian flood, the Helleſpontic ſurge
Obedient roll. O impotent and raſh!
Whom yet the large beneficence of heav'n,
And heav'nly Xerxes, merciful and kind,
Deign to preſerve. Reſign your arms. Diſperſe
All to your cities. There let humbleſt hands
With earth and water greet your deſtin'd lord.
As through th' extenſive grove, whoſe leafy boughs,
Entwining, crown ſome eminence with ſhade,

The tempeſts ruſh ſonorous, and between
The craſhing branches roar; by fierce diſdain,
By indignation, thus the Grecians rous'd.
In loudeſt clamour cloſe the Perſian's ſpeech:
But ev'ry tongue was huſh'd, when Sparta's king
This brief reply deliver'd from his ſeat.
O Perſian! when to Xerxes thou return'ſt,
Say, thou haſt told the wonders of his pow'r.
Then ſay, thou ſaw'ſt a ſlender band of Greece,
Which dares his boaſted millions to the field.
He adds no more. Th' ambaſſadors retire.
Them o'er the limits of the Grecian lines
Diomedon and Theſpia's youth conduct.
In ſlow ſolemnity they all proceed,
And ſullen ſilence; but their looks denote
Far more than ſpeech could utter. Wrath contracts
The forehead of Diomedon. His teeth
Gnaſh with impatience of delay'd revenge.
Diſdain, which ſprung from conſcious merit, ſluſh'd
The cheek of Dithyrambus. On the face
Of either Perſian arrogance, incens'd
By diſappointment, lour'd. The utmoſt ſtreight
They now attain'd, which open'd to the tents
Of Aſia, there diſcov'ring wide to view
Her deep, immenſe arrangement. Then the heart
Of vain Tigranes, ſwelling at the ſight,
Thus overflows in loud and haughty phraſe.
O Arimanius! origin of ill,
Have we demanded of thy ruthleſs pow'r
Thus with the curſe of madneſs to afflict
Theſe wretched men? But ſince thy dreadful ire
To irreſiſtible perdition dooms
The Grecian race, we vainly ſhould oppoſe.
Be thy dire will accompliſh'd. Let them fall,
Their native ſoil be ſatten'd with their blood.
Enrag'd, the ſtern Diomedon replies.
Thou baſe dependent on a lawleſs king,
Thou purple ſlave, thou boaſter, doſt thou know,
That I beheld the Marathonian field?
Where, like the Libyan ſands before the wind,
Your hoſt was ſcatter'd by Athenian ſpears;
Where thou, perhaps, by ignominious flight
Didſt from this arm protect thy ſhiv'ring limbs.
O let me find thee in to-morrow's fight!
Along this rocky pavement ſhalt thou lie,
To dogs a banquet. With uplifted palms
Tigranes then. Omnipotent ſupport
Of ſcepter'd Xerxes, Horomazes, hear!
To thee his firſt victorious fruits of war
Thy worſhipper devotes, the gory ſpoils,
Which from this Grecian, by the riſing dawn,
In ſight of either hoſt my ſtrength ſhall rend.
At length Phraortes, interpoſing, ſpake.
I too would find among the Grecian chiefs
One, who in battle dares abide my lance.
The gallant youth of Theſpia ſwift reply'd.
Thou look'ſt on me, O Perſian. Worthier far
Thou might have ſingled from the ranks of Greece,
Not one more willing to eſſay thy force.
Yes, I will prove before the eye of Mars,
How far the proweſs of her meaneſt chief
Beyond thy vaunts deſerves the palm of fame.
This ſaid, the Perſians to their king repair,
Back to their camp the Grecians. There they find
Each ſoldier, poiſing his extended ſpear,
His weighty buckler bracing on his arm
In warlike preparation. Through the files
Each leader, moving vigilant, by praiſe,
By exhortation aids their native warmth.
Alone the Theban Anaxander pin'd,
Who thus apart his Malian friend beſpake.
What has thy lofty eloquence avail'd,
Alas! in vain attempting to confound
The Spartan valour? With redoubled fires,
See, how their boſoms glow. They wiſh to die;
They wait impatient for th' unequal fight.
Too ſoon th' inſuperable foes will ſpread
Promiſcuous havoc round, and Thebans ſhare
The doom of Spartans. Through the guarded paſs
Who will adventure Aſia's camp to reach
In our behalf? That Xerxes may be warn'd
To ſpare his friends amid the gen'ral wreck;
When his high-ſwoln reſentment, like a flood,
Increas'd by ſtormy ſhow'rs, ſhall cover Greece
With deſolation. Epialtes here.
Whence, Anaxander, this unjuſt deſpair?
Is there a path on Oeta's hills unknown
To Epialtes? Over trackleſs rocks,
Through mazy woods my ſecret ſteps can paſs.
Farewell. I go. Thy merit ſhall be told
To Perſia's king. Thou only watch the hour;
When wanted moſt, thy ready ſuccour lend.
Meantime a wary, comprehenſive care
To ev'ry part Leonidas extends;
As in the human frame through ev'ry vein,
And artery minute, the ruling heart
Its vital pow'rs diſperſes. In his tent
The prudent chief of Locris he conſults;
He ſummons Melibœus by the voice
Of Agis. In humility not mean,
By no unſeemly ignorance depreſs'd,
Th' ingenuous ſwain, by all th' illuſtrious houſe
Of Ajax honour'd, bows before the king,
Who gracious ſpake. The confidence beſtow'd,
The praiſe by ſage Oïleus might ſuffice
To verify thy worth. Myſelf have watch'd,
Have found thee ſkilful, active, and diſcreet.
Thou know'ſt the region round. With Agis go,
The upper ſtreights, the Phocian camp explore.
O condeſcenſion! Melibœus then,
More ornamental to the great, than gems,
A purple robe, or diadem. The king
Accepts my ſervice. Pleaſing is my taſk.
Spare not thy ſervant. Exerciſe my zeal.
Oïleus will rejoice, and ſmiling, ſay,
An humble hand may ſmooth a hero's path.
He leads the way, while Agis following, ſpake
O ſwain! diſtinguiſh'd by a lib'ral mind,
Who were thy parents? Where thy place of birth
What chance depriv'd thee of a father's houſe?
Oïleus ſure thy liberty would grant,
Or Sparta's king ſolicit for that grace;
When in a ſtation equal to thy worth
Thou may'ſt be rank'd. The prudent hind began
In diff'rent ſtations diff'rent virtues dwell,
All reaping diff'rent benefits. The great
In dignity and honours meet reward
For acts of bounty, and heroic toils.
A ſervant's merit is obedience, truth,
Fidelity; his recompenſe content.
Be not offended at my words, O chief!
They, who are free, with envy may behold
This bondman of Oïleus. To his truſt,
His love exalted, I by nature's pow'r

From his pure model could not fail to mould
What—thou entitleſt lib'ral. Whence I came,
Or who my parents, is to me unknown.
In childhood feiz'd by robbers, I was ſold.
They took their price. They huſh'd th' atrocious deed.
Dear to Oïleus and his race I throve;
And whether noble, or ignoble born,
I am contented, ſtudious of their love
Alone. Ye ſons of Sparta, I admire
Your acts, your ſpirit, but confine my own
To their condition, happy in my lord,
Himſelf of men moſt happy. Agis bland
Rejoins. O! born with talents to become
A lot more noble, which, by thee refus'd,
Thou doſt the more deſerve. Laconia's king
Diſcerns thy merit through its modeſt veil.
Conſummate prudence in thy words I hear.
Long may contentment, juſtly priz'd, be thine.
But ſhould the ſtate demand thee, I foreſee,
Thou wouldſt like others in the field excel,
Wouldſt ſhare in glory. Blithe return'd the ſwain.
Not ev'ry ſervice is confin'd to arms.
Thou ſhalt behold me in my preſent ſtate
Not uſeleſs. If the charge Oïleus gave
I can accompliſh, meriting his praiſe,
And thy eſteem, my glory will be full.
Both pleas'd in converſe, thus purſue their way,
Where Oeta lifts her ſummits huge to heav'n
In rocks abrupt, pyramidal, or tower'd
Like caſtles. Sudden from a tufted crag,
Where goats are browſing, Melibœus hears
A call of welcome. There his courſe he ſtays.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tigranes and Phraortes repair to Xerxes, whom they find ſeated on a throne, ſurrounded by his Satraps in a magnificent pavilion; while the Magi ſtand before him, and ſing a hymn, containing the religion of Zoroaſtres. Xerxes, notwithſtanding the arguments of his brothers, Hyperanthes and Abrocomes, gives no credit to the ambaſſadors, who report, that the Grecians are determined to maintain the paſs againſt him; but by the advice of Artemiſia, the queen of Caria, aſcends his chariot to take a view of the Grecians himſelf, and commands Demaratus, an exiled king of Sparta, to attend him. He paſſes through the midſt of his army, conſiſting of many nations, differing in arms, cuſtoms and manners. He advances to the entrance of the ſtreights, and, ſurpris'd at the behaviour of the Spartans, demands the reaſon of it from Demaratus; which occaſions a converſation between them on the mercenary forces of Perſia, and the militia of Greece. Demaratus, weeping at the ſight of his countrymen, is comforted by Hyperanthes. Xerxes, ſtill incredulous, commands Tigranes and Phraortes to bring the Grecians bound before him the next day, and retires to his pavilion. Artemiſia remains behind with her ſon, and communicates to Hyperanthes her apprehenſions of a defeat at Thermopylæ. She takes an accurate view of the paſs, chooſes a convenient place for an ambuſcade, and her departure to the Perſian camp is ſurpriſed by a reproof from a woman of an awful appearance on a cliff of mount Oeta.

The plain beyond Thermopylæ is girt
Half round by mountains, half by Neptune lav'd.
The arduous ridge is broken deep in clefts,
Which open channels to pellucid ſtreams
In rapid flow ſonorous. Chief in fame
Spercheos, boaſting once his poplars tall,
Foams down a ſtony bed. Throughout the face
Of this broad champain numberleſs are pitch'd
Barbarian tents. Along the winding flood
To rich Theſſalia's confines they extend.
They fill the vallies, late profuſely bleſs'd
In nature's vary'd beauties. Hoſtile ſpears
Now briſtle horrid through her languid ſhrubs.
Pale die her flowrets under barb'rous feet.
Embracing ivy from its rock is torn.
The lawn, diſmantled of its verdure, fades.
The poplar groves, uprooted from the banks,
Leave deſolate the ſtream. Elab'rate domes,
To heav'n devoted in receſſes green,
Had felt rude force, inſenſible and blind
To elegance and art. The ſtatues, buſts,
The figur'd vaſes, mutilated lie
With chiſell'd columns, their engraven freeze,
Their architrave and cornice, all disjoin'd.
Yet unpolluted is a part reſerv'd
In this deep vale, a patrimonial ſpot
Of Aleuadian princes, who, allies
To Xerxes, reign'd in Theſſaly. There glow
Inviolate the ſhrubs. There branch the trees,
Sons of the foreſt. Over downy moſs
Smooth walks and fragrant, lucid here and broad,
There clos'd in myrtle under woodbine roofs,
Wind to retreats delectable, to grots,
To ſilvan ſtructures, bow'rs, and cooling dells,
Enliven'd all and muſical with birds
Of vocal ſweetneſs, in relucent plumes
Innumerably various. Lulling falls
Of liquid cryſtal from perennial founts
Attune their pebbled channels. Here the queen,
The noble dames of Perſia, here the train
Of royal infants, each with eunuch guards,
In rich pavilions, dazzling to the ſight,
Poſſeſs'd, remote from onſet and ſurpriſe,
A tranquil ſtation. Ariana here,
Ill-deſtin'd princeſs, from Darius ſprung,
Hangs, undelighted, o'er melodious rills
Her drooping forehead. Love-afflicted fair!
All inharmonious are the feather'd choirs
To her ſad ear. From flow'rs, and florid plants
To her the breezes, wafting freſh perfumes,
Tranſmit no pleaſure. Sedulous in vain,
Her tender ſlaves in harmony, with lutes
Of ſoothing ſound, their warbled voices blend
To charm her ſadneſs. This, the precious part
Of Aſia's camp, Artuchus holds in charge,
A ſatrap, long experienc'd, who preſides
O'er all the regal palaces. High rank'd,
Bold, reſolute and faithful, he commands
The whole Sperchean vale. In proſpect riſe
The diſtant navy, dancing on the foam,
Th' unbounded camp, enveloping the plain,
With Xerxes' tent, auguſt in ſtructure plac'd
A central object to attract the eyes
Of ſubject millions. Thither now reſort
Tigranes and Phraortes. Him they find

Enclos'd by princes, by illuſtrious chiefs,
The potentates of Aſia. Near his ſide
Abrocomes and Hyperanthes wait,
His gallant brothers, with Mazæus brave,
Pandates, Intaphernes, mighty lords.
Their ſcepter'd maſter from his radiant ſeat
Looks down imperious. So the ſtately tow'r
Of Belus, mingling its majeſtic brow
With heav'n's bright azure, from on high ſurvey'd
The huge extent of Babylon, with all
Her ſumptuous domes and palaces beneath.
This day his banners to unfurl in Greece
The monarch's will decides; but firſt ordains,
That grateful hymns ſhould celebrate the name
Of Horomazes: So the Perſians call'd
The world's great author. Rob'd in pureſt white,
The Magi rang'd before th' unfolded tent.
Fire blaz'd beſide them. Tow'rds the ſacred flame
They turn'd, and ſent their tuneful praiſe to heav'n.

From Zoroaſtres was the ſong deriv'd,
Who on the hills of Perſia, from his cave,
By flow'rs environ'd, and melodious founts,
Which ſooth'd the ſolemn manſion, had reveal'd,
How Horomazes, radiant ſource of good,
Original, immortal, fram'd the globe
In fruitfulneſs and beauty: how with ſtars
By him the heav'ns were ſpangled: how the ſun,
Refulgent Mithra, pureſt ſpring of light,
And genial warmth, whence teeming nature ſmiles,
Burſt from the eaſt at his creating voice;
When ſtraight beyond the golden verge of day
Night ſhow'd the horrors of her diſtant reign,
Where black and hateful Arimanius frown'd,
The author foul of evil: how with ſhades
From his dire manſion, he deform'd the works
Of Horomazes, turn'd to noxious heat
The ſolar beam, that foodful earth might parch,
That ſtreams, exhaling, might forſake their beds,
Whence peſtilence and famine: how the pow'r
Of Horomazes in the human breaſt
Benevolence and equity infus'd,
Truth, temperance, and wiſdom, ſprung from heav'n:
When Arimanius blacken'd all the ſoul
With falſehood and injuſtice, with deſires
Inſatiable, with violence and rage,
Malignity and folly. If the hand
Of Horomazes on precarious life
Sheds wealth and pleaſure; ſwift th' infernal god
With wild exceſs, or av'rice, blaſts the joy.
Thou Horomazes, victory doſt give.
By thee with fame the regal head is crown'd.
Great Xerxes owns thy ſuccour. When in ſtorms
The hate of direful Arimanius ſwell'd
The Helleſpont; thou o'er its chafing breaſt
The deſtin'd maſter of the world didſt lead,
This day his promis'd glories to enjoy:
When Greece affrighted to his arm ſhall bend;
Ev'n as at laſt ſhall Arimanius fall
Before thy might, and evil be no more.

The Magi ceas'd their harmony. Behold,
From her tall ſhip, between a double row
Of naval warriors, while a golden ray
Shoots from her ſtandard, Artemiſia lands.
In her enrich'd accoutrements of war,
The full-wrought buckler, and high-creſted helm,
In Caria firſt deviſ'd, acroſs the beach
Her tow'ring form advances. So the pine,
From Taurus hewn mature in ſpiry pride,
Now by the ſailor in its canvaſs wings
Voluminous, and dazzling pendants dreſs'd,
On Artemiſia's own imperial deck
Is ſeen to riſe, and overtop the grove
Of crowded maſts ſurrounding. In her heart
Deep ſcorn of courtly counſellors ſhe bore,
Who fill with impious vanity their king;
As when he laſh'd the Helleſpont with rods,
Amid the billows caſt a golden chain
To fetter Neptune. Yet her brow ſevere
Unbent its rigour often, as ſhe glanc'd
On her young ſon, who, pacing near in arms
Of Carian guiſe, proportion'd to his years,
Look'd up, and waken'd by repeated ſmiles
Maternal fondneſs, melting in that eye,
Which ſcowl'd on purpled flatterers. Her ſeat
At the right hand of Xerxes ſhe aſſumes,
Invited; while in adoration bow'd
Tigranes and Phraortes. Prone they lay,
Acroſs their foreheads ſpread their ſervile palms,
As from a preſent deity, too bright
For mortal viſion, to conceal their eyes.
At length in abject phraſe Tigranes thus.

O Xerxes, live for ever! Gracious lord,
Who doſt permit thy ſervants to approach
Thy awful ſight, and proſtrate to confeſs
Thy majeſty and radiance. May the pow'r
Of Horomazes ſtretch thy regal arm
O'er endleſs nations, from the Indian ſhores
To thoſe wide floods, which beat Iberian ſtrands,
From northern Tanais to the ſource of Nile!
Still from thy head may Arimanius bend
Againſt thy foes his malice! Yonder Greeks,
Already ſmit with frenzy by his wrath,
Reject thy profer'd clemency. They chooſe
To magnify thy glory by their fall.

The monarch, turning to his brothers, ſpake.
Say, Hyperanthes, can thy ſoul believe
Theſe tidings? Sure theſe ſlaves have never dar'
To face the Grecians, but delude our ears
With baſe impoſtures, which their fear ſuggeſts.

He frown'd, and Hyperanthes calm reply'd.
O from his ſervants may the king avert
His indignation! Greece was fam'd of old
For martial ſpirit, and a dauntleſs breed.
I once have try'd their valour. To my words
Abrocomes can witneſs. When thy ſire
And ours, Darius, to Athenian ſhores
With Artaphernes brave, and Datis, ſent
Our tender youth; at Marathon we found
How weak the hope, that numbers could diſmay
A foe, reſolv'd on victory, or death.
Yet not, as one contemptible, or baſe,
Let me appear before thee. Though the Greeks
With ſuch perſiſting courage be endu'd,
Soon as the king ſhall ſummon to the field,
He ſhall behold me in the dang'rous van
Exalt my ſpear, and pierce the hoſtile ranks,
Or ſink beneath them. Xerxes ſwift rejoin'd.

Why over Aſia, and the Libyan ſoil,
With all their nations, doth my potent arm
Extend its ſceptre? Wherefore do I ſweep
Acroſs the earth with millions in my train?
Why ſhade the ocean with unnumber'd ſails?
Why all this pow'r, unleſs th' Almighty's will

ecreed one master to the subject world;
nd that the earth's extremity alone
hould bound my empire? He for this reduc'd
he Nile's revolted sons, enlarg'd my sway
Vith sandy Libya, and the sultry clime
f Æthiopia. He for this subdu'd
he Hellespontic foam, and taught the sea
bedience to my nod. Then dream no more,
hat heav'n, deserting my imperial cause,
Vith courage more than human, will inspire
on despicable Grecians, and expunge
he common fears of nature from their breasts.
The monarch ceas'd. Abrocomes began.
he king commands us to reveal our thoughts.
ncredulous he hears. But time and truth
ot Horomazes can arrest. Thy beams
o instant lightning, Mithra, may'st thou change
or my destruction; may th' offended king
rown on his servant, cast a lothing eye;
the assertion of my lips be false:
ur further march those Grecians will oppose.
Amid th' encircling peers Argestes sat,
potent prince. O'er Sipylus he reign'd,
hose verdant summits overlook'd the waves
f Hermus and Pactolus. Either stream,
nrich'd by golden sands, a tribute pay'd
o this great satrap. Through the servile court
et none was found more practic'd in the arts
f mean submission; none more skill'd to gain
he royal favour; none, who better knew
he phrase, the look, the gesture of a slave;
one more detesting Artemisia's worth,
y her none more despis'd. His master's eye
e caught, then spake. Display thy dazzling
state,
hou deity of Asia. Greece will hide
efore thy presence her dejected face.
Last Artemisia, rising stern, began:
Vhy sits the lord of Asia in his tent,
nprofitably wasting precious hours
n vain discussion, whether yonder Greeks,
ang'd in defence of that important pass,
Vill fight, or fly? A question by the sword
o be decided. Still to narrow streights
y land, by sea thy council hath confin'd
ach enterprise of war. In numbers weak
wice have th' Athenians in Eubœa's frith
epuls'd thy navy—But whate'er thy will,
e it enforc'd by vigour. Let the king
he diff'rence see by trial in the field
etween smooth sound and valour. Then dissolve
hese impotent debates. Ascend thy car.
he future stage of war thyself explore.
chind thee leave the vanity of hope,
hat such a foe to splendour will submit,
Vhom steel, not gold must vanquish. Thou provide
hy mail, Argestes. Not in silken robes,
ot as in council with an oily tongue,
ut spear to spear, and clanging shield to shield,
hou soon must grapple on a field of blood.
The king arose—No more. Prepare my car.
he Spartan exile, Demaratus, call.
'e will ourselves advance to view the foe.
The monarch will'd; and suddenly he heard
is trampling horses. High on silver wheels
he iv'ry car with azure sapphires shone,
Cærulean beryls, and the jasper green,
The emerald, the ruby's glowing blush,
The flaming topaz with its golden beam,
The pearl, th' empurpled amethyst, and all
The various gems, which India's mines afford
To deck the pomp of kings. In burnish'd gold
A sculptur'd eagle from behind display'd
His stately neck, and o'er the royal head
Outstretch'd his dazzling wings. Eight gen'rous
steeds,
Which on the fam'd Nisæan plain were nurs'd
In wint'ry Media, drew the radiant car.
Not those of old, to Hercules refus'd
By false Laomedon, nor they, which bore
The son of Thetis through the scatter'd rear
Of Troy's devoted race, with these might vie
In strength, or beauty. In obedient pride
They hear their lord. Exulting, in the air
They toss their foreheads. On their glist'ning
chests
The silver manes disport. The king ascends.
Beside his footstool Demaratus sits.
The charioteer now shakes th' effulgent reins,
Strong Patiramphes. At the signal bound
Th' attentive steeds; the chariot flies: behind,
Ten thousand horse in thunder sweep the field.
Down to the sea-beat margin, on a plain
Of vast expansion in battalia wait
The eastern bands. To these th' imperial wheels,
By princes follow'd in a hundred cars,
Proceed. The queen of Caria and her son
With Hyperanthes rode. The king's approach
Swift through the wide arrangement is proclaim'd.
He now draws nigh. Th' innumerable host
Roll back by nations, and admit their lord
With all his satraps. As from crystal domes,
Built underneath an arch of pendent seas,
When that stern pow'r, whose trident rules the
floods,
With each cerulean deity ascends,
Thron'd in his pearly chariot, all the deep
Divides its bosom to th' emerging god;
So Xerxes rode between the Asian world,
On either side receding: when, as down
Th' immeasurable ranks his sight was lost,
A momentary gloom o'ercast his mind,
While this reflection fill'd his eyes with tears:
That, soon as time a hundred years had told,
Not one among those millions should survive.
Whence to obscure thy pride arose that cloud?
Was it, that once humanity could touch
A tyrant's breast? or rather did thy soul
Repine, O Xerxes, at the bitter thought,
That all thy pow'r was mortal? but the veil
Of sadness soon forsook his brightning eye,
As with adoring awe those millions bow'd,
And to his heart relentless pride recall'd.
Elate the mingled prospect he surveys
Of glitt'ring files unnumber'd, chariots scyth'd,
On thundring axles roll'd, and haughty steeds,
In sumptuous trappings clad, Barbaric pomp.
While gorgeous banners to the sun expand
Their streaming volumes of relucent gold,
Pre-eminent amidst tiaras gemm'd,
Engraven helmets, shields emboss'd, and spears
In number equal to the bladed grass,
Whose living green in vernal beauty clothes

Theſſalia's vale. What pow'rs of ſounding verſe
Can to the mind preſent th' amazing ſcene?
Not thee, whom rumour's fabling voice delights,
Poetic fancy, to my aid I call;
But thou, hiſtoric truth, ſupport my ſong,
Which ſhall the various multitude diſplay.
Their arms, their manners, and their native ſeats.
The Perſians firſt in ſcaly corſelets ſhone,
A gen'rous nation, worthy to enjoy
The liberty, their injur'd fathers loſt,
Whoſe arms for Cyrus overturn'd the ſtrength
Of Babylon and Sardis. Pow'r advanc'd
The victor's head above his country's laws.
Their tongues were practis'd in the words of truth,
Their limbs inur'd to ev'ry manly toil,
To brace the bow, to rule th' impetuous ſteed,
To dart the javelin; but untaught to form
The ranks of war, with unconnected force,
With ineffectual fortitude they ruſh'd,
As on a fence of adamant, to pierce
Th' indiſſoluble phalanx. Lances ſhort,
And oſier-woven targets they oppos'd
To weighty Grecian ſpears, and maſſy ſhields.
On ev'ry head tiaras roſe like tow'rs,
Impenetrable. With a golden gloſs
Blaz'd their gay ſandals, and the floating reins
Of each proud courſer. Daggers on their thighs,
Well-furniſh'd quivers on their ſhoulders hung,
And ſtrongeſt bows of mighty ſize they bore.
Reſembling theſe in arms, the Medes are ſeen,
The Ciſſians and Hyrcanians. Media once
From her bleak mountains aw'd the ſubject eaſt.
Her kings in cold Ecbatana were thron'd.
The Ciſſians march'd from Suſa's regal walls,
From ſultry fields, o'erſpread with branching palms,
And white with lilies, water'd by the floods
Of fam'd Choaſpes. His tranſparent wave
The coſtly goblet wafts to Perſia's kings.
All other ſtreams the royal lip diſdains.
Hyrcania's race forſook their fruitful clime,
Dark in the ſhadows of expanding oaks,
To Ceres dear and Bacchus. There the corn,
Bent by its foodful burden ſheds, unreap'd,
Its plenteous ſeed, impregnating the ſoil
With future harveſts; while in ev'ry wood
Their precious labours on the loaden boughs
The honey'd ſwarms purſue. Aſſyria's ſons
Diſplay their brazen caſques, unſkilful work
Of rude Barbarians. Each ſuſtains a mace,
O'erlaid with iron. Near Euphrates' banks
Within the mighty Babylonian gates
They dwell, and where ſtill mightier once in ſway
Old Ninus rear'd its head, th' imperial ſeat
Of eldeſt tyrants. Theſe Chaldæa joins,
The land of ſhepherds. From the paſtures wide
There Belus firſt diſcern'd the various courſe
Of Heav'n's bright planets, and the cluſt'ring ſtars
With names diſtinguiſh'd; whence himſelf was deem'd
The firſt of gods. His ſky-aſcending fane
In Babylon the proud Aſſyrians rais'd.
Drawn from the bounteous ſoil, by Ochus lav'd,
The Bactrians ſtood, and rough in ſkins of goats
The Paricanian archers. Caſpian ranks
From barren mountains, from the joyleſs coaſt
Around the ſtormy lake, whoſe name they bore,
Their ſcimiters upheld, and cany bows.
The Indian tribes, a threefold hoſt compoſe.
Part guide the courſer, part the rapid car;
The reſt on foot within the bending cane
For ſlaughter fix the iron-pointed reed.
They o'er the Indus from the diſtant verge
Of Ganges paſſing, left a region, lov'd
By laviſh nature. There the ſeaſon bland
Beſtows a double harveſt. Honey'd ſhrubs,
The cinnamon, the ſpikenard bleſs their fields.
Array'd in native wealth, each warrior ſhines.
His ears bright-beaming pendants grace; his hands,
Encircled, wear a bracelet, ſtarr'd with gems.
Such were the nations, who to Xerxes ſent
Their mingled aids of infantry and horſe.
Now, muſe, recite, what multitudes obſcur'd
The plain on foot, or elevated high
On martial axles, or on camels beat
The looſen'd mold. The Parthians firſt appear,
Then weak in numbers, from unfruitful hills,
From woods, nor yet for warlike ſteeds renown'd.
Near them the Sogdians, Dadices arrange,
Gandarians and Choraſmians. Sacian throngs
From cold Imaus pour'd, from Oxus' wave,
From Cyra, built on Iaxartes' brink,
A bound of Perſia's empire. Wild, untam'd,
To fury prone their deſerts they forſook.
A bow, a falchion, and a pond'rous ax
The ſavage legions arm'd. A pointed caſque
O'er each grim viſage rear'd an iron cone,
In arms like Perſians the Saranges ſtood.
High, as their knees, the ſhapely buſkins clung
Around their legs. Magnificent they trod
In garments richly tinctur'd. Next are ſeen
The Pactian, Mycian, and the Utian train,
In ſkins of goats rude-veſted. But in ſpoils
Of tawny lions, and of ſpotted pards
The graceful range of Ethiopians ſhows
An equal ſtature, and a beauteous frame.
Their torrid region had imbrown'd their cheeks,
And curl'd their jetty locks. In ancient ſong
Renown'd for juſtice, riches they diſdain'd,
As foes to virtue. From their ſeat remote
On Nilus' verge above th' Egyptian bound
Forc'd by their king's malignity and pride,
Theſe friends of hoſpitality and peace,
Themſelves uninjur'd, wage reluctant war
Againſt a land, whoſe climate, and whoſe name
To them were ſtrange. With hardeſt ſtone the point
The rapid arrow. Bows four cubits long,
Form'd of elaſtic branches from the palm,
They carry, knotted clubs, and lances, arm'd
With horns of goats. The Paphlagonians march'd
From where Carambis with projected brows
O'erlooks the duſky Euxine, wrapt in miſts,
From where through flow'rs, which paint his va ry'd banks,
Parthenius flows. The Ligyan bands ſucceed;
The Martienians, Mariandenians next;
To them the Syrian multitudes, who range
Among the cedars on the ſhaded ridge
Of Libanus; who cultivate the glebe,
Wide-water'd by Orontes; who reſide

Near Daphne's grove, or pluck from loaded palms
The foodful date, which cluſters on the plains
Of rich Damaſcus. All, who bear the name
Of Cappadocians, ſwell the Syrian hoſt,
With thoſe, who gather from the fragrant ſhrub
The aromatic balſam, and extract
Its milky juice along the lovely ſide
Of Jordan, winding, till immers'd he ſleeps
Beneath a pitchy ſurface, which obſcures
Th' Aſphaltic pool. The Phrygians then advance,
To them their ancient colony are join'd,
Armenia's ſons. Theſe ſee the guſhing founts
Of ſtrong Euphrates cleave the yielding earth,
Then, wide in lakes expanding, hide the plain;
Whence with collected waters, fierce and deep,
His paſſage rending through diminiſh'd rocks,
To Babylon he foams. Not ſo the ſtream
Of ſoft Araxes to the Caſpian glides;
He, ſtealing imperceptibly, ſuſtains
The green profuſion of Armenia's meads.
Now ſtrange to view, in ſimilar attire,
But far unlike in manners to the Greeks,
Appear the Lydians. Wantonneſs and ſport
Were all their care. Beſide Cayſter's brink,
Or ſmooth Mæander, winding ſilent by,
Beſide Pactolean waves, among the vines
Of Timolus riſing, or the wealthy tide
Of golden-ſanded Hermus they allure
The ſight, enchanted by the graceful dance;
Or with melodious ſweetneſs charm the air,
And melt to ſofteſt languiſhment the ſoul.
What to the field of danger could incite
Theſe tender ſons of luxury? The lath
Of their fell ſov'reign drove their ſhiv'ring backs
Through hail and tempeſt, which enrag'd the main,
And ſhook beneath their trembling ſteps the pile,
Conjoining Aſia and the weſtern world.
To them Mœonia hot with ſulph'rous mines
Unites her troops. No tree adorns their fields,
Unbleſs'd by verdure. Aſhes hide the ſoil;
Black are the rocks, and ev'ry hill deform'd
By conflagration. Helmets preſs their brows.
Two darts they brandiſh. On their woolly veſts
A ſword is girt; and hairy hides compoſe
Their bucklers round and ſmall. The Myſians left
Olympus wood-envelop'd, left the meads,
Waſh'd by Caïcus, and the baneful tide
Of Lycus, nurſe to ſerpents. Next advance
An ancient nation, who in early times
By Trojan arms aſſail'd, their native land
Eſteem'd leſs dear, than freedom, and exchang'd
Their ſeat on Strymon, where in Thrace he pours
A freezing current, for the diſtant flood
Of fiſhy Sangar. Theſe, Bithynians nam'd,
Their habitation to the ſacred feet
Of Dindymus extend. Yet there they groan
Beneath oppreſſion, and their freedom mourn
On Sangar now, as once on Strymon loſt.
The ruddy ſkins of foxes cloth'd their heads.
Their ſhields were faſhion'd like the horned moon.
A veſt embrac'd their bodies; while abroad,
Ting'd with unnumber'd hues, a mantle flow'd.
But other Thracians, who their former name
Retain'd in Aſia, fulgent morions wore,
With horns of bulls in imitating braſs,
Curv'd o'er the creſted ridge. Phœnician cloth
Their legs infolded. Wont to chaſe the wolf,
A hunter's ſpear they graſp'd. What nations ſtill
On either ſide of Xerxes, while he paſs'd,
Their huge array diſcov'ring, ſwell his ſoul
With more than mortal pride? The cluſter'd bands
Of Moſchians and Macronians now appear,
The Moſyncœcians, who, on berries fed,
In wooden towers along the Pontic ſands
Repoſe their painted limbs; the mirthful race
Of Tibarenians next, whoſe careleſs minds
Delight in play and laughter. Then advance
In garments, buckled on their ſpacious cheſts,
A people, deſtin'd in eternal verſe,
Ev'n thine, ſublime Mœonides, to live.
Theſe are the Milyans. Solymi their name
In thy celeſtial ſtrains, Piſidia's hills
Their dwelling. Once a formidable train
They fac'd the ſtrong Bellerophon in war.
Now doom'd a more tremendous foe to meet,
Themſelves unnerv'd by thraldom, they muſt leave
Their putrid bodies to the dogs of Greece.
The Marians follow. Next is Aria's hoſt,
Drawn from a region horrid all in thorn,
A dreary waſte of ſands, which mock the toil
Of patient culture; ſave one favour'd ſpot,
Which from the wild emerges like an iſle,
Attir'd in verdure, interſper'd with vines
Of gen'rous nurture, yielding juice, which ſcorns
The injuries of time: yet nature's hand
Had ſown their rocks with coral; had enrich'd
Their defert hills with veins of ſapphires blue,
Which on the turbant ſhine. On ev'ry neck
The coral bluſhes through the num'rous throng.
The Allarodians, and Saſperian bands,
Equipp'd like Colchians, wield a falchion ſmall.
Their heads are guarded by a helm of wood,
Their lances ſhort, of hides undreſs'd their ſhields.
The Colchians march'd from Phaſis, from the ſtrand,
Where once Medea, fair enchantreſs, ſtood,
And, wond'ring, view'd the firſt advent'rous keel,
Which cut the Pontic foam. From Argo's ſide
The demigods deſcended. They repair'd
To her fell ſire's inhoſpitable hall.
His blooming graces Jaſon there diſcloſ'd.
With ev'ry art of eloquence divine
He claim'd the golden fleece. The virgin heard,
She gaz'd in fatal raviſhment, and lov'd.
Then to the hero ſhe reſigns her heart.
Her magic tames the brazen-footed bulls.
She lulls the ſleepleſs dragon. O'er the main
He wafts the golden prize, and gen'rous fair,
The deſtin'd victim of his treach'rous vows.
The hoſtile Colchians then purſu'd their flight
In vain. By ancient enmity inflam'd,
Or to recal the long-forgotten wrong
Compell'd by Xerxes, now they menace Greece
With deſolation. Next in Median garb
A crowd appear'd, who left the peopled iſles
In Perſia's gulf, and round Arabia ſtrewn.
Some in their native topaz were adorn'd,
From Ophiodes, from Topazos ſprung;
Some in the ſhells of tortoiſes, which brood
Around Caſitis' verge. For battle range

Thoſe, who reſide, where, all beſet with palms,
Erythras lies entomb'd, a potent king,
Who nam'd of old the Erythræan main.
On chariots ſcyth'd the Libyans ſat array'd
In ſkins terrific, brandiſhing their darts
Of wood, well-temper'd in the hard'ning flames.
Not Libya's deſerts from tyrannic ſway
Could hide her ſons; much leſs could freedom dwell
Amid the plenty of Arabia's fields:
Where ſpicy Caſſia, where the fragrant reed,
Where myrrh, and hallow'd frankincenſe perfume
The zephyr's wing. A bow of largeſt ſize
Th' Arabian carries. O'er his lucid veſt
Looſe floats a mantle, on his ſhoulder claſp'd.
Two choſen myriads on the lofty backs
Of camels rode, who match'd the fleeteſt horſe.
Such were the numbers, which, from Aſia led,
In baſe proſtration bow'd before the wheels
Of Xerxes' chariot. Yet what legions more
The Malian ſand o'erſhadow? Forward rolls
The regal car through nations, who in arms,
In order'd ranks unlike the orient tribes,
Upheld the ſpear and buckler. But, untaught
To bend the ſervile knee, erect they ſtood;
Unleſs that, mourning o'er the ſhameful weight
Of their new bondage, ſome their brows depreſs'd,
Their arms with grief diſtaining. Europe's ſons
Were theſe, whom Xerxes by reſiſtleſs force
Had gather'd round his ſtandards. Murm'ring here,
The ſons of Thrace and Macedonia rang'd;
Here on his ſteed the brave Theſſalian frown'd;
There pin'd reluctant multitudes, of Greece
Redundant plants, in colonies diſpers'd
Between Byzantium, and the Malian bay.
Through all the nations, who ador'd his pride,
Or fear'd his pow'r, the monarch now was paſs'd;
Nor yet among thoſe millions could be found
One, who in beauteous feature might compare,
Or tow'ring ſize with Xerxes. O poſſeſs'd
Of all, but virtue, doom'd to ſhow, how mean,
How weak without her is unbounded pow'r,
The charm of beauty, and the blaze of ſtate,
How inſecure of happineſs, how vain!
Thou, who couldſt mourn the common lot, by heav'n
From none withheld, which oft to thouſands proves
Their only refuge from a tyrant's rage;
Which in conſuming ſickneſs, age, or pain
Becomes at laſt a ſoothing hope to all:
Thou, who couldſt weep, that nature's gentle hand
Should lay her weary'd offspring in the tomb;
Yet couldſt remorſeleſs from their peaceful ſeats
Lead half the nations, victims to thy pride,
To famine, plague and maſſacre a prey;
What didſt thou merit from the injur'd world?
What ſuff'rings to compenſate for the tears
Of Aſia's mothers, for unpeopled realms,
For all this waſte of nature? On his hoſt
Th' exulting monarch bends his haughty ſight,
To Demaratus then directs his voice.
My father, great Darius, to thy mind
Recal, O Spartan, Gracious he receiv'd
Thy wand'ring ſteps, expell'd their native horde.
My favour too remember. To beguile
Thy benefactor, and diſfigure truth
Would ill become thee. With conſid'rate eyes
Look back on theſe battalions. Now declare,
If yonder Grecians will oppoſe their march.
To him the exile. Deem not, mighty lord,
I will deceive thy goodneſs by a tale
To give them glory, who degraded mine.
Nor be the king offended, while I uſe
The voice of truth. The Spartans never fly.
Contemptuous ſmil'd the monarch, and reſum'd.
Wilt thou in Lacedemon once ſupreme,
Encounter twenty Perſians? Yet theſe Greeks
In greater diſproportion muſt engage
Our hoſt to-morrow. Demaratus then.
By ſingle combat were the trial vain
To ſhow the pow'r of well-united force,
Which oft by military ſkill ſurmounts
The weight of numbers. Prince, the diff'rence learn
Between thy warriors, and the ſons of Greece.
The ſlow'r, the ſafeguard of thy num'rous camp
Are mercenaries. Theſe are canton'd round
Thy provinces. No fertile field demands
Their painful hand to break the fallow glebe.
Them to the noon-day toil no harveſt calls.
Nor on the mountain falls the ſtubborn oak
By their laborious ax. Their watchful eyes
Obſerve not, how the flocks and heifers feed.
To them of wealth, of all poſſeſſions void,
The name of country with an empty ſound
Flies o'er the ear, nor warms their joyleſs hearts,
Who ſhare no country. Needy, yet in ſcorn
Rejecting labour, wretched by their wants,
Yet proſtigate through indolence, with limbs
Enervated and ſoft, with minds corrupt,
From miſery, debauchery and ſloth
Are theſe to battle drawn againſt a foe,
Train'd in gymnaſtic exerciſe and arms,
Inur'd to hardſhip, and the child of toil.
Wont through the freezing ſhow'r, the wint'ry ſtorm,
O'er his own glebe the tardy ox to goad,
Or in the ſun's impetuous heat to glow
Beneath the burden of his yellow ſheaves;
Whence on himſelf, on her, whoſe faithful arms
Infold him joyful on a growing race,
Which glad his dwelling, plenty he beſtows
With independence. When to battle call'd,
For them his deareſt comfort, and his care,
And for the harveſt, promis'd to his toil,
He lifts the ſhield, nor ſhuns unequal force.
Such are the troops of ev'ry ſtate in Greece.
One only yields a breed more warlike ſtill,
Of whom ſelected bands appear in fight,
All citizens of Sparta. They the glebe
Have never turn'd, nor bound the golden ſheaf.
They are devoted to ſeverer taſks,
For war alone, their ſole delight and care.
From infancy to manhood they are train'd
To winter watches, to inclement ſkies,
To plunge through torrents, brave the tuſky boar,
To arms and wounds; a diſcipline of pain
So fierce, ſo conſtant, that to them a camp
With all its hardſhips is a ſeat of reſt,
And war itſelf remiſſion from their toil.
Thy words are folly, with redoubled ſcorn
Returns the monarch. Doth not freedom dwell

mong the Spartans? Therefore will they ſhun
uperior foes. The unreſtrain'd and free
Will fly from danger; while my vaſſals, born
o abſolute controlment from their king,
Know, if th' alloted ſtation they deſert,
The ſcourge awaits them, and my heavy wrath.
To this the exile. O conceive not, prince,
That Spartans want an object, where to fix
Their eyes in rev'rence, in obedient dread.
To them more awful than the name of king
To Aſia's trembling millions, is the law;
Whoſe ſacred voice enjoins them to confront
Unnumber'd foes, to vanquiſh, or to die.
Here Demaratus pauſes. Xerxes halts.
ts long defile Thermopylæ preſents.
The ſatraps leave their cars. On foot they form
A ſplendid orb around their lord. By chance
The Spartans then compos'd th' external guard.
They, in a martial exerciſe employ'd,
Heed not the monarch, or his gaudy train;
But poiſe the ſpear, protended, as in fight;
Or lift their adverſe ſhields in ſingle ſtrife;
Or, trooping, forward ruſh, retreat and wheel
n ranks unbroken, and with equal feet:
While others calm beneath their poliſh'd helms
Draw down their hair, whoſe length of ſable curls
O'erſpread their necks with terror. Xerxes here
The exile queſtions. What do theſe intend,
Who with aſſiduous hands adjuſt their hair?
To whom the Spartan. O imperial lord,
uch is their cuſtom, to adorn their heads,
When full determin'd to encounter death.
Bring down thy nations in reſplendent ſteel;
Arm, if thou canſt, the gen'ral race of man,
All, who poſſeſs the regions unexplor'd
Beyond the Ganges, all whoſe wand'ring ſteps
Above the Caſpian range the Scythian wild,
With thoſe, who drink the ſecret fount of Nile:
Yet to Laconian boſoms ſhall diſmay
Remain a ſtranger. Fervour from his lips
Thus breaks aloud; when, guſhing from his eyes,
Reſiſtleſs grief o'erflows his cheeks. Aſide
His head he turns. He weeps in copious ſtreams.
The keen remembrance of his former ſtate,
His dignity, his greatneſs, and the ſight
Of theſe brave ranks, which thus unſhaken ſtood,
And ſpread amazement through the world in arms,
Excite theſe ſorrows. His impaſſion'd looks
Review the godlike warriors, who beneath
His ſtandard once victorious fought, who call'd
Him once their king, their leader; then again,
O'ercharg'd with anguiſh, he bedews with tears
His rev'rend beard, in agony bemoans
His faded honours, his illuſtrious name
Forgotten long, his majeſty defil'd
By exile, by dependence. So obſcur'd
By ſordid moſs, and ivy's creeping leaf,
Some princely palace, or ſtupendous fane
Magnificent in ruin nods; where time
From under ſhelving architraves hath mow'd
The column down, and cleft the pond'rous dome.
Not unobſerv'd by Hyperanthes, mourn'd
Th' unhappy Spartan. Kindly in his own
He preſs'd the exile's hand, and thus humane.
O Demaratus, in this grief I ſee,
How juſt thy praiſes of Laconia's ſtate.
Though cheriſh'd here with univerſal love,
Thou ſtill deplor'ſt thy abſence from her face,
Howe'er averſe to thine. But ſwift relief
From indignation borrow. Call to mind
Thy injuries. Th' auſpicious fortune bleſs,
Which led thee far from calumny and fraud,
To peace, to honour in the Perſian court.
As Demaratus with a grateful mind
His anſwer was preparing, Perſia's king
Stern interrupted. Soon as morning ſhines,
Do you, Tigranes and Phraortes, head [bound.
The Medes and Ciſſians. Bring theſe Grecians
This ſaid, the monarch to his camp returns.
Th' attendant princes reaſcend their cars,
Save Hyperanthes, by the Carian queen
Detain'd, who thus began. Impartial, brave,
Nurs'd in a court, yet virtuous, let my heart
To thee its feelings undiſguis'd reveal.
Thou hear'ſt thy royal brother. He demands
Theſe Grecians bound. Why ſtops his mandate
there?
Why not command the mountains to remove,
Or ſink to level plains. Yon Spartans view,
Their weighty arms, their countenance. To die
My gratitude inſtructs me in the cauſe
Of our imperial maſter. To ſucceed
Is not within the ſhadow of my hopes
At this dire paſs. What evil genius ſways?
Tigranes, falſe Argeſtes, and the reſt
In name a council, ceaſeleſs have oppos'd
My dictates, oft repeated in deſpight
Of purple flatt'rers, to embark a force,
Which, pouring on Laconia, might confine
Theſe ſons of valour to their own defence.
Vain are my words. The royal ear admits
Their ſound alone; while adulation's notes
In ſyren ſweetneſs penetrate his heart,
There lodge enſnaring miſchief. In a ſigh
To her the prince. O faithful to thy lord,
Diſcreet adviſer, and in action firm,
What can I anſwer? My afflicted ſoul
Muſt ſeek its refuge in a feeble hope.
Thou mayſt be partial to thy Doric race,
Mayſt magnify our danger. Let me hope,
Whate'er the danger, if extreme, believe,
That Hyperanthes for his prince can bleed
Not with leſs zeal, than Spartans for their laws.
They ſeparate. To Xerxes he repairs.
The queen, ſurrounded by the Carian guard,
Stays and retraces with ſagacious ken
The deſtin'd field of war, the vary'd ſpace,
Its depth, its confines both of hill and ſea.
Meantime a ſcene more ſplendid hath allur'd
Her ſon's attention. His tranſported ſight
With eceſtaſy like worſhip long purſues
The pomp of Xerxes in retreat, the throne,
Which ſhow'd their idol to the nations round,
The bounding ſteeds, capariſon'd in gold,
The plumes, the chariots, ſtandards. He excites
Her care, expreſs'd in theſe pathetic ſtrains.
Look on the king with gratitude. His fire
Protected thine. Himſelf upholds our ſtate.
By loyalty inflexible repay
The obligation. To immortal pow'rs
The adoration of thy ſoul confine;
And look undazzled on the pomp of man
Moſt weak, when higheſt. Then the jealous gods
Watch to ſupplant him. They his paths, his courts,
His chambers fill with flatt'ry's pois'nous ſwarms,
Whoſe honey'd bane, by kingly pride devour'd,

Conſumes the health of kingdoms. Here the boy
By an attention, which ſurpaſs'd his years,
Unlocks her inmoſt boſom. Thrice accurs'd
Be thoſe, th' indignant heroine purſues,
Thoſe who have tempted their imperial lord
To that prepoſt'rous arrogance, which caſt
Chains in the deep to manacle the waves,
Chaſtis'd with ſtripes in heav'ns offended ſight
The Helleſpont, and fondly now demands
The Spartans bound. O child, my ſoul's delight,
Train'd by my care to equitable ſway,
And imitation of the gods by deeds
To merit their protection, heed my voice.
They, who alone can tame, or ſwell the floods,
Compoſe the winds, or guide their ſtrong career,
O'erwhelming human greatneſs, will confound
Such vanity in mortals. On our fleet
Their indignation hath already fall'n.
Perhaps our boaſted army is prepar'd
A prey, for death to vindicate their pow'r.
This ſaid, a curious ſearch in ev'ry part
Here eye renews. Adjoining to the ſtreights,
Freſh bloom'd a thicket of entwining ſhrubs,
A ſeeming fence to ſome ſequeſter'd ground,
By travellers unbeaten. Swift her guards
Addreſs'd their ſpears to part the pliant boughs.
Held back, they yield a paſſage to the queen,
And princely boy. Delicious to their ſight
Soft dales meandring, ſhow their flow'ry laps
Among rude piles of nature. In their ſides
Of rock are manſions hewn; nor loaden trees
Of cluſter'd fruit are wanting: but no ſound,
Except of brooks in murmur, and the ſong
Of winged warblers, meets the liſt'ning ear.
No grazing herd, no flock, nor human form
Is ſeen, no careful huſband at his toil,
Beſide her threſhold no induſtrious wife,
No playful child. Inſtructive to her ſon
The princeſs then. Already theſe abodes
Are deſolate. Once happy in their homes
Th' inhabitants forſake them. Pleaſing ſcene
Of nature's bounty, ſoon will ſavage Mars
Deform the lovely ringlets of thy ſhrubs,
And coarſely pluck thy violated fruits
Unripe; will deafen with his clangour fell
Thy tuneful choirs. I mourn thy deſtin'd ſpoil,
Yet come thy firſt deſpoiler. Captains, plant,
Ere morning breaks, my ſecret ſtandard here.
Come, boy, away. Thy ſafety will I truſt
To Demaratus; while thy mother tries
With theſe her martial followers, what ſparks,
Left by our Doric fathers, yet inflame
Their ſons and daughters in a ſtern debate
With other Dorians, who have never breath'd
The ſoft'ning gales of Aſia, never bow'd
In forc'd allegiance to Barbarian thrones.
Thou heed my order. Thoſe ingenuous looks
Of diſcontent ſuppreſs. For thee this fight
Were too ſevere a leſſon. Thou might'ſt bleed
Among the thouſands, fated to expire
By Sparta's lance. Let Artemiſia die,
Ye all-diſpoſing rulers, but protect
Her ſon. She ceas'd. The lioneſs, who reigns
Queen of the foreſt, terrible in ſtrength,
And prone to fury, thus by nature taught,
Melts o'er her young in blandiſhment and love.
Now ſlowly tow'rds the Perſian camp her ſteps
In ſilence ſhe directed; when a voice,
Sent from a rock, acceſſible which ſeem'd
To none, but feather'd paſſengers of air,
By this reproof detain'd her. Caria's queen
Art thou, to Greece by Doric blood ally'd?
Com'ſt thou to lay her fruitful meadows waſte,
Thou homager of tyrants? Upward gaz'd
Th' aſtoniſh'd princeſs. Lo! a female ſhape,
Tall and majeſtic, from th' impendent ridge
Look'd awful down. A holy fillet bound
Her graceful hair, looſe flowing. Seldom wept
Great Artemiſia. Now a ſpringing tear
Between her eyelids gleam'd. Too true, ſhe
ſigh'd,
A homager of tyrants! Voice auſtere,
And preſence half divine! Again the voice.
O Artemiſia, hide thy Doric ſword.
Let no barbarian tyrant through thy might,
Thy counſels, valiant as thou art and wiſe,
Conſume the holy fanes, deface the tombs,
Subvert the laws of Greece, her ſons enthral.
The queen made no reply. Her breaſt-plate
heav'd.
The tremulous attire of cuv'ring mail
Confeſs'd her ſtruggle. She at length exclaim'd.
Olympian thund'rer, from thy neighb'ring hill
Of ſacred oaths remind me! Then aſide
She turns to ſhun that majeſty of form,
In ſolemn ſounds upbraiding. Torn her thoughts
She feels. A painful conflict ſhe endures
With recollection of her Doric race;
Till gratitude, reviving, arms her breaſt.
Her royal benefactor ſhe recals,
Back to his ſight precipitates her ſteps.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas, riſing by break of day, hears the intelligence which Agis and Melibœus bring from the upper paſs, then commands a body of Arcadians, with the Platæans and Theſpians, to be drawn out for battle, under the conduct of Demophilus, in that part of Thermopylæ which lies cloſe to the Phocian wall, from whence he harangues them. The enemy approaches. Diomedon kills Tigranes in ſingle combat. Both armies join battle. Dithyrambus kills Phraortes. The Perſians, entirely defeated, are purſued by Demophilus to the extremity of the paſs. The Arcadians, inconſiderately advancing beyond it, fall into an ambuſh, which Artemiſia had laid to cover the retreat of the Perſians. She kills Clonius, but is herſelf repulſed by Demophilus. Diomedon and Dithyrambus give chaſe to her broken forces over the plains, in the ſight of Perſia's camp, whence ſhe receives no aſſiſtance. She rallies a ſmall body, and, facing the enemy, diſables Dithyrambus by a blow on his helmet. This puts the Grecians into ſome confuſion, and gives her an opportunity of preſerving the remainder of her Carians by a timely retreat. She gains the camp, accuſes Argeſtes of treachery, but pacified by Demaratus, is accompanied by him with a thouſand horſe, to collect the dead bodies of her ſoldiers for ſepulchre.

AURORA dawn'd. Leonidas aroſe.
With Melibœus Agis, now return'd,
Addreſs'd the king. Along the mountain's ſide
We bent our journey. On our way a voice,
Loud from a crag, on Melibœus call'd.
He look'd and anſwer'd. Mycon, ancient friend!
Far haſt thou driv'n thy bearded train to-day;
But fortunate thy preſence. None like thee,
Inhabitant of Oeta from thy birth,
Can furniſh that intelligence, which Greece
Wants for her ſafety. Mycon ſhow'd a track.
We mounted high. The ſummit where we ſtopp'd,
Gave to the ſight a proſpect wide o'er hills,
O'er dales and foreſts, rocks, and daſhing floods
In cataracts. The object of our ſearch
Beneath us lay, the ſecret paſs to Greece,
Where not five warriors in a rank can tread.
We thence deſcended to the Phocian camp,
Beſet with ſcatter'd oaks, which roſe and ſpread
In height and ſhade; on whoſe ſuſtaining boughs
Were hung in ſnowy folds a thouſand tents,
Containing each a Phocian heavy-mail'd,
With two light-weapon'd menials. Northward ends
The vale, contracted to that narrow ſtreight,
Which firſt we ſaw with Mycon. Prudent care
Like yours alleviates mine, well pleas'd the king
Reply'd. Now, Agis, from Arcadia's bands
Select a thouſand ſpears. To them unite
The Theſpians and Platæans. Draw their lines
Beneath the wall, which fortifies the paſs.
There, cloſe embody'd, will their might repulſe
The num'rous foe. Demophilus ſalute.
Approv'd in martial ſervice him I name
The chief ſupreme. Obedient to his will
Th' appointed warriors, iſſuing from the tents,
Fill their deep files, and watch the high command.
So round their monarch, in his ſtormy hall,
The winds aſſemble. From his duſky throne
His dreadful mandates Æolus proclaims
To ſwell the main, or heav'n with clouds deform,
Or bend the foreſt from the mountain's brow.
Laconia's leader from the rampart's height
To battle thus the liſt'ning hoſt inflames.

This day, O Grecians, countrymen, and friends,
Your wives, your offspring, your paternal ſeats,
Your parents, country, liberty, and laws,
Demand your ſwords. You gen'rous, active, brave,
Vers'd in the various diſcipline of Mars,
Are now to grapple with ignoble foes
In war unſkilful, nature's baſeſt droſs,
And thence a monarch's mercenary ſlaves.
Relax'd their limbs, their ſpirits are deprav'd
By eaſtern ſloth and pleaſures. Hire their cauſe,
Their only fruit of victory is ſpoil.
They know not freedom, nor its lib'ral cares.
Such is the flow'r of Aſia's hoſt. The reſt,
Who fill her boaſted numbers, are a crowd,
Forc'd from their homes; a populace in peace
By jealous tyranny diſarm'd, in war
Their tyrant's victims. Taught in paſſive grief
To bear the rapine, cruelty, and ſpurns
Of Xerxes' mercenary band, they pine
In ſervitude to ſlaves. With terror ſounds
The trumpet's clangour in their trembling ears.
Unwonted loads, the buckler and the lance
Their hands ſuſtain, encumber'd, and preſent
The mockery of war.——But ev'ry eye
Shoots forth impatient flames. Your gallant breaſts
Too long their ſwelling ſpirit have confin'd.
Go then, ye ſons of liberty; go, ſweep
Theſe bondmen from the field. Reſiſtleſs rend
The glitt'ring ſtandard from their ſervile graſp.
Hurl to the ground their ignominious heads,
The warrior's helm profaning. Think, the ſhades
Of your forefathers lift their ſacred brows,
Here to enjoy the glory of their ſons.

He ſpake. Loud pæans iſſue from the Greeks.
In fierce reply barbarian ſhouts aſcend
From hoſtile nations, thronging down the paſs.
Such is the roar of Ætna, when his mouth
Diſplodes combuſtion from his ſulph'rous depths,
To blaſt the ſmiles of nature. Dauntleſs ſtood,
In deep array before the Phocian wall
The phalanx, wedg'd with implicated ſhields,
And ſpears protended, like the graceful range
Of arduous elms, whoſe interwoven boughs
Before ſome rural palace, wide expand,
Their venerable umbrage to retard
The north's impetuous wing. As o'er the main,
In lucid rows, the riſing waves reflect
The ſun's effulgence; ſo the Grecian helms
Return'd his light, which o'er their convex pour'd
A ſplendour, ſcatter'd through the dancing plumes.

Down ruſh the foes. Exulting in their van,
Their haughty leader ſhakes his threat'ning lance,
Provoking battle. Inſtant from his rank
Diomedon burſts furious. On he ſtrides,
Confronts Tigranes, whom he thus defies.

Now art thou met, barbarian. Wouldſt thou prove
Thy actions equal to thy vaunts, command
Thy troops to halt, while thou and I engage.

Tigranes, turning to the Perſians, ſpake.
My friends and ſoldiers, check your martial haſte,
While my ſtrong lance that Grecian's pride confounds.

He ceas'd. In dreadful oppoſition ſoon
Each combatant advanc'd. Their ſinewy hands
Grip'd faſt their ſpears, high brandiſh'd. Thrice they drove,
With well-directed force, the pointed ſteel
At either's throat, and thrice their wary ſhields
Repell'd the menac'd wound. The Aſian chief
At length, with pow'rs collected for the ſtroke,
His weapon rivets in the Grecian targe.
Aſide Diomedon inclines, and ſhuns
Approaching fate; then all his martial ſkill
Undaunted ſummons. His forſaken ſpear
Beſide him caſt, his faulchion he unſheaths.
The blade, deſcending on Tigranes' arm,
That inſtant ſtruggling to redeem his lance,
The nervous hand diſſevers. Pale affright
Unmans the Perſian; while his active foe
Full on his neck diſcharg'd the rapid ſword,
Which open'd wide the purple gates of death.
Low ſinks Tigranes in eternal ſhade.
His proſtrate limbs the conqueror beſtrides;
Then in a tuft of blood-diſtilling hair
His hand entwining, from the mangled trunk
The head diſjoins, and whirls with matchleſs ſtrength
Among the adverſe legions. All in dread
Recoil'd, where'er the ghaſtly viſage flew

In ſanguine circles, and purſu'd its track
Of horror through the air. Not more amaz'd,
A barb'rous nation, whom the cheerful dawn
Of ſcience ne'er illumin'd, view on high
A meteor, waving its portentous fires;
Where oft, as ſuperſtition vainly dreams,
Some demon ſits amid the baneful blaze,
Diſperſing plague and deſolation round.
A while the ſtern Diomedon remain'd
Triumphant o'er the dire diſmay, which froze
The heart of Perſia; then with haughty pace
In ſullen joy among his gladſome friends
Reſum'd his ſtation. Still the hoſtile throng
In conſternation motionleſs ſuſpend
The charge. Their drooping hearts Phraortes warms.

Heav'n! can one leader's fate appal this hoſt,
Which counts a train of princes for its chiefs?
Behold Phraortes. From Niphates' ridge
I draw my ſubject files. My hardy toil
Through pathleſs woods and deſerts hath explor'd
The tiger's cavern. This unconquer'd hand
Hath from the lion rent his ſhaggy hide.
So through this field of ſlaughter will I chaſe
Yon vaunting Greek. His ardent words revive
Declining valour in the van. His lance
Then in the rear he brandiſhes. The crowd
Before his threat'ning ire, affrighted, roll
Their numbers headlong on the Grecian ſteel.
Thus with his trident ocean's angry god
From their vaſt bottom turns the mighty maſs
Of waters upward, and o'erwhelms the beach.

Tremendous frown'd the fierce Platæan chief
Full in the battle's front. His ample ſhield
Like a ſtrong bulwark prominent he rais'd
Before the line. There thunder'd all the ſtorm
Of darts and arrows. His undaunted train
In emulating ardour charg'd the foe.
Where'er they turn'd the formidable ſpears,
Which drench'd the glebe of Marathon in blood,
Barbarian dead lay heap'd. Diomedon
Led on the ſlaughter. From his nodding creſt
The ſable plumes ſhook terror. Aſia's hoſt
Shrunk back, as blaſted by the piercing beams
Of that unconquerable ſword, which fell
With lightning's ſwiftneſs on diſſever'd helms,
And, menacing Tigranes' doom to all,
Their multitude diſpers'd. The furious chief,
Encompaſs'd round by carnage, and beſmear'd
With ſanguine drops, enflames his warlike friends.

O Dithyrambus, let thy deeds this day
Surmount their wonted luſtre. Thou in arms,
Demophilus, worn gray, thy youth recal.
Behold, theſe ſlaves without reſiſtance bleed.
Advance, my hoary friend. Propitious fame
Smiles on thy years. She grants thy aged hand
To pluck freſh laurels for thy honour'd brow.

As, when endu'd with Promethean heat,
The molten clay reſpir'd; a ſudden warmth
Glows in the venerable Theſpian's veins;
In ev'ry ſinew new-born vigour ſwells.
His falchion, thund'ring on Cheraſmes' helm,
The forehead cleaves. Ecbatana to war
Sent forth Cheraſmes. From her potent gates
He proud in hope her ſwarming numbers led.
Him Ariazus and Peuceſtes join'd,
His martial brothers. They attend his fate,
By Dithyrambus pierc'd. Their hoary ſire
Shall o'er his ſolitary palace roam;
Lamenting loud his childleſs years, ſhall curſe
Ambition's fury, and the luſt of war,
Then, pining, bow in anguiſh to the grave.

Next by the fierce Platæan's fatal ſword
Expir'd Damates, once the hoſt and friend
Of fall'n Tigranes. By his ſide to fight
He left his native bands. Of Syrian birth
In Daphné he reſided near the grove,
Whoſe hoſpitable laurels in their ſhade
Conceal'd the virgin fugitive averſe
To young Apollo. Hither ſhe retir'd
Far from her parent ſtream. Here fables feign,
Herſelf a laurel chang'd her golden hair
To verdant leaves in this retreat, the grove
Of Daphné call'd, the ſeat of rural bliſs,
Fann'd by the breath of Zephyrs, and with rills
From bubbling founts irriguous, Syria's boaſt,
The happy rival of Theſſalia's vale,
Now hid for ever from Damates' eyes.

Demophilus, wiſe leader, ſoon improves
Advantage. All the vet'rans of his troop,
In age his equals, to condenſe the files,
To rivet cloſe their bucklers he commands.
As ſome broad veſſel, heavy in her ſtrength,
But well-compacted, when a fav'ring gale
Invites the ſkilful maſter to expand
The ſails at large, her flow but ſteady courſe
Impels through myriads of dividing waves;
So, unreſiſted, through Barbarian throngs
The hoary phalanx paſs'd. Arcadia's ſons
Purſu'd more ſwift. Gigantic Clonius preſs'd
The yielding Perſians, who before him ſunk,
Cruſh'd like vile ſtubble underneath the ſteps
Of ſome glad peaſant, viſiting his fields
Of new-ſhorn harveſt. On the gen'ral rout
Phraortes look'd intrepid ſtill. He ſprang
O'er hills of carnage to confront the foe.
His own inglorious friends he thus reproach'd.

Fly then, ye cowards, and deſert your chief.
Yet ſingle here my target ſhall oppoſe
The ſhock of thouſands. Raging, he impels
His deathful point through Ariſtander's breaſt.
Him Dithyrambus lov'd. A ſacred bard,
Rever'd for juſtice, for his verſe renown'd,
He ſung the deeds of heroes, thoſe who fell,
Or thoſe who conquer'd in their country's cauſe,
Th' enraptur'd ſoul inſpiring with the love
Of glory, earn'd by virtue. His high ſtrain
The muſes favour'd from their neighb'ring bow'rs,
And bleſs'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.
No more from Theſpia ſhall his feet aſcend
The ſhady ſteep of Helicon; no more
The ſtream divine of Aganippe's ſount
Bedew his lip harmonious: nor his hands,
Which, dying, graſp the unforſaken lance,
And proſtrate buckler, evermore accord
His lofty numbers to the ſounding ſhell.
Lo! Dithyrambus weeps. Amid the rage
Of war and conqueſt ſwiftly-guſhing tears
Find one ſad moment's interval to fall
On his pale friend. But ſoon the victor proves
His ſtern revenge. Through ſhield and corſelet plung'd,
His forceful blade divides the Perſian's cheſt;
Whence iſſue ſtreams of royal blood, deriv'd
From anceſtors, who ſway'd in Ninus old
Th' Aſſyrian ſceptre. He to Xerxes' throne

A tributary ſatrap rul'd the vales,
Where Tigris ſwift between the parted hills
Of tall Niphates drew his foamy tide,
Impregnating the meads. Phraortes ſinks,
Not inſtantly expiring. Still his eyes
Flaſh indignation, while the Perſians fly.
Beyond the Malian entrance of the ſtreights
Th' Arcadians ruſh; when, unperceiv'd till felt,
Spring from concealment in a thicket deep
New ſwarms of warriors, cluſt'ring on the flank
Of theſe unwary Grecians. Tow'rds the bay
They ſhrink; they totter on the fearful edge,
Which overhangs a precipice. Surpris'd,
The ſtrength of Clonius fails. His giant bulk
Beneath the chieftain of th' aſſailing band
Falls proſtrate. Theſpians and Platæans wave
Auxiliar enſigns. They encounter foes,
Reſembling Greeks in diſcipline and arms.
Dire is the ſhock. What leſs, than Caria's queen
In their career of victory could check
Such warriors? Fierce ſhe ſtruggles; while the rout
Of Medes and Ciſſians carry to the camp
Contagious terror; thence no ſuccour flows.
Demophilus ſtands firm; the Carian band
At length recoil before him. Keen purſuit
He leaves to others, like th' almighty fire,
Who ſits unſhaken on his throne, while floods,
His inſtruments of wrath, o'erwhelm the earth,
And whirlwinds level on her hills the growth
Of proudeſt cedars. Through the yielding crowd
Platæa's chief and Dithyrambus range
Triumphant ſide by ſide. Thus o'er the field,
Where bright Alpheus heard the rattling car,
And concave hoof along his echoing banks,
Two gen'rous courſers, link'd in mutual reins,
In ſpeed, in ardour equal, beat the duſt,
To reach the glories of Olympia's goal.
Th' intrepid heroes on the plain advance,
They preſs the Carian rear. Not long the queen
Endures that ſhame. Her people's dying groans
Tranſpierce her boſom. On their bleeding limbs
She looks maternal, feels maternal pangs.
A troop ſhe rallies. Goddeſs-like ſhe turns,
Not leſs than Pallas with her Gorgon ſhield.
Whole ranks ſhe covers, like th' imperial bird
Extending o'er a neſt of callow young
Her pinion broad, and pointing fierce her beak,
Her claws outſtretch'd. The Theſpian's ardent hand,
From common lives refraining, haſtes to ſnatch
More ſplendid laurels from that nobler head.
His pond'rous falchion, ſwift deſcending, bears
Her buckler down, thence glancing, cuts the thong,
Which holds her headpiece faſt. That golden fence
Drops down. Thick treſſes, unconfin'd, diſcloſe
A female warrior; one whoſe ſummer pride
Of fleeting beauty had begun to fade,
Yet by th' heroic character ſupply'd,
Which grew more awful, as the touch of time
Remov'd the ſoft'ning graces. Back he ſteps,
Unmann'd by wonder. With indignant eyes,
Fire-darting, ſhe advances. Both her hands
Full on his creſt diſcharge the furious blade.
The forceful blow compels him to recede
Yet further back, unwounded, though confus'd.
His ſoldiers flock around him. From a ſcene
Of bleed more diſtant ſpeeds Platæa's chief.
The fair occaſion of ſuſpended fight
She ſeizes, bright in glory wheels away,
And ſaves her Carian remnant; while his friend
In fervent ſounds Diomedon beſpake.
If thou art ſlain, I curſe this glorious day.
Be all thy trophies, be my own accurs'd.
The youth, recover'd, anſwers in a ſmile.
I am unhurt. The weighty blow proclaim'd
The queen of Caria, or Bellona's arm.
Our longer ſtay Demophilus may blame.
Let us prevent his call. This ſaid, their ſteps
They turn, both ſtriding through empurpled heaps
Of arms, and mangled ſlain, themſelves with gore
Diſtain'd, like two grim tigers, who have forc'd
A nightly manſion, on the deſert rais'd
By ſome lone-wand'ring traveller, then dy'd
In human crimſon, through the foreſt deep
Back to their covert's dreary gloom retire.
Stern Artemiſia, ſweeping o'er the field,
Burſts into Aſia's camp. A furious look
She caſts around. Abrocomes remote
With Hyperanthes from the king were ſent.
She ſees Argeſtes in that quarter chief,
Who from battalions numberleſs had ſpar'd
Not one to ſuccour, but his malice gorg'd
With her diſtreſs. Her anger now augments.
Revenge frowns gloomy on her darken'd brow.
He cautious moves to Xerxes, where he ſat
High on his car. She follows. Loſt her helm,
Reſign'd to ſportive winds her cluſter'd locks,
Wild, but majeſtic like the waving boughs
Of ſome proud elm, the glory of the grove,
And full in foliage. Her emblazon'd ſhield
With gore is tarniſh'd. Pale around are ſeen
All faint, all ghaſtly from repeated wounds
Her bleeding ſoldiers. Brandiſhing her ſword,
To them ſhe points, to Xerxes thus ſhe ſpeaks.
Behold theſe mangled Carians, who have ſpent
Their vital current in the king's defence,
Ev'n in his ſight; while Medes and Ciſſians fled,
By theſe protected, whom Argeſtes ſaw
Purſu'd by ſlaughter to thy very camp,
Yet left unhelp'd to periſh. Ruling fire,
Let Horomazes be thy name, or Jove,
To thee appealing, of the king I claim
A day for juſtice. Monarch, to my arm
Give him a prey. Let Artemiſia's truth
Chaſtiſe his treaſon. With an eye ſubmiſs,
A mien obſequious, and a ſoothing tone
To cheat the king, to moderate her ire
Argeſtes utters theſe fallacious words.
May Horomazes leave the fiend at large
To blaſt my earthly happineſs, confine
Amid the horrors of his own abode
My ghoſt hereafter, if the ſacred charge
Of Xerxes' perſon was not my reſtraint,
My ſole reſtraint! To him our all is due,
Our all how triſling, with his ſafety weigh'd.
His preſervation I prefer to fame,
And bright occaſion for immortal deeds
Forego, in duty. Elſe my helpful ſword,
Fair heroine of Aſia, haſt thou ſeen
Among the foremoſt blazing. Lo! the king
A royal preſent will on thee beſtow,
Perfumes and precious unguents on the dead,
A golden wreath to each ſurvivor brave.
Aw'd by her ſpirit, by the flatt'rers ſpell
Deluded, languid through diſmay and ſhame

At his defeat, the monarch for a time
Sat mute, at length unlock'd his falt'ring lips.
Thou hear'ſt, great princeſs. Reſt content. His words
I ratify. Yet farther, I proclaim
Thee of my train firſt counſellor and chief.
O eagle-ey'd diſcernment in the king!
O wiſdom equal to his boundleſs power!
The purpled ſycophant exclaims. Thou feeſt
Her matchleſs talents. Wanting her, thy fleet,
The floating bulwark of our hopes, laments,
Foil'd in her abſence, in her conduct ſafe.
Thy penetrating ſight directs the field;
There let her worth be hazarded no more.
Thy words are wiſe, the blinded prince rejoins.
Return, brave Carian, to thy naval charge.
Thus to remove her from the royal ear
Malicious guile prevails. Redoubled rage
Swells in her boſom. Demaratus ſees
And calms the ſtorm by rend'ring up his charge
To her maternal hand. Her ſon belov'd
Diſpels the furies. Then the Spartan thus:
O Artemiſia, of the king's command
Be thou obſervant. To thy ſlaughter'd friends
Immediate care, far other than revenge,
Is due. The ravens gather. From his neſt
Among thoſe clifts the eagle's rapid flight
Denotes his ſcent of carnage. Thou, a Greek,
Well know'ſt the duty ſacred to the dead.
Depart; thy guide is piety. Collect,
For honourable ſepulchres prepare
Thoſe bodies, mark'd with honourable wounds.
I will aſſiſt thee. Xerxes will intruſt
To my command a choſen guard of horſe.
As oft, when ſtorms in ſummer have o'ercaſt
The night with double darkneſs, only pierc'd
By heav'n's blue fire, while thunder ſhakes the pole,
The orient ſun, diffuſing genial warmth,
Refines the troubled air; the blaſt is mute;
Death-pointed flames diſperſe; and placid Jove
Looks down in ſmiles: ſo prudence from the lips
Of Demaratus, by his tone, his mien,
His aſpect ſtrength'ning ſmooth perſuaſion's flow,
Compos'd her ſpirit. She with him departs.
The king aſſigns a thouſand horſe to guard
Th' illuſtrious exile, and heroic dame.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grecian commanders, after the purſuit, retire for refreſhment to a cave in the ſide of mount Oeta. Demophilus returns to the camp; Diomedon remains in the cave; while Dithyrambus, diſcovering a paſſage through it, aſcends to the temple of the muſes. After a long diſcourſe with Meliſſa, the daughter of Oïleus, ſhe intruſts him with a ſolemn meſſage to Leonidas. Dithyrambus deputes this charge to Megiſtias, the augur. Leonidas, recalling the forces, firſt engaged, ſends down a freſh body. Diomedon and Dithyrambus are permitted, on their own requeſt, to continue in the field with the Platæans. By the advice of Diomedon, the Grecians advance to the broadeſt part of Thermopylæ, where they form a line of twenty in depth, conſiſting of the Platæans, Mantineans, Tegæans, Thebans, Corinthians, Phliaſians, and Mycenæans. The Spartans compoſe a ſecond line in a narrower part. Behind them are placed the light armed troops under Alpheus, and further back a phalanx of Locrians under Medon, the ſon of Oileus. Dieneces commands the whole.

Now Dithyrambus and Platæa's chief,
Their former poſt attaining, had rejoin'd
Demophilus. Recumbent on his ſhield
Phraortes, gaſping there, attracts their ſight.
To him in pity Theſpia's gallant youth
Approaching, thus his gen'rous ſoul expreſs'd.
Liv'ſt thou, brave Perſian? By propitious Jove,
From whom the pleaſing ſtream of mercy flows
Through mortal boſoms, leſs my ſoul rejoic'd,
When fortune bleſs'd with victory my arm,
Than now to raiſe thee from this field of death.
His languid eyes the dying prince unclos'd,
Then with expiring voice. Vain man, forbear
To proffer me, what ſoon thyſelf muſt crave.
The day is quite extinguiſh'd in theſe orbs.
One moment fate allows me to diſdain
Thy mercy, Grecian. Now I yield to death.
This effort made, the haughty ſpirit fled.
So ſhoots a meteor's tranſitory gleam
Through nitrous folds of black nocturnal clouds,
Then diſſipates for ever. O'er the corſe
His rev'rend face Demophilus inclin'd,
Pois'd on his lance, and thus addreſs'd the ſlain.
Alas! how glorious were that bleeding breaſt,
Had juſtice brac'd the buckler on thy arm,
And to preſerve a people bade thee die.
Who now ſhall mourn thee! Thy ungrateful king
Will ſoon forget thy worth. Thy native land
May raiſe an empty monument, but feel
No public ſorrow. Thy recorded name
Shall wake among thy countrymen no ſighs
For their loſt hero. What to them avail'd
Thy might, thy dauntleſs ſpirit? Not to guard
Their wives, their offspring from th' oppreſſor's hand;
But to extend oppreſſion didſt thou fall,
Perhaps with inborn virtues in thy ſoul,
Which, but thy froward deſtiny forbade,
By freedom cheriſh'd, might have bleſs'd mankind.
All-bounteous nature, thy impartial laws
To no ſelected race of men confine
The ſenſe of glory, fortitude, and all
The nobler paſſions, which exalt the mind,
And render life illuſtrious. Theſe thou plant'ſt
In ev'ry ſoil. But freedom like the ſun
Muſt warm the gen'rous ſeeds. By her alone
They bloom, they flouriſh; while oppreſſion blaſts
The tender virtues: hence a ſpurious growth,
Falſe honour, ſavage valour taint the ſoul,
And wild ambition: hence rapacious pow'r
The ravag'd earth unpeoples, and the brave,
A feaſt for dogs, th' enſanguin'd field beſtrew.
He ſaid. Around the venerable man
The warriors throng'd attentive. Conqueſt huſh'd
Its joyful tranſports. O'er the horrid field,
Rude ſcene ſo late of tumult, all was calm.
So, when the ſong of Thracian Orpheus drew
To Hebrus' margin from their dreary ſeats
The ſavage breed, which Hæmus, wrapp'd in cloud,
Pangæus cold, and Rhodopean ſnows
In blood and diſcord nurs'd, the ſoothing ſtrain

Flow'd with enchantment through the raviſh'd ear,
Their fierceneſs melted, and, amaz'd, they learn'd
The ſacred laws of juſtice, which the bard
Mix'd with the muſic of his heavenly ſtring.
Meantime th' Arcadians with inverted arms
And banners, ſad and ſolemn on their ſhields
The giant limbs of Clonius bore along
To ſpread a gen'ral woe. The noble corſe,
Dire ſpectacle of carnage, paſſing by
To thoſe laſt honours, which the dead partake,
Struck Dithyrambus. Swift his melted eye
Review'd Phraortes on the rock ſupine;
Then on the ſage Demophilus he look'd
Intent, and ſpake. My heart retains thy words.
This hour may witneſs how rapacious pow'r,
The earth unpeoples. Clonius is no more.
But he, by Greece lamented, will acquire
A ſignal tomb. This gallant Perſian, cruſh'd
Beneath my fortune, bath'd in blood ſtill warm,
May lie forgotten by his thankleſs king;
Yet not by me neglected ſhall remain
A naked corſe. The good old man replies.
My gen'rous child, deſerving that ſucceſs
Thy arm hath gain'd! When vital breath is fled,
Our friends, our foes are equal duſt. Both claim
The fun'ral paſſage to that future ſeat
Of being, where no enmity revives.
There Greek and Perſian will together quaff
In amaranthine bow'rs the cup of bliſs
Immortal. Him thy valour ſlew on earth,
In that bleſs'd region thou may'ſt find a friend.
This ſaid, the ready Theſpians he commands
To lift Phraortes from his bed of death,
Th' empurpled rock. Outſtretch'd on targets broad,
Suſtain'd by hands late hoſtile, now humane,
He follows Clonius to the fun'ral pyre.
A cave not diſtant from the Phocian wall
Through Oeta's cloven ſide had nature form'd
In ſpacious windings. This in moſs ſhe clad;
O'er half the entrance downward from the roots
She hung the ſhaggy trunks of branching firs,
To heav'n's hot ray impervious. Near the mouth
Relucent laurels ſpread before the ſun
A broad and vivid foliage. High above,
The hill was darken'd by a ſolemn ſhade,
Diffus'd from ancient cedars. To this cave
Diomedon, Demophilus reſort,
And Theſpia's youth. A deep receſs appears,
Cool as the azure grot, where Thetis ſleeps
Beneath the vaulted ocean. Whiſper'd ſounds
Of waters, trilling from the riven ſtone
To feed a fountain on the rocky floor,
In pureſt ſtreams o'erflowing to the ſea,
Allure the warriors hot with toil and thirſt
To this retreat ſerene. Againſt the ſides
Their diſencumber'd hands repoſe their ſhields;
The helms they looſen from their glowing cheeks;
Propp'd on their ſpears, they reſt: when Agis brings
From Lacedemon's leader theſe commands.
Leonidas recals you from your toils,
Ye meritorious Grecians. You have reap'd
The firſt bright harveſt on the field of fame.
Our eyes in wonder from the Phocian wall
On your unequall'd deeds inceſſant gaz'd.
To whom Platæa's chief. Go, Agis, ſay
To Lacedemon's ruler, that, untir'd,
Diomedon can yet exalt his ſpear,
Nor feels the armour heavy on his limbs.
Then ſhall I quit the conteſt? Ere he ſinks,
Shall not this early ſun again behold
The ſlaves of Xerxes tremble at my lance,
Should they adventure on a freſh aſſault?
To him the Theſpian youth. My friend, my guide
To noble actions, ſince thy gen'rous heart
Intent on fame diſdains to reſt, O grant
I too thy glorious labours may partake,
May learn once more to imitate thy deeds.
Thou, gentleſt Agis, Sparta's king entreat
Not to command us from the field of war.
Yes, perſevering heroes, he reply'd,
I will return, will Sparta's king entreat
Not to command you from the field of war.
Then interpos'd Demophilus. O friend,
Who lead'ſt to conqueſt brave Platæa's ſons;
Thou too, lov'd offſpring of the deareſt man,
Who doſt reſtore a brother to my eyes;
My ſoul your magnanimity applauds:
But, O reflect, that unabating toil
Subdues the mightieſt. Valour will repine,
When the weak hand obeys the heart no more.
Yet I, declining through the weight of years,
Will not aſſign a meaſure to your ſtrength.
If ſtill you find your vigour undecay'd,
Stay and augment your glory. So, when time
Caſts from your whiten'd heads the helm aſide;
When in the temples your enfeebled arms
Have hung their conſecrated ſhields, the land,
Which gave you life, in her defence employ'd,
Shall then by honours, doubled on your age,
Bequit the gen'rous labours of your prime.
So ſpake the ſenior, and forſook the cave.
But from the fount Diomedon receives
Th' o'erflowing waters in his concave helm,
Addreſſing thus the genius of the ſtream.
Whoe'er thou art, divinity unſtain'd
Of this fair fountain, till unſparing Mars
Heap'd carnage round thee, bounteous are thy ſtreams
To me, who ill repay thee. I again
Thy ſilver-gleaming current muſt pollute,
Which, mix'd with gore, ſhall tinge the Malian ſlime.
He ſaid, and lifted in his brimming caſque
The bright, refreſhing moiſture. Thus repairs
The ſpotted panther to Hydaſpes' ſide,
Or eaſtern Indus, feaſted on the blood
Of ſome torn deer, which nigh his cruel graſp
Had roam'd unheeding in the ſecret ſhade;
Rapacious o'er the humid brink he ſtoops,
And in the pure and fluid cryſtal cools
His reeking jaws. Meantime the Theſpian's eye
Roves round the vaulted ſpace; when ſudden ſounds
Of muſic, utter'd by melodious harps,
And melting voices, diſtant, but in tones
By diſtance ſoften'd, while the echoes ſigh'd
In lulling replication, fill the vault
With harmony. In admiration mute,
With nerves unbrac'd by rapture, he, entranc'd,
Stands like an eagle, when his parting plumes
The balm of ſleep relaxes, and his wings
Fall from his languid ſide. Platæa's chief,
Obſerving, rous'd the warrior. Son of Mars,

Shall muſic's ſoftneſs from thy boſom ſteal
The ſenſe of glory? From his neighb'ring camp
Perhaps the Perſian ſends freſh nations down.
Soon in bright ſteel Thermopylæ will blaze.
Awake. Accuſtom'd to the clang of arms,
Intent on vengeance for invaded Greece,
My ear, my ſpirit in this hour admit
No new ſenſation, nor a change of thought.
The Theſpian, ſtarting from oblivious ſloth
Of raviſhment and wonder, quick reply'd.
Theſe ſounds were more than human. Hark! Again!
O honour'd friend, no adverſe banner ſtreams
In ſight. No ſhout proclaims the Perſian freed
From his late terror. Deeper let us plunge
In this myſterious dwelling of the nymphs,
Whoſe voices charm its gloom. In ſmiles rejoin'd
Diomedon. I ſee thy ſoul enthrall'd.
Me thou would'ſt rank among th' unletter'd rout
Of yon barbarians, ſhould I preſs thy ſtay.
Time favours too. Till Agis be return'd,
We cannot act. Indulge thy eager ſearch.
Here will I wait, a centinel unmov'd,
To watch thy coming. In exploring haſte
Th' impatient Theſpian penetrates the cave.
He finds it bounded by a ſteep aſcent
Of rugged ſteps; where down the hollow rock
A modulation clear, diſtinct and ſlow
In movement ſolemn from a lyric ſtring,
Diſſolves the ſtagnant air to ſweet accord
With theſe ſonorous lays. Celeſtial maids!
While, from our cliffs contemplating the war,
We celebrate our heroes, O impart
Orphean magic to the pious ſtrain!
That from the mountain we may call the groves,
Swift motion through theſe marble fragments breathe
To overleap the high Oetæan ridge,
And craſh the fell invaders of our peace.
The animated hero upward ſprings
Light, as a kindled vapour, which, confin'd
In ſubterranean cavities, at length
Pervading, rives the ſurface to enlarge
The long-impriſon'd flame. Aſcending ſoon,
He ſees, he ſtands abaſh'd, then rev'rend kneels.
An aged temple with inſculptur'd forms
Of Jove's harmonious daughters, and a train
Of nine bright virgins, round their prieſteſs rang'd,
Who ſtood in awful majeſty, receive
His unexpected feet. The ſong is huſh'd.
The meaſur'd movement on the lyric chord
In faint vibration dies. The prieſteſs ſage,
Whoſe elevated port and aſpect roſe
To more, than mortal dignity, her lyre
Conſigning graceful to attendant hands,
Looks with reproof. The looſe, uncover'd hair
Shades his inclining forehead, while a flaſh
Of modeſt crimſon dyes his youthful cheek.
Her penſive viſage ſoftens to a ſmile
On worth ſo blooming, which ſhe thus accoſts.
I ſhould reprove thee, inadvertent youth,
Who through the ſole acceſs, by nature left
To this pure manſion, with intruding ſteps
Doſt interrupt our lays. But riſe. Thy ſword
Perhaps embelliſh'd that triumphant ſcene,
Which wak'd theſe harps to celebrating notes.
What is the impreſs on thy warlike ſhield?
A golden eagle on my ſhield I bear,
Still bending low, he anſwers. She purſues.
Art thou poſſeſſor of that glorious orb,
By me diſtinguiſh'd in the late defeat
Of Aſia, driven before thee? Speak thy name.
Who is thy ſire? Where lies thy native ſeat?
Com'ſt thou for glory to this fatal ſpot,
Or from barbarian violence to guard
A parent's age, a ſpouſe, and tender babes,
Who call thee father? Humbly he again.
I am of Theſpia, Dithyrambus nam'd,
The ſon of Harmatides. Snatch'd by fate,
He to his brother, and my ſecond ſire,
Demophilus, conſign'd me. Theſpia's ſons
By him are led. His dictates I obey,
Him to reſemble ſtrive. No infant voice
Calls me a father. To the nuptial vow
I am a ſtranger, and among the Greeks
The leaſt entitled to thy partial praiſe.
None more entitled, interpos'd the dame.
Deſerving hero, thy demeanour ſpeaks,
It juſtifies the fame, ſo widely ſpread,
Of Harmatides' heir. O grace and pride
Of that fair city, which the muſes love,
Thee an acceptant viſitant I hail
In this their ancient temple. Thou ſhalt view
Their ſacred haunts. Deſcending from the dome
She thus purſues. Firſt know, my youthful hour
Were exercis'd in knowledge. Homer's muſe
To daily meditation won my ſoul,
With my young ſpirit mix'd undying ſparks
Of her own rapture. By a father ſage
Conducted, cities, manners, men I ſaw,
Their inſtitutes and cuſtoms. I return'd.
The voice of Locris call'd me to ſuſtain
The holy function here. Now throw thy ſight
Acroſs that meadow, whoſe enliven'd blades
Wave in the breeze, and gliſten in the ſun
Behind the hoary fane. My bleating train
Are nouriſh'd there, a ſpot of plenty ſpar'd,
From this ſurrounding wilderneſs. Remark
That fluid mirror, edg'd by ſhrubs and flow'rs,
Shrubs of my culture, flow'rs by Iris dreſs'd.
Nor paſs that ſmiling concave on the hill,
Whoſe pointed crags are ſoften'd to the ſight
By figs and grapes. She pauſes; while around
His eye, delighted, roves in more delight
Soon to the ſpot returning, where ſhe ſtood
A deity in ſemblance, o'er the place
Preſiding awful, as Minerva wiſe,
Auguſt like Juno, like Diana pure,
But not more pure than fair. The beauteous lake,
The pines wide-branching, falls of water clear,
The multifarious glow on Flora's lap
Loſe all attraction, as her gracious lips
Reſume their tale. In ſolitude remote
Here I have dwelt contemplative, ſerene,
Oft through the rocks reſponſive to my lyre,
Oft to th' Amphictyons in aſſembly full,
When at this ſhrine their annual vows they pay
In meaſur'd declamation I repeat
The praiſe of Greece, her liberty and laws.
From me the hinds, who tend their wand'ring goats
In theſe rude purlieus, modulate their pipes

To fmoother cadence, Juſtice from my tongue
Diſſentions calms, which ev'n in deſerts rend
Th' unquiet heart of man. Now furious war
My careful thoughts engages, which delight
To help the free, th' oppreſſor to confound.
Thy feet auſpicious fortune hither brings.
In thee a noble meſſenger I find.
Go, in theſe words Leonidas addreſs.
" Meliſſa, prieſteſs of the tuneful nine,
" By their beheſts invites thy honour'd feet
" To her divine abode. Thee, firſt of Greeks,
" To conference of high import ſhe calls."
Th' obedient Theſpian down the holy cave
Returns. His ſwiftneſs ſuddenly prevents
His friend's impatience, who ſalutes him thus.
Let thy adventure be hereafter told.
Look yonder. Freſh battalions from the camp
File through the Phocian barrier to conſtruct
Another phalanx, moving tow'r of war,
Which ſcorns the ſtrength of Aſia. Let us arm;
That, ready ſtation'd in the glorious van,
We may ſecure permiſſion from the king
There to continue, and renew the fight.
That inſtant brings Megiſtias near the grot.
To Sparta's phalanx his paternal hand
Was leading Menalippus. Not unheard
By Dithyrambus in their ſlow approach,
The father warns a young and lib'ral mind.
Sprung from a diſtant boundary of Greece,
A foreigner in Sparta, cheriſh'd there,
Inſtructed, honour'd, nor unworthy held
To fight for Lacedemon in her line
Of diſcipline and valour, lo! my ſon,
The hour is come to prove thy gen'rous heart:
That in thy hand, not ill-intruſted, ſhine
The ſpear and buckler to maintain the cauſe
Of thy protectreſs. Let thy mind recal
Leonidas. On yonder bulwark plac'd,
He overlooks the battle; he diſcerns
The bold and fearful. May the gods I ſerve,
Grant me to hear Leonidas approve
My ſon! No other boon my age implores.
The augur paus'd. The animated cheek
Of Menalippus glows. His eager look
Demands the fight. This ſtruck the tender fire,
Who then with moiſten'd eyes. Remember too,
A father ſees thy danger. Oh! my child,
To me thy honour, as to thee is dear;
Yet court not death. By ev'ry filial tie,
By all my fondneſs, all my cares I ſue!
Amid the conflict, or the warm purſuit,
Still by the wiſe Dieneces abide.
His prudent valour knows th' unerring paths
Of glory. He admits thee to his ſide.
He will direct thy ardour. Go——They part.
Megiſtias, turning, is accoſted thus
By Dithyrambus. Venerable ſeer,
So may that ſon, whoſe merit I eſteem,
Whoſe precious head in peril I would die
To guard, return in triumph to thy breaſt,
As thou deliver'ſt to Laconia's king
A high and ſolemn meſſage. While anew
The line is forming, from th' embattled field
Muſt not ſtray, uncall'd. A ſacred charge
Through hallow'd lips will beſt approach the king.

The Acarnanian in ſuſpenſe remains
And ſilence. Dithyrambus quick relates
Meliſſa's words, deſcribes the holy grot,
Then quits th' inſtructed augur, and attends
Diomedon's loud call. That fervid chief
Was reaſſuming his diſtinguiſh'd arms,
Which, as a ſplendid recompenſe, he bore
From grateful Athens, for achievements bold;
When he with brave Miltiades redeem'd
Her domes from Aſian flames. The ſculptur'd helm
Enclos'd his manly temples. From on high
A four-fold plumage nodded; while beneath
A golden dragon with effulgent ſcales,
Itſelf the creſt, ſhot terror. On his arm
He brac'd his buckler. Bord'ring on the rim,
Gorgonian ſerpents twin'd. Within, the form
Of Pallas, martial goddeſs, was emboſs'd.
Low, as her feet, the graceful tunic flow'd.
Betwixt two griffins on her helmet ſat
A ſphynx with wings expanded; while the face
Of dire Meduſa on her breaſtplate frown'd.
One hand ſupports a javelin, which confounds
The pride of kings. The other leads along
A blooming virgin, Victory, whoſe brow
A wreath encirles. Laurels ſhe preſents:
But from her ſhoulders all her plumes were ſhorn,
In favour'd Athens ever now to reſt.
This dread of Aſia on his mighty arm
Diomedon uprear'd. He ſnatch'd his lance,
Then ſpake to Dithyrambus. See my friend,
Alone of all the Grecians, who ſuſtain'd
The former onſet, inexhauſted ſtand
Platæa's ſons. They well may keep the field,
Who with unſlaken'd nerves endur'd that day,
Which ſaw ten myriads of Barbarians driv'n
Back to their ſhips, and Athens left ſecure.
Charge in our line. Amid the foremoſt rank
Thy valour ſhall be plac'd to ſhare command,
And ev'ry honour with Platæa's chief.
He ſaid no more, but tow'rds the Grecian van
Impetuous, ardent ſtrode. Nor ſlow behind
The pride of Theſpia, Dithyrambus mov'd
Like youthful Hermes in celeſtial arms;
When lightly graceful with his feather'd feet
Along Scamander's flow'ry verge he paſs'd
To aid th' incens'd divinities of Greece
Againſt the Phrygian tow'rs. Their eager haſte
Soon brings the heroes to th' embattling ranks,
Whom thus the brave Diomedon exhorts.
Not to contend, but vanquiſh are ye come.
Here in the blood of fugitives your ſpears
Shall unoppos'd, be ſtain'd. My valiant friends,
But chief, ye men of Sparta, view that ſpace,
Where from the Malian gulf more diſtant riſe
Th' Oetæan rocks, and leſs confine the ſtreights.
There if we range, extending our wide front,
An ampler ſcope to havoc will be giv'n.
To him Dieneces. Platæan friend,
Well doſt thou counſel. On that widening ground
Cloſe to the mountain place thy vet'ran files.
Proportion'd numbers from thy right ſhall ſtretch
Quite to the ſhore in phalanx deep like thine.
The Spartans wedg'd in this contracted part
Will I contain. Behind me Alpheus waits
With lighter bodies. Further back the line

Of Locris forms a ſtrong reſerve. He ſaid.
The diff'rent bands, confiding in his ſkill,
Move on ſucceſſive. The Plataeans firſt
Againſt the hill are ſtation'd. In their van
Dithyrambus rank'd. Triumphant joy
Diſtends their boſoms, ſparkles in their eyes.
Bleſs'd be the great Diomedon, they ſhout,
Who brings another hero to our line.
Hail! Dithyrambus. Hail! illuſtrious youth.
Had tender age permitted, thou hadſt gain'd
An early palm at Marathon. His poſt
He takes. His gladneſs bluſhes on his cheek
Amid the foremoſt rank. Around him crowd
The long-try'd warriors. Their unnumber'd fears
Diſcovering, they in ample phraſe recount
Their various dangers. He their wounds ſurveys
In veneration, nor diſdains to hear
The oft-repeated tale. From Sparta's king
Return'd, the gracious Agis theſe addreſs'd.
Leonidas ſalutes Platæa's chief
And Dithyrambus. To your ſwords he grants
A further effort with Platæa's band,
If yet by toil unconquer'd——but I ſee,
That all, unyielding, court the promis'd fight.
Hail! glorious veterans. This ſignal day
May your victorious arms augment the wreaths
Around your venerable heads, and grace
Thermopylæ with Marathonian fame.
This ſaid, he haſtens back. Meantime advance
The Mantinean, Diophantus brave,
Then Hegeſander, Tegea's dauntleſs chief,
Who near Diomedon in equal range
Erect their ſtandards. Next the Thebans form.
Alcmæon, bold Eupalamus ſucceed
With their Corinthian and Phliaſian bands.
Laſt on the Maſian ſhore Mycenæs youth
Ariſtobulus draws. From Oeta's ſide
Down to the bay in well-connected length
Each gleaming rank contains a hundred ſpears,
While twenty bucklers ev'ry rank condenſe.
A ſure ſupport, Dieneces behind
Arrays the Spartans. Godlike Agis here,
There Menalippus by their leader ſtand
Two bulwarks. Breathing ardour in the rear,
The words of Alpheus fan the growing flame
Of expectation through his light arm'd force;
While Polydorus preſent in his thoughts
To vengeance ſharpens his indignant ſoul.
No ſoe is ſeen. No diſtant ſhout is heard.
This pauſe of action Dithyrambus choſe.
The ſolemn ſcene on Oeta to his friend
He open'd large; pourtray'd Meliſſa's form,
Reveal'd her mandate; when Platæa's chief.
Such elevation of a female mind
Beſpeaks Meliſſa worthy to obtain
The conference ſhe aſks. This wond'rous dame
Amid her hymns conceives ſome lofty thought
To make theſe ſlaves, who loiter in their camp,
Dread ev'n our women. But, my gentle friend,
Say, Dithyrambus, whom the liquid ſpell
Of ſong enchants, ſhould I reproach the gods,
Who form'd me cold to muſic's pleaſing pow'r?
Or ſhould I thank them, that the ſoft'ning charm
Of ſound or numbers ne'er diſſolv'd my ſoul!
Yet I confeſs, thy valour breaks that charm,
Which may enrapture, not unman thy breaſt.
To whom, his friend, Doth he, whoſe lays record
The woes of Priam, and the Grecian fame,
Doth he diſſolve thy ſpirit? Yet he flows
In all the ſweetneſs harmony can breathe.
No, by the gods Diomedon rejoins.
I feel that mighty muſe. I ſee the car
Of fierce Achilles, ſee th' encumber'd wheels
O'er heroes driv'n, and clotted with their gore.
Another too demands my ſoul's eſteem,
Brave Æſchylus of Athens. I have ſeen
His muſe begirt by furies, while ſhe ſwell'd
Her tragic numbers. Him in equal rage
His country's foes o'erwhelming I beheld
At Marathon. If Phœbus would diffuſe
Such fire through ev'ry bard, the tuneful band
Might in themſelves find heroes for their ſongs.
But, ſon of Harmatides, lift thine eye
To yonder point, remoteſt in the bay.
Thoſe ſeeming clouds, which o'er the billows fleet
Succeſſive round the jutting land are ſails.
Th' Athenian pendant haſtens to ſalute
Leonidas. O Æſchylus, my friend,
Firſt in the train of Phœbus and of Mars,
Be thou on board! Swift-bounding o'er the waves,
Come, and be witneſs to heroic deeds!
Brace thy ſtrong harp with loftier-ſounding chords
To celebrate this battle! Fall who may;
But if they fall with honour, let their names
Round feſtive goblets in thy numbers ring,
And joy, not grief, accompany the ſong.
Converſing thus, their courage they beguil'd,
Which elſe impatient of inactive hours
At long-ſuſpended glory had repin'd.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEGISTIAS delivers Meliſſa's meſſage to Leonidas. Medon, her brother, conducts him to the temple. She furniſhes Leonidas with the means of executing a deſign he had premeditated to annoy the enemy. They are joined by a body of mariners under the command of Æſchylus, a celebrated poet and warrior among the Athenians. Leonidas takes the neceſſary meaſures; and, obſerving from a ſummit of Oeta the motion of the Perſian army, expects another attack. This is renewed with great violence by Hyperanthes, Abrocomes, and the principal Perſian leaders at the head of ſome choſen troops.

MEGISTIAS, urging to unwonted ſpeed
His aged ſteps, by Dithyrambus charg'd
With ſage Meliſſa's words, had now rejoin'd
The king of Lacedemon. At his ſide
Was Maron poſted, watchful to receive
His high injunction. In the rear they ſtood
Behind two thouſand Locrians, deep-array'd
By warlike Medon, from Oïleus ſprung.
Leonidas to them his anxious mind
Was thus diſcloſing. Medon, Maron, hear.
From this low rampart my exploring eye
But half commands the action, yet hath mark'd
Enough for caution. You barbarian camp,
Immenſe, exhauſtleſs, deluging the ground
With myriads, ſtill o'erflowing, may conſume
By endleſs numbers, and unceaſing toil

The Grecian ſtrength. Not marble is our fleſh,
Nor adamant our ſinews. Sylvan pow'rs,
Who dwell on Oeta, your ſuperior aid
We muſt ſolicit. Your ſtupendous cliffs
In thoſe looſe rocks, and branchleſs trunks contain
More fell annoyance than the arm of man.
He ended, when Megiſtias. Virtuous king,
Meliſſa, prieſteſs of the tuneful nine,
By their beheſts invites thy honour'd feet
To her chaſte dwelling, ſeated on that hill.
To conference of high import ſhe calls
Thee, firſt of Grecians. Medon interpos'd.
She is my ſiſter. Juſtice rules her ways
With piety and wiſdom. To her voice
The nations round give ear. The muſes breathe
Their inſpiration through her ſpotleſs ſoul
Which borders on divinity. She calls
On thee. O truly ſtyl'd the firſt of Greeks,
Regard her call. Yon cliff's projecting head
To thy diſcernment will afford a ſcope
More full, more certain; thence thy ſkilful eye
Will beſt direct the fight. Meliſſa's ſire
Was ever preſent to the king in thought,
Who thus to Medon. Lead, Oïleus' ſon.
Before the daughter of Oïleus place
My willing feet. They haſten to the cave.
Megiſtias, Maron follow. Through the rock
Leonidas, aſcending to the fane,
Roſe like the god of morning from the cell
Of night, when, ſhedding cheerfulneſs and day
On hill and vale emblaz'd with dewy gems,
He gladdens nature. Lacedemon's king,
Majeſtically graceful and ſerene,
Diſpels the rigour in that ſolemn ſeat
Of holy ſequeſtration. On the face
Of penſive-ey'd religion rapture glows
In admiration of the goldlike man.
Advanc'd Meliſſa. He her proffer'd hand
In hue, in purity like ſnow, receiv'd.
A heav'n-illumin'd dignity of look
On him ſhe fix'd. Rever'd by all, ſhe ſpake.
Hail! chief of men, ſelected by the gods
For purer fame, than Hercules acquir'd.
This hour allows no pauſe. She leads the king
With Medon, Maron, and Megiſtias down
A ſlope, declining to the moſſy verge,
Which terminates the mountain. While they paſs,
The thus proceeds. Theſe marble maſſes view,
Which lie diſpers'd around you. They were hewn
From yonder quarry. Note thoſe pond'rous beams,
The ſylvan offspring of that hill. With theſe
At my requeſt th' Amphictyons from their ſeat
Of gen'ral council pioufly decreed
To raiſe a dome, the ornament of Greece.
Obſerve thoſe wither'd firs, thoſe mould'ring oaks,
Down that declivity, half-rooted, bent,
Inviting human force—Then look below.
There lies Thermopylæ. I ſee, exclaims
The high-conceiving hero. I recal
My father's words and forecaſt. He preſag'd,
Should not find his daughter's counſel vain.
Be to accompliſh what thy wiſdom plans,
With ampleſt means ſupply'd. Go, Medon, bring
The thouſand peaſants from th' Oïean vale
Detach'd. Their leader Meliboeus bring.
Fly, Maron. Ev'ry inſtrument provide
To fell the trees, to drag the maſſy beams,
To lift the broad-hewn-fragments. Are not theſe
For ſacred uſe reſerv'd, Megiſtias ſaid?
Can theſe be wielded by the hand of Mars
Without pollution? In a ſolemn tone
The prieſteſs anſwer'd. Rev'rend man, who bear'ſt
Pontific wreaths, and thou, great captain, hear.
Forbear to think that my unprompted mind,
Calm and ſequeſter'd in religion's peace,
Could have deviſ'd a ſtratagem of war;
Or, unpermitted, could reſign to Mars
Theſe rich materials, gather'd to reſtore
In ſtrength and ſplendour yon decrepid walls,
And that time-ſhaken roof. Rejecting ſleep,
Laſt night I lay, contriving ſwift revenge
On theſe Barbarians, whoſe career profane
O'erturns the Grecian temples, and devotes
Their holy bow'rs to flames. I left my couch,
Long ere the ſun his orient gates unbarr'd.
Beneath yon beach my penſive head reclin'd.
The rivulets, the fountains, warbling round,
Attracted ſlumber. In a dream I ſaw
Calliope. Her ſiſters, all with harps,
Were rang'd around her; as their Parian forms
Show in the temple. Doſt thou ſleep, ſhe ſaid?
Meliſſa, doſt thou ſleep? The barb'rous hoſt
Approaches Greece. The firſt of Grecians comes
By death to vanquiſh. Prieſteſs, let him hurl
Theſe marble heaps, theſe conſecrated beams,
Our fane itſelf to cruſh the impious ranks.
The hero ſummon to our ſacred hill.
Reveal the promis'd ſuccour. All is due
To liberty againſt a tyrant's pride.
She ſtruck her ſhell. In concert full reply'd
The ſiſter lyres. Leonidas they ſung
In ev'ry note and dialect yet known,
In meaſures new, in language yet to come.
She finiſh'd. Then Megiſtias. Dear to heav'n,
By nations honour'd, and in tow'ring thought
O'er either ſex pre-eminent, thy words
To me a ſoldier and a prieſt ſuffice.
I heſitate no longer. But the king,
Wrapt in ecſtatic contemplation, ſtood,
Revolving deep an anſwer, which might ſuit
His dignity and hers. At length he ſpake.
Not Lacedemon's whole collected ſtate
Of ſenate, people, ephori, and kings,
Not the Amphictyons, whoſe convention holds
The univerſal majeſty of Greece,
E'er drew ſuch rev'rence, as thy ſingle form,
O all-ſurpaſſing woman, worthy child
Of time-renown'd Oïleus. In thy voice
I hear the goddeſs, Liberty. I ſee
In thy ſublimity of look and port
That daughter bright of Eleutherian Jove.
Me thou haſt prais'd. My conſcious ſpirit feels,
That not to triumph in thy virtuous praiſe
Were want of virtue. Yet, illuſtrious dame,
Were I aſſur'd, that oracles delude;
That, unavailing, I ſhould ſpill my blood;
That all the muſes of ſubjected Greece
Hereafter would be ſilent, and my name
Be ne'er tranſmitted to recording time;

There is in virtue for her ſake alone,
What ſhould uphold my reſolution firm.
My country's laws I never would ſurvive.
Mov'd at his words, reflecting on his fate,
She had relax'd her dignity of mind,
Had ſunk in ſadneſs; but her brother's helm
Before her beams. Relumining her night,
He through the cave like Heſperus aſcends,
Th' Oilean hinds conducting to achieve
The enterpriſe, ſhe counſels. Now her ear
Is pierc'd by notes, ſhrill ſounding from the vault.
Upſtarts a diff'rent band, alert and light,
Athenian ſailors. Long and ſep'rate files
Of luſty ſhoulders, eas'd by union, bear
Thick, well-compacted cables, wont to heave
The reſiſt anchor. To a naval pipe,
As if one ſoul invigorated all,
And all compos'd one body, they had trod
In equal paces, mazy, yet unbroke
Throughout their paſſage So the ſpinal ſtrength
Of ſome portentous ſerpent, whom the heats
Of Libya breed, indiſſolubly knit,
Put flexible, a-croſs the ſandy plain,
Or up the mountain draws his ſpotted length,
Or where a winding excavation leads
Through rocks abrupt and wild. Of ſtature large,
In arms, which ſhow'd ſimplicity of ſtrength,
No decoration of redundant art,
With ſable horſe-hair, floating down his back,
A warrior moves behind. Compos'd in gait,
Auſterely grave and thoughtful, on his ſhield
The democratic majeſty he bore
Of Athens. Carv'd in emblematic braſs,
Her image ſtood with Pallas by her ſide,
And trampled under each victorious foot
A regal crown, one Perſian, one uſurpt
By her own tyrants on the well-fought plain
Of Marathon confounded. He commands
Theſe future guardians of their country's weal,
Of gen'ral Greece the bulwarks. Their high deeds
From Artemiſium, from th' empurpled ſhores
Of Salamis renown ſhall echo wide;
Shall tell poſterity in lateſt times,
That naval fortitude controuls the world.
Swift Maron, following, brings a vig'rous band
Of Helots. Ev'ry inſtrument they wield
To delve, to hew, to heave; and active laſt
Bounds Melibœus, vigilant to urge
The tardy forward. To Laconia's king
Advanc'd th' Athenian leader, and began:
Thou godlike ruler of Eurotas, hail!
Thee by my voice Themiſtocles ſalutes,
The admiral of Athens. I conduct
By public choice the ſquadron of my tribe,
And Æſchylus am call'd. Our chief hath giv'n
Three days to glory on Euboea's coaſt,
Whoſe promontories almoſt riſe to meet
Thy ken from Oeta's cliffs. This morning ſaw
The worſted foe, from Artemiſium driv'n,
Leave their diſabled ſhips, and floating wrecks
For Grecian trophies. When the fight was clos'd,
I was detach'd to bring th' auſpicious news,
To bid thee welcome. Fortunate my keel
Hath ſwiftly borne me. Joyful I concur
In thy attempt. Appris'd by yonder chiefs,
Who met me landing, inſtant from the ſhips
A thouſand gallant mariners I drew,
Who till the ſetting ſun ſhall lend their toil.
Themiſtocles and thou accept my heart,
Leonidas reply'd, and cloſely ſtrain'd
The brave, the learn'd Athenian to his breaſt.
To envy is ignoble, to admire
Th' activity of Athens will become
A king of Sparta, who like thee condemn'd
His country's ſloth. But Sparta now is arm'd.
Thou ſhalt commend. Behold me ſtation'd here
To watch the wild viciſſitudes of war,
Direct the courſe of ſlaughter. To this poſt
By that ſuperior woman I was call'd.
By long protracted fight leſt fainting Greece
Should yield, outnumber'd, my enlighten'd ſoul
Through her, whom heav'n enlightens, hath devis'd
To whelm the num'rous, perſevering foe
In hideous death, and ſignalize the day
With horrors new to war. The muſes prompt
The bright achievement. Lo! from Athens ſmile
Minerva too. Her ſwift, auſpicious aid
In thee we find, and theſe, an ancient race,
By her and Neptune cheriſh'd. Straight he meet
The gallant train, majeſtic with his arms
Outſtretch'd, in this applauding ſtrain he ſpake:
O lib'ral people, earlieſt arm'd to ſhield
Not your own Athens more, than gen'ral Greec
You beſt deſerve her gratitude. Her praiſe
Will rank you foremoſt on the rolls of fame.
They hear, they gaze, revering and rever'd.
Freſh numbers muſter, ruſhing from the hills,
The thickets round. Meliſſa, pointing, ſpake:
I am their leader. Native of the hills
Are theſe, the rural worſhippers of Pan,
Who breathes an ardour through their humb minds
To join your warriors. Vaſſals theſe, not mine,
But of the muſes, and their hallow'd laws,
Adminiſter'd by me. Their patient hands
Make culture ſmile, where nature ſeems to chid
Nor wanting my inſtructions, or my pray'rs,
Fertility they ſcatter by their toil
Around this aged temple's wild domain.
Is Melibœus here! Thou fence ſecure
To old Oileus from the cares of time,
Thrice art thou welcome. Uſeful, wiſe, belov'd
Where'er thou ſojourneſt, on Oeta known,
As oft the bounty of a father's love
Then on Meliſſa's ſolitude doſt pour,
Be thou director of theſe mountain hinds.
Th' important labour to inſpiring airs
From flutes and harps in ſymphony with hymn
Of holy virgins, ardent all perform,
In bands divided under diſtinct chiefs.
Huge timbers, blocks of marble to remove
They firſt attempted; then aſſembled ſtones
Looſe in their beds, and wither'd trunks, uptor
By tempeſts; next diſmembled from the rock
Broad, rugged fragments; from the mounta hew'd
Their venerable firs, and aged oaks,
Which, of their branches by the lightning bar'
Preſented ſtill againſt the blaſting flame
Their hoary pride unſhaken. Theſe the Greek
But chief th' Athenian mariners, to force
Uniting ſkill, with maſſy leavers heave,

With ſtrong-knit cables drag: till, now diſpos'd,
Where great Leonidas appoints, the piles
Nod o'er the Streights. This new and ſudden ſcene
Might lift imagination to belief,
That Orpheus and Amphion from their beds
Of ever blooming aſphodel had heard
The muſes call; had brought their fabled harps,
At whoſe melliſluent charm once more the trees
Had burſt their fibrous bands, and marbles leap'd
In rapid motion from the quarry's womb,
That day to follow harmony in aid
Of gen'rous valour. Fancy might diſcern
Cerulean Tethys, from her coral grot
Emerging, ſeated on her pearly car,
With Nereids, floating on the ſurge below,
To view in wonder from the Malian bay
The Attic ſons of Neptune; who forſook
Their wooden walls to range th' Oetæan crags,
To rend the foreſts, and disjoin the rocks.
Meantime a hundred ſheep are ſlain. Their limbs
From burning piles fume grateful. Bounty ſpreads
A decent board. Simplicity attends.
Then ſpake the prieſteſs. Long-enduring chiefs,
Your efforts, now accompliſh'd, may admit
Reflection due to this hard-labour'd train,
Due to yourſelves. Her hoſpitable ſmile
Wins her well-choſen gueſts, Laconia's king,
Her brother, Maron, Æſchylus divine
With Acarnania's prieſt. Her firſt commands
To Melibœus ſedulous and blithe
Diſtribute plenty through the toiling crowd.
Then, ſkreen'd beneath cloſe umbrage of an oak,
Each care-diveſted chief the banquet ſhares.
Cool breezes, whiſp'ring, flutter in the leaves,
Whoſe verdure, pendent in an arch, repel
The weſt'ring ſun's hot glare. Favonius bland
His breath impregnates with exhaling ſweets
From flow'ry beds, whoſe ſcented cluſters deck
The gleaming pool in view. Faſt by, a brook
In limpid lampſes over native ſteps
Attunes his cadence to ſonorous ſtrings,
And liquid accents of Meliſſa's maids.
The floating air in melody reſpires.
A rapture mingles in the calm repaſt.
Upriſes Æſchylus. A goblet full
He graſps. To thoſe divinities, who dwell
In yonder temple, this libation firſt,
To thee, benignant hoſteſs, next I pour,
Then to thy fame, Leonidas. He ſaid.
His breaſt, with growing heat diſtended, prompts
His eager hand, to whoſe expreſſive ſign
One of the virgins cedes her ſacred lyre.
Their choral ſong complacency reſtrains.
The ſoul of muſic, burſting from his touch,
At once gives birth to ſentiment ſublime.
O Hercules, and Perſeus, he began,
Star-ſpangled twins of Leda, and the reſt
Of Jove's immediate ſeed, your ſplendid acts
Mankind protected, while the race was rude;
While o'er the earth's unciviliz'd extent
The ſavage monſter, and the ruffian ſway'd,
More ſavage ſtill. No policy, nor laws
Had fram'd ſocieties. By ſingle ſtrength
A ſingle ruffian, or a monſter fell.
The legiſlator roſe. Three lights in Greece,
Lycurgus, Solon and Zaleucus blaz'd.
Then, ſubſtituting wiſdom, Jove profuſe
Of his own blood no longer, gave us more
In diſcipline and manners, which can form
A hero like Leonidas, than all
The god-begotten progeny before.
The pupils next of Solon claim the muſe.
Sound your hoarſe conchs, ye Tritons. You beheld
The Atlantean ſhape of ſlaughter wade
Through your aſtoniſh'd deeps, his purple arm
Uplifting high before th' Athenian line.
You ſaw bright conqueſt, riding on the gale,
Which ſwell'd their ſails; ſaw terror at their helms
To guide their brazen beaks on Aſia's pride.
Her adamantine grapple from their decks
Fate threw, and ruin on the hoſtile fleet
Inextricably faſten'd. Sound, ye nymphs
Of Oeta's mountains, of her woods and ſtreams,
Who hourly witneſs to Meliſſa's worth,
Ye oreads, dryads, naiads, ſound her praiſe.
Proclaim Zaleucus by his daughter grac'd
Like Solon and Lycurgus by their ſons.
Laconia's hero, and the prieſteſs bow'd
Their foreheads grateful to the bard ſublime.
She, riſing, takes the word. More ſweet thy lyre
To friendſhip's ear, than terrible to foes
Thy ſpear in battle, though the keeneſt point,
Which ever pierc'd Barbarians. Cloſe we here
The ſong and banquet. Hark! a diſtant din
From Aſia's camp requires immediate care.
She leads. Along the rocky verge they paſs.
In calm delight Leonidas ſurveys
All in the order, which he laſt aſſign'd;
As o'er Thermopylæ beneath he caſt
A wary look. The mountain's furtheſt crag
Now reach'd, Meliſſa to the king began:
Obſerve that ſpace below, diſpers'd in dales,
In hollows, winding through diſſever'd rocks.
The ſlender outlet, ſkreen'd by yonder ſhrubs,
Leads to the paſs. There ſtately to my view
The martial queen of Caria yeſter ſun,
Deſcending, ſhow'd. Her loudly I reprov'd.
But ſhe, devoted to the Perſian king,
In ambuſh there preſerv'd his flying hoſt.
She laſt retreated; but, retreating, prov'd
Her valour equal to a better cauſe.
Again I ſee the heroine approach.
Megiſtias then. I ſee a powerful arm,
Suſtaining firm the large, emblazon'd ſhield,
Which, faſhion'd firſt in Caria, we have learn'd
To imitate in Greece. Sublime her port
Beſpeaks a mighty ſpirit. Prieſteſs, look.
An act of piety ſhe now performs,
Directing thoſe, perhaps her Carian band,
To bear dead brethren from the bloody field.
Among the horſemen an exalted form
Like Demaratus ſtrikes my ſearching eye.
To me, recalling his tranſcendent rank
In Sparta once, he ſeems a languid ſun,
Which dimly ſinks in exhalations dark,
Enveloping his radiance. While he ſpake,
Intent on martial duty Medon views
The dang'rous thicket; Lacedemon's chief,
Around the region his conſid'rate eye
Extending, marks each movement of the foe.

Th' imperial Perſian from his lofty car
Had in the morning's early conflict ſeen
His vanquiſh'd army, pouring from the ſtreights
Back to their tents, and o'er his camp diſpers'd
In conſternation; as a river burſts
Impetuous from his fountain, then, enlarg'd,
Spreads a dead ſurface o'er ſome level marſh.
Th' aſtoniſh'd king thrice ſtarted from his ſeat;
Shame, fear and indignation rent his breaſt;
As ruin irreſiſtible were near
To overwhelm his millions. Haſte, he call'd
To Hyperanthes, haſte and meet the Greeks.
Their daring rage, their inſolence repel.
From ſuch diſhonour vindicate our name.
His royal brother through th' extenſive camp
Obedient mov'd. Deliberate and brave,
Each active prince from ev'ry tent remote,
The hardieſt troops he ſummon'd. Caria's queen,
To Hyperanthes bound by firm eſteem
Of worth, unrivall'd in the Perſian court,
In ſolemn pace was now returning ſlow
Before a band, tranſporting from the field
Their ſlain companions to the ſandy beach.
She ſtopp'd, and thus addreſs'd him. Learn, O prince,
From one, whoſe wiſhes on thy merit wait,
The only means to bind thy gallant brow
In faireſt wreathes. To break the Grecian line
In vain ye ſtruggle, unarray'd and lax,
Depriv'd of union. Try to form one band
In order'd ranks, and emulate the foe.
Nor to ſecure a thicket next the paſs
Forget. Selected numbers ſtation there.
Farewell, young hero. May thy fortune prove
Unlike to mine. Had Aſia's millions ſpar'd
One myriad to ſuſtain me, none had ſeen
Me quit the dang'rous conteſt. But the head
Of baſe Argeſtes on ſome future day
Shall feel my treaſur'd vengeance. From the fleet
I only ſtay, till burial rites are paid
To theſe dead Carians. On this fatal ſtrand
May Artemiſia's grief appeaſe your ghoſts,
My faithful ſubjects, ſacrific'd in vain.
The hero grateful and reſpectful heard,
What ſoon his warmth neglected at the ſight
Of ſpears, which ſtam'd innumerable round.
Beyond the reſt in luſtre was a band,
The ſatellites of Xerxes. They forſook
Their conſtant orbit round th' imperial throne
At this dread criſis. To a myriad fix'd,
From their unchanging number they deriv'd
The title of Immortals. Light their ſpears;
Set in pomegranates of refulgent gold,
Or burniſh'd ſilver, were the ſlender blades.
Magnificent and ſtately were the ranks.
The prince, commanding mute attention, ſpake.
In two diviſions part your number, chiefs.
One will I lead to conflict. In my ranks
Abrocomes, Hydarnes ſhall advance,
Pandates, Mindus, Intaphernes brave
To wreſt this ſhort-liv'd victory from Greece.
Thou, Abradates, by Soſarmes join'd,
Oronres and Mazæus, keep the reſt
From action. Future ſuccour they muſt lend,
Should envious fate exhauſt our num'rous files.
For, O pure Mithra, may thy radiant eye
Ne'er ſee us, yielding to ignoble flight,
The Perſian name diſhonour. May the acts
Of our renown'd progenitors, who, led
By Cyrus, gave one monarch to the eaſt,
In us revive. O think, ye Perſian lords,
What endleſs infamy will blaſt your names;
Should Greece, that narrow portion of the earth,
Your pow'r defy: when Babylon hath low'r'd
Her tow'ring creſt, when Lydia's pride is quell'd
In Cræſus vanquiſh'd, when her empire loſt
Ecbatana deplores. Ye choſen guard,
Your king's immortal bulwark, O reflect,
What deeds from your ſuperior ſwords he claims.
You ſhare his largeſt bounty. To your faith,
Your conſtancy and proweſs he commits
His throne, his perſon, and this day his fame.
They wave their banners, blazing in the ſun,
Who then three hours tow'rd Heſperus had driv'n
From his meridian height. Amid their ſhouts
The hoarſe-reſounding billows are not heard.
Of diff'rent nations, and in diff'rent garb,
Innumerous and vary'd like the ſhells,
By reſtleſs Tethys ſcatter'd on the beach,
O'er which they trod, the multitude advanc'd,
Straight by Leonidas deſery'd. The van
Abrocomes and Hyperanthes led,
Pandates, Mindus. Violent their march
Sweeps down the rocky, hollow-ſounding paſs.
So, where th' unequal globe in mountains ſwells,
A torrent rolls his thund'ring ſurge between
The ſteep-erected cliffs; tumultuous daſh
The waters, burſting on the pointed crags:
The valley roars; the marble channel foams.
Th' undaunted Greeks immoveably withſtand
The dire encounter. Soon th' impetuous ſhock
Of thouſands and of myriads ſhakes the ground.
Stupendous ſcene of terror! Under hills,
Whoſe ſides, half-arching, o'er the hoſts project,
The unabating fortitude of Greece
Maintains her line, th' untrain'd Barbarians charge
In ſavage fury. With inverted trunks,
Or bent obliquely from the ſhagged ridge,
The ſilvan horrors overſhade the fight.
The clanging trump, the craſh of mingled ſpears,
The groan of death, and war's diſcordant ſhouts
Alarm the echoes in their neighb'ring caves;
Woods, cliffs and ſhores return the dreadful ſound

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

HYPERANTHES diſcontinuing the fight, while he waits for reinforcements, Teribazus, a Perſian remarkable for his merit and learning, and highly beloved by Hyperanthes, but unhappy in his paſſion for Ariana, a daughter of Darius, advances from the reſt of the army to the reſcue of a friend in diſtreſs, who lay wounded on the field of battle. Teribazus is attacked by Diophantus, the Mantinean, whom he overcomes; then engaging with Dithyrambus is himſelf ſlain. Hyperanthes haſtens to his ſuccour. A general battle enſues, where Diomedon diſtinguiſhes his valour. Hyperanthes and Abrocomes, partly by their own efforts and partly by the perfidy of the Thebans, who deſert the line, being on the point of forcing the Grecians, are repulſed by the Lacedemonians. Hyperanthes compoſes a ſelect body of

of the Perſian ſtanding forces, and, making an improvement in their diſcipline, renews the attack; upon which Leonidas changes the diſpoſition of his army. Hyperanthes and the ableſt Perſian generals are driven out of the field, and ſeveral thouſands of the Barbarians, circumvented in the paſs, are entirely deſtroyed.

Amid the van of Perſia was a youth,
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden ſtores,
Not for wide paſtures, travers'd o'er by herds,
By fleece-abounding ſheep, or gen'rous ſteeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor ſplendid honours fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine;
Through ev'ry path of ſcience had he walk'd,
The votary of wiſdom. In the years,
When tender down inveſts the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaſtres. Then his tow'ring thoughts
High on the plumes of contemplation ſoar'd.
He from the loſty Babylonian ſane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the heav'nly ſphere,
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, which gleam
On night's beſpangled boſom. Nor unheard
Were Indian ſages from ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
While on the banks of Ganges they diſcloſ'd
The pow'rs of nature, whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, the healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The realm of old Seſoſtris next he view'd,
Myſterious Egypt with her hidden rites
Of Iſis and Oſiris. Laſt he ſought
Th' Ionian Greeks, from Athens ſprung, nor paſs'd
Miletis by, which once in rapture heard
The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
Where wiſdom dwelt with Bias, nor the ſeat
Of Pittacus, rever'd on Leſbian ſhores.
Th' enlighten'd youth to Suſa now return'd,
Place of his birth. His merit ſoon was dear
To Hyperanthes. It was now the time,
That diſcontent and murmur on the banks
Of Nile were loud and threat'ning. Chembes there
The only faithful ſtood, a potent lord,
Whom Xerxes held by promis'd nuptial ties
With his own blood. To this Egyptian prince
Bright Ariana was the deſtin'd ſpouſe,
From the ſame bed with Hyperanthes born.
Among her guards was Teribazus nam'd
By that fond brother, tender of her weal.
Th' Egyptian boundaries they gain. They hear
Of inſurrection, of the Pharian tribes
In arms, and Chembes in the tumult ſlain.
They pitch their tents, at midnight are aſſail'd,
Surpris'd, their leaders maſſacred, the ſlaves
Of Ariana captives borne away,
Her own pavilion forc'd, her perſon ſeiz'd
By ruffian hands: when timely to redeem
Her and th' invaded camp from further ſpoil
Flies Teribazus with a rally'd band,
Swift on her chariot ſeats the royal fair,
Nor waits the dawn. Of all her menial train
None, but three female ſlaves are left. Her guide,
Her comforter and guardian fate provides
In him, diſtinguiſh'd by his worth alone,
No prince, nor ſatrap, now the ſingle chief
Of her ſurviving guard. Of regal birth,
But with excelling graces in her ſoul,
Unlike an eaſtern princeſs ſhe inclines
To his conſoling, his inſtructive tongue
An humbled ear. Amid the converſe ſweet
Her charms, her mind, her virtues he explores,
Admiring. Soon is admiration chang'd
To love; nor loves he ſooner, than deſpairs.
From morn till ev'n her paſſing wheels he guards
Back to Euphrates. Often, as ſhe mounts,
Or quits the car, his arm her weight ſuſtains
With trembling pleaſure. His aſſiduous hand
From pureſt fountains wafts the living flood.
Nor ſeldom by the fair one's ſoft command
Would he repoſe him, at her feet reclin'd;
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won by his grateful eloquence, which footh'd
With ſweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His pains a while, in raptures vain entranc'd,
Deluſion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcaſt by more intenſe deſpair;
Like wint'ry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black folds with gleams of ſcatter'd light,
Then, ſwiftly cloſing, on the brow of morn
Condenſe their horrors, and in thickeſt gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. They now approach
The tow'r of Belus. Hyperanthes leads
Through Babylon an army to chaſtiſe
The crime of Egypt. Teribazus here
Parts from his princeſs, marches bright in ſteel
Beneath his patron's banner, gathers palms
On conquer'd Nile. To Suſa he returns,
To Ariana's reſidence, and bears
Deep in his heart th' immedicable wound.
But unreveal'd and ſilent was his pain;
Nor yet in ſolitary ſhades he roam'd,
Nor ſhun'd reſort: but o'er his ſorrows caſt
A fickly dawn of gladneſs, and in ſmiles
Conceal'd his anguiſh; while the ſecret flame
Rag'd in his boſom, and its peace conſum'd:
His ſoul ſtill brooding o'er theſe mournful thoughts.
Can I, O Wiſdom, find relief in thee,
Who doſt approve my paſſion? From the ſnares
Of beauty only thou wouldſt guard my heart.
But here thyſelf art charm'd; where ſoftneſs, grace,
And ev'ry virtue dignify deſire.
Yet thus to love, deſpairing to poſſeſs,
Of all the torments, by relentleſs fate
On life inflicted, is the moſt ſevere.
Do I not feel thy warnings in my breaſt,
That flight alone can ſave me? I will go
Back to the learn'd Chaldæans, on the banks
Of Ganges ſeek the ſages; where to heav'n
With thee my elevated ſoul ſhall tow'r.
O wretched Teribazus! all conſpires
Againſt thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares
To overwhelm the Grecians. Ev'ry youth
Is call'd to war; and I, who lately pois'd
With no inglorious arm the ſoldier's lance,
Who near the ſide of Hyperanthes fought,
Muſt join the throng. How therefore can I fly
From Ariana, who with Aſia's queens
The ſplendid camp of Xerxes muſt adorn?
Then be it ſo. Again I will adore
Her gentle virtues. Her delightful voice,
Her gracious ſweetneſs ſhall again diffuſe

Reſiſtleſs magic through my raviſh'd heart;
Till paſſion, thus with double rage enflam'd,
Swells to diſtraction in my tortur'd breaſt,
Then—but in vain through darkneſs do I ſearch
My fate—Deſpair and fortune be my guides.
The day arriv'd, when Xerxes firſt advanc'd
His arms from Suſa's gates. The Perſian dames,
So were accuſtom'd all the eaſtern fair,
In ſumptuous cars accompany'd his march,
A beauteous train, by Ariana grac'd.
Her Teribazus follows, on her wheels
Attends and pines. Such woes oppreſs the youth,
Oppreſs, but not enervate. From the van
He in this ſecond conflict had withſtood
The threat'ning frown of adamantine Mars,
He ſingly, while his braveſt friends recoil'd.
His manly temples no tiara bound.
The ſlender lance of Aſia he diſdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he tow'r'd
In Grecian arms the wonder of his foes;
Among th' Ionians were his ſtrenuous limbs
Train'd in the gymnic ſchool. A fulgent caſque
Enclos'd his head. Before his face and cheſt
Down to the knees an ample ſhield was ſpread.
A pond'rous ſpear he ſhook. The well-aim'd point
Sent two Phliaſians to the realms of death
With four Tegæans, whoſe indignant chief,
Brave Hegeſander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
With ſtreaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far unmatch'd,
His arm prevail'd; when Hyperanthes call'd
From fight his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reinforc'd by reſt.
Meantime with Teribazus thus confer'd
Th' applauding prince. Thou much deſerving youth,
Had twenty warriors in the dang'rous van
Like thee maintain'd the onſet, Greece had wept
Her proſtrate ranks. The weary'd fight awhile
I now relax, till Abradates ſtrong,
Orontes and Mazæus are advanc'd.
Then to the conflict will I give no pauſe.
If not by proweſs, yet by endleſs toil
Succeſſive numbers ſhall exhauſt the foe.
He ſaid. Immers'd in ſadneſs, ſcarce reply'd,
But to himſelf complain'd the am'rous youth.
Still do I languiſh, mourning o'er the fame,
My arms acquires. Tormented heart! thou feat
Of conſtant ſorrow, what deceitful ſmiles
Yet canſt thou borrow from unreal hope
To flatter life? at Ariana's feet
What if with ſupplicating knees I bow,
Implore her pity, and reveal my love.
Wretch! canſt thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
And ſhare the ſplendours, which irradiate heav'n?
Doſt thou aſpire to that exalted maid,
Great Xerxes' ſiſter, rivalling the claim
Of Aſia's proudeſt potentates and kings?
Unleſs within her boſom I inſpir'd
A paſſion fervent, as my own, nay more,
Such, as diſpelling ev'ry virgin fear,
Might, unreſtrain'd, diſcloſe its fond deſire,
My love is hopeleſs; and her willing hand,
Should ſhe beſtow it, draws from Aſia's lord
On both perdition. By deſpair benumb'd,
His limbs their action loſe. A wiſh for death
O'ercaſts and chills his ſoul. When ſudden cries
From Ariamnes rouſe his drooping pow'rs.
Alike in manners they of equal age
Were friends, and partners in the glorious toil
Of war. Together they victorious chas'd
The bleeding ſons of Nile, when Egypt's pride
Before the ſword of Hyperanthes fell.
That lov'd companion Teribazus views
By all abandon'd, in his gore outſtretch'd
The victor's ſpoil. His languid ſpirit ſtarts;
He ruſhes ardent from the Perſian line;
The wounded warrior in his ſtrong embrace
He bears away. By indignation ſtung,
Fierce from the Grecians Diophantus ſends
A loud defiance. Teribazus leaves
His reſcu'd friend. His maſſy ſhield he rears;
High-brandiſhing his formidable ſpear,
He turns intrepid on th' approaching foe.
Amazement follows. On he ſtrides, and ſhakes
The plumed honours of his ſhining creſt.
Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight,
Pierc'd in the throat, with ſounding arms he falls.
Through ev'ry file the Mantineans mourn.
Long on the ſlain the victor fix'd his ſight
With theſe reflections. By thy ſplendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank.
From thy ill fortune I perhaps derive
A more conſpicuous luſtre—What if heav'n
Should add new victims, ſuch as thou, to grace
My undeſerving hand? who knows, but ſhe
Might ſmile upon my trophies. Oh! vain thought!
I ſee the pride of Aſia's monarch ſwell
With vengeance fatal to her beauteous head.
Diſperſe, ye phantom hopes. Too long, torn heart,
Haſt thou with grief contended. Lo! I plant
My foot this moment on the verge of death,
By fame invited, by deſpair impell'd
To paſs th' irremeable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his ſtep,
But here conclude his doom. Then ceaſe to heave,
Thou troubled boſom, ev'ry thought be calm
Now at th' approach of everlaſting peace.
He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh,
Not leſs, than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,
The Perſian warrior to the Greek began:
Art thou th' unconquerable chief, who mow'd
Our battle down? That eagle on thy ſhield
Too well proclaims thee. To attempt thy force
I raſhly purpos'd. That my ſingle arm
Thou deign'ſt to meet, accept my thanks, and know,
The thought of conqueſt leſs employs my ſoul,
Than admiration of thy glorious deeds,
And that by thee I cannot fall diſgrac'd.
He ceas'd. Theſe words the Theſpian youth return'd:
Of all the praiſes from thy gen'rous mouth
The only portion, my deſert may claim,
Is this my bold adventure to confront
Thee, yet unmatch'd. What Grecian hath not mark'd
Thy flaming ſteel? from Aſia's boundleſs camp
Not one hath equall'd thy victorious might.
But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?
Whence thy tall ſpear, thy helmet? Whence the weight
Of that ſtrong ſhield? Unlike thy eaſtern friends,
O if thou be'ſt ſome fugitive, who, loſt

To liberty and virtue, art become
A tyrant's vile ſtipendiary, that arm,
That valour thus triumphant I deplore,
Which after all their efforts and ſucceſs
Deſerve no honour from the gods, or men.
Here Teribazus in a ſigh rejoin'd,
I am to Greece a ſtranger, am a wretch
To thee unknown, who courts this hour to die,
Yet not ignobly, but in death to raiſe
My name from darkneſs, while I end my woes.
The Grecian then: I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
Firm reſolution, ſeated on thy brow,
Though grief hath dimm'd thy drooping eye, demand
My veneration: and whatever be
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,
Infeſting thus thy quiet, they create
Within my breaſt the pity of a friend.
Why then, conſtraining my reluctant hand
To act againſt thee will thy might ſupport
Th' unjuſt ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty and peace?
Yet free from rage, or enmity I lift
My adverſe weapon. Victory I aſk.
Thy life may fate for happier days reſerve.
This ſaid, their beaming lances they protend,
Of hoſtile hate, or fury both devoid,
As on the Iſthmian, or Olympic ſands
For fame alone contending. Either hoſt,
Pois'd on their arms, in ſilent wonder gaze.
The fight commences. Soon the Grecian ſpear,
Which all the day in conſtant battle worn,
Unnumber'd ſhields and corſelets had transfix'd,
Againſt the Perſian buckler, ſhiv'ring, breaks,
Its maſter's hand diſarming. Then began
The ſenſe of honour, and the dread of ſhame
To ſwell in Dithyrambus. Undiſmay'd,
He grappled with his foe, and inſtant ſeiz'd
His threat'ning ſpear, before th' uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.
The weapon burſt between their ſtruggling graſp.
Their hold they looſen, bare their ſhining ſwords.
With equal ſwiftneſs to defend, or charge,
Each active youth advances and recedes.
On ev'ry ſide they traverſe. Now direct,
Obliquely now the wheeling blades deſcend.
Still is the conflict dubious; when the Greek,
Diſſembling, points his falchion to the ground,
His arm depreſſing, as o'ercome by toil:
While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows, repeated by his active foe.
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The ranks of Aſia; Hyperanthes ſtrides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant: while the wary Greek
Calm and defenſive bears th' aſſault. At laſt,
As by th' incautious fury of his ſtrokes,
The Perſian ſwung his cov'ring ſhield aſide,
The fatal moment Dithyrambus ſeiz'd.
Light darting forward with his feet outſtretch'd,
Between th' unguarded ribs he plung'd his ſteel.
Affection, grief, and terror, wing the ſpeed
Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
The Greek retires, not diſtant and awaits
The Perſian prince. But he with wat'ry cheeks
In ſpeechleſs anguiſh claſps his dying friend;
From whoſe cold lip with interrupted phraſe
Theſe accents break: O deareſt, beſt of men!
Ten thouſand thoughts of gratitude and love
Are ſtruggling in my heart—O'erpow'ring fate
Denies my voice the utt'rance—O my friend!
O Hyperanthes! Hear my tongue unfold
What, had I liv'd, thou never ſhould'ſt have known.
I lov'd thy ſiſter. With deſpair I lov'd.
Soliciting this honourable doom,
Without regret in Perſia's ſight and thine
I fall. Th' inexorable hand of fate
Weighs down his eyelids, and the gloom of death
His fleeting light eternally o'erſhades.
Him on Choaſpes o'er the blooming verge
A frantic mother ſhall bewail; ſhall ſtrew
Her ſilver treſſes in the cryſtal wave:
While all the ſhores re-echo to the name
Of Teribazus loſt. Th' afflicted prince,
Contemplating in tears the pallid corſe,
Vents in theſe words the bitterneſs of grief:
Oh, Teribazus! Oh! my friend, whoſe loſs
I will deplore for ever. Oh! what pow'r,
By me, by thee offended, clos'd thy breaſt
To Hyperanthes in diſtruſt unkind!
She ſhould, ſhe muſt have lov'd thee—Now no more
Thy placid virtues, thy inſtructive tongue
Shall drop their ſweetneſs on my ſecret hours.
But in complaints doth friendſhip waſte the time,
Which to immediate vengeance ſhould be giv'n.
He ended, ruſhing furious on the Greek;
Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd,
While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
The laſt embraces of his gaſping friend,
Stood nigh, reclin'd in ſadneſs on his ſhield,
And in the pride of victory repin'd.
Unmark'd, his foe approach'd. But forward ſprung
Diomedon. Before the Theſpian youth
Aloft he rais'd his targe, and loudly thus:
Hold thee Barbarian, from a life more worth,
Than thou and Xerxes with his hoſt of ſlaves.
His words he ſeconds with his rapid lance.
Soon a tremendous conflict had enſu'd;
But Intaphernes, Mindus, and a crowd
Of Perſian lords, advancing, fill the ſpace
Betwixt th' uncount'ring chiefs. In mutual wrath,
With fruitleſs efforts they attempt the fight.
So rage two bulls along th' oppoſing banks
Of ſome deep flood, which parts the fruitful mead.
Defiance thunders from their angry mouths
In vain: in vain the furrow'd ſod they rend;
Wide rolls the ſtream, and intercepts the war.
As by malignant fortune, if a drop
Of moiſture mingles with a burning maſs
Of liquid metal, inſtant ſhow'rs of death
On ev'ry ſide th' exploding fluid ſpreads;
So diſappointment irritates the flame
Of fierce Platæa's chief, whoſe vengeance burſts
In wide deſtruction. Embas, Daucus fall,
Arſæus, Ochos, Mendus, Artias die;
And ten moſt hardy of th' immortal guard,
To ſhivers breaking on the Grecian ſhield
Their gold-embelliſh'd weapons, raiſe a mound
O'er thy pale body, O in prime deſtroy'd,
Of Aſia's garden once the faireſt plant,
Fall'n Teribazus! Thy diſtracted friend
From this thy temporary tomb is dragg'd
By forceful zeal of ſatraps to the ſhore;

Where then the brave Abrocomes arrang'd
The ſuccours new, by Abradates brought,
Orontes and Mazæus. Turning ſwift,
Abrocomes inform'd his brother thus:
Strong reinforcement from th' immortal guard
Pandates bold to Intaphernes leads,
In charge to haraſs by perpetual toil
Thoſe Grecians next the mountain. Thou unite
To me thy valour: Here the hoſtile ranks
Leſs ſtable ſeem. Our joint impreſſion try;
Let all the weight of battle here impend.
Rouſe, Hyperanthes. Give regret to winds.
Who hath not loſt a friend this direful day?
Let not our private cares aſſiſt the Greeks,
Too ſtrong already; or let forrow act:
Mourn and revenge. Theſe animating words
Send Hyperanthes to the foremoſt line:
His vengeful ardour leads. The battle joins.
Who ſtemm'd this tide of onſet? Who imbru'd
His ſhining ſpear the firſt in Perſian blood?
Eupalamus. Artembares he ſlew,
With Derdas fierce, whom Caucaſus had rear'd
On his tempeſtuous brow, the ſavage ſons
Of violence and rapine. But their doom
Fires Hyperanthes, whoſe vindictive blade
Arreſts the victor in his haughty courſe.
Beneath the ſtrong Abrocomes o'erwhelm'd,
Meliſſus ſwells the number of the dead.
None could Mycenæ boaſt of prouder birth,
Than young Meliſſus, who in ſilver mail
The line emhelliſh'd. He in Cirrha's mead,
Where high Parnaſſus from his double top
O'erſhades the Pythian games, the envy'd prize
Of fame obtain'd. Low ſinks his laurell'd head
In death's cold night; and horrid gore deforms
The graceful hair. Impatient to revenge
Ariſtobulus ſtrides before the van.
A ſtorm of fury darkens all his brow.
Around he rolls his gloomy eye. For death
Is Alyattes mark'd, of regal blood,
Deriv'd from Crœſus, once imperial lord
Of nations. Him the nymphs of Halys wept;
When, with deluſive oracles beguil'd
By Delphi's god, he paſs'd their fatal waves
A mighty empire to diſſolve: nor knew
Th' ill-deſtin'd prince, that envious fortune watch'd
That direful moment from his hand to wreſt
The ſceptre of his fathers. In the ſhade
Of humble life, his race on Timolus' brow
Lay hid; till, rous'd to battle, on this field
Sinks Alyattes, and a royal breed,
In him extinct forever. Lycis dies,
For boiſt'rous war ill-choſen. He was ſkill'd
To tune the lulling flute, and melt the heart;
Or with his pipe's awak'ning ſtrain allure
The lovely dames of Lydia to the dance.
They on the verdant level graceful mov'd
In vary'd meaſures; while the cooling breeze
Beneath their ſwelling garments wanton'd o'er
Their ſnowy breaſts, and ſmooth Cayſter's ſtream,
Soft-gliding, murmur'd by. The hoſtile blade
Draws forth his entrails. Prone he falls. Not long
The victor triumphs. From the proſtrate corſe
Of Lycis, while, inſulting, he extracts
The reeking weapon, Hyperanthes' ſteel
Invades his knee, and cuts the ſinewy cords.
The Mycenæans with uplifted ſhields,
Corinthians and Phliaſians cloſe around
The wounded chieftain. In redoubled rage
The conteſt glows. Abrocomes incites
Each noble Perſian. Each his voice obeys.
Here Abradates, there Mazæus preſs,
Orontes and Hydarnes. None retire
From toil, or peril. Urg'd on ev'ry ſide,
Mycenæ's band to fortune leave their chief.
Deſpairing, raging, deſtitute he ſtands,
Propt on his ſpear. His wound forbids retreat.
None but his brother, Eumenes, abides
The dire extremity. His ſtudded orb
Is held defenſive. On his arm the ſword
Of Hyperanthes rapidly deſcends.
Down drops the buckler, and the ſever'd hand
Reſigns its hold. The unprotected pair
By Aſia's hero to the ground are ſwept;
As to a reaper crimſon poppies low'r
Their heads luxuriant on the yellow plain.
From both their breaſts the vital currents flow,
And mix their ſtreams. Elate the Perſians pour
Their numbers, deep'ning on the foe diſmay'd.
The Greeks their ſtation painfully maintain.
This Anaxander ſaw, whoſe faithleſs tongue
His colleague Leontiades beſpake:
The hour is come to ſerve our Perſian friends.
Behold, the Greeks are preſs'd. Let Thebes retire,
A bloodleſs conqueſt yielding to the king.
This ſaid, he drew his Thebans from their poſt,
Not with unpuniſh'd treachery. The lance
Of Abradates gor'd their foul retreat;
Nor knew the Aſian chief, that Aſia's friends
Before him bled. Meantime, as mighty Jove,
Or he more ancient on the throne of heav'n,
When from the womb of Chaos dark the world
Emerg'd to birth, where'er he view'd the jar
Of atoms yet diſcordant and unform'd,
Confuſion thence with pow'rful voice diſpell'd,
Till light and order univerſal reign'd;
So from the hill Leonidas ſurvey'd
The various war. He ſaw the Theban rout;
That Corinth, Phlius and Mycenæ look'd
Affrighted backward. Inſtantly his charge
Is borne by Maron, whom obedience wings,
Precipitating down the ſacred cave,
That Sparta's ranks, advancing, ſhould repair
The diſunited phalanx. Ere they move,
Dieneces inſpires them. Fame, my friends,
Calls forth your valour in a ſignal hour.
For you this glorious criſis ſhe reſerv'd
Laconia's ſplendour to aſſert. Young man,
Son of Megiſtias, follow. He conducts
Th' experienc'd troop. They lock their ſhields,
and, wedg'd
In denſe arrangement, repoſſeſs the void,
Left by the faithleſs Thebans, and repulſe
Th' exulting Perſians. When, with efforts vain,
Theſe oft renew'd the conteſt, and recoil'd,
As oft confounded with diminiſh'd ranks;
Lo! Hyperanthes bluſh'd, repeating late
The words of Artemiſia. Learn, O chiefs,
The only means of glory and ſucceſs.
Unlike the others, whom we newly chas'd,
Theſe are a band ſelected from the Greeks,
Perhaps the Spartans, whom we often hear
By Demaratus prais'd. To break their line
In vain we ſtruggle, unarray'd and lax,
Depriv'd of union. Do not we preſide
O'er Aſia's armies, and our courage boaſt,

Our martial art above the vulgar herd?
Let us, ye chiefs, attempt in order'd ranks
To form a troop, and emulate the foe.
They wait not dubious. On the Malian shore
In gloomy depth a column soon is form'd
Of all the nobles, Abradates strong,
Orontes bold, Mazæus, and the might
Of brave Abrocomes, with each, who bore
The highest honours, and excell'd in arms;
Themselves the lords of nations, who before
The throne of Xerxes tributary bow'd.
To these succeed a chosen number, drawn
From Asia's legions, vaunted most in fight;
Who from their kind perpetual stipends share;
Who, station'd round the provinces, by force
His tyranny uphold. In ev'ry part
Is Hyperanthes active, ardent seen
Throughout the huge battalion. He adjusts
Their equal range, then cautious, lest on march
Their unaccustom'd order should relax,
Full in the centre of the foremost rank
Orontes plants, committing to his hand
Th' imperial standard; whose expanded folds
Glow'd in the air, presenting to the sun
The richest dye of Tyre. The royal bird
Amid the gorgeous tincture shone express'd
In high embroider'd gold. The wary prince
On this conspicuous, leading sign of war
Commands each satrap, posted in the van,
To fix his eye regardful, to direct
By this alone his even pace and slow,
Retiring, or advancing. So the star,
Chief of the spangles on that fancy'd bear,
Once an Idæan nymph, and nurse of Jove,
Bright Cynosura to the Boreal pole
Attracts the sailor's eye; when distance hides
The headland signals, and her guiding ray,
New-ris'n, she throws. The hero next appoints,
That ev'ry warrior through the length'ning files,
Observing none but those before him plac'd,
Shall watch their motions, and their steps pursue.
Nor is th' important thicket next the pass
Forgot. Two thousand of th' immortal guard
That station seize. His orders all perform'd,
Close by the standard he assumes his post.
Intrepid thence he animates his friends.
Heroic chieftains, whose unconquer'd force
Rebellious Egypt, and the Libyan felt,
Think what the splendour of your former deeds
From you exacts. Remember, from the great
Illustrious actions are a debt to fame.
No middle path remains for them to tread,
Whom she hath once ennobled. Lo! this day
By trophies new will signalize your names,
Or in dishonour will for ever cloud.
He said, and vig'rous all to fight proceed.
As when tempestuous Eurus stems the weight
Of western Neptune, struggling through the
streights,
Which bound Alcides' labours, here the storm
With rapid wing reverberates the tide;
There the contending surge with furrow'd tops
To mountains swells, and, whelming o'er the beach
On either coast, impels the hoary foam
On Mauritanian and Iberian strands:
Such is the dreadful onset. Persia keeps
Her foremost ranks unbroken, which are fill'd
By chosen warriors; while the num'rous crowd,
Though still promiscuous pouring from behind,
Give weight and pressure to th' embattled chiefs,
Despising danger. Like the mural strength
Of some proud city, bulwark'd round, and arm'd
With rising tow'rs to guard her wealthy stores,
Immoveable, impenetrable stood
Laconia's serry'd phalanx. In their face
Grim tyranny her threat'ning fetters shakes,
Red havoc grinds insatiable his jaws.
Greece is behind, intrusting to their swords
Her laws, her freedom, and the sacred urns
Of their forefathers. Present now to thought
Their altars rise, the mansions of their birth,
Whate'er they honour, venerate, and love.
Bright in the Persian van th' exalted lance
Of Hyperanthes flam'd. Beside him press'd
Abrocomes, Hydarnes, and the bulk
Of Abradates terrible in war.
Firm, as a Memphian pyramid, was seen
Dieneces; while Agis close in rank
With Menalippus, and the added strength
Of dauntless Maron, their connected shields
Upheld. Each unrelax'd array maintains
The conflict undecided; nor could Greece
Repel the adverse numbers, nor the weight
Of Asia's band select remove the Greeks.
Swift from Laconia's king, perceiving soon
The Persian's new arrangement, Medon flew,
Who thus the staid Dieneces address'd:
Leonidas commands the Spartan ranks
To measure back some paces. Soon, he deems,
The unexperienc'd foes in wild pursuit
Will break their order. Then the charge renew.
This heard, the signal of retreat is giv'n.
The Spartans seem to yield. The Persians stop,
Astonishment restrains them, and the doubt
Of unexpected victory. Their sloth
Abrocomes awakens. By the sun
They fly before us. My victorious friends,
Do you delay to enter Greece. Away,
Rush on intrepid. I already hear
Our horse, our chariots, thund'ring on her plains,
I see her temples wrapt in Persian fires.
He spake. In hurry'd violence they roll
Tumultuous forward. All in headlong pace
Disjoin their order, and the line dissolve.
This when the sage Dieneces descries,
The Spartans halt, returning to the charge
With sudden vigour. In a moment pierc'd
By his resistless steel, Orontes falls,
And quits th' imperial banner. This the chief
In triumph waves. The Spartans press the foe.
Close-wedg'd and square, in slow, progressive pace,
O'er heaps of mangled carcases and arms
Invincible they tread. Composing flutes
Each thought, each motion harmonize. No rage
Untunes their souls. The phalanx yet more deep
Of Medon follows; while the lighter bands
Glide by the flanks, and reach the broken foe.
Amid their flight what vengeance from the arm
Of Alpheus falls? O'er all in swift pursuit
Was he renown'd. His active feet had match'd
The son of Peleus in the dusty course;
But now the wrongs, the long-remember'd wrongs
Of Polydorus animate his strength
With tenfold vigour. Like th' empurpled moon,
When in eclipse her silver disk hath lost
The wonted light, his buckler's polish'd face

Is now obſcur'd; the ſigur'd boſſes drop
In crimſon, ſpouting from his deathful ſtrokes.
As, when with horror wing'd, a whirlwind rends
A ſhatter'd navy; from the ocean caſt,
Enormous fragments hide the level beach;
Such as dejected Perſia late beheld
On Theſſaly's unnavigable ſtrand:
Thus o'er the champain ſatraps lay beſtrewn
By Alpheus, perſevering in purſuit
Beyond the paſs. Nor Phœbus could inflict
On Niobe more vengeance, when, incens'd
By her maternal arrogance, which ſcorn'd
Latona's race, he twang'd his direful bow,
And one by one from youth and beauty hurl'd
Her ſons to Pluto; nor ſeverer pangs
That mother felt, than pierc'd the gen'rous ſoul
Of Hyperanthes, while his nobleſt friends
On ev'ry ſide lay gaſping. With deſpair
He ſtill contends. Th' immortals from their ſtand
Behind th' entangling thicket next the paſs
His ſignal rouſes. Ere they clear their way,
Well-caution'd Medon from the cloſe defile
Two thouſand Locrians pours. An aſpect new
The fight aſſumes. Through implicated ſhrubs
Confuſion waves each banner. Falchions, ſpears
And ſhields are all encumber'd, till the Greeks
Had forc'd a paſſage to the yielding foe.
Then Medon's arm is felt. The dreadful boar,
Wide-waſting once the Calydonian fields,
In fury breaking from his gloomy lair,
Rang'd with leſs havoc through unguarded folds,
Than Medon, ſweeping down the glitt'ring files,
So vainly ſtyl'd immortal. From the cliff
Divine Meliſſa, and Laconia's king,
Enjoy the glories of Oileus' ſon.
Fierce Alpheus too, returning from his chaſe,
Joins in the ſlaughter. Ev'ry Perſian falls.

To him the Locrian chief. Brave Spartan, thanks.
Through thee my purpoſe is accompliſh'd full.
My phalanx here with levell'd rows of ſpears
Shall guard the ſhatter'd buſhes. Come what may
From Aſia's camp, th' aſſailant, flank'd and driv'n
Down yonder ſlope, ſhall periſh. Gods of Greece,
You ſhall behold your fanes profuſely deck'd
In ſplendid offrings from barbarian ſpoils,
Won by your free-born ſupplicants this day.

This ſaid, he forms his ranks. Their threat'ning points
Gleam through the thicket, whence the ſhiv'ring foes
Avert their ſight, like paſſengers diſmay'd,
Who on their courſe by Nile's portentous banks
Deſcry in ambuſh of perfidious reeds
The crocodile's fell teeth. Contiguous lay
Thermopylæ. Dieneces ſcour'd
The narrow mouth. Two lines the Spartans ſhow'd,
One tow'rds the plain obſerv'd the Perſian camp;
One, led by Agis, fac'd th' interior paſs.

Not yet diſcourag'd, Hyperanthes ſtrives
The ſcatter'd hoſt to rally. He exhorts,
Entreats, at length indignant thus exclaims.

Degen'rate Perſians! to ſepulchral duſt
Could breath return, your fathers from the tomb
Would utter groans. Inglorious, do ye leave
Behind you Perſia's ſtandard to adorn
Some Grecian temple? Can your ſplendid cars,
Voluptuous couches, and delicious boards,
Your gold, your gems, ye ſatraps, be preſerv'd
By cowardice and flight? The eunuch ſlave
Will ſcorn ſuch lords, your women lothe your beds.

Few hear him, fewer follow; while the fight
His unabating courage oft renews,
As oft repuls'd with danger: till, by all
Deſerted, mixing in the gen'ral rout,
He yields to fortune, and regains the camp.
In ſhort advances thus the dying tide
Beats for a while againſt the ſhelving ſtrand,
Still by degrees retiring, and at laſt.
Within the boſom of the main ſubſides.

Though Hyperanthes from the fight was driv'n,
Cloſe to the mountain, whoſe indented ſide
There gave the widen'd paſs an ample ſpace
For numbers to embattle, ſtill his poſt
Bold Intaphernes underneath a cliff
Againſt the firm Platæan line maintain'd.
On him look'd down Leonidas like death,
When, from his iron cavern call'd by Jove,
He ſtands gigantic on a mountain's head;
Whence he commands th' affrighted earth to quake,
And, crags and foreſts in his direful graſp,
High-wielding, daſhes on a town below,
Whoſe deeds of black impiety provoke
The long-enduring gods. Around the verge
Of Oeta, curving to a crefcent's ſhape,
The marbles, timbers, fragments, lay amaſs'd.
The Helots, peaſants, mariners, attend
In order nigh Leonidas. They watch
His look. He gives the ſignal. Rous'd at once
The force, the ſkill, activity and zeal
Of thouſands are combin'd. Down ruſh the piles.
Trees, roll'd on trees, with mingled rock deſcend,
Unintermitted ruin. Loud refound
The hollow trunks againſt the mountain's ſide.
Swift bounds each craggy maſs. The foes below
Look up aghaſt, in horror ſhrink and die.
Whole troops, o'erwhelm'd beneath th' enormous load,
Lie hid and loſt, as never they had known
A name or being. Intaphernes clad
In regal ſplendour, progeny of kings,
Who rul'd Damaſcus, and the Syrian palms,
Here ſlept for ever. Thouſands of his train
In that broad ſpace the ruins had not reach'd.
Back to their camp a paſſage they attempt
Through Lacedemon's line. Them Agis ſtopp'd.
Before his powerful arm Pandates fell,
Sofarmes, Tachos. Menalippus dy'd
His youthful ſteel in blood. The mightier ſpear
Of Maron pierc'd battalions, and enlarg'd
The track of ſlaughter. Backward turn'd the rout,
Nor found a milder fate. Th' unweary'd ſwords
Of Dithyrambus and Diomedon,
Who from the hill are wheeling on their flank,
Still flaſh tremendous. To the ſhore they fly,
At once envelop'd by ſucceſſive bands
Of diff'rent Grecians. From the gulf profound
Perdition here inevitable frowns,
While there, encircled by a grove of ſpears,
They ſtand devoted hecatombs to Mars.
Now not a moment's interval delays
Their gen'ral doom; but down the Malian ſteep
Prone are they hurry'd to th' expanded arms
Of horror, riſing from the oozy deep,

And graſping all their numbers as they fall.
The dire confuſion like a ſtorm invades
The chafing ſurge. Whole troops Bellona rolls
In one vaſt ruin from the craggy ridge.
O'er all their arms, their enſigns, deep-ingulf'd,
With hideous roar the waves for ever cloſe.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

NIGHT coming on, the Grecians retire to their tents. A guard is placed on the Phocian wall under the command of Agis. He admits into the camp a lady, accompanied by a ſingle ſlave, and conducts them to Leonidas; when ſhe diſcovers herſelf to be Ariana, ſiſter of Xerxes and Hyperanthes, and ſues for the body of Teribazus; which being found among the ſlain, ſhe kills herſelf upon it. The ſlave who attended her proves to be Polydorus, brother to Alpheus and Maræa, and who had been formerly carried into captivity by a Phœnician pirate. He relates, before an aſſembly of the chiefs, a meſſage from Demaratus to the Spartans, which diſcloſes the treachery of the Thebans, and of Epialtes, the Malian, who had undertaken to lead part of the Perſian army through a paſs amoung the mountains of Oeta. This information throws the council into a great tumult, which is pacified by Leonidas, who ſends Alpheus to obſerve the motions of theſe Perſians, and Dieneces with a party of Lacedemonians to ſupport the Phocians, with whom the defence of theſe paſſages in the hills had been intruſted. In the mean time, Agis ſends the bodies of Teribazus and Ariana to the camp of Xerxes.

In ſable veſture, ſpangled o'er with ſtars,
The night aſſum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Their toil, protracted long, the Greeks forget,
Diſſolv'd in ſilent ſlumber all, but thoſe
Who watch th' uncertain perils of the dark,
A hundred warriors. Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero ſat.
Freſh winds acroſs the undulating bay
From Aſia's hoſt the various din convey'd
In one deep murmur, ſwelling on his ear.
When by the ſound of footſteps down the paſs
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are theſe
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
Reply, nor tempt inevitable fate.
A voice reply'd. No enemies we come,
But crave admittance in an humble tone.
The Spartan anſwers. Through the midnight ſhade
What purpoſe draws your wand'ring ſteps abroad?
To whom the ſtranger. We are friends to Greece.
Through thy aſſiſtance we implore acceſs
To Lacedemon's king. The cautious Greek
Still heſitates; when muſically ſweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allures.
O gen'rous warrior, liſten to the pray'r
Of one diſtreſs'd, whom grief alone hath led
Through midnight ſhades to theſe victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The chief, deſcending, through th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming torch. The light diſclos'd
One firſt in ſervile garments. Near his ſide
A woman graceful and majeſtic ſtood,
Not with an aſpect, rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or th' enſnaring charms
Of love's ſoft queen, but ſuch as far ſurpaſs'd,
Whate'er the lily, blending with the roſe,
Spreads on the cheek of beauty ſoon to fade;
Such as expreſs'd a mind by wiſdom rul'd,
By ſweetneſs temper'd; virtue's pureſt light
Illumining the countenance divine:
Yet could not ſoften rig'rous fate, nor charm
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguiſh rends a ſpotleſs heart,
And oft aſſociates wiſdom with deſpair.
In courteous phraſe began the chief humane.
Exalted fair, whoſe form adorns the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war.
My ſlow compliance to the rigid laws
Of Mars impute. In me no longer pauſe
Shall from the preſence of our king withhold
This thy apparent dignity and worth.
Here ending, he conducts her. At the call
Of his lov'd brother from his couch aroſe
Leonidas. In wonder he ſurvey'd
Th' illuſtrious virgin, whom his preſence aw'd.
Her eye ſubmiſſive to the ground declin'd
In veneration of the godlike man.
His mien, his voice, her anxious dread diſpel,
Benevolent and hoſpitable thus.
Thy looks, fair ſtranger, amiable and great,
A mind delineate, which from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentleſs deſtiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkneſs tread;
Rehearſe th' afflictions, whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a ſudden bluſh aroſe
Like day, firſt dawning on the twilight pale;
When, wrapt in grief, theſe words a paſſage found.
If to be moſt unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deſerve
Commiſeration from the brave; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, deſcended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana; and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears diſdain.
Firſt, that I lov'd the beſt of human race,
Heroic, wiſe, adorn'd by ev'ry art,
Of ſhame unconſcious doth my heart reveal.
This day, in Grecian arms conſpicuous clad,
He fought, he fell. A paſſion, long conceal'd,
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath reſigning, he diſclos'd.
Oh! I will ſtay my ſorrows! will forbid
My eyes to ſtream before thee, and my breaſt,
O'erwhelm'd by anguiſh, will from ſighs reſtrain!
For why ſhould thy humanity be griev'd
At my diſtreſs? why learn from me to mourn
The lot of mortals, doom'd to pain and woe.
Hear then, O king, and grant my ſole requeſt,
To ſeek his body in the heaps of ſlain.
Thus to the hero ſu'd the royal maid,
Reſembling Ceres in majeſtic woe,
When ſupplicating Jove from Stygian gloom,
And Pluto's black embraces to redeem

Her lov'd and loſt Proſerpina. A while
On Ariana fixing ſtedfaſt eyes,
Theſe tender thoughts Leonidas recall'd.
Such are thy ſorrows, O for ever dear,
Who now at Lacedemon doſt deplore
My everlaſting abſence. Then aſide
He turn'd and ſigh'd. Recov'ring, he addreſs'd
His brother. Moſt beneficent of men,
Attend, aſſiſt this princeſs. Night retires
Before the purple-winged morn. A band
Is call'd. The well-remember'd ſpot they find,
Where Teribazus from his dying hand
Dropt in their fight his formidable ſword.
Soon from beneath a pile of Aſian dead
They draw the hero, by his armour known.
Then, Ariana, what tranſcending pangs
Were thine! what horrors! In thy tender breaſt
Love ſtill was mightieſt, On the boſom cold
Of Teribazus, grief-diſtracted maid,
Thy beauteous limbs were thrown. Thy ſnowy hue
The clotted gore disfigur'd. On his wounds
Looſe flow'd thy hair; and, bubbling from thy eyes,
Impetuous ſorrow lav'd th' empurpled clay.
When forth in groans theſe lamentations broke.
O torn for ever from theſe weeping eyes!
Thou, who deſpairing to obtain a heart,
Which then moſt lov'd thee, didſt untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony reveals
Her tender paſſion, who repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Unites thy cheek inſenſible and cold.
Alas! do thoſe unmoving, ghaſtly orbs
Perceive my guſhing ſorrow! Can that heart
At my complaint diſſolve the ice of death
To ſhare my ſuff'rings! Never, never more
Shall Ariana bend a liſt'ning ear
To thy enchanting eloquence, nor feaſt
Her mind on wiſdom from thy copious tongue!
Oh! bitter, inſurmountable diſtreſs!
She could no more. Invincible deſpair
Suppreſs'd all utt'rance. As a marble form,
Fix'd on the ſolemn ſepulchre, inclines
The ſilent head in imitated woe
O'er ſome dead hero, whom his country lov'd;
Entrane'd by anguiſh, o'er the breathleſs clay
So hung the princeſs. On the gory breach,
Whence life had iſſu'd by the fatal blow,
Mute for a ſpace and motionleſs ſhe gaz'd;
When thus in accents firm. Imperial pomp,
Foe to my quiet, take my laſt farewell.
There is a ſtate, where only virtue holds
The rank ſupreme. My Teribazus there
From his high order muſt deſcend to mine.
Then with no trembling hand, no change of look,
She drew a poniard, which her garment veil'd;
And inſtant ſheathing in her heart the blade,
On her ſlain lover ſilent ſunk in death.
The unexpected ſtroke prevents the care
Of Agis, pierc'd by horror and diſtreſs,
Like one, who, ſtanding on a ſtormy beach,
Beholds a ſound'ring veſſel, by the deep
At once engulf'd; his pity feels and mourns,
Depriv'd of pow'r to ſave: ſo Agis view'd
The proſtrate pair. He dropp'd a tear, and thus.

Oh! much lamented! Heavy on your heads
Hath evil fall'n, which o'er your pale remains
Commands this ſorrow from a ſtranger's eye.
Illuſtrious ruins! May the grave impart
That peace which life deny'd! and now receive
This pious office from a hand unknown.
He ſpake, unclaſping from his ſhoulders broad
His ample robe. He ſtrew'd the waving folds
O'er each wan viſage, turning then, addreſs'd
The ſlave, in mute dejection ſtanding near.
Thou, who attendant on this hapleſs fair,
Haſt view'd this dreadful ſpectacle, return.
Theſe bleeding relics bear to Perſia's king,
Thou with four captives, whom I free from bonds.
Art thou a Spartan, interrupts the ſlave?
Doſt thou command me to return, and pine
In climes unbleſs'd by liberty, or laws?
Grant me to ſee Leonidas. Alone
Let him decide, if wretched, as I ſeem,
I may not claim protection from this camp.
Whoe'er thou art, rejoins the chief, amaz'd,
But not offended, thy ignoble garb
Conceal'd a ſpirit, which I now revere.
Thy countenance demands a better lot
Than I, a ſtranger to thy hidden worth,
Unconſcious offer'd. Freedom dwells in Greece,
Humanity and juſtice. Thou ſhalt ſee
Leonidas their guardian. To the king
He leads him ſtraight, preſents him in theſe words.
In mind ſuperior to the baſe attire,
Which marks his limbs with ſhame, a ſtranger comes,
Who thy protection claims. The ſlave ſubjoins.
I ſtand thy ſuppliant now. Thou ſoon ſhalt learn,
If I deſerve thy favour. I requeſt
To meet th' aſſembled chieftains of this hoſt.
Oh! I am fraught with tidings, which import
The weal of ev'ry Grecian. Agis, ſwift,
Appointed by Leonidas, convenes
The diff'rent leaders. To the tent they ſpeed.
Before them call'd, the ſtranger thus began.
O Alpheus! Maron! Hither turn your ſight,
And know your brother. From their ſeats they ſtart.
From either breaks in eeſtaſy the name
Of Polydorus. To his dear embrace
Each fondly ſtrives to ruſh; but he withſtands:
While down his cheek a flood of anguiſh pours
From his dejected eyes, in torture bent
On that vile garb, diſhonouring his form.
At length theſe accents, intermix'd with groans,
A paſſage found, while mute attention gaz'd.
You firſt ſhould know, if this unhappy ſlave
Yet merits your embraces. Then approach'd
Leonidas. Before him all recede,
Ev'n Alpheus' ſelf, and yields his brother's hand,
Which in his own the regal hero preſs'd.
Still Polydorus on his gloomy front
Repugnance ſtern to conſolation bore;
When thus the king with majeſty benign.
Lo! ev'ry heart is open to thy worth.
Injurious fortune, and enfeebling time,
By ſervitude and grief ſeverely try
A lib'ral ſpirit. Try'd, but not ſubdu'd,
Do thou appear. Whatever be our lot,
Is Heav'n's appointment. Patience beſt becomes
The citizen and ſoldier. Let the fight

Of friends and brethren diſſipate thy gloom.
Of men the gentleſt, Agis too advanc'd,
Who with increas'd humanity began.
Now is thy native liberty ſecure,
Smile on thy paſs'd affliction, and relate
What chance reſtores thy merit to the arms
Of friends and kindred. Polydorus then.
I was a Spartan. When my tender prime
On manhood border'd, from Laconia's ſhores,
Snatch'd by Phœnician pirates, I was ſold
A ſlave, by Hyperanthes bought, and giv'n
To Ariana. Gracious was her hand.
But I remain'd a bondman, ſtill eſtrang'd
From Lacedemon. Demaratus oft
In friendly ſorrow would my lot deplore;
Nor leſs his own ill-fated virtue mourn'd,
Loſt to his country in a ſervile court,
The centre of corruption; where in ſmiles
Are painted envy, treachery, and hate,
With rankling malice; where alone ſincere
The diſſolute ſeek no diſguiſe: where thoſe,
Poſſeſſing all, a monarch can beſtow,
Are far leſs happy, than the meaneſt heir
To freedom, far more grovelling than the ſlave,
Who ſerves their cruel pride. Yet here the ſun
Ten times his yearly circle hath renew'd,
Since Polydorus hath in bondage groan'd.
My bloom is paſs'd, or, pining in deſpair,
Untimely wither'd. I at laſt return
A meſſenger of fate, who tidings bear
Of deſolation. Here he paus'd in grief
Redoubled; when Leonidas. Proceed.
Should from thy lips inevitable death
To all be threaten'd, thou art heard by none,
Whoſe dauntleſs hearts can entertain a thought,
But how to fall the nobleſt. Thus the king.
The reſt in ſpeechleſs expectation wait.
Such was the ſolemn ſilence, which o'erſpread
The ſhrine of Ammon, or Dodona's ſhades,
When anxious mortals from the mouth of Jove
Their doom explor'd. Nor Polydorus long
Suſpends the counſel, but reſumes his tale.
As I this night accompany'd the ſteps
Of Ariana, near the paſs we ſaw
A reſtleſs form, now traverſing the way,
Now as a ſtatue, rivetted by doubt,
Then on a ſudden ſtarting, to renew
An eager pace. As nearer we approach'd,
He by the moon, which glimmer'd on our heads,
Deſcry'd us. Straight advancing, whither bent
Our midnight courſe, he aſk'd. I knew the voice
Of Demaratus. To my breaſt I claſp'd
The venerable exile, and reply'd.
Laconia's camp we ſeek. Demand no more.
Farewell. He wept. Be heav'n thy guide, he ſaid,
Thrice happy Polydorus. Thou again
May'ſt viſit Sparta, to theſe eyes deny'd.
Soon as arriv'd at thoſe triumphant tents,
Say to the Spartans from their exil'd king,
Although their blind credulity depriv'd
The wretched Demaratus of his home;
From ev'ry joy ſecluded, from his wife,
His offſpring torn, his countrymen, and friends,
Him from his virtue they could ne'er divide.
Say, that ev'n here, where all are kings, or ſlaves,
Amid the riot of flagitious courts,
Not quite extinct his Spartan ſpirit glows,
Though grief hath dimm'd its fires. Rememb'ring this,
Report, that newly to the Perſian hoſt
Return'd a Malian, Epialtes nam'd,
Who, as a ſpy, the Grecian tents had ſought.
He to the monarch magnify'd his art,
Which by deluſive eloquence had wrought
The Greeks to ſuch deſpair; that ev'ry band
To Perſia's ſov'reign ſtandard would have bow'd;
Had not the ſpirit of a ſingle chief,
By fear unconquer'd, and on death reſolv'd,
Reſtor'd their valour: therefore would the king
Truſt to his guidance a ſelected force,
They ſoon ſhould pierce th' unguarded bounds of Greece
Through a neglected aperture above,
Where no Leonidas ſhould bar their way:
Meantime by him the treach'rous Thebans ſent
Aſſurance of their aid. Th' aſſenting prince
At once decreed two myriads to advance
With Hyperanthes. Ev'ry lord beſides,
Whom youth, or courage, or ambition warm,
Rous'd by the traitor's eloquence, attend
From all the nations with a rival zeal
To enter Greece the foremoſt. In a ſigh
He cloſ'd—like me. Tremendous from his ſeat
Uproſe Diomedon. His eyes were flames.
When ſwift on trembling Anaxander broke
Theſe ireful accents from his livid lips.
Yet ere we fall, O traitor! ſhall this arm
To hell's avenging furies ſink thy head.
All now is tumult. Ev'ry boſom ſwells
With wrath untam'd, and vengeance. Half unſheath'd,
Th' impetuous falchion of Platæa flames.
But, as the Colchian ſorcereſs, renown'd
In legends old, or Circé, when they fram'd
A potent ſpell, to ſmoothneſs charm'd the main,
And lull'd Æolian rage by myſtic ſong;
Till not a billow heav'd againſt the ſhore,
Nor ev'n the wanton-winged zephyr breath'd
The lighteſt whiſper through the magic air:
So when thy voice, Leonidas, is heard,
Confuſion liſtens; ire in ſilent awe
Subſides. Withhold this raſhneſs, cries the king.
To proof of guilt let puniſhment ſucceed.
Not yet barbarian ſhouts our camp alarm.
We ſtill have time for vengeance, time to know,
If menac'd ruin we may yet repel,
Or how moſt glorious periſh. Next aroſe
Dieneces, and thus th' experienc'd man.
Ere they ſurmount our fences, Xerxes' troops
Muſt learn to conquer, and the Greeks to fly.
The ſpears of Phocis guard that ſecret paſs.
To them let inſtant meſſengers depart,
And note the hoſtile progreſs. Alpheus here.
Leonidas, behold! my willing feet
Shall to the Phocians bear thy high commands;
Shall climb the hill to watch th' approaching foe.
Thou active ſon of valour, quick returns
The chief of Lacedemon, in my thoughts
For ever preſent, when the public weal
Requires the ſwift, the vigilant, and bold.
Go climb, ſurmount the rock's aërial height.
Obſerve the hoſtile march. A Spartan band,
Dieneces, provide. Thyſelf conduct
Their ſpeedy ſuccour to our Phocian friends.
The council riſes. For his courſe prepar'd,
While day, declining, prompts his eager feet,
O Polydorus! Alpheus thus in haſte,
Long loſt, and late recover'd, we muſt part;

Again, perhaps for ever. Thou return
To kiſs the ſacred ſoil which gave thee birth,
And calls thee back to freedom. Brother dear,
I ſhould have ſighs to give thee—but farewell.
My country chides me, loit'ring in thy arms.
This ſaid, he darts along, nor looks behind,
When Polydorus anſwers. Alpheus; no.
I have the marks of bondage to eraze.
My blood muſt waſh the ſhameful ſtain away.
We have a father, Maron interpos'd.
Thy unexpected preſence will revive
His heavy age, now childleſs and forlorn.
To him the brother with a gloomy frown.
Ill ſhould I comfort others. View theſe eyes.
Faint is their light; and vaniſh'd was my bloom
Before its hour of ripeneſs. In my breaſt
Grief will retain a manſion, nor by time
Be diſpoſſeſs'd. Unconcealing ſhall my ſoul
Brood o'er the black remembrance of my youth,
In ſlavery exhauſted. Life to me
Hath loſt its ſavour. Then in ſullen woe
His head declines. His brother pleads in vain.
Now in his view Dieneces appear'd
With Sparta's band. Immoveable his eyes
On them he fix'd, revolving theſe dark thoughts.
I too, like them, from Lacedemon ſpring,
Like them inſtructed once to poiſe the ſpear,
To lift the pond'rous ſhield. Ill-deſtin'd wretch!
Thy arm is grown enervate, and would ſink
Beneath a buckler's weight. Malignant fates!
Who have compell'd my free-born hand to change
The warrior's arms for ignominious bonds;
Would you compenſate for my chains, my ſhame,
My ten years anguiſh, and the fell deſpair,
Which on my youth have prey'd; relenting once,
Grant I may bear my buckler to the field,
And, known a Spartan, ſeek the ſhades below.
Why, to be known a Spartan, muſt thou ſeek
The ſhades below? Impatient Maron, ſpake.
Live, and be known a Spartan by thy deeds;
Live, and enjoy thy dignity of birth;
Live, and perform the duties which become
A citizen of Sparta. Still thy brow
Frowns gloomy, ſtill unyielding. He, who leads
Our band, all fathers of a noble race,
Will ne'er permit thy barren day to cloſe
Without an offſpring to uphold the ſtate.
He will, replies the brother in a glow,
Prevailing o'er the paleneſs of his cheek,
He will permit me to complete by death
The meaſure of my duty; will permit
Me to achieve a ſervice, which no hand
But mine can render, to adorn his fall
With double luſtre, ſtrike the barb'rous foe
With endleſs terror, and avenge the ſhame
Of an enſlav'd Laconian. Cloſing here
His words myſterious, quick he turn'd away
To find the tent of Agis. There his hand
In grateful ſorrow miniſter'd her aid;
While the humane, the hoſpitable care
Of Agis, gently by her lover's corſe
On one ſad bier the pallid beauties laid
Of Ariana. He from bondage freed
Four eaſtern captives, whom his gen'rous arm
That day had ſpar'd in battle; then began
This ſolemn charge. You, Perſians, whom my ſword
Acquir'd in war, unranſom'd, ſhall depart.
To you I render freedom, which you fought
To wreſt from me. One recompence I aſk,
And one alone. Tranſport to Aſia's camp
This bleeding princeſs. Bid the Perſian king
Weep o'er this flow'r, untimely cut in bloom.
Then ſay, th' all-juding pow'rs have thus ordain'd.
Thou, whoſe ambition o'er the groaning earth
Leads deſolation; o'er the nations ſpreads
Calamity and tears; thou firſt ſhalt mourn,
And through thy houſe deſtruction firſt ſhall range.
Diſmiſs'd, they gain the rampart, where on guard
Was Dithyrambus poſted. He perceiv'd
The mournful hier approach. To him the fate
Of Ariana was already told.
He met the captives with a moiſten'd eye,
Full bent on Teribazus, ſigh'd and ſpake.
O that, aſſuming with thoſe Grecian arms
A Grecian ſpirit, thou in ſcorn hadſt look'd
On princes! Worth like thine, from ſlaviſh courts
Withdrawn, had ne'er been waſted to ſupport
A king's injuſtice. Then a gentler lot
Had bleſs'd thy life, or dying, thou hadſt known
How ſweet is death for liberty. A Greek
Affords theſe friendly wiſhes, though his head
Had loſt the honours, gather'd from thy fall,
When fortune favour'd, or propitious Jove
Smil'd on the better cauſe. Ill-fated pair,
Whom in compaſſion's pureſt dew I lave,
But that my hand infix'd the deathful wound,
And muſt be grievous to your lothing ſhades,
From all the neighb'ring valleys would I cull
Their faireſt growth, to ſtrew your herſe with flow'rs.
Yet, O accept theſe tears and pious pray'rs!
May peace ſurround your aſhes! May your ſhades
Paſs o'er the ſilent pool to happier ſeats!
He ceas'd in tears. The captives leave the wall,
And ſlowly down Thermopylæ proceed.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Medon convenes the Locrian commanders, and harangues them; repairs at midnight to his ſiſter Meliſſa in the temple, and receives from her the firſt intelligence, that the Perſians were in actual poſſeſſion of the upper Streights, which which had been abandoned by the Phocians. Meliboeus brings her tidings of her father's death. She ſtrictly enjoins her brother to preſerve his life by a timely retreat, and recommends the enforcement of her advice to the prudence and zeal of Meliboeus. In the morning the bodies of Teribazus and Ariana are brought into the preſence of Xerxes, ſoon after a report had reached the camp, that great part of his navy was ſhipwrecked. The Perſian monarch, quite diſpirited, is perſuaded by Argeſtes to ſend an ambaſſador to the Spartan king. Argeſtes himſelf is deputed, who, after revealing his embaſſy in ſecret to Leonidas, is by him led before the whole army, and there receives his anſwer. Alpheus returns, and declares, that the enemy was maſter of the paſſages in the hills, and would arrive at Thermopylæ the next morning; upon which Leonidas offers to ſend away all the troops, except his three hundred Spartans; but

Diomedon, Demophilus, Dithyrambus, and Meſſiſias, refuſe to depart: then to relieve the perplexity of Medon on this occaſion, he transfers to him the ſupreme command, diſmiſſes Argeſtes, orders the companions of his own fate to be ready in arms by ſunſet, and retires to his pavilion.

THE Grecian leaders, from the council ris'n,
Among the troops diſperſing, by their words,
Their looks undaunted warm the coldeſt heart
Gainſt new dangers threat'ning. To his tent
The Locrian captains Medon ſwift convenes,
Exhorting thus. O long approv'd my friends,
You, who have ſeen my father in the field
Triumphant, bold aſſiſtants of my arm
In labours not inglorious, who this day
Have rais'd freſh trophies, be prepar'd. If help
Be further wanted in the Phocian camp,
You will the next be ſummon'd. Locris lies
To ravage firſt expos'd. Your ancient fane,
Your goddeſſes, your prieſteſs half-ador'd,
The daughter of Oïleus, from your ſwords
Protection claim againſt an impious foe.
All anxious for Meliſſa, he diſmiſs'd
Th' applauding vet'rans; to the ſacred cave
Then haſten'd. Under heav'n's night-ſhaded cope
The muſe! Meliſſa in her holy place,
Now to approach with inauſpicious ſteps,
Now to accoſt, his penſive mind revolv'd:
When Mycon, pious vaſſal of the fane,
Deſcending through the cavern, at the ſight
Of Medon ſtopp'd, and thus. Thy preſence, lord,
The prieſteſs calls. To Lacedemon's king
Bear a meſſage, ſuff'ring no delay.
He quits the chief, whoſe rapid feet aſcend,
Upon ent'ring, where the pedeſtal diſplays
Thy form, Calliopè ſublime. The lyre,
Whoſe accents immortality confer,
Thy fingers ſeem to wake. On either ſide,
The ſnowy gloſs of Parian marble ſhows
Your of thy ſiſters through ſurrounding ſhade.
Before each image is a virgin plac'd.
Before each virgin dimly burns a lamp,
Whoſe livid ſpires juſt temper with a gleam
The dead obſcurity of night. Apart
The prieſteſs thoughtful ſits. Thus Medon breaks
The ſolemn ſilence. Anxious for thy ſtate,
Without a ſummons to thy pure abode,
Was approaching. Deities, who know
The preſent, paſt, and future, let my lips,
Unblam'd, have utt'rance. Thou, my ſiſter, hear.
Thy breaſt let wiſdom ſtrengthen. Impious foes
Through Oeta now are paſſing. She replies.
Are paſſing, brother! They, alas! are paſs'd,
Are in poſſeſſion of the upper Streight.
Hear in thy turn. A dire narration hear.
A favour'd goat, conductor of my herd,
Stray'd to a dale, whoſe outlet is the poſt
Of Phocian's left, and penetrates to Greece.
Him Mycon following by a hoſtile band,
Right-arm'd forerunners of a num'rous hoſt,
Was ſeiz'd. By fear of menac'd torments forc'd,
He ſhow'd a paſſage up that mountain's ſide,
Whoſe length of wood o'erſhades the Phocian land.
So dry and ſapleſs trunks in diff'rent parts
Were, by the Perſians artfully apply'd,
Soon grew to flames. This done, the troop return'd,
Detaining Mycon. Now the mountain blaz'd.
The Phocians, ill-commanded, left their poſt,
Alarm'd, confus'd. More diſtant ground they choſe.
In blind deluſion forming there, they ſpread
Their ineffectual banners to repel
Imagin'd peril from thoſe fraudful lights,
By ſtratagem prepar'd. A real foe
Meantime ſecur'd the undefended paſs.
This Mycon ſaw. Eſcaping thence to me,
He by my orders haſtens to inform
Leonidas. She paus'd. Like one, who ſees
The forked light'ning into ſhivers rive
A knotted oak, or crumble tow'rs to duſt,
Aghaſt was Medon; then recov'ring, ſpake.
Thou boaſted glory of the Oïlean houſe,
If e'er thy brother bow'd in rev'rence due
To thy ſuperior virtues, let his voice
Be now regarded. From th' endanger'd fane,
My ſiſter, fly. Whatever be my lot,
A troop ſelect of Locrians ſhall tranſport
Thy ſacred perſon, where thy will ordains.
Think not of me, returns the dame. To Greece
Direct thy zeal. My peaſants are conven'd,
That by their labour, when the fatal hour
Requires, with maſſy fragments I may bar
That cave to human entrance. Beſt belov'd
Of brothers, now a ſerious ear incline.
A while in Greece to fortune's wanton gale
His golden banner ſhall the Perſian king,
Deluded, wave. Leonidas, by death
Preſerving Sparta, will his ſpirit leave
To blaſt the glitt'ring pageant. Medon, live
To ſhare that glory. Thee to periſh here,
No law, no oracle enjoins. To die,
Uncall'd, is blameful. Let thy pious hand
Secure Oïleus from barbarian force.
To Sparta mindful of her noble hoſt
Intruſt his rev'rend head. Th' aſſembled hinds,
Youths, maidens, wives, with nurſelings at their breaſts,
Around her now in conſternation ſtood,
The women weeping, mute, aghaſt the men.
To them ſhe turns. You never, faithful race,
Your prieſteſs ſhall forſake. Meliſſa here,
Deſpairing never of the public weal,
For better days in ſolitude ſhall wait,
Shall cheer your ſadneſs. My prophetic ſoul
Sees through time's cloud the liberty of Greece
More ſtable, more effulgent. In his blood
Leonidas cements th' unſhaken baſe
Of that ſtrong tow'r, which Athens ſhall exalt
To caſt a ſhadow o'er the eaſtern world.
This utter'd, tow'rd the temple's innmoſt ſeat
Of ſanctity her ſolemn ſtep ſhe bends,
Devout, enraptur'd. In their dark'ning lamps
The pallid flames are fainting. Dim through miſts
The morning peeps. An awful ſilence reigns.
While Medon penſive from the fane deſcends,
But inſtant reappears. Behind him cloſe
Treads Melibœus, through the cavern's mouth,
Aſcending pale in aſpect, not unlike
What legends tell of ſpectres, by the force
Of necromantic ſorcery conſtrain'd;
Through earth's dark bowels, which the ſpell diſjoin'd,
They from death's manſion in reluctant ſloth
Roſe to divulge the ſecrets of their graves,
Or myſteries of fate. His cheerful brow,

O'erclouded, paleneſs on his healthful cheek,
A dull, unwonted heavineſs of pace
Portend diſaſt'rous tidings. Medon ſpake.
Turn, holy ſiſter. By the gods belov'd,
May they ſuſtain thee in this mournful hour.
Our father, good Oïleus is no more.
Rehearſe thy tidings, ſwain. He takes the word.
Thou waſt not preſent when his mind, outſtretch'd
By zeal for Greece, tranſported by his joy
To entertain Leonidas, refus'd
Due reſt. Old age his ardour had forgot,
To his laſt waking moment with his gueſt
In rapt'rous talk redundant. He at laſt,
Compos'd and ſmiling in th' embrace of ſleep,
To Pan's protection at the iſland ſane
Was left. He wak'd no more. The fatal news
To you diſcover'd, from the chiefs I hide.
Meliſſa heard, inclin'd her forehead low
Before th' inſculptur'd deities. A ſigh
Broke from her heart, theſe accents from her lips.
The full of days and honours through the gate
Of painleſs ſlumber is retir'd. His tomb
Shall ſtand among his fathers, in the ſhade
Of his own trophies. Placid were his days,
Which flow'd through bleſſings. As a river pure,
Whoſe ſides are flow'ry, and whoſe meadows fair,
Meets in his courſe a ſubterranean void;
There dips his ſilver head, again to riſe,
And, riſing, glide through flow'rs and meadows new:
So ſhall Oïleus in thoſe happier fields,
Where never tempeſts roar, nor humid clouds
In miſts diſſolve, nor white-deſcending flakes
Of winter violate th' eternal green;
Where never gloom of trouble ſhades the mind,
Nor guſt of paſſion heaves the quiet breaſt,
Nor dews of grief are ſprinkled. Thou art gone,
Hoſt of divine Leonidas on earth,
Art gone before him to prepare the feaſt,
Immortalizing virtue. Silent here,
Around her head ſhe wraps her hallow'd pall.
Her prudent virgins interpoſe a hymn,
Not in a plaintive, but majeſtic flow,
To which their fingers, ſweeping o'er the chords,
The lyre's full tone attemper. She unveils,
Then with a voice, a countenance compos'd.
Go, Medon, pillar of th' Oïlean houſe.
New cares, new duties claim thy precious life.
Perform the pious obſequies. Let tears,
Let groans be abſent from the ſacred duſt,
Which Heav'n in life ſo favour'd, more in death.
A term of righteous days, an envy'd urn
Like his, for Medon is Meliſſa's pray'r.
Thou, Meliboeus, cordial, high in rank
Among the prudent, warn and watch thy lord.
My benediction ſhall reward thy zeal.
Sooth'd by the bleſſings of ſuch perfect lips,
They both depart. And now the climbing ſun
To Xerxes' tent diſcover'd from afar
The Perſian captives with their mournful load.
Before them rumour through her fable trump
Breathes lamentation. Horror lends his voice
To ſpread the tidings of diſaſtrous fate
Along Sperchеos. As a vapour black,
Which from the diſtant, horizontal verge
Aſcending, nearer ſtill and nearer bends
To higher lands its progreſs, there condens'd,
Throws darkneſs o'er the valleys, while the face
Of nature ſaddens round; ſo ſtep by ſtep,
In motion ſlow th' advancing bier diffus'd
A ſolemn ſadneſs o'er the camp. A hedge
Of trembling ſpears on either hand is form'd.
Tears underneath his iron-pointed cone
The Sacian drops. The Caſpian ſavage feels
His heart tranſpierc'd, and wonders at the pain.
In Xerxes' preſence are the bodies plac'd,
Nor he forbids. His agitated breaſt
All night had weigh'd againſt his future hopes
His preſent loſſes, his defeated ranks,
By myriads thinn'd, their multitude abaſh'd,
His fleet thrice worſted, torn by ſtorms, reduc'd
To half its number. When he ſlept, in dreams
He ſaw the haggard dead, which floated round
Th' adjoining ſtrands. Diſaſters new their ghoſts
In ſullen frowns, in ſhrill upbraidings bode.
Thus, ere the gory bier approach'd his eyes,
He in dejection had already loſt
His kingly pride, the parent of diſdain,
And cold indifference to human woes.
Not ev'n beſide his ſiſter's nobler corſe
Her humble lover could awake his ſcorn.
The captives told their piercing tale. He heard;
He felt a while compaſſion. But ere long
Thoſe traces vaniſh'd from the tyrant's breaſt.
His former gloom redoubles. For himſelf
His anxious boſom heaves, oppreſs'd by fear,
Leſt he with all his ſplendour ſhould be caſt
A prey to fortune. Thoughtful near the throne
Laconia's exile waits, to whom the king.
O Demaratus, what will fate ordain?
Lo, fortune turns againſt me! What ſhall check
Her further malice, when her daring ſtride
Invades my houſe with ravage, and profanes
The blood of great Darius. I have ſent
From my unguarded ſide the choſen band,
My braveſt chiefs to paſs the deſert hill;
Have to the conduct of a Malian ſpy
My hopes intruſted. May not there the Greeks
In oppoſition more tremendous ſtill,
More ruinous than yeſter ſun beheld,
Maintain their poſt invincible, renew
Their ſtony thunder in augmented rage,
And ſend whole quarries down the craggy ſteeps
Again to cruſh my army? Oh, unfold
Thy ſecret thoughts, nor hide the harſheſt truth!
Say, what remains to hope? The exile here.
Too well, O monarch, do thy fears preſage,
What may befal thy army! If the Greeks,
Arrang'd within Thermopylæ, a paſs
Acceſſible and practis'd, could repel
With ſuch deſtruction their unnumber'd foes;
What ſcenes of havoc may untrodden paths,
Conſin'd among the craggy hills, afford?
Left in deſpair, the monarch ſilent ſat.
Not leſs unmann'd than Xerxes, from his place
Uproſe Argeſtes; but concealing fear,
Theſe artful words deliver'd. If the king
Propitious wills to ſpare his faithful bands,
Nor ſpread at large the terrors of his pow'r;
More gentle means of conqueſt than by arms,
Nor leſs ſecure may artifice ſupply.
Renown'd Darius, thy immortal fire
Bright in the ſpoil of kingdoms, long in vain
The fields of proud Euphrates with his hoſt
O'erſpread. At length, confiding in the wiles

Of Zopyrus, the mighty prince ſubdu'd
The Babylonian ramparts. Who ſhall count
The thrones and ſtates, by ſtratagem o'erturn'd?
But if corruption join her pow'rful aid,
Not one can ſtand. What race of men poſſeſs
That probity, that wiſdom, which the veil
Of craft ſhall never blind, nor proffer'd wealth,
Nor ſplendid pow'r ſeduce? O Xerxes! born
To more than mortal greatneſs, canſt thou find
Through thy unbounded ſway no dazzling gift,
Which may allure Leonidas? Diſpel
The cloud of ſadneſs from thoſe ſacred eyes.
Great monarch, proffer to Laconia's chief,
What may thy own magnificence declare,
And win his friendſhip. O'er his native Greece
Inveſt him ſov'reign. Thus procure his ſword
For thy ſucceeding conqueſts. Xerxes here,
As from a trance awak'ning, ſwift replies.
Wiſe are thy dictates. Fly to Sparta's chief.
Argeſtes, fall before him. Bid him join
My arms, and reign o'er ev'ry Grecian ſtate.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when in haſte approach'd
Artuchus. Startled at the ghaſtly ſtage
Of death, that guardian of the Perſian fair
Thus in a groan. Thou deity malign,
O Arimanius, what a bitter draught
For my ſad lips thy cruelty hath mix'd!
Is this the flow'r of women, to my charge
So lately giv'n? Oh princeſs! I have rang'd
The whole Sperchean valley, woods, and caves,
In queſt of thee, found here a lifeleſs corſe.
Aſtoniſhment and horror lock my tongue.
Pride now reviving in the monarch's breaſt,
Diſpell'd his black deſpondency a while,
With gall more black effacing from his heart
Each merciful impreſſion. Stern he ſpake.
Remove her, ſatrap, to the female train.
Let them the due ſolemnities perform.
But never ſhe, by Mithra's light I ſwear,
Shall ſleep in Suſa with her kindred duſt;
Who by ignoble paſſions hath debas'd
The blood of Xerxes. Greece beheld her ſhame;
Let Greece behold her tomb. The low-born ſlave,
Who dar'd to Xerxes' ſiſter lift his hopes,
On ſome bare crag expoſe. The Spartan here.
My royal patron, let me ſpeak—and die,
If ſuch thy will. This cold, diſfigur'd clay
Was late thy ſoldier, gallantly who fought,
Who nobly periſh'd, long the deareſt friend
Of Hyperanthes, hazarding his life
Now in thy cauſe. O'er Perſians thou doſt reign;
None more than Perſians, venerate the brave.
Well hath he ſpoke, Atruchus firm ſubjoins.
But if the king his rigour will inflict
On this dead warrior—Heav'n o'erlook the deed,
Nor on our heads accumulate freſh woes!
The ſhatter'd fleet, th' intimidated camp,
The band ſelect, through Oeta's dang'rous wilds
At this dread criſis ſtruggling, muſt obtain
Support from Heav'n, or Aſia's glory falls.
Fell pride, recoiling at theſe awful words
In Xerxes' frozen boſom, yields to fear,
Reſuming there the ſway. He grants the corſe
To Demaratus. Forth Artuchus moves
Behind the bier, upliſted by his train.
Argeſtes, parted from his maſter's ſide,
Aſcends a car; and ſpeeding o'er the beach,
Sees Artemiſia. She the aſhes pale
Of ſlaughter'd Carians on the pyre conſum'd,
Was then collecting for the fun'ral vaſe
In exclamation thus. My ſubjects loſt
On earth, deſcend to happier climes below——
The fawning, daſtard counſellors, who left
Your worth deſerted in the hour of need,
May kites diſfigure, may the wolf devour——
Shade of my huſband, thou ſalute in ſmiles
Theſe gallant warriors, faithful once to thee,
Nor leſs to me. They tidings will report
Of Artemiſia, to revive thy love——
May wretches like Argeſtes never claſp
Their wives, their offspring! Never greet their homes!
May their unbury'd limbs diſmiſs their ghoſts
To wail for ever on the banks of Styx!
Then, turning tow'rd her ſon. Come, virtuous boy,
Let us tranſport theſe relics of our friends
To yon tall bark, in pendent ſable clad.
They, if her keel be deſtin'd to return,
Shall in paternal monuments repoſe.
Let us embark. Till Xerxes ſhuts his ear
To falſe Argeſtes; in her veſſel hid,
Shall Artemiſia's gratitude lament
Her bounteous ſov'reign's fate. Leander, mark.
The Doric virtues are not eaſtern plants.
Them foſter ſtill within thy gen'rous breaſt,
But keep in covert from the blaze of courts;
Where flatt'ry's guile in oily words profuſe,
In action tardy, o'er th' ingenuous tongue,
The arm of valour, and the faithful heart
Will ever triumph. Yet my ſoul enjoys
Her own preſage, that deſtiny reſerves
An hour for my revenge. Concluding here,
She gains the fleet. Argeſtes ſweeps along
On rapid wheels from Artemiſia's view,
Like night, protectreſs foul of heinous deeds,
With treaſon, rape, and murder at her heel,
Before the eye of morn retreating ſwift
To hide her lothſome viſage. Soon he reach'd
Thermopylæ; deſcending from his car,
Was led by Dithyrambus to the tent
Of Sparta's ruler. Since the fatal news
By Mycon late deliver'd, he apart
With Polydorus had conſulted long
On high attempts; and now ſequeſter'd, ſat
To ruminate on vengeance. At his feet
Prone fell the ſatrap, and began. The will
Of Xerxes bends me proſtrate to the earth
Before thy preſence. Great and matchleſs chief,
Thus ſays the lord of Aſia. Join my arms;
Thy recompenſe is Greece. Her fruitful plains,
Her gen'rous ſteeds, her flocks, her num'rous towns,
Her ſons, I render to thy ſov'reign hand.
And, O illuſtrious warrior, heed my words!
Think on the bliſs of royalty, the pomp
Of courts, their endleſs pleaſures, trains of ſlaves,
Who reſtleſs watch for thee, and thy delights:
Think on the glories of unrivall'd ſway.
Look on th' Ionic, on th' Æolian Greeks.
From them their phantom liberty is flown;
While in each province, rais'd by Xerxes' pow'r,
Some favour'd chief preſides; exalted ſtate,
Ne'er giv'n by envious freedom. On his head
He bears the gorgeous diadem; he ſees
His equals once in adoration ſtoop

Beneath his footſtool. What ſuperior beams
Will from thy temples blaze, when gen'ral Greece,
In nobleſt ſtates abounding, calls thee lord,
Thee only worthy. How will each rejoice
Around thy throne, and hail th' auſpicious day,
When thou, diſtinguiſh'd by the Perſian king,
Didſt in thy ſway conſenting nations bleſs,
Didſt calm the fury of unſparing war,
Which elſe had delug'd all with blood and flames.
Leonidas replies not, but commands
The Theſpian youth, ſtill watchful near the tent,
To ſummon all the Grecians. He obeys.
The king up riſes from his ſeat, and bids
The Perſian follow. He, amaz'd, attends,
Surrounded ſoon by each aſſembling band;
When thus at length the godlike Spartan ſpake:
Here, Perſian, tell thy embaſſy. Repeat,
That to obtain my friendſhip Aſia's prince
To me hath proffer'd ſov'reignty o'er Greece.
Then view theſe bands, whoſe valour ſhall preſerve
That Greece unconquer'd, which your king be-
ſtows;
Shall ſtrew your bodies on her crimſon'd plains:
The indignation, painted on their looks,
Their gen'rous ſcorn may anſwer for their chief.
Yet from Leonidas, thou wretch, inur'd
To vaſſalage and baſeneſs, hear. The pomp,
The arts of pleaſure in a ſpotleſs heart
I look for pleaſure. I from righteous deeds
Derive my ſplendour. No adoring crowd,
No purpled ſlaves, no mercenary ſpears
My ſtate embarraſs. I in Sparta rule
By laws, my rulers, with a guard unknown
To Xerxes, public confidence and love.
No pale ſuſpicion of th' empoiſon'd bowl,
Th' aſſaſſin's poniard, or provok'd revolt
Chaſe from my decent couch the peace, deny'd
To his reſplendent canopy. Thy king,
Who hath proſan'd by proffer'd bribes my ear,
Dares not to meet my arm. Thee, trembling ſlave,
Whoſe embaſſy was treaſon, I deſpiſe,
And therefore ſpare. Diomedon ſubjoins:
Our marble temples theſe Barbarians waſte,
A crime leſs impious, than a bare attempt
Of ſacrilege on virtue. Grant my ſuit,
Thou living temple, where the goddeſs dwells.
To me conſign the caitiff. Soon the winds
Shall parch his limbs on Oeta's talleſt pine.
Amidſt his fury ſuddenly return'd
The ſpeed of Alpheus. All, ſuſpended, fix'd
On him their eyes impatient. He began:
I am return'd a meſſenger of ill.
Cloſe to the paſſage, op'ning into Greece,
That poſt committed to the Phocian guard,
O'erhangs a buſhy cliff. A ſtation there
Behind the ſhrubs by dead of night I took,
Though not in darkneſs. Purple was the face
Of heav'n. Beneath my feet the valleys glow'd.
A range immenſe of wood-inveſted hills,
The boundaries of Greece, were clad in flames;
An act of froward chance, or crafty foes
To caſt diſmay. The crackling pines I heard;
Their branches ſparkled, and the thickets blaz'd.
In hillocks embers roſe. Embody'd fire,
As from unnumber'd furnaces, I ſaw
Mount high through vacant trunks of headleſs
oaks,
Broad-bas'd, and dry with age. Barbarian helms,
Shields, javelins, ſabres, gleaming from below,
Full ſoon diſcover'd to my tortur'd ſight
The ſtreights in Perſia's pow'r. The Phocian
chief,
Whate'er the cauſe, relinquiſhing his poſt,
Was to a neighb'ring eminence remov'd;
There by the foe neglected, or contemn'd,
Remain'd in arms, and neither fled, nor fought.
I ſtay'd for day ſpring. Then the Perſians mov'd.
To-morrow's ſun will ſee their numbers here.
He ſaid no more. Unutterable fear
In horrid ſilence wraps the liſt'ning crowd,
Aghaſt, confounded. Silent are the chiefs,
Who feel no terror; yet in wonder fix'd,
Thick-wedg'd, encloſe Leonidas around,
Who thus in calmeſt elocution ſpake:
I now behold the oracle fulfill'd.
Then art thou near, thou glorious, ſacred hour,
Which ſhalt my country's liberty ſecure.
Thrice hail! thou ſolemn period. Thee the tongues
Of virtue, fame and freedom ſhall proclaim,
Shall celebrate in ages yet unborn.
Thou godlike offspring of a godlike ſire,
To him my kindeſt greetings, Medon, bear.
Farewell, Megiſtias, holy friend and brave.
Thou too, experienc'd, venerable chief,
Demophilus, farewell. Farewell to thee,
Invincible Diomedon, to thee,
Unequall'd Dithyrambus, and to all,
Ye other dauntleſs warriors, who may claim
Praiſe from my lips, and friendſhip from my heart.
You after all the wonders, which your ſwords
Have here accompliſh'd, will enrich your names
By freſh renown. Your valour muſt complete
What ours begins. Here firſt th' aſtoniſh'd foe
On dying Spartans ſhall with terror gaze,
And tremble while he conquers. Then, by fate
Led from his dreadful victory to meet
United Greece in phalanx o'er the plain,
By your avenging ſpears himſelf ſhall fall.
Forth from the aſſembly ſtrides Platæa's chief.
By the twelve gods, enthron'd in heav'n ſupreme;
By my fair name, unſully'd yet, I ſwear,
Thine eye, Leonidas, ſhall ne'er behold
Diomedon forſake thee. Firſt, let ſtrength
Deſert my limbs, and fortitude my heart.
Did I not face the Marathonian war?
Have I not ſeen Thermopylæ? What more
Can fame beſtow, which I ſhould wait to ſhare?
Where can I, living, purchaſe brighter praiſe,
Than dying here? What more illuſtrious tomb
Can I obtain, than, bury'd in the heaps
Of Perſians, fall'n my victims, on this rock
To lie diſtinguiſh'd by a thouſand wounds?
He ended; when Demophilus. O king
Of Lacedemon, pride of human race,
Whom none e'er equall'd, but the ſeed of Jove,
Thy own forefather, number'd with the gods,
Lo! I am old. With fault'ring ſteps I tread
The prone deſcent of years. My country claim'd
My youth, my ripeneſs. Feeble age but yields
An empty name of ſervice. What remains
For me unequal to the winged ſpeed
Of active hours, which court the ſwift and young?
What eligible wiſh can wiſdom form,
But to die well? Demophilus ſhall cloſe
With thee, O hero, on this glorious earth

His eve of life. The youth of Theſpia next
Addreſs'd Leonidas. O firſt of Greeks,
Me too think worthy to attend thy fame
With this moſt dear, this venerable man,
For ever honour'd from my tend'reſt age,
Ev'n till on life's extremity we part.
Nor too aſpiring let my hopes be deem'd;
Should the Barbarian in his triumph mark
My youthful limbs among the gory heaps,
Perhaps remembrance may unnerve his arm
In future fields of conteſt with a race,
To whom the flow'r, the blooming joys of life
Are leſs alluring than a noble death.
To him his ſecond parent. Wilt thou bleed,
My Dithyrambus? But I here withhold
All counſel from thee, who art wiſe as brave.
I know thy magnanimity. I read
Thy gen'rous thoughts. Decided is thy choice.
Come then, attendants on a godlike ſhade,
When to th' Elyſian anceſtry of Greece
Deſcends her great protector, we will ſhow
To Harmatides an illuſtrious ſon,
And no unworthy brother. We will link
Our ſhields together. We will preſs the ground,
Still undivided in the arms of death.
So if th' attentive traveller we draw
To our cold reliques, wond'ring, ſhall he trace
The diff'rent ſcene, then pregnant with applauſe,
O wife old man, exclaim, the hour of fate
Well didſt thou chooſe; and, O unequall'd youth,
Who for thy country didſt thy bloom devote,
May'ſt thou remain for ever dear to fame!
May time rejoice to name thee! O'er thy urn
May everlaſting peace her pinion ſpread.
This ſaid, the hero with his lifted ſhield
His face o'erſhades; he drops a ſecret tear:
Not this a tear of anguiſh, but deriv'd
From fond affection, grown mature with time,
Awak'd a manly tenderneſs alone,
Unmix'd with pity, or with vain regret.
A ſtream of duty, gratitude, and love,
Flow'd from the heart of Harmatides' ſon,
Addreſſing ſtraight Leonidas, whoſe looks
Declar'd unſpeakable applauſe. O king
Of Lacedemon, now diſtribute praiſe
From thy accuſtom'd juſtice, ſmall to me,
To him a portion large. His guardian care
His kind inſtruction, his example train'd
My infancy, my youth. From him I learn'd
To live unſpotted. Could I leſs than learn
From him to die with honour? Medon hears.
Shook by a whirlwind of contending thoughts
Strong heaves his manly boſom, under awe
Of wife Meliſſa, torn by friendſhip, fir'd
By ſuch example high. In dubious ſtate
So rolls a veſſel, when th' inflated waves
Her planks aſſail, and winds her canvaſs rend;
The rudder labours, and requires a hand
Of firm, delib'rate ſkill. The gen'rous king
Perceives the hero's ſtruggle, and prepares
To interpoſe relief; when inſtant came
Dieneces before them. Short he ſpake:
Barbarian myriads through the ſecret paſs
Have enter'd Greece. Leonidas, by morn
Expect them here. My ſlender force I ſpar'd.
There to have died was uſeleſs. We return
With thee to periſh. Union of our ſtrength
Will render more illuſtrious to ourſelves,
And to the foe more terrible our fall.
Megiſtias laſt accoſts Laconia's king.
Thou, whom the gods have choſen to exalt
Above mankind in virtue and renown,
O call not me preſumptuous, who implore
Among theſe heroes thy regardful ear.
To Lacedemon I a ſtranger came,
There found protection. There to honours rais'd,
I have not yet the benefit repaid.
That now the gen'rous Spartans may behold
In me their large beneficence not vain,
Here to their cauſe I conſecrate my breath.
Not ſo, Megiſtias, interpos'd the king.
Thou and thy ſon retire. Again the ſeer:
Forbid it, thou eternally ador'd,
O Jove, confirm my perſevering ſoul!
Nor let me theſe auſpicious moments loſe,
When to my bounteous patrons I may ſhow,
That I deſerv'd their favour. Thou, my child,
Dear Menalippus, heed the king's command,
And my paternal tenderneſs revere.
Thou from theſe ranks withdraw thee, to my uſe
Thy arms ſurrend'ring. Fortune will ſupply
New proofs of valour. Vanquiſh then, or find
A glorious grave; but ſpare thy father's eye
The bitter anguiſh to behold thy youth
Untimely bleed before him. Grief ſuſpends
His ſpeech, and interchangeably their arms
Impart the laſt embraces. Either weeps,
The hoary parent, and the blooming ſon.
But from his temples the pontific wreath
Megiſtias now unlooſens. He reſigns
His hallow'd veſtments; while the youth in tears
The helmet o'er his parent's ſnowy locks,
O'er his broad cheſt adjuſts the radiant mail.
Dieneces was nigh. Oppreſs'd by ſhame,
His downcaſt viſage Menalippus hid.
From him, who cheerful thus: Thou need'ſt not bluſh.
Thou hear'ſt thy father and the king command
What I ſuggeſted, thy departure hence.
Train'd by my care, a ſoldier thou return'ſt.
Go, practiſe my inſtructions. Oft in fields
Of future conflict may thy proweſs call
Me to remembrance. Spare thy words. Farewell.
While ſuch contempt of life, ſuch fervid zeal
To die with glory animate the Greeks,
Far diff'rent thoughts poſſeſs Argeſtes' ſoul.
Amaze and mingled terror chill his blood.
Cold drops, diſtill'd from ev'ry pore, bedew
His ſhiv'ring fleſh. His boſom pants. His knees
Yield to their burden. Ghaſtly pale his cheeks,
Pale are his lips and trembling. Such the minds
Of ſlaves corrupt; on them the beauteous face
Of virtue turns to horror. But theſe words
From Lacedemon's chief the wretch relieve:
Return to Xerxes. Tell him, on this rock
The Grecians faithful to their truſt await
His choſen myriads. Tell him, thou haſt ſeen
How far the luſt of empire is below
A freeborn ſpirit; that my death, which ſeals
My country's ſafety is indeed a boon,
His folly gives a precious boon, which Greece
Will by perdition to his throne repay.
He ſaid. The Perſian haſtens through the paſs.
Once more the ſtern Diomedon aroſe.
Wrath overcaſt his forehead while he ſpake:
Yet more muſt ſtay and bleed. Deteſted Thebes
Ne'er ſhall receive her traitors back. This ſpot
Shall ſee their perfidy aton'd by death,

Ev'n from that pow'r, to which their abject hearts
Have sacrific'd their faith. Nor dare to hope,
Ye vile deserters of the public weal,
Ye coward slaves, that mingled in the heaps
Of gen'rous victims to their country's good,
You shall your shame conceal. Whoe'er shall pass
Along this field of glorious slain, and mark
For veneration ev'ry nobler corse;
His heart, though warm in rapturous applause,
A while shall curb the transport to repeat
His execrations o'er such impious heads,
On whom that fate, to others yielding fame,
Is infamy and vengeance. Dreadful thus
On the pale Thebans sentence he pronounc'd,
Like Rhadamanthus from th' infernal seat
Of judgment, which inexorably dooms
The guilty dead to ever-during pain;
While Phlegethon his flaming volumes rolls
Before their sight, and ruthless furies shake
Their hissing serpents. All the Greeks assent
In clamours, echoing through the concave rock.
Forth Anaxander in th' assembly stood,
Which he address'd with indignation feign'd:

If yet your clamours, Grecians, are allay'd,
Lo! I appear before you to demand,
Why these my brave companions, who alone
Among the Thebans through diffuading crowds
Their passage forc'd to join your camp, should bear
The name of traitors? By an exil'd wretch
We are traduc'd, by Demaratus, driv'n
From Spartan confines, who hath meanly sought
Barbarian courts for shelter. Hath he drawn
Such virtues thence, that Sparta, who before
Held him unworthy of his native sway,
Should trust him now, and doubt auxiliar friends?
Injurious men! We scorn the thoughts of flight.
Let Asia bring her numbers; unconstrain'd,
We will confront them, and for Greece expire.

Thus in the garb of virtue he adorn'd
Necessity. Laconia's king perceiv'd
Through all its fair disguise the traitor's heart.
So, when at first, mankind in science rude
Rever'd the moon, as bright in native beams,
Some sage, who walk'd with nature through her works,
By wisdom led, discern'd the various orb,
Dark in itself, in foreign splendours clad.

Leonidas concludes. Ye Spartans, hear;
Hear you, O Grecians, in our lot by choice
Partakers, destin'd to enrol your names
In time's eternal record, and enhance
Your country's lustre: lo! the noontide blaze
Inflames the broad horizon. Each retire;
Each in his tent invoke the pow'r of sleep
To brace his vigour, to enlarge his strength
For long endurance. When the sun descends,
Let each appear in arms. You, brave allies
Of Corinth, Phlius, and Mycenæ's tow'rs,
Arcadians, Locrians, must not yet depart.
While we repose, embattled wait. Retreat
When we our tents abandon. I resign
To great Oileus' son supreme command.
Take my embraces, Æschylus. The fleet
Expects thee. To Themistocles report,
What thou hast seen and heard. O thrice farewell!
Th' Athenian answer'd: To yourselves, my friends,
Your virtues immortality secure,
Your bright examples victory to Greece.

Retaining these injunctions, all dispers'd;
While in his tent Leonidas remain'd
Apart with Agis, whom he thus bespake:
Yet in our fall the pond'rous hand of Greece
Shall Asia feel. This Persian's welcome tale
Of us, inextricably doom'd her prey,
As by the force of sorcery will wrap
Security around her, will suppress
All sense, all thought of danger. Brother, know,
That soon as Cynthia from the vault of heav'n
Withdraws her shining lamp, through Asia's host
Shall massacre and desolation rage.
Yet not to base associates will I trust
My vast design. Their perfidy might warn
The unsuspecting foe, our fairest fruits
Of glory thus be wither'd. Ere we move,
While on the solemn sacrifice intent,
As Lacedemon's ancient laws ordain,
Our pray'rs we offer to the tuneful nine,
Thou whisper through the willing ranks of Thebes
Slow and in silence to disperse and fly.

Now left by Agis, on his couch reclin'd,
The Spartan king thus meditates alone:

My fate is now impending. O my soul,
What more auspicious period could'st thou choose
For death, than now, when beating high in joy,
Thou tell'st me I am happy? If to live,
Or die, as virtue dictates, be to know
The purest bliss; if she her charms displays
Still lovely, still unfading, still serene
To youth, to age, to death: whatever be
Those other climes of happiness unchang'd,
Which Heav'n in dark futurity conceals,
Still here, O virtue, thou art all our good!
Oh, what a black, unspeakable reverse
Must the unrighteous, must the tyrant prove?
What in the struggle of departing day,
When life's last glimpse, extinguishing, presents
Unknown, inextricable gloom? But how
Can I explain the terrors of a breast,
Where guilt resides? Leonidas, forego
The horrible conception, and again
Within thy own felicity retire;
Bow grateful down to him, who form'd thy mind
Of crimes unfruitful, never to admit
The black impression of a guilty thought.
Else could I fearless by delib'rate choice
Relinquish life? This calm from minds deprav'd
Is ever absent. Oft in them the force
Of some prevailing passion for a time
Suppresses fear. Precipitate they lose
The sense of danger; when dominion, wealth,
Or purple pomp, enchant the dazzled sight,
Pursuing still the joys of life alone.

But he, who calmly seeks a certain death,
When duty only, and the gen'ral good
Direct his courage, must a soul possess,
Which all content deducing from itself,
Can by unerring virtue's constant light
Discern, when death is worthy of his choice.

The man, thus great and happy in the scope
Of his large mind, is stretch'd beyond his date.
Ev'n on this shore of being, he in thought
Supremely bless'd, anticipates the good
Which late posterity from him derives.

At length the hero's meditations close.
The swelling transport of his heart subsides
In soft oblivion; and the silken plumes
Of sleep envelop his extended limbs.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas, riſing before ſun-ſet, diſmiſſes the forces under the command of Medon; but obſerving a reluctance in him to depart, reminds him of his duty, and gives him an affectionate farewell. He then relates to his own ſelect band a dream, which is interpreted by Megiſtias, arms himſelf, and marches in proceſſion with his whole troop to an altar, newly raiſed on a neighbouring meadow; there offers a ſacrifice to the muſes: he invokes the aſſiſtance of thoſe goddeſſes; he animates his companions; then, placing himſelf at their head, leads them againſt the enemy in the dead of the night.

The day was cloſing. Agis left his tent.
He ſought his godlike brother. Him he found
Stretch'd o'er his tranquil couch. His looks retain'd
The cheerful tincture of his waking thoughts
To gladden ſleep. So ſmile ſoft evening ſkies,
Yet ſtreak'd with ruddy light, when ſummer's ſuns
Have veil'd their beaming foreheads. Tranſport fill'd
The eye of Agis. Friendſhip ſwell'd his heart.
His yielding knee in veneration bent.
The hero's hand he kiſs'd, then fervent thus:
O excellence ineffable, receive
This ſecret homage; and may gentle ſleep
Yet longer ſeal thine eyelids, that, unblam'd,
I may fall down before thee. He concludes
In adoration of his friend divine,
Whoſe brow the ſhades of ſlumber now forſake.
So, when the riſing ſun reſumes his ſtate,
Some white-rob'd magnus on Euphrates ſide,
Or Indian ſeer on Ganges proſtrate falls
Before th' emerging glory, to ſalute
That radiant emblem of th' immortal mind.
Upriſe both heroes. From their tents in arms
Appear the bands elect. The other Greeks
Are filing homeward. Only Medon ſtops.
Meliſſa's dictates he forgets a while.
All inattentive to the warning voice
Of Melibœus, earneſt he ſurveys
Leonidas. Such conſtancy of zeal
In good Oïleus' offspring brings the ſire
To full remembrance in that ſolemn hour,
And draws theſe cordial accents from the king:
Approach me, Locrian. In thy look I trace
Conſummate faith and love. But, vers'd in arms,
Againſt thy gen'ral's orders would'ſt thou ſtay?
Go, prove to kind Oïleus, that my heart
Of him was mindful, when the gates of death
I barr'd againſt his ſon. Yon gallant Greeks,
To thy commanding care from mine transferr'd,
Remove from certain ſlaughter. Laſt repair
To Lacedemon. Thither lead thy ſire.
Say to her ſenate, to her people tell,
Here didſt thou leave their countrymen and king
On death reſolv'd, obedient to the laws.
The Locrian chief, reſtraining tears, replies:
My ſire, left ſlumb'ring in the iſland-fane,
Awoke no more. Then joyful I ſhall meet
Him ſoon, the king made anſwer. Let thy worth
Supply thy father's. Virtue bids me die,
Thee live. Farewell. Now Medon's grief, o'eraw'd
By wiſdom, leaves his long-ſuſpended mind
To firm deciſion. He departs, prepar'd
For all the duties of a man, by deeds
To prove himſelf the friend of Sparta's king,
Meliſſa's brother, and Oïleus' ſon.
The gen'rous victims of the public weal,
Aſſembled now, Leonidas ſalutes,
His pregnant ſoul diſburd'ning. O thrice hail!
Surround me, Grecians; to my words attend.
This evening's ſleep no ſooner preſs'd my brows,
Than o'er my head the empyreal form
Of heav'n-enthron'd Alcides was diſplay'd.
I ſaw his magnitude divine. His voice
I heard, his ſolemn mandate to ariſe.
I roſe. He bade me follow. I obey'd.
A mountain's ſummit, clear'd from miſt, or cloud,
We reach'd in ſilence. Suddenly the howl
Of wolves and dogs, the vulture's piercing ſhriek,
The yell of ev'ry beaſt and bird of prey
Diſcordant grated on my ear. I turn'd.
A ſurface hideous, delug'd o'er with blood,
Beyond my view illimitably ſtretch'd,
One vaſt expanſe of horror. There ſupine,
Of huge dimenſion, cov'ring half the plain,
A giant corſe lay mangled, red with wounds,
Delv'd in th' enormous fleſh, which, bubbling, fed
Ten thouſand thouſand griſly beaks and jaws,
Inſatiably devouring. Mute I gaz'd;
When from behind I heard a ſecond ſound
Like ſurges, tumbling o'er a craggy ſhore.
Again I turn'd. An ocean there appear'd
With riven keels and ſhrouds, with ſhiver'd oars,
With arms and welt'ring carcaſſes beſtrewn
Innumerous. The billows foam'd in blood.
But where the waters, unobſerv'd before,
Between two adverſe ſhores, contracting, roll'd
A ſtormy current, on the beach forlorn
One of majeſtic ſtature I deſcry'd
In ornaments imperial. Oft he bent
On me his clouded eyeballs. Oft my name
He ſounded forth in execrations loud;
Then rent his ſplendid garments; then his head
In rage diveſted of its graceful hairs.
Impatient now he ey'd a ſlender ſkiff,
Which, mounted high on boiſtrous waves, approach'd.
With indignation, with reluctant grief
Once more his ſight reverting, he embark'd
Amid the perils of the frowning deep.
O thou, by glorious actions rank'd in heav'n,
I here exclaim'd, inſtruct me. What produc'd
This deſolation? Hercules reply'd:
Let thy aſtoniſh'd eye again ſurvey
The ſcene, thy ſoul abhorr'd. I look'd. I ſaw
A land, where plenty with diſporting hands
Pour'd all the fruits of Amalthea's horn;
Where bloom'd the olive; where the cluſt'ring vine
With her broad foliage mantled ev'ry hill;
Where Ceres with exuberance enrob'd
The pregnant boſoms of the fields in gold,

Where ſpacious towns, whoſe circuits proud contain'd
The dazzling works of wealth along the banks
Of copious rivers ſhow'd their ſtately tow'rs,
The ſtrength and ſplendour of the peopled land.
Then in a moment clouds obſcur'd my view;
At once all vaniſh'd from my waking eyes.
Thrice I ſalute the omen, loud began
The ſage Megiſtias. In this myſtic dream
I ſee my country's victories. The land,
The deep ſhall own her triumphs; while the tears
Of Aſia and of Libya ſhall deplore
Their offspring, caſt before the vulture's beak,
And ev'ry monſtrous native of the main.
Thoſe joyous fields of plenty picture Greece,
Enrich'd by conqueſt, and barbarian ſpoils.
He, whom thou ſaw'ſt, in regal veſture clad,
Print on the ſand his ſolitary ſtep,
Is Xerxes, foil'd and fugitive. So ſpake
The rev'rend augur. Ev'ry boſom felt
Enthuſiaſtic rapture, joy beyond
All ſenſe, and all conception, but of thoſe,
Who die to ſave their country. Here again
Th' exulting band Leonidas addreſs'd.
Since happineſs from virtue is deriv'd,
Who for his country dies, that moment proves
Moſt happy, as moſt virtuous. Such our lot.
But go, Megiſtias. Inſtantly prepare
The ſacred fuel, and the victim due;
That to the muſes (ſo by Sparta's law
We are enjoin'd) our off'rings may be paid,
Before we march. Remember, from the rites
Let ev'ry ſound be abſent; not the life,
Not ev'n the muſic-breathing flute be heard.
Meantime, ye leaders, ev'ry band inſtruct
To move in ſilence. Mindful of their charge
The chiefs depart. Leonidas provides
His various armour. Agis cloſe attends,
His beſt aſſiſtant. Firſt a breaſtplate arms
The ſpacious cheſt. O'er this the hero ſpreads
The mailed cuiraſs, from his ſhoulders hung.
A ſhining belt infolds his mighty loins.
Next on his ſtately temples he erects
The plumed helm; then graſps his pond'rous ſhield:
Where nigh the centre on projecting braſs
Th' inimitable artiſt had emboſs'd
The ſhape of great Alcides; whom to gain
Two goddeſſes contended. Pleaſure here
Won by ſoft wiles th' attracted eye; and there
The form of virtue dignify'd the ſcene.
In her majeſtic ſweetneſs was diſplay'd
The mind ſublime and happy. From her lips
Seem'd eloquence to flow. In look ſerene,
But fix'd intenſely on the ſon of Jove,
She wav'd her hand, where, winding to the ſkies,
Her paths aſcended. On the ſummit ſtood,
Supported by a trophy near to heav'n,
Fame, and protended her eternal trump.
The youth attentive to her wiſdom own'd
The prevalence of virtue; while his eye,
Fill'd by that ſpirit, which redeem'd the world
From tyranny and monſters, darted flames;
Not unde ſcry'd by pleaſure, where ſhe lay
Beneath a gorgeous canopy. Around
Were flowrets ſtrewn, and wantonly in rills
A fount meander'd. All relax'd her limbs;
Nor wanting yet ſolicitude to gain,
What loſt ſhe fear'd, as ſtruggling with deſpair,
She ſeem'd collecting ev'ry pow'r to charm:
Exceſs of ſweet allurement ſhe diffus'd
In vain. Still virtue ſway'd Alcides' mind.
Hence all his labours. Wrought with vary'd art,
The ſhield's external ſurface they enrich'd.
This portraiture of glory on his arm
Leonidas diſplays, and, tow'ring, ſtrides
From his pavilion. Ready are the bands.
The chiefs aſſume their ſtation. Torches blaze
Through ev'ry file. All now in ſilent pace
To join in ſolemn ſacrifice proceed.
Firſt Polydorus bears the hallow'd knife,
The ſacred ſalt and barley. At his ſide
Diomedon ſuſtains a weighty mace.
The prieſt, Megiſtias, follows like the reſt
In poliſh'd armour. White as winter's fleece,
A fillet round his ſhining helm reveals
The ſacerdotal honours. By the horns,
Where laurels twine, with Alpheus Maron leads
The conſecrated ox. And lo! behind,
Leonidas advances. Never he
In ſuch tranſcendent majeſty was ſeen,
And his own virtue never ſo enjoy'd.
Succeſſive move Dieneces the brave,
In hoary ſtate Demophilus, the bloom
Of Dithyrambus, glowing in the hope
Of future praiſe, the gen'rous Agis next
Serene and graceful, laſt the Theban chiefs,
Repining, ignominious: then ſlow march
The troops all mute, nor ſhake their brazen arms.
Not from Thermopylæ remote the hills
Of Oeta, yielding to a fruitful dale,
Within their ſide, half-circling, had enclos'd
A fair expanſe in verdure ſmooth. The bounds
Were edg'd by wood, o'erlook'd by ſnowy cliffs,
Which from the clouds bent frowning. Down a rock
Above the loftieſt ſummit of the grove
A tumbling torrent wore the ſhagged ſtone;
Then, gleaming through the intervals of ſhade,
Attain'd the valley, where the level ſtream
Diffus'd refreſhment. On its banks the Greeks
Had rais'd a ruſtic altar, fram'd of turf.
Broad was the ſurface, high in piles of wood,
All interſpers'd with laurel. Purer deem'd,
Than river, lake, or fountain, in a vaſe
Old Ocean's briny element was plac'd
Before the altar; and of wine unmix'd
Capacious goblets ſtood. Megiſtias now
His helm unlooſen'd. With his ſnowy head,
Uncover'd, round the ſolemn pile he trod.
He ſhook a branch of laurel, ſcatt'ring wide
The ſacred moiſture of the main. His hand
Next on the altar, on the victim ſtrew'd
The mingled ſalt and barley. O'er the horns
Th' inverted chalice foaming from the grape,
Diſcharg'd a rich libation. Then approach'd
Diomedon. Megiſtias gave the ſign.
Down ſunk the victim by a deathful ſtroke,
Nor groan'd. The augur bury'd in the throat
His hallow'd ſteel. A purple current flow'd.
Now ſmok'd the ſtructure, now it flam'd abroad
In ſudden ſplendour. Deep in circling ranks
The Grecians preſs'd. Each held a ſparkling brand;

'The beaming lances intermix'd; the helms,
The burnish'd armour multiply'd the blaze.
Leonidas drew nigh. Before the pile
His feet he planted. From his brows remov'd,
The casque to Agis he consign'd, his shield,
His spear to Dithyrambus; then, his arms
Extending, forth in supplications broke.
Harmonious daughters of Olympian Jove,
Who, on the top of Helicon ador'd,
And high Parnassus, with delighted ears
Bend to the warble of Castalia's stream,
Or Aganippe's murmur, if from thence
We must invoke your presence; or along
The neighb'ring mountains with propitious steps
If now you grace your consecrated bow'rs,
Look down, ye muses; nor disdain to stand
Each an immortal witness of our fate.
But with you bring fair Liberty, whom Jove,
And you must honour. Let her sacred eyes
Approve her dying Grecians; let her voice
In exultation tell the earth and heav'ns,
These are her sons. Then strike your tuneful shells.
Record us guardians of our parent's age,
Our matron's virtue, and our children's bloom,
The glorious bulwarks of our country's laws,
Who shall ennoble the historian's page,
Shall on the joyous festival inspire
With loftier strains the virgin's choral song.
Then, O celestial maids, on yonder camp
Let night sit heavy. Let a sleep like death
Weigh down the eye of Asia. O infuse
A cool, untroubled spirit in our breasts,
Which may in silence guide our daring feet,
Controul our fury, nor by tumult wild
The friendly dark affright; till dying groans
Of slaughter'd tyrants into horror wake
The midnight calm. Then turn destruction loose.
Let terror, let confusion rage around,
In one vast ruin heap the barb'rous ranks,
Their horse, their chariots. Let the spurning steed
Imbrue his hoofs in blood, the shatter'd cars
Crush with their brazen weight the prostrate necks
Of chiefs and kings, encircled, as they fall,
By nations slain. You, countrymen and friends,
My last commands retain. Your gen'ral's voice
Once more salutes you, not to rouse the brave,
Or minds, resolv'd and dauntless, to confirm.
Too well by this expiring blaze I see
Impatient valour flash from ev'ry eye.
O temper well that ardour, and your lips
Close on the rising transport. Mark, how sleep
Hath folded millions in his black embrace.
No sound is wafted from th' unnumber'd foe.
The winds themselves are silent. All conspires
To this great sacrifice, where thousands soon
Shall only wake to die. Their crowded train
This night perhaps to Pluto's dreary shades
Ev'n Xerxes' ghost may lead, unless reserv'd
From this destruction to lament a doom
Of more disgrace, when Greece confounds that pow'r,
Which we shall shake. But look, the setting moon
Shuts on our darksome paths her waining horns.
Let each his head distinguish by a wreath
Of well-earn'd laurel. Then the victim share,
Then crown the goblet. Take your last repast;
With your forefathers, and the heroes old
You next will banquet in the bless'd abodes.
Here ends their leader. Through th' encircling crowd
The agitation of their spears denotes
High ardour. So the spiry growth of pines
Is rock'd, when Æolus in eddies winds
Among their stately trunks on Pelion's brow.
The Acarnanian seer distributes swift
The sacred laurel. Snatch'd in eager zeal,
Around each helm the woven leaves unite
Their glossy verdure to the floating plumes.
Then is the victim portion'd. In the bowl
Then flows the vine's empurpled stream. Aloof
The Theban train in wan dejection mute
Brood o'er their shame, or cast affrighted looks
On that determin'd courage, which, unmov'd
At fate's approach, with cheerful lips could taste
The sparkling goblet, could in joy partake
That last, that glorious banquet. Ev'n the heart
Of Anaxander had forgot its wiles,
Dissembling fear no longer. Agis here,
Regardful ever of the king's command,
Accosts the Theban chiefs in whispers thus:
Leonidas permits you to retire.
While on the rites of sacrifice employ'd,
None heed your motions. Separate and fly
In silent pace. This heard, th' inglorious troop,
Their files dissolving, from the rest withdraw.
Unseen they moulder from the host like snow,
Freed from the rigour of constraining frost;
Soon as the sun exerts his orient beam,
The transitory landscape melts in rills
Away, and structures, which delude the eye,
Insensibly are lost. The solemn feast
Was now concluded. Now Laconia's king
Had reassum'd his arms. Before his step
The crowd roll backward. In their gladden'd sight
His crest, illumin'd by uplifted brands,
Its purple splendour shakes. The tow'ring oak
Thus from a lofty promontory waves
His majesty of verdure. As with joy
The sailors mark his heav'n-ascending pride,
Which from afar directs their foamy course
Along the pathless ocean; so the Greeks
In transport gaze, as down their op'ning ranks
The king proceeds: from whose superior frame
A soul like thine, O Phidias, might conceive
In Parian marble, or effulgent brass
The form of great Apollo; when the god,
Won by the pray'rs of man's afflicted race,
In arms forsook his lucid throne to pierce
The monster Python in the Delphian vale.
Close by the hero Polydorus waits
To guide destruction through the Asian tents.
As the young eagle near his parent's side
In wanton flight essays his vig'rous wing,
Ere long with her to penetrate the clouds,
To dart impetuous on the fleecy train,
And dye his beak in gore; by Sparta's king
The injur'd Polydorus thus prepares
His arm for death. He feasts his angry soul
On promis'd vengeance. His impatient thoughts
Ev'n now transport him furious to the seat
Of his long sorrows, not with fetter'd hands,
But now once more a Spartan with his spear,

His ſhield reſtor'd, to lead his country's bands,
And with them devaſtation. Nor the reſt
Neglect to form. Thick-rang'd, the helmets blend
Their various plumes, as intermingling oaks
Combine their foliage in Dodona's grove;
Or as the cedars on the Syrian hills
Their ſhady texture ſpread. Once more the king,
O'er all the phalanx his conſid'rate view
Extending, through the ruddy gleam deſcries
One face of gladneſs; but the godlike van
He moſt contemplates: Agis, Alpheus there,
Megiſtias, Maron with Platæa's chief,
Dieneces, Demophilus are ſeen
With Theſpia's youth: nor they their ſteady ſight
From his remove, in ſpeechleſs tranſport bound
By love, by veneration; till they hear
His laſt injunction. To their diff'rent poſts
They ſep'rate. Inſtant on the dewy turf
Are caſt th' extinguiſh'd brands. On all around
Drops ſudden darkneſs, on the wood, the hill,
The ſnowy ridge, the vale, the ſilver ſtream.
It verg'd on midnight. Tow'rd the hoſtile camp
In march compos'd and ſilent down the paſs
The phalanx mov'd. Each patient boſom huſh'd
Its ſtruggling ſpirit, nor in whiſpers breath'd
The rapt'rous ardour, virtue then inſpir'd.
So lowring clouds along th' ethereal void
In ſlow expanſion from the gloomy north
A while ſuſpend their horrors, deſtin'd ſoon
To blaze in lightnings, and to burſt in ſtorms.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas and the Grecians penetrate through the Perſian camp to the very pavilion of Xerxes, who avoids deſtruction by flight. The barbarians are ſlaughtered in great multitudes, and their camp is ſet on fire. Leonidas conducts his men in good order back to Thermopylæ, engages the Perſians, who were deſcended from the hills, and after numberleſs proofs of ſuperior ſtrength and valour, ſinks down covered with wounds, and expires the laſt of all the Grecian commanders.

Across th' unguarded bound of Aſia's camp
Slow paſs the Grecians. Through unnum'rous tents,
Where all is mute and tranquil, they purſue
Their march ſedate. Beneath the leaden hand
Of ſleep lie millions motionleſs and deaf,
Nor dream of fate's approach. Their wary foes,
By Polydorus guided, ſtill proceed.
Ev'n to the centre of th' extenſive hoſt
They pierce unſeen; when lo! th' imperial tent
Yet diſtant roſe before them. Spreading round
Th' auguſt pavilion, was an ample ſpace
For thouſands in arrangement. Here a band
Of choſen Perſians, watchful o'er the king,
Held their nocturnal ſtation. As the hearts
Of anxious nations, whom th' unſparing ſword,
Or famine threaten, tremble at the ſight
Of fear engender'd phantoms in the ſky,
Aerial hoſts amid the clouds array'd,
Portending woe and death; the Perſian guard
In equal conſternation now deſcry'd
The glimpſe of hoſtile armour. All diſband,
As if auxiliar to his favour'd Greeks
Pan held their banner, ſcatt'ring from its folds
Fear and confuſion, which to Xerxes couch
Swift-winged, fly; thence ſhake the gen'ral camp
Whoſe numbers iſſue naked, pale, unarm'd,
Wild in amazement, blinded by diſmay,
To ev'ry foe obnoxious. In the breaſts
Of thouſands, gor'd at once, the Grecian ſteel
Reeks in deſtruction. Deluges of blood
Float o'er the field, and foam around the heaps
Of wretches, ſlain unconſcious of the hand,
Which waſtes their helpleſs multitude. Amaze,
Affright, diſtraction from his pillow chaſe
The lord of Aſia, who in thought beholds
United Greece in arms. Thy luſt of pow'r!
Thy hope of glory! whither are they flown
With all thy pomp? In this diſaſt'rous hour
What could avail the immeaſurable range
Of thy proud camp, ſave only to conceal
Thy trembling ſteps, O Xerxes, while thou fly'ſt
To thy deſerted couch with other looks
With other ſteps Leonidas is nigh.
Before him terror ſtrides. Gigantic death,
And deſolation at his ſide attend.

The vaſt pavilion's empty ſpace, where lamps
Of gold ſhed light and odours, now admits
The hero. Ardent throngs behind him preſs,
But miſs their victim. To the ground are hurl'd
The glitt'ring enſigns of imperial ſtate.
The diadem, the ſceptre, late ador'd [ſce
Through boundleſs kingdoms, underneath the
In mingled rage and ſcorn the warriors cruſh
A ſacrifice to freedom. They return
Again to form. Leonidas exalts,
For new deſtruction his reſiſtleſs ſpear;
When double darkneſs ſuddenly deſcends.
The clouds, condenſing, intercept the ſtars.
Black o'er the furrow'd main the raging eaſt
In whirlwinds ſweeps the ſurge. The coaſts re
ſound.
The cavern'd rocks, the craſhing foreſts roar.
Swift through the camp the hurricane impells
Its rude career; when Aſia's numbers, veil'd
Amid the ſhelt'ring horrors of the ſtorm,
Evade the victor's lance. The Grecians halt;
While to their gen'ral's pregnant mind occurs
A new attempt and vaſt. Perpetual fire
Beſide the tent of Xerxes from the hour,
He lodg'd his ſtandards on the Malian plains,
Had ſhone. Among his Magi to adore
Great Horomazes was the monarch wont
Before the ſacred light. Huge piles of wood
Lay nigh, prepar'd to feed the conſtant flame.
On living embers theſe are caſt. So wills
Leonidas. The phalanx then divides.
Four troops are form'd, by Dithyrambus led,
By Alpheus, by Diomedon. The laſt
Himſelf conducts. The word is giv'n. The
ſeize
The burning fuel. Sparkling in the wind,
Deſtructive fire is brandiſh'd. All, enjoin'd
To reaſſemble at the regal tent,
By various paths the hoſtile camp invade.
Now devaſtation, unconfin'd, involves
The Malian fields. Among Barbarian tents
From diff'rent ſtations fly conſuming flames.
The Greeks afford no reſpite; and the ſtorm
Exaſperates the blaze. To ev'ry part
The conflagration like a ſea expands,

)ne waving ſurface of unbounded fire.
n ruddy volumes mount the curling flames
'o heav'n's dark vault, and paint the midnight clouds.
o, when the north emits his purpled lights,
'he undulated radiance, ſtreaming wide,
\s with a burning canopy inveſts
Th' ethereal concave. Oeta now diſclos'd
His forehead, glitt'ring in eternal froſt;
While down his rocks the foamy torrents ſhone.
Far o'er the main the pointed rays were thrown;
Night ſnatch'd her mantle from the ocean's breaſt;
The billows glimmer'd from the diſtant ſhores.
But lo! a pillar huge of ſmoke aſcends,
Which overſhades the field. There horror, there
Leonidas preſides. Command he gave
To Polydorus, who, exulting, ſhow'd
Where Aſia's horſe, and warlike cars poſſeſs'd
A crowded ſtation. At the hero's nod
Devouring Vulcan riots on the ſtores
Of Ceres, empty'd of the ripen'd grain,
On all the tribute from her meadows brown,
By rich Theſſalia render'd to the ſcythe.
A flood of fire envelopes all the ground.
The cordage burſts around the blazing tents.
Down ſink the roofs on ſuffocated throngs,
Cloſe-wedg'd by fear. The Lybian chariot burns.
Th' Arabian camel, and the Perſian ſteed
Bound through a burning deluge. Wild with pain
They ſhake their ſinged manes. Their madding hoofs
Daſh through the blood of thouſands, mix'd with flames,
Which rage, augmented by the whirlwind's blaſt.
Meantime the ſcepter'd lord of half the globe
From tent to tent precipitates his flight.
Diſpers'd are all his ſatraps. Pride herſelf
Shuns his dejected brow. Deſpair alone
Waits on th' imperial fugitive, and ſhows,
As round the camp his eye, diſtracted, roves,
No limits to deſtruction. Now is ſeen
Aurora, mounting from her eaſtern hill
In roſy ſandals, and with dewy locks.
The winds ſubſide before her; darkneſs flies;
A ſtream of light proclaims the cheerful day,
Which ſees at Xerxes' tent the conqu'ring bands,
All reunited. What could fortune more
To aid the valiant, what to gorge revenge?
Lo! deſolation o'er the adverſe hoſt
Hath empty'd all her terrors. Ev'n the hand
Of languid ſlaughter dropt the crimſon ſteel;
Nor nature longer can ſuſtain the toil
Of unremitted conqueſt. Yet what pow'r
Among theſe ſons of liberty reviv'd
Their drooping warmth, new-ſtrung their nerves, recall'd
Their weary'd ſwords to deeds of brighter fame?
What, but th' inſpiring hope of glorious death
To crown their labours, and th' auſpicious look
Of their heroic chief, which, ſtill unchang'd,
Still in ſuperior majeſty declar'd,
No toil had yet relax'd his matchleſs ſtrength,
Nor worn the vigour of his godlike ſoul.
Back to the paſs in gentle march he leads
Th' embattled warriors. They behind the ſhrubs,
Where Medon ſent ſuch numbers to the ſhades,
In ambuſh lie. The tempeſt is o'erblown.
Soft breezes only from the Malian waye
O'er each grim face, beſmear'd with ſmoke and gore,
Their cool refreſhment breathe. The healing gale,
A cryſtal rill near Oeta's verdant feet
Diſpel the languor from their haraſs'd nerves,
Freſh brac'd by ſtrength returning. O'er their heads
Lo! in full blaze of majeſty appears
Meliſſa, bearing in her hand divine
Th' eternal guardian of illuſtrious deeds,
The ſweet Phœbean lyre. Her graceful train
Of white-rob'd virgins, ſeated on a range
Half down the cliff, o'erſhadowing the Greeks,
All with concordant ſtrings, and accents clear
A torrent pour of melody, and ſwell
A high, triumphal, ſolemn dirge of praiſe,
Anticipating fame. Of endleſs joys
In bleſs'd Elyſium was the ſong. Go, meet
Lycurgus, Solon and Zaleucus ſage,
Let them ſalute the children of their laws.
Meet Homer, Orpheus and th' Aſcræan bard,
Who with a ſpirit, by ambroſial food
Refin'd, and more exalted, ſhall contend
Your ſplendid fate to warble through the bow'rs
Of amaranth and myrtle ever young
Like your renown. Your aſhes we will cull.
In yonder fane depoſited, your urns
Dear to the muſes ſhall our lays inſpire.
Whatever off'rings, genius, ſcience, art
Can dedicate to virtue, ſhall be yours,
The gifts of all the muſes, to tranſmit
You on th' enliven'd canvaſs, marble, braſs,
In wiſdom's volume, in the poet's ſong,
In ev'ry tongue, through ev'ry age and clime,
You of this earth the brighteſt flow'rs, not cropt,
Tranſplanted only to immortal bloom
Of praiſe with men, of happineſs with gods.
The Grecian valour on religion's flame
To eccſtaſy is wafted. Death is nigh.
As by the graces faſhion'd, he appears
A beauteous form. His adamantine gate
Is half unfolded. All in tranſport catch
A glimpſe of immortality. Elate
In rapturous deluſion they believe,
That to behold and folemnize their fate
The goddeſſes are preſent on the hills
With celebrating lyres. In thought ſerene
Leonidas the kind deception bleſs'd,
Nor undeceiv'd his ſoldiers. After all
Th' inceſſant labours of the horrid night,
Through blood, through flames continu'd, he prepares
In order'd battle to confront the pow'rs
Of Hyperanthes from the upper ſtreights.
Not long the Greeks in expectation wait
Impatient. Sudden with tumultuous ſhouts
Like Nile's rude current, where in deaf'ning roar
Prone from the ſteep of Elephantis falls
A ſea of waters, Hyperanthes pours
His choſen numbers on the Grecian camp
Down from the hills precipitant. No foes
He finds. The Thebans join him. In his van
They march conductors. On, the Perſians roll
In martial thunder through the founding paſs.
They iſſue forth impetuous from its mouth.
That moment Sparta's leader gave the ſign;
When, as th' impulſive ram in forceful ſway
O'erturns a nodding rampart from its baſe,

And ſtrews a town with ruin, ſo the band
Of ſerry'd heroes down the Malian ſteep,
Tremendous depth, the mix'd battalions ſwept
Of Thebes and Perſia. There no waters flow'd,
Abrupt and naked all was rock beneath.
Leonidas, incens'd, with grappling ſtrength
Daſh'd Anaxander on a pointed crag;
Compos'd, then gave new orders. At the word
His phalanx, wheeling, penetrates the paſs.
Aſtoniſh'd Perſia ſtops in full career.
Ev'n Hyperanthes ſhrinks in wonder back.
Conſuſion drives freſh numbers from the ſhore.
The Malian ooze o'erwhelms them. Sparta's king
Still preſſes forward, till an open breadth
Of fifty paces yields his front extent
To proffer battle. Hyperanthes ſoon
Recalls his warriors, diſſipates their fears.
Swift on the great Leonidas a cloud [cloſe.
Of darts is ſhow'r'd. Th' encount'ring armies
Who firſt, ſublimeſt hero, felt thy arm?
What rivers heard along their echoing banks
Thy name, in curſes founded from the lips
Of noble mothers, wailing for their ſons?
What towns with empty monuments were fill'd
For thoſe, whom thy unconquerable ſword
This day to vultures caſt? Firſt Beſſus died,
A haughty ſatrap, whoſe tyrannic ſway
Deſpoil'd Hyrcania of her golden ſheaves,
And laid her foreſts waſte. For him the bees
Among the branches interwove their ſweets;
For him the fig was ripen'd, and the vine
In rich profuſion o'er the goblet foam'd.
Then Dinis bled. On Hermus' ſide he reign'd;
He long aſſiduous, unavailing woo'd
The martial queen of Caria. She diſdain'd
A lover's ſoft complaint. Her rigid ear
Was fram'd to watch the tempeſt, while it rag'd,
Her eye accuſtom'd on the rolling deck
To brave the turgid billow. Near the ſhore
She now is preſent in her pinnace light.
The ſpectacle of glory crowds her breaſt
With diff'rent paſſions. Valiant, ſhe applauds
The Grecian valour; faithful, ſhe laments
Her ſad preſage of Perſia; prompts her ſon
To emulation of the Greeks in arms,
And of herſelf in loyalty. By fate
Is ſhe reſerv'd to ſignalize that day
Of future ſhame, when Xerxes muſt behold
The blood of nations overflow his decks,
And to their bottom tinge the briny floods
Of Salamis; whence ſhe with Aſia flies,
She only not inglorious. Low reclines
Her lover now, on Hermus to repeat
Her name no more, nor tell the vocal groves
His fruitleſs ſorrows. Next Maduces fell,
A Paphlagonian. Born amid the ſound
Of chafing ſurges, and the roar of winds,
He o'er th' inhoſpitable Euxine foam
Was wont from high Carambis' rock to ken
Ill-fated keels, which cut the Pontic ſtream,
Then with his dire aſſociates through the deep
For ſpoil and ſlaughter guide his ſavage prow.
Him dogs will rend aſhore. From Medus far,
Their native current, two bold brothers died,
Siſamnes and Tithrauſtes, potent lords
Of rich domains. On theſe Mithrines gray,
Cilician prince, Lilæus, who had left
The balmy fragrance of Arabia's fields
With Babylonian Tenagon expir'd.
The growing carnage Hyperanthes views
Indignant, fierce in vengeful ardour ſtrides
Againſt the victor. Each his lance protends;
But Aſia's numbers interpoſe their ſhields,
Solicitous to guard a prince rever'd:
Or thither fortune whelm'd the tide of war,
His term protracting for augmented fame.
So two proud veſſels, lab'ring on the foam,
Preſent for battle their deſtructive beaks;
When ridgy ſeas, by hurricanes upturn,
In mountainous commotion daſh between,
And either deck, in black'ning tempeſts veil'd,
Waft from its diſtant foe. More fiercely burn'd
Thy ſpirit, mighty Spartan. Such diſmay
Relax'd thy foes, that each Barbarian heart
Reſign'd all hopes of victory. The ſteeds
Of day were climbing their meridian height.
Continu'd ſhouts of onſet from the paſs
Reſounded o'er the plain. Artuchus heard.
When firſt the ſpreading tumult had alarm'd
His diſtant quarter, ſtarting from repoſe,
He down the valley of Spercheos ruſh'd
To aid his regal maſter. Aſia's camp
He found the ſeat of terror and deſpair.
As in ſome fruitful clime, which late hath known
The rage of winds and floods, although th
ſtorm
Be heard no longer, and the deluge fled,
Still o'er the waſted region nature mourns
In melancholy ſilence; through the grove
With proſtrate glories lie the ſtately oak,
Th' uprooted elm and beach; the plain is ſpread
With fragments, ſwept from villages o'erthrown
Around the paſtures flocks and herds are caſt
In dreary piles of death: ſo Perſia's hoſt
In terror mute one boundleſs ſcene diſplays
Of devaſtation. Half-devour'd by fire,
Her tall pavilions and her martial cars
Deform the wide encampment. Here in gore
Her princes welter, nameleſs thouſands there,
Not victims all to Greeks. In gaſping heaps
Barbarians, mangled by Barbarians, ſhow'd
The wild confuſion of that direful night;
When, wanting ſignals, and a leader's care,
They ruſh'd on mutual ſlaughter. Xerxes' tent
On its exalted ſummit, when the dawn
Firſt ſtreak'd the orient ſky, was wont to bear
The golden form of Mithra, clos'd between
Two lucid cryſtals. This the gen'ral hoſt
Obſerv'd, their awful ſignal to arrange
In arms complete, and numberleſs to watch
Their monarch's riſing. This conſpicuous blaze
Artuchus places in th' accuſtom'd ſeat.
As, after winds have ruffled by a ſtorm
The plumes of darkneſs, when her welcome face
The morning lifts ſerene, each wary ſwain
Collects his flock diſpers'd; the neighing ſteed,
The herds forſake their ſhelter: all return
To well-known paſtures, and frequented ſtreams:
So now this cheering ſignal on the tent
Revives each leader. From inglorious flight
Their ſcatter'd bands they call, their wonted
ground
Reſume, and hail Artuchus. From their ſwarm
A force he culls. Thermopylæ he ſeeks.
Fell ſhouts in horrid diſſonance precede.

His phalanx swift Leonidas commands
'o circle backward from the Malian bay.
'heir order changes. Now, half-orb'd, they stand
y Oeta's fence protected from behind,
/ith either flank united to the rock.
,s by th' excelling architect dispos'd
'o shield some haven, a stupendous mole,
ram'd of the grove and quarry's mingled strength,
n ocean's bosom penetrates afar:
'here, pride of art, immoveable it looks
n Eolus and Neptune; there defies
'hose potent gods combin'd: unyielding thus,
'he Grecians stood a solid mass of war
gainst Artuchus, join'd with numbers new
'o Hyperanthes. In the foremost rank
.eonidas his dreadful station held.
.round him soon a spacious void was seen
y flight, or slaughter in the Persian van.
n gen'rous shame and wrath Artuchus burns,
)ischarging full at Lacedemon's chief
n iron-studded mace. It glanc'd aside,
'urn'd by the massy buckler. Prone to earth
'he satrap fell. Alcander aim'd his point,
Vhich had transfix'd him prostrate on the rock,
ut for th' immediate succour, he obtain'd
rom faithful soldiers, lifting on their shields
. chief belov'd. Not such Alcander's lot.
.n arrow wounds his heart. Supine he lies,
'he only Theban, who to Greece preserv'd
nviolated faith. Physician sage,
)n pure Cithæron healing herbs to cull
Vas he accustom'd, to expatiate o'er
'he Heliconian pastures, where no plants
)f poison spring, of juice salubrious all,
Vhich vipers, winding in their verdant track,
)rink and expel the venom from their tooth,
)ipt in the sweetness of that soil divine.
)n him the brave Artontes sinks in death,
.enown'd through wide Bithynia, ne'er again
'he clam'rous rites of Cybelé to share;
Vhile echo murmurs through the hollow caves
)f Berecynthian Dindymus. The strength
)f Alpheus sent him to the shades of night.
:re from the dead was disengag'd the spear,
Huge Abradates, glorying in his might,
urpassing all of Cissian race, advanc'd
'o grapple; planting firm his foremost step,
'he victor's throat he grasp'd. At Nemea's games
'he wrestler's chaplet Alpheus had obtain'd.
Ie summons all his art. Oblique the stroke
)f his swift foot supplants the Persian's heel.
Ie, falling, clings by Alpheus' neck, and drags
Iis foe upon him. In the Spartan's back
:nrag'd Barbarians fix their thronging spears.
'o Abradates' cheft the weapons pass;
They rivet both in death. This Maron sees,
This Polydorus, frowning. Victims, strewn
Before their vengeance, hide their brother's corse.
At length the gen'rous blood of Maron warms
The sword of Hyperanthes. On the spear
Of Polydorus falls the pond'rous ax
Of Sacian Mardus. From the yielding wood
The steely point is sever'd. Undismay'd,
The Spartan stoops to rear the knotted mace,
Left by Artuchus; but thy fatal blade,
Abrocomes, that dreadful instant watch'd
To rend his op'ning side. Unconquer'd still,
Swift he discharges on the Sacian's front
A pond'rous blow, which burst the scatter'd brain.
Down his own limbs meantime a torrent flows
Of vital crimson. Smiling, he reflects
On sorrow finish'd, on his Spartan name,
Renew'd in lustre. Sudden to his side
Springs Dithyrambus. Through th' uplifted arm
Of Mindus, pointing a malignant dart
Against the dying Spartan, he impell'd
His spear. The point with violence unspent,
Urg'd by such vigour, reach'd the Persian's throat,
Above his corselet. Polydorus stretch'd
His languid hand to Thespia's friendly youth,
Then bow'd his head in everlasting peace.
While Mindus, wasted by his streaming wound,
Beside him faints and dies. In flow'ring prime
He, lord of Colchis, from a bride was torn
His tyrant's hasty mandate to obey.
She tow'rd the Euxine sends her plaintive sighs;
She woos in tender piety the winds:
Vain is their favour; they can never breathe
On his returning sail. At once a crowd
Of eager Persians seize the victor's spear.
One of his nervous hands retains it fast.
The other bares his falchion. Wounds and death
He scatters round. Sosarmes feels his arm
Lopt from the shoulder. Zatis leaves entwin'd
His fingers round the long-disputed lance.
On Mardon's reins descends the pond'rous blade,
Which half divides his body. Pheron strides
Across the pointed ash. His weight o'ercomes
The weary'd Thespian, who resigns his hold;
But cleaves th' elate barbarian to the brain.
Abrocomes darts forward, shakes his steel,
Whose lightning threatens death. The wary Greek
Wards with his sword the well-directed stroke,
Then, closing, throws the Persian. Now what aid
Of mortal force, or interposing heav'n
Preserves the eastern hero? Lo! the friend
Of Teribazus. Eager to avenge
That lov'd, that lost companion, and defend
A brother's life, beneath the sinewy arm,
Outstretch'd, the sword of Hyperanthes pass'd
Through Dithyrambus. All the strings of life
At once relax; nor fame, nor Greece demand
More from his valour. Prostrate now he lies
In glories, ripen'd on his blooming head.
Him shall the Thespian maidens in their songs
Record once loveliest of the youthful train,
The gentle, wise, beneficent and brave,
Grace of his lineage, and his country's boast,
Now fall'n. Elysium to his parting soul
Uncloses. So the cedar, which supreme
Among the groves of Libanus hath tow'r'd,
Uprooted, low'rs his graceful top, preferr'd
For dignity of growth some royal dome,
Or heav'n-devoted fabric to adorn.
Diomeden bursts forward. Round his friend
He heaps destruction. Troops of wailing ghosts
Attend thy shade, fall'n hero! Long prevail'd
His furious arm in vengeance uncontroul'd;
Till four Assyrians on his shelving spear,
Ere from a Cissian's prostrate body freed,
Their pond'rous maces all discharge. It broke.
Still with a shatter'd truncheon he maintains
Unequal fight. Impetuous through his eye

The well aim'd fragment penetrates the brain
Of one bold warrior; there the ſplinter'd wood,
Infix'd, remains. The hero laſt unſheaths
His falchion broad. A ſecond ſees aghaſt
His entrails open'd. Sever'd from a third,
The head, ſteel cas'd deſcends. In blood is roll'd
The grizly beard. That effort breaks the blade
Short from its hilt. The Grecian ſtands diſarm'd.
The fourth, Aſtaſpes, proud Chaldean lord,
Is nigh. He lifts his iron-plated mace.
This, while a cluſter of auxiliar friends
Hang on the Grecian ſhield, to earth depreſs'd,
Loads with unerring blows the batter'd helm;
Till on the ground Diomedon extends
His mighty limbs. So waken'd by the force
Of ſome tremendous engine, which the hand
Of Mars impels, a citadel, high-tow'r'd,
Whence darts, and fire, and ruins, long have aw'd
Begirding legions, yields at laſt, and ſpreads
Its diſuniting ramparts on the ground;
Joy fills th' aſſailants, and the battle's tide [thus
Whelms o'er the widening breach: the Perſian
O'er the late-fear'd Diomedon advanc'd
Againſt the Grecian remnant: when behold
Leonidas. At once their ardour froze.
He had a while behind his friends retir'd,
Oppreſs'd by labour. Pointleſs was his ſpear,
His buckler cleft. As, overworn by ſtorms,
A veſſel ſteers to ſome protecting bay;
Then, ſoon as timely gales inviting, curl
The azure floods, to Neptune ſhows again
Her maſts apparell'd freſh in ſhrowds and ſails,
Which court the vig'rous wind: So Sparta's king,
In ſtrength repair'd, a ſpear and buckler new
Preſents to Aſia. From her bleeding ranks
Hydarnes, urg'd by deſtiny, approach'd.
He, proudly vaunting, left an infant race,
A ſpouſe lamenting on the diſtant verge
Of Bactrian Ochus. Victory in vain
He, parting promis'd. Wanton hope will ſport
Round his cold heart no longer. Grecian ſpoils,
Imagin'd triumphs, pictur'd on his mind,
Fate will eraſe for ever. Through the targe,
The thick-mail'd corſelet his divided cheſt
Of bonny ſtrength admits the hoſtile ſpear.
Leonidas draws back the ſteely point,
Bent and enfeebled by the forceful blow.
Meantime within his buckler's rim unſeen,
Amphiſteus ſtealing, in th' unguarded flank
His dagger ſtruck. In ſlow effuſion ooz'd
The blood, from Hercules deriv'd; but death
Not yet had reach'd his mark. Th' indignant
king
Gripes irreſiſtibly the Perſian's throat.
He drags him proſtrate. Falſe, corrupt, and baſe,
Fallacious, fell, pre-eminent was he
Among tyrannic ſatraps. Phrygia pin'd
Beneath th' oppreſſion of his ruthleſs ſway.
Her ſoil had once been fruitful. Once her towns
Were populous and rich. The direful change
To naked fields and crumbling roofs declar'd
Th' accurs'd Amphiſtreus govern'd. As the ſpear
Of Tyrian Cadmus rivetted to earth
The pois'nous dragon, whoſe infectious breath
Had blaſted all Bœotia; ſo the king,
On prone Amphiſtreus trampling, to the rock
Nails down the tyrant, and the fractur'd ſtaff
Leaves in his panting body. But the blood,
Great hero, dropping from thy wound, revives
The hopes of Perſia. Thy unyielding arm
Upholds the conflict ſtill. Againſt thy ſhield
The various weapons ſhiver, and thy feet
With glitt'ring points ſurround. The Lydia
ſword,
The Perſian dagger leave their ſhatter'd hilts;
Bent is the Caſpian ſcimitar: the lance,
The javelin, dart, and arrow all combine
Their fruitleſs efforts. From Alcides ſprung,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhaken like a Thracian hill,
Like Rhodope, or Hæmus; where in vain
The thund'rer plants his livid bolt; in vain
Keen-pointed lightnings pierce th' incruſted ſnow
And winter, beating with eternal war,
Shakes from his dreary wings diſcordant ſtorms,
Chill ſleet, and clatt'ring hail. Advancing bold,
His rapid lance Abrocomes in vain
Aims at the forehead of Laconia's chief.
He, not unguarded, rears his active blade
Athwart the dang'rous blow, whoſe fury waſtes
Above his creſt in air. Then ſwiftly wheel'd,
The pond'rous weapon cleaves the Perſian's knee
Sheer through the parted bone. He ſidelong
falls.
Cruſh'd on the ground beneath contending feet,
Great Xerxes' brother yields the laſt remains
Of tortur'd life. Leonidas perſiſts;
Till Agis calls Dieneces, alarms
Demophilus, Megiſtias: they o'er piles
Of Allarodian and Saſperian dead
Haſte to their leader: They before him raiſe
The brazen bulwark of their maſſy ſhields.
The foremoſt rank of Aſia ſtands and bleeds;
The reſt recoil: but Hyperanthes ſwift
From band to band his various hoſt pervades,
Their drooping hopes rekindles, in the brave
New fortitude excites: the frigid heart
Of fear he warms. Aſtaſpes firſt obeys,
Vain of his birth, from ancient Belus drawn,
Proud of his wealthy ſtores, his ſtately domes,
More proud in recent victory: his might
Had foil'd Platæa's chief. Before the front
He ſtrides impetuous. His triumphant mace
Againſt the brave Dieneces he bends.
The weighty blow bears down th' oppoſing ſhield,
And breaks the Spartan's ſhoulder. Idle hangs
The weak defence, and loads th' inactive arm,
Depriv'd of ev'ry function. Agis bares
His vengeful blade, At two well levell'd ſtrokes
Of both his hands, high brandiſhing the mace,
He mutilates the foe. A Sacian chief
Springs on the victor. Jaxartes' banks
To this brave ſavage gave his name and birth.
His look erect, his bold deportment ſpoke
A gallant ſpirit, but untam'd by laws,
With dreary wilds familiar, and a race
Of rude barbarians, horrid, as their clime.
From its direction glanc'd the Spartan ſpear,
Which, upward borne, o'erturn'd his iron cone.
Black o'er his forehead fall the naked locks;
They aggravate his fury: while his foe
Repeats the ſtroke, and penetrates his cheſt.
Th' intrepid Sacian through his breaſt and back
Receives the girding ſteel. Along the ſtaff
He writhes his tortur'd body; in his graſp

A barbed arrow from his quiver ſhakes;
Deep in the ſtreaming throat of Agis hides
The deadly point; then grimly ſmiles and dies.
From him fate haſtens to a nobler prey,
Dieneces. His undefended frame
The ſhield abandons, ſliding from his arm.
His breaſt is gor'd by javelins. On the foe
He hurls them back, extracted from his wounds.
Life, yielding ſlow to deſtiny, at length
Forſakes his riven heart; nor leſs in death
Thermopylæ he graces, than before
By martial deeds and conduct. What can ſtem
The barb'rous torrent? Agis bleeds. His ſpear
Lies uſeleſs, irrecoverably plung'd
In Jaxares' body. Low reclines
Dieneces. Leonidas himſelf,
O'erlabour'd, wounded with his dinted ſword
The rage of war can exerciſe no more.
One laſt, one glorious effort age performs.
Demophilus, Megiſtias join their might.
They check the tide of conqueſt; while the ſpear
Of ſlain Dieneces to Sparta's chief
The fainting Agis bears. The pointed aſh,
In that dire hand for battle rear'd anew,
Blaſts ev'ry Perſian's valour. Back in heaps
They roll confounded, by their gen'ral's voice
In vain exhorted longer to endure
The ceaſeleſs waſte of that unconquer'd arm.
So, when the giants from Olympus chas'd
Th' inferior gods, themſelves in terror ſhunn'd
Th' inceſſant ſtreams of lightning, where the hand
Of heav'n's great father with eternal might
Suſtain'd the dreadful conflict. O'er the field
A while Bellona gives the battle reſt;
When Theſpia's leader and Megiſtias drop
At either ſide of Lacedemon's king.
Beneath the weight of years and labour bend
The hoary warriors. Not a groan moleſts
Their parting ſpirits; but in death's calm night
All ſilent ſinks each venerable head:
Like aged oaks, whoſe deep-deſcending roots
Had pierc'd reſiſtleſs through a craggy ſlope;
There during three long centuries have brav'd
Malignant Eurus, and the boiſterous north;
Till bare and ſapleſs by corroding time
Without a blaſt their moſſy trunks recline
Before their parent hill. Not one remains,
But Agis, near Leonidas, whoſe hand
The laſt kind office to his friend performs.
Extracts the Sacian's arrow. Life, releas'd,
Pours forth in crimſon floods. O Agis, pale
Thy placid features, rigid are thy limbs; [veal
They loſe their graces. Dimm'd, thy eyes re-
The native goodneſs of thy heart no more.
Yet other graces ſpring. The noble corſe
Leonidas ſurveys. A pauſe he finds
To mark, how lovely are the patriot's wounds,
And ſee thoſe honours on the breaſt he lo'vd
But Hyperanthes from the trembling ranks
Of Aſia tow'rs, inflexibly reſolv'd
The Perſian glory to redeem, or fall.
The Spartan, worn by toil, his languid arm
Uplifts once more. He waits the dauntleſs prince.
The heroes ſtand adverſe. Each a while
Reſtrains his valour. Each, admiring, view
His godlike foe. At length their brandiſh'd points
Provoke the conteſt, fated ſoon to cloſe
The long-continu'd horrors of the day.
Fix'd in amaze and fear, the Aſian throng,
Unmov'd and ſilent on their bucklers pauſe.
Thus on the waſtes of India, while the earth
Beneath him groans, the elephant is ſeen,
His huge proboſcis writhing, to defy
The ſtrong rhinoceros, whoſe pond'rous horn
Is newly whetted on a rock. Anon
Each hideous bulk encounters. Earth her groan
Redoubles. Trembling, from their covert gaze
The ſavage inmates of ſurrounding woods
In diſtant terror. By the vary'd art
Of either chief the dubious combat long
Its great event retarded. Now his lance
Far through the hoſtile ſhield Laconia's king
Impell'd. Aſide the Perſian ſwung his arm.
Beneath it paſs'd the weapon, which his targe
Encumber'd. Hopes of conqueſt and renown
Elate his courage. Sudden he directs
His rapid javelin to the Spartan's throat.
But he his wary buckler upward rais'd,
Which o'er his ſhoulder turn'd the glancing ſteel;
For one laſt effort then his ſcatter'd ſtrength
Collecting, levell'd with reſiſtleſs force
The maſſive orb, and daſh'd its brazen verge
Full on the Perſian's forehead. Down he ſunk,
Without a groan expiring, as o'erwhelm'd
Beneath a marble fragment, from his ſeat
Heav'd by a whirlwind, ſweeping o'er the ridge
Of ſome aſpiring manſion. Gen'rous prince!
What could his valour more? His ſingle might
He match'd with great Leonidas, and fell
Before his native bands. The Spartan king
Now ſtands alone. In heaps his ſlaughter'd friends,
All ſtretch'd around him lie. The diſtant foes
Show'r on his head innumerable darts.
From various ſluices guſh the vital floods;
They ſtain his fainting limbs. Nor yet with pain
His brow is clouded; but thoſe beauteous wounds,
The ſacred pledges of his own renown,
And Sparta's ſafety, in ſereneſt joy
His cloſing eye contemplates. Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head;
His virtue more to labour fate forbids,
And lays him now in honourable reſt
To ſeal his country's liberty by death.

MISCELLANIES.

POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

To Newton's genius and immortal fame,
Th' advent'rous muſe with trembling pinions ſoars.
Thou, heav'nly truth, from thy ſeraphic throne
Look favourable down, do thou aſſiſt
My lab'ring thought, do thou inſpire my ſong.
Newton, who firſt th' Almighty's works diſplay'd,
And ſmooth'd that mirror, in whoſe poliſh'd face
The great Creator now conſpicuous ſhines;
Who open'd nature's adamantine gates,
And to our minds her ſecret powers expos'd;
Newton demands the muſe; his ſacred hand
Shall guide her infant ſteps; his ſacred hand
Shall raiſe her to the Heliconian height,
Where, on its lofty top enthron'd, her head
Shall mingle with the ſtars. Hail nature, hail,
O goddeſs, handmaid of th' ethereal power,
Now lift thy head, and to th' admiring world
Show thy long hidden beauty. Thee the wiſe
Of ancient fame, immortal Plato's ſelf,
The Stagyrite, and Syracuſian ſage,
From black obſcurity's abyſs to raiſe,
(Drooping and mourning o'er thy wondrous works)
With vain inquiry fought. Like meteors theſe
In their dark age bright ſons of wiſdom ſhone:
But at thy Newton all their laurels fade,
They ſhrink from all the honours of their names.
So glimm'ring ſtars contract their feeble rays,
When the ſwift luſtre of Aurora's face
Flows o'er the ſkies, and wraps the heav'ns in light.

The Deity's omnipotence, the cauſe,
Th' original of things long lay unknown.
Alone the beauties prominent to ſight
(Of the celeſtial power the outward form)
Drew praiſe and wonder from the gazing world.
As when the deluge over-ſpread the earth,
Whilſt yet the mountains only rear'd their heads
Above the ſurface of the wild expanſe,
Whelm'd deep below the great foundations lay,
Till ſome kind angel at heav'n's high command
Roll'd back the riſing tides, and haughty floods,
And to the ocean thunder'd out his voice:
Quick all the ſwelling and imperious waves,
The foaming billows and obſcuring ſurge,
Back to their channels and their ancient ſeats
Recoil affrighted: from the darkſome main
Earth raiſes ſmiling, as new-born, her head,
And with freſh charms her lovely face arrays.
So his extenſive thought accompliſh'd firſt
The mighty taſk to drive th' obſtructing miſts
Of ignorance away, beneath whoſe gloom
Th' unſhrouded majeſty of nature lay.
He drew the veil and ſwell'd the ſpreading ſcene.
How had the moon around th' ethereal void
Rang'd, and eluded lab'ring mortals care,
Till his invention trac'd her ſecret ſteps,
While ſhe inconſtant with unſteady rein
Through endleſs mazes and meanders guides
In its unequal courſe her changing car:
Whether behind the ſun's ſuperior light
She hides the beauties of her radiant face,
Or, when conſpicuous, ſmiles upon mankind,
Unveiling all her night-rejoicing charms.
When thus the ſilver-treſſed moon diſpels
The frowning horrors from the brow of night,
And with her ſplendours cheers the ſullen gloom,
While ſable-mantled darkneſs with his veil
The viſage of the fair horizon ſhades,
And over nature ſpreads his raven wings;
Let me upon ſome unfrequented green
While ſleep ſits heavy on the drowſy world,
Seek out ſome ſolitary peaceful cell,
Where darkſome woods around their gloomy brows
Bow low, and ev'ry hill's protended ſhade
Obſcures the duſky vale, there ſilent dwell,
Where contemplation holds its ſtill abode,
There trace the wide and pathleſs void of heav'n,
And count the ſtars that ſparkle on its robe.
Or elſe in fancy's wild'ring mazes loſt
Upon the verdure ſee the fairy elves
Dance o'er their magic circles, or behold,
In thought enraptur'd with the ancient bards,
Medea's baleful incantations draw
Down from her orb the paly queen of night.
But chiefly Newton let me ſoar with thee,
And while ſurveying all yon ſtarry vault
With admiration I attentive gaze,
Thou ſhalt deſcend from thy celeſtial ſeat,
And waft aloft my high-aſpiring mind,
Shalt ſhow me there how nature has ordain'd
Her fundamental laws, ſhalt lead my thought
Through all the wand'rings of th' uncertain moon,
And teach me all her operating powers.
She and the ſun with influence conjoint
Wield the huge axle of the whirling earth,
And from their juſt direction turn the poles,
Slow urging on the progreſs of the years.
The conſtellations ſeem to leave their ſeats,
And o'er the ſkies with ſolemn pace to move.
You, ſplendid rulers of the day and night,
The ſeas obey, at your reſiſtleſs ſway
Now they contract their waters, and expoſe
The dreary deſert of old ocean's reign.
The craggy rocks their horrid ſides diſcloſe;
Trembling the ſailor views the dreadful ſcene,
And cautiouſly the threat'ning ruin ſhuns.
But where the ſhallow waters hide the ſands,
There ravenous deſtruction lurks conceal'd,

There the ill-guided veſſel falls a prey,
And all her numbers gorge his greedy jaws.
But quick returning ſee th' impetuous tides
Back to th' abandon'd ſhores impell the main.
Again the foaming ſeas extend their waves,
Again the rolling floods embrace the ſhores,
And veil the horrors of the empty deep.
Thus the obſequious ſeas your power confeſs,
While from the ſurface healthful vapours riſe,
Plenteous throughout the atmoſphere diffus'd,
Or to ſupply the mountain's heads with ſprings,
Or fill the hanging clouds with needful rains,
That friendly ſtreams, and kind refreſhing ſhow'rs,
May gently lave the ſun-burnt thirſty plains,
Or to repleniſh all the empty air
With wholeſome moiſture to increaſe the fruits
Of earth, and bleſs the labours of mankind.
O Newton, whither flies thy mighty ſoul,
How ſhall the feeble muſe purſue through all
The vaſt extent of thy unbounded thought,
That even ſeeks th' unſeen receſſes dark
To penetrate of Providence immenſe.
And thou the great Diſpenſer of the world
Propitious, who with inſpiration taught'ſt
Our greateſt bard to ſend thy praiſes forth;
Thou, who gav'ſt Newton thought; who ſmil'dſt ſerene,
When to its bounds he ſtretch'd his ſwelling ſoul;
Who ſtill benignant ever bleſt his toil,
And deign'd to his enlight'ned mind t' appear
Confeſs'd around th' interminated world:
To me, O thy divine infuſion grant
(O thou in all ſo infinitely good)
That I may ſing thy everlaſting works,
Thy unexhauſted ſtore of providence,
In thought effulgent and reſounding verſe.
O could I ſpread the wond'rous theme around,
Where the wind cools the oriental world,
To the calm breezes of the Zephyr's breath,
To where the frozen hyperborean blaſts,
To where th' boiſt'rous tempeſt-leading ſouth
From their deep hollow caves ſend forth their ſtorms.
Thou ſtill indulgent Parent of mankind,
Leſt humid emanations ſhould no more
Flow from the ocean, but diſſolve away
Through the long ſeries of revolving time;
And leſt the vital principle decay,
By which the air ſupplies the ſprings of life;
Thou haſt the fiery viſag'd comets form'd
With vivifying ſpirits all replete,
Which they abundant breathe about the void,
Renewing the prolific ſoul of things.
No longer now on thee amaz'd we call,
No longer tremble at imagin'd ills,
When comets blaze tremendous from on high,
Or when extending wide their flaming trains
With hideous graſp the ſkies engirdle round,
And ſpread the terrors of their burning locks.
For theſe through orbits in the length'ning ſpace
Of many tedious rolling years complete
Around the ſun move regularly on;
And with the planets in harmonious orbs,
And myſtic periods their obeiſance pay
To him majeſtic Ruler of the ſkies
Upon his throne of circled glory fixt.
He or ſome god conſpicuous to the view,
Or elſe the ſubſtitute of nature ſeems,
Guiding the courſes of revolving worlds.
He taught great Newton the all-potent laws
Of gravitation, by whoſe ſimple power
The univerſe exiſts. Nor here the ſage
Big with invention ſtill renewing ſtaid.
But, O bright angel of the lamp of day,
How ſhall the muſe diſplay his greateſt toil?
Let her plunge deep in Aganippe's waves,
Or in Caſtalia's ever-flowing ſtream,
That reinſpired ſhe may ſing to thee,
How Newton dar'd advent'rous to unbraid
The yellow treſſes of thy ſhining hair.
Or did'ſt thou gracious leave thy radiant ſphere,
And to his hand thy lucid ſplendours give,
T' unweave the light-diffuſing wreath, and part
The blended glories of thy golden plumes?
He with laborious, and unerring care,
How diff'rent and imbodied colours form
Thy piercing light, with juſt diſtinction found.
He with quick ſight purſu'd thy darting rays,
When penetrating to th' obſcure receſs
Of ſolid matter, there perpiſcuous ſaw,
How in the texture of each body lay
The power that ſeparates the diff'rent beams.
Hence over nature's unadorned face
Thy bright diverſifying rays dilate
Their various hues: and hence when vernal rains
Deſcending ſwift have burſt the low'ring clouds,
Thy ſplendours through the diſſipating miſts
In its fair veſture of unnumber'd hues
Array the ſhow'ry bow. At thy approach
The morning riſen from her pearly couch
With roſy bluſhes decks her virgin cheek;
The ev'ning on the frontiſpiece of heav'n
His mantle ſpreads with many colours gay;
The mid-day ſkies in radiant azure clad,
The ſhining clouds, and ſilver vapours rob'd
In white tranſparent intermixt with gold,
With bright variety of ſplendour clothe
All the illuminated face above.
When hoary-headed winter back retires
To the chill'd pole, there ſolitary ſits
Encompaſs'd round with winds and tempeſts bleak
In caverns of impenetrable ice,
And from behind the diſſipated gloom
Like a new Venus from the parting ſurge
The gay-appareil'd ſpring advances on;
When thou in thy meridian brightneſs ſitt'ſt,
And from thy throne pure emanations flow
Of glory burſting o'er the radiant ſkies:
Then let the muſe Olympus' top aſcend,
And o'er Theſſalia's plain extend her view,
And count, O Tempe, all thy beauties o'er.
Mountains, whoſe ſummits graſp the pendant clouds,
Between their wood-invelop'd ſlopes embrace
The green-attired vallies. Every flow'r
Here in the pride of bounteous nature clad
Smiles on the boſom of th' enamell'd meads.
Over the ſmiling lawn the ſilver floods
Of fair Peneus gently roll along,
While the reflected colours from the flow'rs,
And verdant borders pierce the limpid waves,
And paint with all their variegated hue
The yellow ſands beneath. Smooth gliding o
The waters haſten to the neighbouring ſea.
Still the pleas'd eye the floating plain purſues

At length, in Neptune's wide dominion loſt,
Surveys the ſhining billows, that ariſe
Apparell'd each in Phœbus' bright attire:
Or from afar ſome tall majeſtic ſhip,
Or the long hoſtile lines of threat'ning fleets,
Which o'er the bright uneven mirror ſweep,
In dazzling gold and waving purple deck'd;
Such as of old, when haughty Athens pour
Their hideous front and terrible array
Againſt Pallene's coaſt extended wide,
And with tremendous war and battle ſtern
The trembling walls of Potidæaſhook.
Creſted with pendants curling with the breeze
The upright maſts high briſtle in the air,
Aloft exalting proud their gilded heads.
The ſilver waves againſt the painted prows
Raiſe their reſplendent boſoms, and impearl
The fair vermilion with their gliſt'ring drops:
And from on board the iron-clothed hoſt
Around the main a gleaming horror caſts;
Each flaming buckler like the mid-day ſun,
Each plumed helmet like the ſilver moon,
Each moving gauntlet like the lightning's blaze,
And like a ſtar each brazen pointed ſpear.
But, lo! the ſacred high-erected fanes,
Fair citadels, and marble-crowned towers,
And ſumptuous palaces of ſtately towns
Magnificent ariſe, upon their heads
Bearing on high a wreath of ſilver light.
But ſee my muſe the high Pierian hill,
Behold its ſhaggy locks and airy top,
Up to the ſkies th' imperious mountain heaves;
The ſhining verdure of the nodding woods.
See where the ſilver Hippocrene flows,
Behold each glitt'ring rivulet and rill
Through mazes wander down the green deſcent,
And ſparkle through the interwoven trees,
Here reſt a while and humble homage pay,
Here, where the ſacred genius, that inſpir'd
Sublime Mæonides and Pindar's breaſt,
His habitation once was fam'd to hold.
Here thou, O Homer, offer'dſt up thy vows;
Thee, the kind muſe Calliopæa heard,
And led thee to the empyrean ſeats,
There manifeſted to thy hallow'd eyes
The deeds of gods; thee wiſe Minerva taught
The wondrous art of knowing human kind;
Harmonious Phœbus tun'd thy heav'nly mind,
And ſwell'd to rapture each exalted ſenſe;
Even Mars the dreadful battle-ruling god,
Mars taught thee war, and with his bloody hand
Inſtructed thine, when in thy ſounding lines
We hear the rattling of Bellona's car,
The yell of diſcord, and the din of arms.
Pindar, when mounted on his fiery ſteed,
Soars to the ſun, oppoſing eagle-like
His eyes undazzled to the fierceſt rays.
He firmly ſeated, not like Glaucus' ſon,
Strides his ſwift-winged and fire-breathing horſe,
And borne aloft ſtrikes with his ringing hoofs
The brazen vault of heav'n, ſuperior there
Looks down upon the ſtars, whoſe radiant light
Illuminates innumerable worlds,
That through eternal orbits roll beneath.
But thou all hail immortalized ſon
Of harmony, all hail thou Thracian bard,
To whom Apollo gave his tuneful lyre!
O might'ſt thou, Orpheus, now again revive,
And Newton ſhould inform thy liſt'ning ear
How the ſoft notes, and ſoul-inchanting ſtrains
Of thy own lyre were on the wind convey'd.
He taught the muſe, how ſound progreſſive floats
Upon the waving particles of air,
When harmony in ever-pleaſing ſtrains,
Melodious melting at each lulling fall,
With ſoft alluring penetration ſteals
Through the enraptur'd ear to inmoſt thought,
And folds the ſenſes in its ſilken bands.
So the ſweet muſic, which from Orpheus' touch
And ſam'd Amphion's, on the ſounding ſtring
Aroſe harmonious, gliding on the air,
Pierc'd the tough bark'd and knotty-ribbed woods,
Into their ſaps ſoft inſpiration breath'd,
And taught attention to the ſtubborn oak.
Thus when great Henry, and brave Marlb'rough led
Th' embattled numbers of Britannia's ſons,
The trump, that ſwells th' expanded cheek of fame,
That adds new vigour to the gen'rous youth,
And rouſes ſluggiſh cowardice itſelf,
The trumpet with its Mars-inciting voice
The winds broad breaſt impetuous ſweeping o'er
Fill'd the big note of war. Th' inſpired hoſt
With new-born ardour preſs the trembling Gaul;
Nor greater throngs had reach'd eternal night,
Not if the fields of Agincourt had yawn'd
Expoſing horrible the gulf of fate;
Or roaring Danube ſpread his arms abroad,
And overwhelm'd their legions with his floods.
But let the wand'ring muſe at length return;
Nor yet, angelic genius of the ſun,
In worthy lays her high-attempting ſong
Has blazon'd forth thy venerated name.
Then let her ſweep the loud-reſounding lyre
Again, again o'er each melodious ſtring
Teach harmony to tremble with thy praiſe.
And ſtill thine ear, O favourable grant,
And ſhe ſhall tell thee, that whatever charms,
Whatever beauties bloom on nature's face,
Proceed from thy all-influencing light.
That when ariſing with tempeſtuous rage,
The north impetuous rides upon the clouds
Diſperſing round the heav'ns obſtructive gloom,
And with his dreaded prohibition ſtays
The kind effuſion of thy genial beams;
Pale are the rubies on Aurora's lips,
No more the roſes bluſh upon her cheeks,
Black are Peneus' ſtreams and golden ſands
In Tempe's vale dull melancholy ſits,
And every flower reclines its languid head.
By what high name ſhall I invoke thee, ſay,
Thou life-infuſing deity, on thee
I call, and look propitious from on high,
While now to thee I offer up my prayer.
O had great Newton, as he found the cauſe,
By which ſound rolls through th' undulating air,
O had he, baffling time's reſiſtleſs power,
Diſcover'd what that ſubtle ſpirit is,
Or whatſoe'er diffuſive elſe is ſpread
Over the wide-extended univerſe,
Which cauſes bodies to reflect the light,
And from their ſtraight direction to divert
The rapid beams, that through their ſurface pierce.

But ſince embrac'd by th' icy arms of age,
And his quick thought by time's cold hand con-
geal'd,
Ev'n Newton left unknown this hidden power;
Thou from the race of human kind ſelect
Some other worthy of an angel's care,
With inſpiration animate his breaſt,
And him inſtruct in theſe thy ſecret laws.
O let not Newton, to whoſe ſpacious view,
Now unobſtructed, all th' extenſive ſcenes
Of the ethereal ruler's works ariſe;
When he beholds this earth he late adorn'd,
Let him not ſee philoſophy in tears,
Like a fond mother ſolitary ſit,
Lamenting him her dear, and only child.
But as the wiſe Pythagoras, and he,
Whoſe birth with pride the fam'd Abdera boaſts,
With expectation having long ſurvey'd
This ſpot their ancient ſeat, with joy beheld
Divine philoſophy at length appear
In all her charms majeſtically fair,
Conducted by immortal Newton's hand:
So may he ſee another ſage ariſe,
That ſhall maintain her empire: then no more
Imperious ignorance with haughty ſway
Shall ſtalk rapacious o'er the ravag'd globe:
Then thou, O Newton, ſhalt protect theſe lines,
The humble tribute of the grateful muſe;
Ne'er ſhall the ſacrilegious hand deſpoil
Her laurell'd temples, whom his name preſerves:
And were ſhe equal to the mighty theme,
Futurity ſhould wonder at her ſong;
Time ſhould receive her with extended arms,
Seat her conſpicuous in his rolling car,
And bear her down to his extremeſt bound.
Fables with wonder tell how Terra's ſons
With iron force unloos'd the ſtubborn nerves
Of hills, and on the cloud-inſhrouded top
Of Pelion Oſſa pil'd. But if the vaſt
Gigantic deeds of ſavage ſtrength demand
Aſtoniſhment from men, what then ſhalt thou,
O what expreſſive rapture of the ſoul,
When thou before us, Newton, doſt diſplay
The labours of thy great excelling mind;
When thou unveileſt all the wondrous ſcene,
The vaſt idea of th' eternal King,
Not dreadful bearing in his angry arm
The thunder hanging o'er our trembling heads;
But with th' effulgency of love replete,
And clad with power, which form'd th' extenſive
heavens.
O happy he, whoſe enterpriſing hand
Unbars the golden and relucid gates
Of th' empyrean dome, where thou enthron'd
Philoſophy art ſeated. Thou ſuſtain'd
By the firm hand of everlaſting truth
Deſpiſeſt all the injuries of time:
Thou never know'ſt decay when all around,
Antiquity obſcures her head. Behold
Th' Egyptian towers, the Babylonian walls,
And Thebes with all her hundred gates of braſs,
Behold them ſcatter'd like the duſt abroad.
Whatever now is flouriſhing and proud,
Whatever ſhall, muſt know devouring age.
Euphrates' ſtream, and ſeven-mouthed Nile,
And Danube, thou that from Germania's ſoil
To the black Euxine's far remoted ſhore,
O'er the wide bounds of mighty nations ſweep'ſt
In thunder loud thy rapid floods along.
Ev'n you ſhall feel inexorable time;
To you the fatal day ſhall come; no more
Your torrents then ſhall ſhake the trembling
ground,
No longer then to inundations ſwol'n
Th' imperious waves the fertile paſtures drench,
But ſhrunk within a narrow channel glide;
Or through the year's reiterated courſe
When time himſelf grows old, your wond'rous
ſtreams
Loſt ev'n to memory ſhall lie unknown
Beneath obſcurity, and chaos whelm'd.
But ſtill thou ſun illuminateſt all
The azure regions round, thou guideſt ſtill
The orbits of the planetary ſpheres;
The moon ſtill wanders o'er her changing courſe,
And ſtill, O Newton, ſhall thy name ſurvive
As long as nature's hand directs the world,
When ev'ry dark obſtruction ſhall retire,
And ev'ry ſecret yield its hidden ſtore,
Which thee dim-ſighted age forbade to ſee,
Age that alone could ſtay thy riſing ſoul.
And could mankind among the fixed ſtars,
E'en to th' extremeſt bounds of knowledge reach,
To thoſe unknown innumerable ſuns, [worlds,
Whoſe light but glimmers from thoſe diſtant
Ev'n to thoſe utmoſt boundaries, thoſe bars
That ſhut the entrance of th' illumin'd ſpace
Where angels only tread the vaſt unknown,
Thou ever ſhould'ſt be ſeen immortal there:
In each new ſphere, each new-appearing ſun,
In fartheſt regions at the very verge
Of the wide univerſe ſhoul'dſt thou be ſeen.
And lo, th' all-potent goddeſs nature takes
With her own hand thy great, thy juſt reward
Of immortality; aloft in air
See ſhe diſplays, and with eternal graſp
Uprears the trophies of great Newton's fame.

LONDON:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

Ye northern blaſts, and (*a*) Eurus, wont to ſweep
With rudeſt pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
A while ſuſpend your violence, and waft
From ſandy (*b*) Weſer and the broad mouth'd Elbe
My freighted veſſels to the deſtin'd ſhore,
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,
Which may diſquiet, and alarm my breaſt,
Be abſent now; that diſpoſſeſs'd of care,
And free from every tumult of the mind,
With each diſturbing paſſion huſh'd to peace,
I may pour all my ſpirit on the theme,
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftieſt ſtrain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,
Diſdains all objects but the golden ſun,
Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
And fails exulting through the blaze of day;
So, while her wing attempts the boldeſt flight,
Rejecting each inferior theme of praiſe,
Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,

(*a*) *The eaſt wind.*

(*b*) *Bremen is ſituated on the Weſer, and Hamburgh on the Elbe.*

Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my muse
Shall celebrate, O London: thee she hails.
Thou lov'd abode of commerce, last retreat,
Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
Her various wanderings from the fated hour,
That she abandon'd her maternal clime;
Neptunian commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
Along the sounding main extended far,
Which flowery Carmel with its sweet perfumes,
And with its cedars Libanus o'ershades:
Her from the bottom of the wat'ry world,
As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep
The god ascending rushes to the beach,
And clasps the affrighted virgin. From that day,
Soon as the paly regent of the night
Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
Through heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought:
There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,
A solitary mourner, and the surge,
Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd:

Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty shade,
Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,
With you who gave the lost Phœnice birth,
And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
Farewell! To thee, perfidious god, I come,
Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
I come thy suppliant: death is all I crave;
Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame!

She ceas'd, when sudden from th' enclosing deep
A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,
And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
Mix'd with the wat'ry lustre of the pearl.
A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were silent round her; not a zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top.
Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen
To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
But all was hush'd and motionless around,
All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
Along the level azure by the strength
Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed
The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,
By (*c*) Triton's floods encircled, Nysa lay.
Here youthful nature wanton'd in delights,
And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
While it was now the infancy of time,
Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd
To smile, (*d*) Eucarpé, (*e*) Dapsiléa dwelt,
With all the nymphs, whose sacred care had nurs'd
The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
A turf-clad valley opens, and along
Its verdure mild the willing feet allures;
While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,
(*f*) Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead glows
With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
From its resplendent fragments beaming round;
Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
On every side an ample grot reflects,
As down the perforated rock the sun
Pours his meridian blaze! rever'd abode
Of Nysa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd,
That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers
Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
With unexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
Which breathes incessant there; while every bird
Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
Blends with the warble of meandring streams,
Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring
The fruit-invested hills, that rise around. [lave
The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
Phœnice bear; nor Dapsiléa bland,
Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey
Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
Refuse; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,
And streams reverting to their troubled source,
The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
Mysterious Ammon, from his hollow cell
With deep resounding accent thus to heaven,
To earth, and sea, the mighty birth proclaim'd:

A new-born power behold! whom fate hath call'd
The god's imperfect labour to complete
This wide creation. She in lonely sands
Shall bid the tower-encircled city rise,
The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
Of dreary nature shall with plenty clothe;
She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
And with endearing intercourse unite
Remotest nations, scorch'd by sultry suns,
Or freezing near the snow-incrusted pole:
Where'er the joyous vine disdains to grow,
The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
Her hand divine, with interposing aid
To every climate shall the gifts supply
Of Ceres, Bacchus, and (*g*) the Athenian maid;
The graces, joys, emoluments of life
From her exhaustless bounty all shall flow.

The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.
Straight from their star-bespangled thrones descend

(*c*) *Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.*

(*d*) *Fruitfulness.* (*e*) *Plenty.*

(*f*) *This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod. Siculus*, lib. 3. pag. 202.

(*g*) *Minerva, the tutelary goddess of the Athenians, to whom she gave the olive.*

In blooming Nyſa a celeſtial band
The ocean's lord to honour in his child;
When o'er his offspring ſmiling thus began
The trident-ruler: Commerce be thy name:
To thee I give the empire of the main,
From where the morning breathes its eaſtern gale,
To th' undiſcover'd limits of the weſt,
From chilling Boreas to extremeſt ſouth
Thy fire's obſequious billows ſhall extend
Thy univerſal reign. Minerva next
With wiſdom bleſs'd her, Mercury with art,
(*b*) The Lemnian god with induſtry, and laſt
Majeſtic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
In contemplation pauſing, thus declar'd
From his enraptur'd lip his matchleſs boon:
Thee with divine invention I endow,
That ſecret wonder, goddeſs, to diſcloſe,
By which the wiſe, the virtuous, and the brave,
The heaven-taught poet and exploring ſage
Shall paſs recorded to the verge of time.
Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
When to her mother's natal ſoil repair'd
The new divinity whoſe parting ſtep
Her ſacred nurſes follow'd, ever now
To her alone inſeparably join'd;
Then firſt deſerting their Nyſeian ſhore
To ſpread their hoarded bleſſings round the world;
Who with them bore the unexhauſted horn
Of ever-ſmiling plenty. Thus adorn'd,
Attended thus, great goddeſs, thou began'ſt
Thy all enlivening progreſs o'er the globe,
Then rude and joyleſs, deſtin'd to repair
The various ills which earlieſt ages ru'd
From one, like thee, diſtinguiſh'd by the gifts
Of heaven, Pandora, whoſe pernicious hand
From the dire vaſe releas'd th' impriſon'd woes.
Thou gracious commerce, from his cheerleſs caves
In horrid rocks and ſolitary woods,
The helpleſs wand'rer, man forlorn and wild
Didſt charm to ſweet ſociety; didſt caſt
The deep foundations, where the future pride
Of mightieſt cities roſe, and o'er the main
Before the wond'ring Nereids didſt preſent
The ſurge-dividing keel, and ſtately maſt,
Whoſe canvaſs wings, diſtending with the gale,
The bold Phœnician through Alcides' ſtraits
To northern Albion's tin-embowell'd fields,
And oft beneath the ſea-obſcuring brow
Of cloud envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.
Next in ſagacious thought th' ethereal plains
Thou trod'ſt, exploring each propitious ſtar
The danger-braving mariner to guide;
Then all the latent and myſterious powers
Of number didſt unravel: laſt to crown
Thy bounties, goddeſs, thy unrivall'd toils
For man, ſtill urging thy inventive mind,
Thou gav'ſt him (*i*) letters; there imparting all,
Which lifts the ennobled ſpirit near to heaven,
Laws, learning, wiſdom, nature's works reveal'd
By godlike ſages, all Minerva's arts,
Apollo's muſic, and th' eternal voice
Of virtue ſounding from the hiſtoric roll,
The philoſophic page, and poet's ſong.
Now ſolitude and ſilence from the ſhores
Retreat on pathleſs mountains to reſide,
Barbarity is poliſh'd, infant arts
Bloom in the deſert, and benignant peace
With hoſpitality begin to ſooth
Unſocial rapine, and the thirſt of blood;
As from his tumid urn when Nilus ſpreads
His genial tides abroad, the favour'd ſoil
That joins his fruitful border firſt imbibes
The kindly ſtream: anon the bounteous god
His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,
Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
The ſleeping grain with vigour to attire
In one bright harveſt all the Pharian plains:
Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
Had baniſh'd freedom, with diſdainful ſteps
Indignant commerce, turning from the walls
Herſelf had rais'd, her welcome ſway enlarg'd
Among the nations, ſpreading round the globe
The fruits of all its climes; (*k*) Cecropian oil,
The Thracian vintage, and Panchaian gums,
Arabia's ſpices, and the golden grain,
Which old Oſiris to his Egypt gave,
And Ceres to (*l*) Sicania. Thou didſt raiſe
Th' Ionian name, O commerce, thou the domes
Of ſumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
Of Syracuſe didſt people.——All the wealth
Now thou aſſembleſt from Iberia's mines,
And golden-channell'd Tagus, all the ſpoils
From fair (*m*) Trinacria waſted, all the powers
Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nyſa hail
Thy glad return, and echoing joy reſounds
O'er Triton's ſacred waters, but in vain:
The irreverſible decrees of heaven
To far more northern regions had ordain'd
Thy laſting ſeat; in vain th' imperial port
Receives the gather'd riches of the world:
In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;
Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
Its glories yield, and mould'ring leaves no trace
Of its deep-rooted greatneſs; thou with tears
From thy extinguiſh'd Carthage didſt retire,
And theſe thy periſh'd honours long deplore.
What though rich (*n*) Gades, what though poliſh'd Rhodes,
With Alexandria, Egypt's ſplendid mart,
The learn'd (*o*) Maſſylians, and (*p*) Ligurian towers
What though the potent Hanſeatic league,
And Venice, miſtreſs of the Grecian iſles,
With all the Ægean floods, a while might ſooth
The ſad remembrance; what though led through climes
And ſeas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous ſons

(*b*) *Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.*

(*i*) *Here the opinion of Sir Iſaac Newton is followed, that letters were firſt invented among ſt the trading parts of the world.*

(*k*) *Athenian. Athens was called Cecropia, from Cecrops, its firſt king.*

(*l*) *Sicily.*

(*m*) *Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravaged by the Carthaginians.*

(*n*) *Cadiz.*

(*o*) *Marſeilles, a Grecian colony, the moſt civilized as well as the greateſt trading city of ancient Gaul.*

(*p*) *Genoa.*

(q) Tagus paſs'd the ſtormy cape, which braves
The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
Beneath thy ſmiles, and thou propitious there
Didſt ſhower thy bleſſings with unſparing hands:
Still on thy grief-indented heart impreſs'd
The great Amilcar's valour, ſtill the deeds
Of Aſdrubal and Mago, ſtill the loſs
Of thy unequal, Annibal, remain'd:
Till from the ſandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
And ſounding margin of the Scheldt and Maeſe,
With ſudden roar the angry voice of war
Alarm'd thy langour; wonder turn'd thy eye.
Lo! in bright arms a bold militia ſtood,
Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou ſaw'ſt
The ſnowy ridge of Appenine, the fields
Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their powers
To cruſh this daring populace. The pride
Of fierceſt kings with more enflam'd revenge
Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor ſince dauntleſs Greece,
And Rome's ſtern offspring none hath e'er ſurpaſs'd
The bold (r) Batavian in his glorious toil
For liberty, or death. At once the thought
Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breaſt,
And ardent, goddeſs, thou doſt ſpeed to ſave
The generous people. Not the vernal ſhowers,
Diſtilling copious from the morning clouds,
Deſcend more kindly on the tender flower,
New-born and opening on the lap of ſpring,
Than on this riſing ſtate thy cheering ſmile,
And animating preſence; while on Spain,
Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke:
Inſatiate race! the ſhame of poliſh'd lands!
Diſgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds
And inſolence renown'd! what demon led
Thee firſt to plough the undiſcover'd ſurge,
Which lav'd an hidden world? whoſe malice taught
Thee firſt to taint with rapine, and with rage,
With more than ſavage thirſt of blood the arts,
By me for gentleſt intercourſe ordain'd,
For mutual aids, and hoſpitable ties
From ſhore to ſhore? Or, that pernicious hour,
Was heaven diſguſted with its wondrous works,
That to thy fell exterminating hand
Th' immenſe Peruvian empire it reſign'd,
And all, which lordly (s) Montezuma ſway'd?
And com'ſt thou, ſtrengthen'd with the ſhining ſtores
Of that gold teeming hemiſphere, to waſte
The ſmiling fields of Europe, and extend
Thy bloody ſhackles o'er theſe happy ſeats
Of liberty? Preſumptuous nation, learn,
From this dire period ſhall thy glories fade,
Thy ſlaughter'd youth ſhall fatten Belgium's ſands
And victory againſt her Albion's cliffs
Shall ſee the blood empurpl'd ocean daſh
Thy weltering hoſts, and ſtain the chalky ſhore:
Ev'n thoſe, whom now thy impious pride would bind
In ſervile chains, hereafter ſhall ſupport [hand
Thy weaken'd throne; when heaven's afflicting
Of all thy power deſpoils thee, when alone
Of all, which e'er hath ſignaliz'd thy name,
Thy inſolence and cruelty remain.
Thus with her clouded viſage, wrapt in frowns,
The goddeſs threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Deſpiſing fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving famine's keeneſt rage,
At length through deluges of blood ſhe led
To envied greatneſs; ev'n while clamorous Mars
With loudeſt clangor bade his trumpet ſhake
The Belgian champain, ſhe their ſtandard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the ſhores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'ſt
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling ſons
Their fragrant ſtores of cinnamon reſign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their ſpicy groves. And O whatever coaſt
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is ſpread
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian ſuns,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which diſdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
(t) The fatal night of death, no other care
Beſides the public own'd. And dear to fame
Be thou harmonious (u) Douza; every muſe,
Your laurel ſtrow around this hero's urn,
Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
Alike in letters and in arms to ſhine,
A dauntleſs warrior, and a learned bard.
Him Spain's ſurrounding hoſt for ſlaughter mark'd,
With maſſacre yet reeking from the ſtreets
Of blood-ſtain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's tow'rs,
With famine his companion, wan, ſubdu'd
In outward form, with patient virtue ſtood
Superior to deſpair; the heavenly nine
His ſuffering ſoul with great examples cheer'd
Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
With wreaths of fame; (x) Oeagrus' tuneful ſon,
Who with melodious praiſe to nobleſt deeds
Charm'd the Iölchian heroes, and himſelf
Their danger ſhar'd; (y) Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
With animating verſe the Spartan hopes;
Brave (z) Æſchylus and (a) Sophocles, around

(q) *The Portugueſe diſcovered the Cape of Good Hope in* 1487.

(r) *The Dutch.*

(s) *Montezuma, emperor of Mexico.*

(t) *He was aſſaſſinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people.*
See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

(u) *Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the moſt learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden when it was ſo obſtinately beſieged by the Spaniards in* 1570.
See Meurſii Athen. Bat.

(x) *Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who ſet ſail from Iolcos, a town in Theſſalia.*

(y) *When the Spartans were greatly diſtreſſed in the Meſſenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who ſent them the poet Tyrtæus.*

(z) *Æſchylus, one of the moſt ancient tragic poets, who ſignalized himſelf in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.*

(a) *Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Athenians, in ſeveral expeditions.*

Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
By Douza's valour: and the generous toil,
His and his country's labours soon receiv'd,
Their high reward, when favouring commerce rais'd
Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
Among the mightiest on the brightest roll
Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and power
Grac'd and supported; thus a genial soil
Diffusing vigour though the infant oak,
Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.
Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat
Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
For thy reception, sufferers alike
By th' unremitted insolence of power
From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
To circumscribe, or conquering to depose
Their sceptre'd tyrants: Albion sea-embrac'd,
The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,
The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
And arbitress of Europe, now demands
Thy presence, goddess. It was now the time,
Ere yet perfidious Cromwell dar'd profane
The sacred senate, and with impious feet
Tread on the powers of magistrates and laws,
While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.
O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,
Unconquerable Blake: propitious heaven
At this great era, and (*b*) the sage decree
Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
What by (*c*) Eliza was so well begun,
So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
The goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,
And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,
Which clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,
O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
Sagacious converse, to inquiry led,
And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
Resigns its errors, and unseals the eye
Of blind opinion; merit hence is heard
Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,
The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
Spread o'er the paths of virtue are dispell'd,
Servility retires, and every heart
With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame.
How many names of glory may'st thou trace
From earliest annals down to (*d*) Barnard's times!
And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
Which forth for commerce, for Britannia's rights,
And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
Who now all-fearful to thy praise attunes
His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
Thy votary, O commerce! Gracious power,
Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
My honourable industry, which courts
No other smile but thine; for thou alone
Can'st wealth bestow with independence crown'd:
Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
Of learned leisure, never to reject
The visitation of the tuneful maids,
Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast
Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,
I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
That hero's valour, who shall best confound
His injur'd country's foes; ev'n now I feel
Celestial fires descending on my breast,
Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
Among the nations, by the gods endow'd,
Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
One permanent abode; why oft expell'd
Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
Thy wandering steps; why London late hath seen
(Thy lov'd, thy last retreat), desponding care
O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the muse,
Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
The fatal cause. What time in Nysa's cave
Th' ethereal train, in honour to thy sire,
Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the power
Of war was absent; hence, unbless'd by Mars,
Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts
Intent, and still to mercenary hands
The sword intrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
Unwarlike freedom; hence the Alps in vain
Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows,
And dreary torrents; swoln with Roman dead,
Astonish'd (*e*) Trebia overflow'd its banks
In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimenus roll'd
Its crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
Of Heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,
And every age, that empire shall attend
The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.

(*b*) *The act of navigation.*

(*c*) *Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes, who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.*

(*d*) *Sir John Barnard.*

(*e*) *Trebia, Trasimenus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gained by Annibal over the Romans.*

Then from thy sufferings learn; th' auspicious hour
Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
Our hands; thou, goddess, animate our breasts
To cast inglorious indolence aside,
That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
Their country's only rampart, and the dread
Of wild ambition. Mark the Swedish hind;
He, on his native soil should danger lowr,
Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs
With Helsingburg (*f*) and Steinboch soon would share
The admiration of the northern world:
Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial seat
Of long-supported liberty, who thence,
Securely resting on her faithful shield,
The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
In servitude around her, and her sword
With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies
The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul:
And O! could those ill-fated shades arise,
Whose valiant ranks along th' enfanguin'd dust
Of (*g*) Newbery lay crowded, they could tell,
How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
Whose dreaded standard victory had wav'd,
Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear
Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
The well-disputed field; then, goddess, say,
Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
The black'ning storm now gathers round our heads,
And England's angry genius sounds to arms?
For thee, remember, is the banner spread;
The naval tower to vindicate thy rights
Will sweep the curling foam: the thund'ring bomb
Will roar, and startle in the deepest grots
Old Nereus' daughters; with combustion stor'd,
For thee our dire volcanos of the main,
Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet:
Thou then, great goddess, summon all thy powers,
Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, every heart
Inflame: and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
Of liberty and commerce, now no more
Secrete your generous valour; hear the call
Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present
Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife
The seas and clouds: though long in silence hush'd
Hath slept the British thunder; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;
Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
When your victorious shouts affright her shores:
None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
Nor hazard more indignant valour's curse,
Their country's wrath, and time's eternal scorn;
Then bid the furies of Bellona wake,
And silver-mantled peace with welcome steps
Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
And that perpetual safety may possess
Our joyous fields, thou, genius, who presid'st
O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
To wield the noble instruments of war;
And let the great example soon extend
Through every province, till Britannia sees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain:
Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest
Of desolation, and th' invading sword;
Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
And to its parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky shore; though Mahomet could league
His powerful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd east,
Who now in trembling vassalage unites
The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar host; our warlike youth
With (*b*) equal numbers, and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
The dreadful onset, and resistless break
Th' immense array; thus ev'n the lightest thought
E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose,
Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars
Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
With distant gaze despairing, shall behold
The guarded splendours of Britannia's crown;
Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
With all th' attendance on despotic thrones,
Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
Gigantic terror, striding round our coast,
Shall shake his Gorgon ægis, and the hearts
Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs
To arms awaken our vindictive power,
Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
But liberty, security, and fame,
Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

(*f*) *Helsingburg, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory which Count Steinbeck gained over the Danes, with an army for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before: it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as complete a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.*

(*g*) *The London train'd-band, and auxiliary regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation), behaved themselves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes; but was forced to wheel about.* Clarend. book 7. Page 347.

(*b*) *If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.*

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-ſwelling flood,
At midnight with ſtreamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon ſat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet:

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks by ſorrow clouded
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal ſtory,
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was loſt;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:
Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
Thoſe were once my ſailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt achiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here the Baſtimentos viewing,
We recal our ſhameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If to Britain's ſhores returning
You neglect my juſt requeſt;
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CUTHBERT SHAW.

Containing

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY,
ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE,
THE RACE,
SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— the nobleſt of the tuneful throng
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the ſoft contagion of my ſong,
And pay my penſive muſe the tribute of a tear.

ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF SHAW.

CUTHBERT SHAW was born at Ravenſworth, near Richmond in Yorkſhire, in 1738 or 1739. His father was by trade a ſhoemaker, in low circumſtances.

He was firſt put to ſchool at Kirkbyhill, near Ravenſworth; but he was ſoon removed to Scorton, five miles from Richmond; where, after having gone through a common courſe of education, he was appointed uſher.

Some time after, he became uſher to the grammar-ſchool at Darlington, under Mr. Metcalf; where he publiſhed his firſt poem, in 1756, called *Liberty, humbly inſcribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Darlington*, 4to.

While he reſided at Darlington, he began to ſhow that negligence of the dictates of prudence, and the rules of economy, which marked his future life, inſomuch that he was obliged to quit his employment, and the country; and with nothing but his talents came in queſt of fortune to London.

The exact time of his arrival in London has not been aſcertained; but report ſays, that his firſt employment was writing paragraphs and eſſays for the newſpapers.

In the ſpring 1760, he was at St. Edmond's-Bury, probably a member of the Norwich Company of Comedians, and publiſhed under the name of *W. Seymour, Odes on the Four Seaſons*, 4to, the production of his early youth.

In the ſummer of that year, he joined the haſty raiſed company with which Mr. Foote opened the Hay-Market with "The Minor," a play that was acted with uncommon ſucceſs, thirty-eight nights, and in which Shaw performed the part of *Sir George Wealthy*.

The winter of that year, he paſſed either in Ireland or in ſome country company, and in ſummer 1761, performed at Drury-Lane, then opened by Mr. Foote, and Mr. Murphy.

On the 19th of October he appeared at Covent Garden in the character of *Oſmyn* in "Zara," but with ſo little ſucceſs, that he never was permitted to perform any more, till the 14th May, when he perſonated *Pierre* in "Venice Preſerved," for his own benefit.

He poſſeſſed but few requiſites for the ſtage, except figure; and from this time ſeems to have abandoned a profeſſion from which he was likely to derive neither profit nor reputation.

In 1762, he reſumed the pen, and the poetical war kindled by Churchill, raging at that juncture with great violence, he wrote a ſatire, called *The Four Farthing Candles*, 4to, in which he attacked Lloyd, Churchill, and Colman; with whom he thought proper to join Shirley; though with little apparent propriety. This performance was executed with conſiderable ſpirit, and obtained ſo much notice as to encourage him to proceed as an author. The following lines applied to the celebrated author of the "Roſciad," are enough to make every diſcerning reader pronounce him utterly deſtitute of candour, and juſtly chargeable with that very *mean abuſe* of which he accuſes the poet he has taken upon him to correct for the ſame offence.

When a rough unwieldy wight
Turns bard, infus'd by nought but ſpite;
Though here and there a *ſto'en* thought
May prove the *blockhead* not untaught,
Yet by his awkward hobbling gait,
We eaſily diſcern the cheat;

And in each ſpleen-fraught line can trace,
His *want of genius*, as of grace.

The ſucceſs of this ſatire produced "An Epiſtle to the Author of the Four Farthing Candles," 4to, by the author of the "Roſciad of Govent Garden;" a performance of no value.

In 1766, he made Churchill amends for the unjuſtifiable ſeverity with which he had treated him in his *Four Farthing Candles*, by making him the hero of a mock-heroic poem called *The Race, by Mercurius Spur, Eſq. with notes by Fauſtinus Scriblerus*, 4to, in which he characteriſed the chief poets, bookſellers, printers, and reviewers, of that period; and ſome of them with great ſeverity.

This poem was eagerly read, and republiſhed and enlarged in 1767; with an *Addreſs to the Critics*, in which he alludes to his early propenſity to poetry, in the following lines:

Where Pegaſus, who ambled at *fifteen*,
No longer ſporting on the rural green,
Rampant breaks forth, now flies the peaceful plains,
And bounds impetuous, heedleſs of the reins;
O'er earth's vaſt ſurface madly ſcours along,
Nor ſpares a critic, gaping in the throng.

It appears from this performance, that he had by this time no want of confidence in his powers. He had learned to deal his ſatire about with no unſparing hand; and if it was not felt by the parties againſt whom it was directed, it was owing to no lenity or forbearance in the ſatiriſt.

About this time he wrote an *Account of the virtues of the Beaume de Vie*, a then popular medicine, and was admitted as a partner to a proportion of the profits ariſing from it.

He had hitherto led, if not a profligate, at leaſt a diſſipated life. He now ſeemed ſenſible of it himſelf, and ſoon afterwards married an amiable and accompliſhed young woman, of a good family, it would ſeem, againſt the wiſhes of her friends.

For a ſhort time he had the care of the preſent Earl of Cheſterfield, then an infant, to inſtruct him in the firſt rudiments of learning.

He alſo printed propoſals for publiſhing a collection of his poems by ſubſcription; but this was never executed, and he returned the money he had received.

In 1768, he had the affliction to loſe his wife, in child-bed, of her firſt child; and on this melancholy occaſion, wrote his celebrated performance, intituled, *A Monody to the Memory of a young Lady, by an afflicted Huſband*, 4to, 1768.

The child, which was a daughter, lived but a ſhort time after its mother, and he again lamented his ſecond loſs, in ſtrains not inferior to the former, in an *Evening Addreſs to a Nightingale*.

The publication of his *Monody* occaſioned ſome ſevere lines in a newſpaper, which were imputed to Langhorne, who had then experienced a ſimilar affliction, and produced a paper war between the two poets, that was conducted with great liberality on both ſides.

It introduced him alſo, from congeniality of affliction, to the notice of Lyttleton, who extolled the author in the higheſt terms; but he derived no other advantage from his acquaintance.

In theſe exquiſite poems are many alluſions to the miſery of their author, independent of the circumſtances which gave riſe to them. He was at this period afflicted with diſeaſe, which put on its moſt diſgraceful and offenſive form; and as he had poſſeſſed no ſmall portion of vanity about his perſon, this alteration added pungency to his affliction.

He, however, continued to write, and having eſpouſed from inclination, the principles of the party in oppoſition to the Court, in 1769, he publiſhed *Corruption, a Satire, inſcribed to the Right Honourable Richard Grenville, Earl Temple*, 4to. In the dedication he ſpeaks of himſelf in the following manly, intereſting, and energetic lines, which cannot be read without powerfully awakening the ſympathy of benevolence, and the flame of patriotiſm.

For me, long loſt to all the world holds dear,
No hopes can flatter, and no ſuns can cheer;
Sickneſs and ſorrow with united rage,
In early youth have wreak'd the ills of age;

This all my wiſh—(ſince earthly joys are flown)
To ſigh unſeen—to live and die unknown:
To break the tenor of this ſad repoſe,
Say what could rouſe me but my country's woes?
But thus to ſee vice ſtalk in open day,
With ſhameleſs front, and univerſal ſway!
To view proud villains drive the gilded car,
Deck'd with the ſpoils and ravages of war!
Whoſe ill-got wealth ſhifted from hand to hand,
With vice and want have delug'd all the land;
'Tis ſatire's only to avenge the cauſe,
On thoſe that ſcape from Tyburn and the laws;
Drag forth each knave conſpicuous and confeſt,
And hang them high—as ſcare-crows for the reſt!
Let this grand object claim my every care,
And chaſe the ſullen demon of deſpair,
(When paſſion fires us for the public weal,
For private griefs 'twere infamous to feel)
Till my full heart, diſburden'd of its freight,
No more ſhall ſwell and heave beneath the weight;
This duteous tribute to my country paid,
Welcome pale ſorrow and the ſilent ſhade!
From glory's ſtandard yet ſhould all retire,
And none be found to fan the generous fire;
No patriot ſoul to juſtify the ſong,
And urge its precepts on the ſlumbering throng;
In vain to virtue have I form'd the ſtrain,
An angel's tongue might plead her cauſe in vain.
Some lone retreat I'll ſeek unknown to fame,
Nor hear the very echo of their ſhame;
Conſcience ſhall pay me for the world's neglect,
And Heav'n approve what mortals dare reject.

He afterwards is ſuppoſed to have written many political as well as poetical performances, and is known to have been a contributor, if not the editor of "The Freeholder's Magazine," 1770, in which the unfortunate Chatterton was for ſome time engaged.

One of his laſt pieces was an *elegy* on the death of Charles Yorke, the Lord Chancellor, which was generally ſuſpected to have been ſuppreſſed on the Hardwicke family's paying a ſum of money to him; and it has been inſinuated, that it was written with that view; but the pride of genius, and that delicacy of ſentiment which taſte and reading inſpire, diſcountenance the opinion.

At length, overwhelmed with complicated diſtreſs, he died at his houſe in Titchfield-ſtreet, Oxford-market, Sept. 1. 1771, in the 43d year of his age.

His *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady*, and *Evening Addreſs to a Nightingale*, have been frequently reprinted in the poetical Miſcellanies. His *Race* has been reprinted in the 2d volume of the third edition of Dilly's "Repoſitory," 1790. They are now, with ſome ſhorter pieces, reprinted from the "European Magazine," for 1786, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. Copies of his *Liberty*, *Odes on the Four Seaſons*, *Four Farthing Candles*, and *Corruption*, which have not been reprinted, though they highly merit republication, could not be obtained for the uſe of this edition.

Shaw has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous, of men of genius, who would have ariſen to a more illuſtrious reputation, had their talents been accompanied with an uniform attention to the common maxims of prudence. His character was compounded of good qualities, and of defects; of tenderneſs, generoſity, and probity, to be commended; and of extravagance, vanity, and imprudence, to be avoided. His chief fault, from which moſt of his other faults proceeded, was an utter neglect of economy. His diſpoſition was friendly, affectionate, and ſocial. In the domeſtic relations, his conduct was truly amiable and exemplary.

As a poet, the variety of his compoſitions evince the verſatility of his genius. In the province of humour and of ſatire, he has been excelled by many of his poetical contemporaries, particularly Lloyd and Churchill; but in poetical feeling, ſtriking touches of nature, and pathetic tenderneſs, he

is inferior to no writer of ancient or modern times. His *Monody* and *Addreſs to a Nightingale*, far tranſcend the " Monody" of Lyttleton, and the " Elegies" of Langhorne and Scott, on ſimilar occaſions. The exquiſite tenderneſs which runs through the whole of the *Monody*, renders it one of the moſt affecting poems in the Engliſh language. The meaſure of the *Addreſs* is irregular, like that of Dryden's immortal " Ode," Milton's " Lycidas," Lyttleton's " Monody," &c. which ſufficiently demonſtrates that regularity of metre is not eſſential to poetical excellence. With theſe poems every body is greatly pleaſed; becauſe they have beauties in them which affect every body. In the *Monody*, *Emma's* dying farewell is particularly pathetic. But it is needleſs to point out thoſe ſtrokes of pathos which cannot eſcape obſervation. True taſte will ever approve of poetry which is written from the heart; for it will ever feel the force of its productions.

It is unpleaſant to turn from the voice of genius to the clamours of faction, and to leave the ſtrains of poetry and nature for the uproar of ſtrife and oppoſition. In his *Race*, however we may admire the accuracy of obſervation, happy vein of humour, poignancy of ſatire, facility of expreſſion, and harmony of numbers. The deſign and tendency of the poem cannot be commended. Compoſitions of this claſs, as they gratify malignity, are uſually read with great avidity, on their firſt appearance, but without uncommon merit, they quickly ſink into oblivion. Even the " Dunciad," of which the *Race* is an imitation, is read perhaps with leſs delight than any other work of its celebrated author; nor ſhould we reſort at all to the " Temple of Dullneſs," to contemplate the characters of Curll, Theobald, &c. could we not alſo feaſt on the diſpute of the " Virtuoſos" before the throne of the goddeſs. As a work of wit and ingenious ſatire, the *Race* may afford entertainment to thoſe who care little about many of the characters who are whimſically made to contend for pre-eminence of fame, by running:

Prove by their heels the proweſs of the head.

Among the competitors, Dr. Johnſon appears with peculiar diſtinction; and is diſmiſſed with a juſt and elegant eulogium. His portrait is drawn with the pencil of Churchill. The candour which breathes in the following apoſtrophe to *Vanity*, will be generally allowed as an apology for the petulance and preſumption of the ſatiriſt:

Oh Vanity! whoſe far extended ſway
Nations confeſs, and potentates obey;
How vaſt thy reign!—Say where, Oh! where's the man,
His own defects who boldly dares to ſcan,
Juſt to himſelf?—Ev'n now, while I incline
To paint the votaries kneeling at thy ſhrine,
Whilſt others follies freely I impart,
Thy power reſiſtleſs flutters round my heart,
Prompts me this common weakneſs to diſcloſe,
(Myſelf the very coxcomb I expoſe)
And ah! too partial to my lays and me,
My kind—yet cruel friends—ſoon ſhall you ſee
The *culprit-muſe*, whoſe idle ſportive vein,
No views can bias, and no fears reſtrain;
Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar,
Where ſpleen with genius holds eternal war,
And there her final ruin to fulfil,
Condemn'd by *butchers* pre-reſolv'd to kill.
In vain her youth ſhall for compaſſion plead,
Even for a *ſyllable*, the wretch ſhall bleed;
And ſpite of all the friendſhip you can ſhow,
Be made a public ſpectacle of woe.

THE WORKS OF SHAW.

POEMS.

MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live! O how ſhall I ſuſtain
This vaſt unutterable weight of woe?
This worſe than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whoſe life my hopes were treaſur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My deareſt Emma's dead;
Theſe eyes, theſe tear-ſwoln eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—ſhe lives on ſome far happier ſhore,
She lives—but (cruel thought) ſhe lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious abſence of a day
Remov'd, would languiſh for my charmer's ſight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the ſlow return of night;
How, how ſhall I endure
(O miſery paſt a cure)!
Hours, days, and years, ſucceſſively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my ſoul?

Was ſhe not all my fondeſt wiſh could frame?
Did ever mind ſo much of heaven partake?
Did ſhe not love me with the pureſt flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my ſake?
Though mild as evening ſkies,
With downcaſt, ſtreaming eyes,
Stood the ſtern frown of ſupercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, ſome muſe, the ſaddeſt of the train,
(No more your bard ſhall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy ſtrain,
And O diſcard the pageantry of phraſe:
Ill ſuit the flowers of ſpeech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The ſource of my complaint,
My ſoul may own the impaſſion'd line;
A flood of tears may guſh to my relief,
And from my ſwelling heart diſcharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the ſad tales you tell;
"How good ſhe was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity ceaſe—alas! I know too well:
How in her ſweet expreſſive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners moſt engaging, moſt refin'd:
No piteous object could ſhe ſee,
But her ſoft boſom ſhar'd the woe,
Whilſt ſmiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon ſhe might beſtow.
Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
Still ſhone conſpicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to diſguiſe:
And O the boaſt how rare!
The ſecret in her faithful breaſt repos'd,
She ne'er with lawleſs tongue diſclos'd,
In ſacred ſilence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to expreſs
Her matchleſs virtue, or my own diſtreſs!

Relentleſs death! that, ſteel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel!) ſtrike this deprecated blow,
And leave ſuch wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
The ſons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, want, or dire diſeaſe,
And ſupplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverſe, ſtill on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to ſhed;
Hope's infant bloſſoms to deſtroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When virtue ſhall renounce thy power;
When thou no more ſhalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid ſway,
Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some ſad memento of my loſs appears;
I fly the fatal houſe—ſuppreſs my ſighs,
Reſolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! In vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface

Of all that ſweetneſs, that enchanting air,
Now loſt; and nought remains but anguiſh and
deſpair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children ſafe to keep!
Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To ſee her force the endearing ſmile,
My ſorrows to beguile,
When torture's keeneſt rage ſhe prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a huſ-
band's heart.
How ſhall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's reſiſtleſs power,
My hand ſhe preſs'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faultering accents, ſpoke her fears!
" Ah, my lov'd lord, the tranſient ſcene is o'er,
" And we muſt part (alas!) to meet no more!
" But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
" If e'er thy vows have charm'd my raviſh'd ear;
" If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
" Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune ſmil'd
" in vain;
" If it has been my ſole endeavour ſtill
" To act in all obſequious to thy will;
" To watch thy very ſmiles, thy wiſh to know,
" Then only truly bleſt when thou wert ſo:
" If I have doated with that fond exceſs,
" Nor love could add, nor fortune make it leſs;
" If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
" To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
" When time my once-lov'd memory ſhall efface,
" Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
" With envious eyes thy partial fondneſs ſee,
" And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
" My deareſt Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
" But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
" Promiſe——and I will truſt thy faithful vow,
" (Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
" That to ſome diſtant ſpot thou wilt remove
" This fatal pledge of hapleſs Emma's love,
" Where ſafe thy blandiſhments it may partake,
" And, oh! be tender for its mother's ſake.
" Wilt thou? ———
" I know thou wilt——ſad ſilence ſpeaks aſſent,
" And in that pleaſing hope thy Emma dies con-
" tent."

I, who with more than manly ſtrength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,
Suſtain the firmneſs of my ſoul no more,
But ſink beneath the weight:
Juſt Heaven (I cry'd) from memory's earlieſt day
No comfort has thy wretched ſuppliant known,
Misfortune ſtill with unrelenting ſway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O——in pity to my grief, reſtore
This only ſource of bliſs; I aſk—I aſk no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is paſt,
Ev'n now ſhe looks—ſhe ſighs her laſt——
Vainly I ſtrive to ſtay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, proteſt againſt her
death.

When the ſtern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!

With impious wiſh to tear her from the ſkies;
How curſe my fate in bitterneſs of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitleſs ſorrow ſpare,
Dare not to taſk what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiſs th' afflictive rod,
And proſtrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some ſaving truth thy roving ſoul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliſs beyond misfortune's reach:
To ſhow that all the flattering ſchemes of joy,
Which towering hope ſo fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can deſtroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in deſpair.
Then, O! with pious fortitude ſuſtain
Thy preſent loſs—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time ſhall adminiſter its wonted balm,
And huſh this ſtorm of grief to no unpleaſing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by ſome diſaſt'rous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters a while, and ſpends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in ſullen mood
Droops the ſweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the ſong:
Serenely ſorrowing, breathes its piteous caſe,
And with its plaintive warblings ſaddens all the
place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how ſoon my ſcene of bliſs is paſt!
My budding joys juſt promiſing to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blaſt!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the ſprightly jeſt, the jocund
ſong;
Time creeps unconſcious of delight:
How ſhall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyleſs night!
Where ſhall I reſt my weary head?
How ſhall I find repoſe on a ſad widow'd bed?

Come, * Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace reſtore;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean ſhade,
A while ſhall ceaſe his ſorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in ſleep's embrace,
Again I ſhall behold my Emma's face;
Again with tranſport hear
Her voice ſoft whiſpering in my ear;
May ſteal once more a balmy kiſs,
And taſte at leaſt of viſionary bliſs.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my ſhadowy ſchemes of bliſs depoſe,
Will tear the dear illuſion from my ſight,
And wake me to the ſenſe of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I ſtray,
Alas! what pleaſures now can theſe convey?

* *Laudanum.*

Her lovely form purſues where'er I go,
And darkens all the ſcene with woe.
By nature's laviſh bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove,
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loſs reſtore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my diſeaſe,
And my ſad ſighs are borne on every paſſing breeze.

Sickneſs and ſorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haſte ſhall bring relief,
With lenient hand ſupport my drooping head,
Aſſuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly buſineſs call away,
Who now ſhall in my abſence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my boſom diſcompoſe,
Who now with ſweet complacent air
Shall ſmooth the rugged brow of care,
And ſoften all my woes?
Too faithful memory——Ceaſe, O ceaſe——
How ſhall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her)—but how vain each art,
Whilſt every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to ſhare his woes,
When reaſon's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy ſweet-liſping tongue ſhall aſk the cauſe,
How oft with ſorrow ſhall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's ſmile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart ſhalt thou reſtore
Sad memory of my joys---ah now no more!
By bleſſings once enjoy'd now more diſtreſt,
More beggar by the riches once poſſeſt.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'ſt caus'd---(O ſtrange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now ſhall ſeek, with fond delight,
Thy infant ſteps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artleſs ways,
By all thy ſoft endearments bleſt,
And claſp thee oft with tranſport to her breaſt,
Alas! is gone——Yet ſhalt thou prove
A father's deareſt, tendereſt love;
And O ſweet ſenſeleſs ſmiler (envied ſtate!)
As yet unconſcious of thy hapleſs fate,
When years thy judgment ſhall mature,
And reaſon ſhows thoſe ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to aſſuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age!
When ſick and languiſhing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care ſupply?
And oft as to thy liſtening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilſt on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly ſtealing to thy father's ſide,
Whene'er thou ſeeſt the ſoft diſtreſs,
Which I would vainly ſeek to hide,
Say, wilt thou ſtrive to make it leſs?
To ſooth my ſorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuſe one drop of joy?

AN EVENING ADDRESS
TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pour'ſt thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like baſe worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe,
Thanks for thy ſorrow-ſoothing ſtrain:——
For ſurely thou haſt known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapleſs love,
Elſe why ſo feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus ſadden all the grove?

Say, doſt thou mourn thy raviſh'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy ſtrains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe that ſhould have liv'd to bleſs,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the ſource of rapture and diſtreſs,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to reſcue I eſſay'd,
By every art that ſcience could deviſe,
Alas! it languiſh'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to ſeek her in the ſkies—
Then O! our comforts be the ſame
At evening's peaceful hour,
To ſhun the noiſy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our ſorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconſcious of my pain!
Soon ſhalt thou ceaſe to mourn thy lot ſevere,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing ſpring
Again ſhall plume thy ſhatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart ſhall tranſport prove,
Again ſhall flow thy notes reſponſive to thy love:
But O for me in vain may ſeaſons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring ſtill the comfort of my ſoul,
I court my ſorrows by increaſing years.

Tell me, thou ſyren hope, deceiver, ſay,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a ſtranger to repoſe:
O what deluſion did thy tongue employ!
" That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
" Her laſt bequeſt—with all a mother's care,
" The bitterneſs of ſorrow ſhould remove,
" Soften the horrors of deſpair,
" And cheer a heart long loſt to joy!"
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel face,
My ſoul the maze of fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And O what flattering ſcenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of bleſſings yet in ſtore!
Till every aching ſenſe was ſweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.——

" Juſt Heaven, I cry'd"—with recent hopes elate,
" Yet I will live—will live, though Emma's
" dead——
" So long bow'd down beneath the ſtorms of fate,
" Yet will I raiſe my woe-dejected head!
" My little Emma, now my all,
" Will want a father's care,
" Her looks, her wants my raſh reſolves recal,
" And for her ſake the ills of life I'll bear:
" And oft together we'll complain,
" Complaint, the only bliſs my ſoul can know,
" From me my child ſhall learn the mournful
" ſtrain,
" And prattle tales of woe;
" And O! in that auſpicious hour,
" When fate reſigns her perſecuting power,
" With duteous zeal her hand ſhall cloſe,
" No more to weep—my ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes,
" When death gives miſery repoſe,
" And opes a glorious paſſage to the ſkies."
Vain thought! it muſt not be——She too is
dead——
The flattering ſcene is o'er,——
My hopes for ever—ever fled——
And vengeance can no more——
Cruſh'd by misfortune—blaſted by diſeaſe—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or eaſe,
Or ſooth the anguiſh of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy ſcene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O! falſely deem'd ſevere)
Shall kindly ſtop my grief-exhauſted breath,
And dry up every tear:
Perhaps, obſequious to my will,
But, ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The laſt ſad office ſtrangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconſcious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.
Yet——while this weary life ſhall laſt,
While yet my tongue can form th' impaſſion'd
ſtrain,
In piteous accents ſhall the muſe complain,
And dwell with fond delay on bleſſings paſt:
For O how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of miſery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artleſs ſorrows flow,
And raiſe eſteem upon the baſe of woe!
Even he *, the nobleſt of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the ſoft contagion of my ſong,
And pay my penſive muſe the tribute of a tear

THE RACE,

BY MERCURIUS SPUR, ESQ.

With Notes. By Fauſtinius Scriblerus.

Acres procurrunt, magnum ſpectaculum!

[*Firſt publiſhed in* 1766.]

ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

Ye puny things, who ſelf-important ſit
The ſov'reign arbiters of monthly wit,
Who gnatling-like your ſtings around diſpenſe,
And feed on excrements of ſickly ſenſe;
Ye *gentle Critics*, whom, by Fancy led,
My Pegaſus has kick'd upon the head,
Who, zealous to decry th' injurious ſtrain,
While * Common-ſenſe has bled at ev'ry vein;
Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,
Without or *wit* or *grammar* for your guide;
Behold! again I blot th' invenom'd page,
Come, whet your tiny ſtings, exhauſt your rage:
Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your ſkill,
Let *bluſt'ring* Kenrick draw his raven's quill;
My claims to genius let each dunce diſown,
And damn all ſtrains more favour'd than their
own.
Where Pegaſus, who ambled at *ſiſteen*,
No longer ſporting on the *rural green*, [plains,
Rampant breaks forth; now flies the peaceful
And bounds, impetuous, heedleſs of the reins,
O'er earth's vaſt ſurface, madly ſcours along,
Nor ſpares a critic gaping in the throng;
† Truth rides behind, and prompts the wild career;
And, truth my guardian, what have I to fear?
Oh, Truth! thou ſole director of my views,
Whom yet I love far dearer than the muſe!
Teach me *myſelf* in ev'ry ſenſe to know,
Proof 'gainſt th' injurious ſhafts of friend or foe.
When ſmooth-tongu'd flatterers my ears aſſail,
May my firm ſoul diſdain the fulſome tale!
And, ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
Though C—n—y ſmile, or C——d commend!
Unmov'd by ſquibs from all the ſcribbling throng,
Whom thou proclaim'ſt the refuſe of my ſong;
Still may I ſafe between the danger ſteer,
Of Scylla-flatt'ry, and Charybdis-fear!
Thoſe foes to Genius (ſhould'ſt thou grant my
claim!)
Thoſe wrecks alike of reaſon and of fame.

THE RACE.

Aid me, ſome honeſt ſiſter of the Nine,
Who ne'er paid court at Flatt'ry's fulſome ſhrine,

* *Lord Lyttleton.*

* *In juſtification of the author's ſeverity, the reader is deſired to attend to the Critical Review on the firſt edition of this Poem, where he will find, comprized in a very narrow compaſs, a moſt wonderful variety of nonſenſe, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniouſly diſcovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad.—Now, the only circumſtance which has the leaſt reference to that poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a paſſage in Homer, and was deſigned at the ſame time as a ſtroke of raillery on one of the inſtances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the* ſet of Gentlemen *had not eyes to ſee, and are therefore excuſable. Dr. South replied to a gentleman, who remonſtrated to him from his biſhop, that his ſermons were too witty, " Pray preſent my " humble duty to his lordſhip, and let him conſider, if " God Almighty had made him a wit, he could not help " it." Theſe gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature; but blockheads may help commencing critics.* F. SCRIBLERUS.

† *Perhaps ſome half-witted critic may pertly inquire, why ſhould truth ride behind, rather than before? Soft and fairly: certainly every man has a right to ride foremoſt on his own Pegaſus.*

A youth enlighten with thy keeneſt fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the muſe inſpires,
By ſquint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties ſhall here enſlave the mind:
Though fancy ſport in fiction's pleaſing guiſe,
Truth ſtill conſpicuous through the veil ſhall riſe;
No bribe or ſtratagem ſhall here take place,
Though (ſtrange to tell!)—the ſubject is a Race.
Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boaſts,
Where pimps are peers' companions, whores their toaſts,
Where jockey-nobles with groom porters vie,
Who beſt can *bedge a bet*, or *cog a die*.
Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,
No ſpears for prizes, and no cups of gold:
A poets' Race, I ſing—a poet's prize,
Who gold (*a*) and fighting equally deſpiſe.
To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame ſent her heralds to proclaim her will.
" Since late her vot'ries in abuſive lays
" Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays;
" To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,
" The day was fix'd whereon each bard ſhould
" meet.
" Already had ſhe mark'd the deſtin'd ground,
" Where from the goal her eager ſons ſhould
" There, by the hope of future glory fed, [bound,
" Prove by their heels the proweſs of the head;
" And he, who fleeteſt ran, and firſt to fame,
" The chaplet and the victory ſhould claim."
Swift ſpread the grateful news through all the town,
And every ſcribbler thought the wreath his own.
No corporal defect can now retard
The one-legg'd, ſhort-legg'd, or conſumptive bard;
Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds
'Twixt man and man, where goddeſſes or gods
Preſided judges; ſure to have decreed
To dulneſs (*b*) crutches, and to merit ſpeed.
To view the various candidates for fame,
Bookſellers, printers, and their devils came.
Firſt Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,
And next came Nourſe and Millar from the Strand;
Here Woodfall—*there* the keen-ey'd Scott appears,
And Say (*c*) (oh! wonderful!) with both his ears.
Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,
And Flexney (*d*) with a *favour* in his hat.

(*e*) Williams and Kearſley now afreſh begin
To curſe the cruel walls that held 'em in.
In rage around his ſhop poor Owen flies,
Damning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;
" Oh! could he ſee, this day, the glorious ſtrife,
" He'd grope contented all his future life."
To Pater-noſter-row the tidings reach,
And forth came Johnny Coote and Dryden Leach:
Aſſociates in each cauſe alike they ſhare,
Be it to print a *primmer* or *Voltaire*;
Thus leagu'd, how ſweet the friendly pence to earn,
Like gentle Roſencraus and Guildenſtern (*f*)!
But Leach (*g*) where Churchill came, ſtill cautious fled, [head.
Skulk'd through the crowd, and trembled for his
With his whole length of body ſcarce a ſpan,
Yet aping all the dignity of man,
Next Vaillant came; erect his dwarfiſh mien,
He perch'd on horſeback, that he might be ſeen;
And vow'd, with worſhipful grimace (*h*) and din (*i*),
He'd back the peerleſs bard (*k*) of Lincoln's-Inn.
High on a hill, enthron'd in ſtately pride,
Appear'd the Goddeſs; while on either ſide
Stood Vice and Virtue—harbingers of Fame,
This ſtamps a good, and *that* an evil name.
On flow'rs thick ſcatter'd o'er the moſſy ground,
The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around;
Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,
In ſilent ſtate the Goddeſs ſat and heard
Not far from hence, acroſs the path to Fame,
A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name
Of *Black Oblivion's Gulf*. In former days
Here periſh'd many a poet and his lays.
Cloſe by the margin of the fable flood,
Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* ſtood
In terrible array, who dreadful frown, [down.
And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors
Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,
In vain the pleas of poeſy or ſenſe;
All levell'd here; though ſome triumphant riſe,
Shake off the dirt, and ſeek their native ſkies.
But, ſtrange! to *Dulneſs* they deny the crown,
And *damn* ev'n works as ſtupid as their own!

(*a*) *The poverty of poets is a well known adage; or, to ſpeak more* poetically, *their contempt of riches. They alſo ſeem providentially in all ages to have poſſeſſed the moſt pacific tempers: no doubt, leſt* their *lives ſhould be endangered, whoſe labours are ſo conducive to the amuſement of ſociety. Horace confeſſes himſelf a coward:*

Relictâ non benè parmulâ, &c.

But the moderns are not quite ſo ingenuous.

(*b*) *The diſcerning reader will at once be ſenſible of the neceſſity of this proviſo; otherwiſe it is to be ſuppoſed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any bodily infirmity, would never have ſtarted.*

(*c*) *Mr. Say's bo'dneſs in aſſerting any thing written in oppoſition even to the miniſterial meaſures, will render the meaning of this line ſufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.*

(*d*) *Alluding to the cuſtom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the ſquire's horſe wins the plate; Mr. Flexney, our hero's publiſher, does the ſame, from ſtrong preſumption of his author's ſucceſs.*

(*e*) *Theſe two gentlemen, at the time this poem was firſt publiſhed, were impriſoned for publications that were deemed libellous.*

(*f*) *Two characters in Hamlet, where one never appears without the other.*

(*g*) *From a circumſtance, which Mr. Leach has the beſt reaſon to remember (as we hold feeling the moſt perfect of all the ſenſes), the author muſt allow Mr. Churchill an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who, for the moſt part, are fonder of laying on their blows with a pen than a cudgel; though we muſt confeſs it is a very cruel alternative, where a printer muſt either ſubmit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of loſing his ears.*

(*h*) *The reader is not to ſuppoſe Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he aſſumed the proper air and countenance of a worſhipful magiſtrate.*

(*i*) *No inglorious expreſſion, as ſome may imagine; witneſs the* din *of* war—*the* din *of* arms, *&c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of conſequence.*

(*k*) *A phraſe common upon the* turf, *and conſequently very applicable here.*

Oh! be this rage for maſſacre withſtood,
Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood!
Foremoſt, the ſpite of hell upon his face,
Stood the Therſites of the Critic Race,
Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant-ſtrength,
With Crab-tree ſtaff full twice two yards in length.
(*l*) Near John o' Groat's thatch'd cot its parent ſtood
Alone, for many a mile—itſelf a wood;
Till Archy ſpy'd it, yet unform'd and wild,
And robb'd the mother of her talleſt child.
Ill-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
Their rooſt deſpoil'd, and ſicken'd at the ſight;
The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
In vain,—he frown'd! the birds in terror fled;
Perch'd on their thiſtles droop'd the mournful band:
Archy ſtalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.
Cloſe wedg'd behind in rank and file were ſeen,
From Glaſgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,
A troop of *Lairds* with ſcraps of *Latin* hung,
Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.
Poor John! who muſt not judge whate'er he read
But wait for ſentence from theſe ſons of Tweed.
Now coward Prudence, in the Muſe's ear
Whiſpers—" How dar'ſt thou, Novice, perſevere
" With headlong fury, to deſtruction prone,
" (*m*) Rouſe *ſacred Dulneſs* yawning on her throne?
" Thus madly bold, dread'ſt not the Harpy's
" claw?
" Thou, ſcarce a *morſel* for ſo vaſt a *maw!*
" Soon ſhalt thou mourn thy ill-ſtarr'd numbers
" curſt."
She ſcorns their malice, let them do their worſt.
Where Phœbus caſts not an auſpicious eye,
The ſick'ning numbers of themſelves muſt die;
But where true genius beams conſpicuous forth,
The candid few will juſtify its worth;
Still as it flows increaſing in its courſe,
Till, like a river, with reſiſtleſs force
Rapid rolls down the torrent of applauſe;
Then, ſtruck with fear, each puny wretch with-
draws,
Meanly diſclaims the paths he lately trod,
(*n*) Belies himſelf, and humbly licks the rod.
Firſt enter'd in the liſt the laureat bard,
And thus preferr'd his ſuit:—' If due reward,
' Goddeſs ador'd, to merit thou aſſign,
' Whoſe verſe ſo ſmooth, whoſe claim ſo juſt, as
' mine?
' To thee my cauſe I truſt; oh, lend me wings,
' Show *wit* and *ſack* to be conſiſtent things,
' And that he rhymes the beſt who rhymes for
' kings.'
Lur'd by a ſober, honeſt thirſt for fame,
Armſtrong appear'd to lay his lawful claim;
Armſtrong, whoſe muſe has taught the youth to
prove
(*o*) The ſweet economy of *health* and *love*.
But, when he ſaw what ſpleen each boſom fir'd,
Forth from the field he modeſtly retired.
Not ſo repuls'd, nor overaw'd with ſhame,
Next Hill ſtood forth, a darling child of Fame;
But, as to Juſtice, Fame herſelf muſt bow,
The poets' bays ſhall never deck his brow:
Elſe who, like Hill, can ſave a ſickly age;
Like him arreſt the hand of death with *ſage* (*p*)?
But (*q*) *this the ancients never knew*, or ſure
They ne'er had died while *ſage* remain'd a cure.
Oh, matchleſs Hill! if aught the muſe foreſee
Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,
Death's triumph by thy ſkill ſhall ſoon be o'er,
Hence dire diſeaſe and pain ſhall be no more;
'Tis thine to ſave whole nations from his maw,
By ſome new *Tincture* of a *Barley-ſtraw*.
He bow'd, and ſpoke:—' Oh, Goddeſs, heav'nly
' fair!
' To thy own Hill now ſhow a mother's care;
' If I go unrewarded hence away,
' What bard will court thee on a future day?
' Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,
' By *moral eſſays*, *rhime*, and *water-dock*?
' With perſeverance who like me could write
' *Inſpector* on *Inſpector*, night by night;
' Supplying ſtill, with unexhauſted head,
' Till every reader ſlumber'd as he read?
' No longer then my lawful claim delay.'
(*r*) She ſmil'd—Hill ſimper'd, and went pleas'd
away.
Next Dodſley ſpoke:—' A bookſeller and bard
' May ſure with juſtice claim the firſt regard.
' A double merit's ſurely his, that's wont
' To make the fiddle, and then play upon't;
' But more, to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
' Behold the work on which I build my fame!

(*l*) *The learned reader will not be ſurpriſed at this genealogy of the crab-tree ſtick belonging to ſo illuſtrious a character as the printer of the Critical Review.—It is common, and Homer has often done the ſame, in regard to his hero's ſwords and ſpears, &c.*

(*m*) *This alludes to a part of their criticiſm upon the Race above-mentioned, wherein they obſerve,* " *the author has attacked bookſellers, printers, and* even *Reviewers —ah! Preſumption! attack Reviewers! a* ſet of gentlemen *too!*" *We acknowledge the juſtice of this remark, and ſubmit to the loſs.*

(*n*) *Every ingenuous mind muſt conceive the utmoſt contempt for modern criticiſm, by looking back on the treatment of the late Mr. Churchill, where we find the very critics, who, at his firſt appearance in public, would ſcarcely allow Him the leaſt pretenſions to genius, diſowning their former proceedings, and meanly courting his friendſhip. See the Critical Review about that period.*

(*o*) *This gentleman has obliged the public with two poetical pieces; the one intituled,* " *The Economy of Love;*" *the other,* " *Health;*" *in which he has diſplayed great abilities, both in ſentiment and diction.*

(*p*) *It is impoſſible to expreſs the obligations of the public to the author of this diſcovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of reſtoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle; but certainly the horror of ſo diſmal a proceſs (could the art be reviſed) might deter a perſon of a moderate ſhare of courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill has removed the ſcruples of the moſt timorous, and has promiſed all the good effects of ſo dreadful an experiment, in a diſcovery both ſimple and palatable.*

(*q*) *A favourite expreſſion of Dr. Hill's, in all his advertiſements, is,* " the ancients knew this,—the Greeks knew this, *&c. &c.*

(*r*) *As the reader may perhaps aſcertain within himſelf the future ſucceſs of Dr. Hill, from the ſmile of the Goddeſs, he is deſired to ſuſpend his judgment, and conſider that there are ſmiles of contempt as well as of approbation.*

Search every tragic ſcene of Greece and Rome,
From ancient Sophocles to modern Hume;
Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
And match, then match Cleone, if you can.
A father wretched—huſband wretched more,
A harmleſs baby welt'ring in its gore;
Such dire diſtreſs as ne'er was ſeen before!
Such ſad complaints and tears, and heartfelt throes,
Sorrows ſo *wet* (*s*) and *dry*, ſuch mighty woes,
Too big for utt'rance e'en in tragic *obs!*
Next Smollet came. What author dare reſiſt
Hiſtorian, critic, bard, and novelliſt?
'To reach thy temple, honour'd Fame,' he cried,
'Where, where's an avenue I have not tried?
'But ſince the glorious preſent of to-day
'Is meant to grace alone the poet's lay,
'My claim I wave to ev'ry art beſide,
'And reſt my plea upon the Regicide (*t*).
(*u*) .. .. ..

' Then, since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,
' (*b*) Oh, give him Fame, whom Fate forbids to
' eat;
' This, this at least to me forlorn supply,
' I'll live contented on a farthing pye.'
Next in the train advanc'd a Highland lad,
Array'd in brogues and Caledonian plaid,
Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud
The ‡ British Homer rang through all the crowd.
Then he with mickle pride and uncouth air
His bonnet doff'd, and thus preferr'd his pray'r:
' Oh, Fame! regard me with propitious eyes,
' Give me to seize this long-contested prize;
' In *epic* lines I shine, the king of verse;
' From torn and tatter'd scraps of ancient Erse,
' 'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all
' Must own the wond'rous structure of Fingal!'
No less a miracle, than if a Turk
A *mosque* should raise up of Mosaic work.
Next Mallet came; Mallet who knows each art,
The ear to tickle, and to sooth the heart;
Who, with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,
Transforms a Scottish peer into a *god*.
Oh! matchless Mallet, by one stroke to clear,
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a-year!
Long round a Court poor Gay dependent hung,
(And yet most (*c*) trimly has the poet sung)
Twice six revolving years vain-hoping past,
And unrewarded went away at last.
Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning strain,
And thus advises, wisely, though in vain:
" Ah, Spur! enlisted in a luckless cause,
" Who, pelf despising, seeks for vain applause,
" Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small,
" To think a muse can ever thrive on *gall!*
" Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,
" Choose out some fool blown up with pow'r and
" pride—
" Be flattery thy *arrow*, this thy *butt*,
" And praise the *devil* for his cloven foot."
The counsel's good;—but how shall I subscribe,
Who scorn to flatter, and detest a bribe?
.. ..
In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,
Like Milton murder'd in an *eunuch's* song,
With honesty no malice e'er could shame,
With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame,
With judgment sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,
Next Cleland came—the champion of mankind!
Who views, contented with his little state,
Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate.
And, whilst dull rogues the joys of life partake,
Lives, a great patriot—on a *mutton steak!*
Dreaming of genius, which he never had,
Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic, and half-mad;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all the rage, but not one spark of fire;
Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear
From others' brows that wreath he must not
wear,
Next Kenrick came; all-furious, and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit.
Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refin'd,
For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
With reason's offal glut his rav'ning soul,
Pleas'd with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks.
Erect he stood, nor deign'd one bow to Fame,
Then bluntly thus:—' Will. Kenrick is my name.
' Who are these minions crowding to thy fane?
" Poets! 'Pshaw! scribblers, impotent and vain;
' The chaplet's mine—I claim it, who inherit
' (*d*) Dennis's rage, and Milbourne's glorious
' spirit.'
Struck with amazement, Fame, who ne'er had seen
A face so brazen, and so pert a mien,
Calmly replied, ' Vain-boaster, go thy way,
' And prove more furious and more dull than they.'
Then Brown appear'd—with such an air he
mov'd,
And show'd him confident and self-approv'd.
Poor injur'd, honour'd Pope! the bard on thee
(*e*) Has clapp'd a rusty *lock* without a *key:*
Thus, when enraptur'd, we attempt to rove
Through all the sweets of thy Pierian grove,
The gate, alas! is strongly barr'd: and all
That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.
Rev'rent he bow'd, and thus address'd the
throne:
' One boon, oh! grant me, and the day's my own!
' When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train
' To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain,
' Let not the dread professor Lowth appear
' To freeze thy vot'ry's shiv'ring soul with fear,
' Tear the fine form, perhaps, of all I've writ,
' And drown me in a deluge of his wit.'
Next Vaugh'n appear'd; he smil'd, and strok'd
his chin,
And, pleas'd to think his carcase was so thin,
So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth
Beam'd from his eyes, he hemm'd—and thus held
forth:

(*b*) *It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused, and their hopes deceived,—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any, which is well expressed by Voltaire:*

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Même au moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

‡ *There is indeed an air of* originality, *which, to a* literary virtuoso, *renders Fingal worthy of notice. But I am afraid the North-Britons cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of* laurel.

(*c*) He told me, once upon a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay. GAY.

(*d*) *Dennis and Milbourne, two* things *called* Critics, *damned to immortality for being the persecutors of Dryden and Pope.*

(*e*) *Alluding to the* " *Essay on Satire,*" *prefixed to the second volume of Pope's Works, which the reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title-page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there; as there is no such privilege in Mr. Pope's will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.*

ddefs, your ſlave;---'tis true I draw the quill
) Sometimes through *anger*, not to ſhow my
' ſkill;
t all muſt own, ſpite of the (*g*) *Bear's* report,
ere's obvious merit in my keen *retort:*
ough Flexney (oh! his ignorance confound!)
lls its contents to *grocers* by the pound,
d, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,
ts it to purpoſes——unfit to name.
en, ſince no *profit* from the muſe I draw,
u can't refuſe me *praiſe*, and ſo your ta---!'
Goddeſs laugh'd---and who could well con-
tain,
ſee ſuch foplings ſkip around her ſane?
ext Churchill came---his face proclaim'd a
heart,
t ſcorn'd to wear the ſmooth addreſs of art,
ngly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd ſoul,
ich nought on earth could bias or controul.
bow'd---when all ſneer at his want of *grace* (*h*),
l uncouth form, ill-ſuited to the Race;
ile he contemptuous ſmil'd on all around,
thus addreſs'd her in a (*i*) voice profound:
Goddeſs, theſe gnatlings move not me at all,
come by juſt decrees to ſtand or fall.
hen firſt the daring bard aſpires to ſing,
o check the fallies of his infant wing,
ritics not only try (your pardon, Fame,
o you a ſtranger is the *critic's* name),
ut every blockhead, who pretends to write,
ould damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
ritics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between
he two ingredients, *Ignorance* and *Spleen;*
ho, like the Daw, would infamouſly tear
he ſhining plumes they ſee another wear,
hat, thus unfeather'd by theſe wretched elves,
ll may appear as naked as themſelves.
Hard is the taſk in ſuch a cauſe t' engage
ith fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
y fears or partial feelings unſubdu'd,
o hurl defiance at ſo vaſt a crowd;
o ſtand the teizing of their little ſpleen,
o oft to clear the witling-crowded ſcene;
rom vice and folly tear the foul diſguiſe,
nd cruſh at once the hydras as they riſe.
et on I will---unaw'd by ſlaviſh fears,
'ill gain'd the glorious point, or loſt my ears.'
Next from the temple ſix poetic cubs,
th him whoſe humble muſe delights in *ſhrubs*,
d commentator Fawkes---let Woty tell,
one who ſees, how much he can excel,

Who wipes all doubts from ſacred texts away,
Clear as the ſkies upon a miſty day;
Bard, critic, and divine---with upturn'd eyes
Dejected Virtue to the Goddeſs cries,
" *What ways and means for raiſing the ſupplies!*"
Awhile demurring who ſhould move the *pleas*,
Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en
degrees;
' Combin'd, dear Woty, ſure we ne'er can fail,
' I'll ſpeak---do thou hold up the caſſock's tail'
He hemm'd---then haw'd---then bow'd, and thus
began:
' Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan:
' See *Law* on *Goſpel*, caſt a ſocial look,
' And Moſes ſide with Lyttleton and Coke:
' Let not a partnerſhip, unknown before,
' In vain for favour and the bays implore;
' But guide thy vot'ry's feet acroſs the plain,
' While gentle Woty bears the ſable train;
' And crown'd with conqueſt, amply to reward
' So mean an office in ſo great a bard,
' Six days in ſeven I'll the wreath reſign,
' Only on Sundays be its honours mine.'
Rev'rent he bow'd---then Bickerſtaff advanc'd,
His *Sing-Song-Muſe*, by vaſt ſucceſs enhanc'd;
Who, when fair Wright, deſtroying Reaſon's
fence,
Inveigles our applauſe in ſpite of ſenſe,
With ſyren-voice our juſter rage confounds,
And clothes ſweet nonſenſe in deluſive ſounds,
Pertly commends the judgment of the town,
And arrogates the merit as his own;
Talks of his taſte! how well each air was hit!
While *printers* and their *devils* praiſe his wit;
And, wrapp'd in warm furtout of ſelf-conceit,
Defies the critics cold, and poet's heat.
He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began:
' Goddeſs! I wonder at the pride of man!
' Fellows, whoſe accents never yet have hung
' On ſkilful Beard's or Brent's harmonious tongue,
' Dare here approach, (*k*) *who chatter like a parrot,*
' (*k*) *But hardly know a ſheep's head from a carrot.*
' Whoſe taſteleſs lines ne'er grac'd a royal ſtage,
' Nor charm'd a tuneful *crotchet*-loving age!
' Prove then, oh Goddeſs! to my labours kind,
' And let the ſons of *Dulneſs* lag behind,
' While (*l*) *toity toity, wul-ky friſky*, I
' On ballad-wings ſpring forth to victory.'
So ſure!---but juſtice ſtops thee in thy flight,
And damns thy labours to eternal night.
Brands that ſucceſs which boaſts no juſt pretence
To genius, judgment, wit, or common ſenſe;
But who for taſte ſhall dare preſcribe the laws,
Or ſtop the torrent of the mob's applauſe?
In thought (*m*) ſublim'd, next Elphinſton came
forth,
And thus harangu'd the Goddeſs on his worth:
' 'Tis mine, oh Fame! full fraught with *Attic lore*,
' Long-loſt pronunciation to reſtore,
' Of letters to reform each vile abuſe,
' And bring the Grecian (*n*) *kappa* into uſe.

(*f*) Facit Indignatio Verſus.] *Let no one pretend to ſay, that even anger has not its good effects, ſince we owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan to their being roufed by a ſpirit of reſentment.*

(*g*) *A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was diſtinguiſhed, on account, as we ſuppoſe, of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were unlucky as to come within reach of his* poetical paws.

(*h*) *Not ſpiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; if the reader muſt be let into the ſecret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general, againſt the unharmonious neſs of his numbers.*

(*i*) *Mr. Churchill, as a ſcholar, is here ſuppoſed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, to quere ore rotundo, which is here rendered a voice round.*

(*k*) *See Love in a Village, an Opera.*

(*l*) *Ibid.*

(*m*) *A favourite word of this author. See Education, a Poem.*

(*n*) *Mr. Elphinſton intends ſhortly to lay before the public his reaſons for giving C always the ſound of the*

'Tully once more his proper name shall know,
'Restor'd its ancient sound of Kikero.
'First, from my native tongue, 'tis mine t' expel
'The superfluities of *E* (*o*) and *L*;
'T' unveil the long-conceal'd recess of truth,
'And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth;
'To point the means of proper recreation,
'And prove no (*p*) *whetter equals emulation:*
'In song didactic as I move, to draw
'The (*q*) proper rules for *study* and for *taw*;
'In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
'And (*r*) show the odds 'twixt Daniel and Lon-
'ginus;
'To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre
'Tully's (*s*) a perfect blockhead to St. Peter:
'Deign then, oh Fame! (*t*) *to satisfy my lore,*
'Who've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before,
'Broke through all pedant rules of mood and
'tense,
'And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.'
He bow'd:---then Arne swift bolted through
the throng,
Renown'd for all the various pow'rs of song:
Sweet as the Thracian's, whose melodious woe
Mov'd the stern tyrant of the shades below;
Or that, by which the faithless syren charms,
And woos the sailor shipwreck'd in her arms:
Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ
To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;
Or those which banish'd Reason could recal,
And bring the devil cap'ring out of Saul.
But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,
Lo! he adventures for the poet's bays!
No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,
But falls, like fortune, on the head of fools:
Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;
Since bards now spring without the pains of
lashing, [*thrashing*.
Like Arne and Duck, from *fiddling* and from
'Oh, Fame,' he cries, 'with kind attention hear
'The cause why I thy candidate appear.
'Ere yet *th' outwitted* Guardian crawl'd to light,
'(*u*) Four smother'd brats I doom'd to endless
'night;
'Abash'd, lest any thing less fair should prove
'Unworthy Arne, and thy maternal love.
'But here behold a babe, to whom belong
'The double gifts of eloquence and song;
'Who, not like other infants born or bred,
'Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy's head,
'On me, then, Fame, oh! let thy favours fall,
'And show that Tommy Arne outwits 'em all!'
Here Fr——s rais'd his head, though last not
least,
A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
By turns through life each character we mark,
A priest by day, a poet in the dark;
Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,
Now politician, now commences rake;
Nay worse---(if Fame say true) panders for love,
And acts the Merc'ry to a lustful Jove.
Now grave he sits, and checks th' unhallow'd jest,
Whilst his sage precepts cool each am'rous breast;
Now strips the priests disguise, awakes desire,
Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire:
All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
And wonder how the dev'l they lost the saint!
Next from the different theatres came forth
A score at least, of self-sufficient worth;
Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
A prologue *this* had wrote, and *that* a song;
Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
To see such triflers arrogate the prize;
But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.
Here endless groups on groups from every street,
Popes, Shakspeares, Jonsons,---in their own con-
ceit,
With hopes elate advance, and ardour keen,
Whom not one muse had ever heard or seen;
Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,
And damn the public for their want of taste.
Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway
Nations confess, and potentates obey,
How vast thy reign!---Say, where, oh! where's
the man
His own defects who boldly dares to scan,
Just to himself?---Ev'n now, whilst I incline
To paint the vot'ries kneeling at thy shrine,
Whilst others follies freely I impart,
Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
((*x*) Myself the very coxcomb I expose).
And, ah! too partial to my lays and me!
My kind---yet cruel friends---soon shall you see
The *culprit-muse*, whose idle sportive vein
No views can bias, and no fears restrain,
(Thus female thieves, though threaten'd with dis-
grace,
Must still be sing'ring dear forbidden *lace*),
Drag'd without mercy to that awful bar
Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;
And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
Condemn'd by *butchers*, pre-resolv'd to kill,
In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
Ev'n for a *syllable* the wretch shall bleed,
And, 'spite of all the friendship you can show,
Be made a public spectacle of woe. [mute---
But hold, though sentenc'd---manners! and be
Derrick appears to move his *kingly* suit.

Grecian Καππα, *which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expressions of many other words in our language, as well as this instanced by the author.*

(*o*) For where thou liv'st I live, where di'st I dy,
Joint as we stand, unsever'd shall we ly.
EDUCATION.
Nor boasted selfish dulness social flame. IBID.

(*p*) Some plea might urge clandestine education,
But where's a whetter like my emulation?
IBID.

(*q*) Nay deign a tender smile on humble taw. IBID.

(*r*) Hail, Daniel! with the captive victors three!
How is Longinus self to them and thee? IBID.

(*s*) Ne'er shall keen Tully catch a Peter's fire. IBID.

(*t*) ——— satisfy her lore,
With pleasing food, but let her pant for more.
IBID.

(*u*) *See the Preface to the* "*Guardian Outwitted.*"

(*x*) *A very ingenuous declaration it must be acknowledged; and I dare venture to pronounce our author the first who ever made it, and in all probability the last who ever will.—The ancients all run into the contrary extreme. See Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, &c. &c.*

" Goddeſs, I come not here for fame to vie,
(A maſter of the ceremonies I).
Since re-enthron'd at Bath I now appear,
This day appoint me to that ſtation here;
In niceſt order, I'll conduct the whole,
All riot and indecency controul,
For know, this pigmy (*y*) frame contains a
" mighty ſoul!"
" Nay, let me urge a more important claim,
'Twas I firſt gave the ſtrumpet's (*z*) lift to fame,
Their age, ſize, qualities, if brown or fair,
Whoſe breath was ſweeteſt, whoſe the brighteſt
" hair,
Diſplay'd each various dimple, ſmile, and frown,
Pimp-*generaliſſimo* to all the town!
From this what vaſt advantages accrue!
' Thus each may chooſe the maid of partial hue;
' Know to whoſe bed he has the beſt pretenſions,
' And buy the Venus of his own *dimenſions*.
" Nor yet a ſtranger to the tuneful nine, [mine;
' Songs, prologues, and meand'ring odes are
' Such *jeu d'eſprit*, as beſt becomes a king,
' And gentle epigrams—without a ſting;
' The fam'd Domitian ſtill before my eyes,
' Who ne'er for paſtime murder'd aught but flies;
' Nay---let my muſe boaſt gentler ſport than he,
' Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me,
' By me, though ſeated in monarchial ſtate,
' And, ſpite of Harrington, whoſe will is fate."
Here rais'd the little *monarch* on his toe,
And ſmil'd contempt on printers' boys below.
He ſpoke.---The goddeſs thus reply'd---" My
" ſon,
" 'Tis time the buſineſs of the day were done;
" Enjoy what thou demand'ſt---up yonder tree
" Climb expeditious, that the crowd may ſee;
" This flag, the ſignal to begin, hang out,
" And quell the tumult of the rabble rout. [gaze,
" But ſtay---methinks, while round the field I
" Amid the various claimants for the bays,
" One fav'rite bard eſcapes my notice---ſay,
" My dear Melpomene, on ſuch a day,
" Why is not thy beloved Shenſtone here?"
The muſe was ſilent---ſobb'd---and dropp'd a tear.
And now the trumpet's ſound, by Fame's com-
mand,
Proclaims the hour of ſtarting is at hand.
Now round the goal the various heroes preſs,
While hope and fear alternately poſſeſs
Each anxious breaſt! in order here they riſe,
And panting ſtand impatient for the prize:
Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,
And waves the flag, as ſignal for the race.
But, lo!---a crowd upon the plain appear,
With Deſcaizeau ſlow-pacing in the rear!
Maſon and Thompſon, Ogilvy and Hayes,
And he whoſe hand has pluck'd a ſprig of bays
(*a*) On Rhætia's barren hills---onward they move;
But now too late their various pow'rs to prove,
Some future day may fair occaſion yield
To weigh their ſev'ral merits in the field:
For ſee! the bards with expectation riſe,
Stand ſtript, and ready for the glorious ſtrife;

And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain
Their furious ardour longer to reſtrain.
The flag diſplay'd, promiſcuous forth they
bound, [ground;
(*b*) And ſhake with clatt'ring feet the powder'd
Equal in flight there *two* diſpute the race,
With envious ſtrife, and meaſure pace for pace.
Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din;
This tumbles down, another breaks his ſhin;
That (*c*) ſwears his puffing neighbour ſtinks of *gin*.
Each joſtles each, a wrangling, madding train,
While loud, *To Order*, Derrick calls in vain.
Stuck faſt in mire here ſome deſponding lay,
And, grinning, yield the glories of the day.
For, maugre all primeval bards have ſung,
Steep is the road to Fame, and clogg'd with dung.
Borne on the wings of Hope now Murphy flies,
Vain hope! for Fate the wiſh'd-for boon denies;
Arriv'd, where ſcavengers, the night before,
Had left their gleanings from the *common ſhore*,
With head retorted, as he fearful ſpy'd
The giant Churchill thund'ring at his ſide,
Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell!
Prone in the filth the hapleſs poet fell (*d*).
' Diſtanc'd by G---!' roars out a ruſtic 'ſquire,
' He muſt *give out*, thus ſous'd in dung and mire.'
Lord M--- replies, I'll hold you ſix to ten,
' Spite of the t---d, he'll riſe and run again.'
A burſt of laughter echoes all around, [ground,
While, ſputt'ring dirt, and ſcrabbling from the
' Ceaſe, fools, your mirth, nor ſneer at my diſgrace;
' This curſed *bog*, not Churchill, won the race;
' And ſure, who ſuch diſaſters can foreſee,
' Muſt be a greater conjurer than me.'
While Churchill, careleſs, triumphs in his fall,
Up to the gulf his jaded rivals crawl;
Here ſome the watchful harpies on the ſhore
Plunge in---ah! deſtin'd to return no more!---
While others wond'ring, view them as they ſink,
And ſcar'd, ſtand quiv'ring on the dreadful brink.
Now rous'd the hero by the trumpet's ſound,
Turns from his rueful foe, and ſtares around;
No bard he views behind---but all have paſt
Him, heedleſs of their flight, and now the laſt.

(*y*) Ingentes animos exercent in corpore parvo.
VIRGIL.

(*z*) *A moſt infamous pamphlet, intituled,* " *Harris's Liſt.*"

(*a*) *See the Traveller, a Poem.*

(*b*) *Leſt ſome malevolent critic, reviewing critic, or critical reader (as all readers, now-a-days, are critics), ſhould tax the author with plagiariſm, he thinks it prudent to enter his caveat, by declaring he had that famous line of Virgil in his eye,*

Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatut ungulæ campum,

with this difference, that his animals have four feet, and theſe but two.

(*c*) *Many of our readers cannot but remember, in a late literary quarrel, how the authors attacked one another for frequenting brothels, ſmoaking, and dram-drinking, to which this circumſtance alludes.*

(*d*) *The very ſame misfortune happens to Oilean Ajax, in the Iliad, who alſo makes a ſpeech to the ſame effect:*

Accurſed Fate, the conqueſt I forego,
A mortal I, a goddeſs was my foe!
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way;
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.

A noble precedent, and ſufficient for authorizing ſo low an incident in this poem.

Stung at the thought with double force he springs,
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings:
The ground regain'd—' Stand clear,' he sternly
said,
" Who bars my passage, horror on his head!"
Unhappy Dapper! doom'd to meet thy fate,
Why heard'st thou not the menace ere too late!
Fir'd with disdain, he spurn'd the witling's breech,
And headlong hurl'd him in Oblivion's ditch;
Then instant bounding high with all his main,
O'erleap'd its utmost bounds, and scour'd along
the plain.
Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled;
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch'd her head.
The gulf once past, no obstacle remains,
Smooth is the path, 'midst flow'r-enamel'd plains;
Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.
Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
Th' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.
Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch;
Hill call'd the Goddess whore, and Jones a bitch;
Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

SONG.

WHENE'ER to gentle Emma's praise
I tune my soft enamour'd lays,
When on the face so dear I prize,
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes;
" Say Damon," cries the smiling fair,
With modest and ingenuous air,
" Tell of this homely frame, the part
To which I owe your vanquish'd heart."

In vain my Emma would I tell
By what thy captive Damon fell;
The swain who partial charms can see,
May own—but never lov'd like me!
Won by thy form and fairer mind,
So much my wishes are confin'd,
With lover's eyes so much I see,
Thy very faults are charms to me.

Emma to Damon, on finding his addresses not favoured by her friends, on account of his want of fortune.

Forbear, in pity, ah! forbear
To sooth my ravish'd ear;
Nor longer thus a love declare,
'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas! my tender heart
Does to thy suit incline,
Why then attempt to gain by art,
What is already thine?

O! let not, like the Grecian dame*,
My hapless fortune prove,
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,
And died by too much love.

The Author being in company with Emma, and having no opportunity of expressing certain doubts he had conceived of her sincerity, conveys to her the following lines, as a device to know the sentiments of her heart.

Are all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,
And cold and faithless grown my *nut-brown maid;*
Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,
And worn thy grateful image next my heart,
And must I thus at once all hopes resign,
When fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine?
Then go, irresolute—and dare to prove
To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.
Perhaps, too long accustom'd to obtain,
My flattering views were ever false and vain!
Perhaps my *Emma's* lips, well skill'd in art,
Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart!
Perhaps the muse profanely does thee wrong,
†Weak my suspicions, and unjust my song!
Which ever is the cause, the truth proclaim,
And to that sentence here affix thy name:
So shall we both be rescu'd from the fear
Which *thou* must have to tell, and *I* to *hear;*
If thou art false—the muse shall vengeance take,
And blast the faithless sex, for Emma's sake.
If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,
And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.
But O! without disguise pronounce my fate,
Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate!
Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear;
Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

To Emma, doubting the Author's sincerity.

When misers cease to doat on gold,
When justice is no longer sold,
When female tongues their clack shall hush,
When modesty shall cease to blush;
When parents shall no more controul,
The fond affections of the soul,
Nor force the sad reluctant fair,
Her idol from her heart to tear;
For sordid interest to engage,
And languish in the arms of age;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
When friends severe as thine shall prove,
Propitious to ingenuous love;
Bid thee in merit place affiance,
And think they're honour'd by th' alliance;
And O! when hearts as proud as mine,
Shall barely kneel at Plutus' shrine,
Forego my modest plea to fame,
Or own dull pow'r's superior claim,
When the bright sun no more shall bring,
The sweet return of annual spring,
When nature shall the change deplore,
And music fill the groves no more;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
But why from dearer objects rove,
Nor draw allusions whence I love?
When my dear Emma's eyes shall be
As black as jet or ebony,

---

* *Semele.*

† *After perusing the paper, Emma (as the reader may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the Author, after having written her name with a pencil at the close of the following line:* "*Weak my suspicions and unjust my song.*"

And every froward tooth ſhall ſtand,
As rang'd by Hemet's dext'rous hand;
When her ſweet face, deform'd by rage,
No more ſhall every heart engage,
When her ſoft voice ſhall ceaſe to charm,
Nor malice of its power diſarm;
When manners gentle and refin'd,
No more ſpeak forth her ſpotleſs mind;
But the perfidious minx ſhall prove,
A perjur'd traitreſs to her love;
Then—nor till then—ſhall Damon be
Falſe to his vows, and falſe to thee.

An invitation to Emma, after marriage, to live in the country.

Come my dear girl, let's ſeek the peaceful vale,
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail;
Let's fly thus curſed town—a neſt of ſlaves---
Where fortune ſmiles not but on fools or knaves,
Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
And truth, and innocence, are bought and ſold;
An humble competence we have in ſtore,
Mere food and raiment-- Kings can have no more!
A glorious patriarchial life we'll lead,
See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed:
Frequent obſerve the labours of the ſpade,
And joy to ſee each yearly toil repaid;
In ſome ſequeſter'd ſpot a bower ſhall ſtand,
The fav'rite taſk of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
Where the ſweet woodbine claſps the curling vine,
Emblem of faithful love like your's and mine!
Here will we ſit when evening ſhades prevail,
And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
Till nature's voice ſhall ſummon us away,
To gather ſpirits for th' approaching day,
Then on thy breaſt I'll lay my weary head,
A pillow ſofter than a monarch's bed.

THE SNOW-BALL.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As Harriot wanton as the ſportive roe,
Was pelting Strephon with the new-fall'n ſnow;
Th' ena'mour'd youth, who'd long in vain admir'd,
By every look and every geſture fir'd,
While round his head the harmleſs bullets fly,
Thus breathes his paſſion, prefac'd with a ſigh.

AIR.

Ceaſe my charmer, I conjure thee,
Oh! ceaſe this paſtime, too ſevere;
Though I burn, ſnow cannot cure me,
Fix'd is the flame that rages here.
Snow in thy hand its chillneſs loſes,
Each flake converts to glowing fire;
Whilſt thy cold breaſt all warmth refuſes,
Thus I by contraries expire.

RECITATIVE.

A humble diſtance thus to tell your pain,
What ſhould you meet but coldneſs and diſdain?
Reply'd the laughing fair---Obſerve the ſnow,
The ſun retir'd, broods o'er the vale below,
But when approaching near he gilds the day,
It owns the genial flame and melts away.

AIR.

Whining in this love-ſick ſtrain,
Strephon you will ſigh in vain;
For your paſſion thus to prove,
Moves my *pity*, not my *love*.
Phœbus points you to the prize,
Take the hint, be timely wiſe,
Other arts, perhaps, may move,
And ripen *pity* into *love*.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD LOVIBOND, ESQ.

Containing

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY, JULIA'S LETTER, ELEGIES,	ODES, EPISTLES, SONGS.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ah! what avails—that once the muſes crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that poliſh'd mind bright genius ſhone,
That letter'd ſcience mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breaſt that breath'd celeſtial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!

MISS G——'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LOVIBOND.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF LOVIBOND.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Lovibond, very few particulars are known, and thoſe few have not been collected into a diſtinct narrative; but have been left to the common fate of oral and detached communication.

The life of a country gentleman, devoting part of his time to literature and poetry, cannot be expected to abound in events that merit extraordinary attention. The natural bent of his mind, and his purſuits, lead him to prefer the ſcenes of ſhade and ſilence; and his character is left to be judged of by poſterity, rather from his writings, than from thoſe trivial incidents of life, which he ſhares in common with the reſt of mankind.

Little attention has been beſtowed by the anonymous editor of his poems, in tranſmitting the incidents of his life, or in delineating his moſt obſervable particularities; probably becauſe he held them to be little deſerving of tranſmiſſion to poſterity.

The preſent account, therefore, may properly be conſidered rather as proportioned to the means of information, than to his eſtimation among his acquaintance, or his rank in poetry and literature.

Edward Lovibond was the ſon of ——— Lovibond, Eſq. a gentleman of fortune, who had an eſtate in the neighbourhood of Hampton, in Middleſex. The year of his birth is not aſcertained.

He received his education at Kingſton upon Thames, under the Rev. Mr. Wooddeſon, for whom he ever retained the moſt affectionate regard; and to whom he addreſſed ſome *Verſes after paſſing through Findon, Suſſex, in* 1768, and whom he has commemorated in the beautiful poem, *on the converting the late Mr. Wooddeſon's houſe at Kingſton into a Poor houſe, &c.*

" Mr. Wooddeſon" ſays the editor of his poems, " was, in truth, one of thoſe amiable beings whom none could know without loving. To the abilities of an excellent ſcholar, was united a mind ſo candid, ſo patient, ſo replete with univerſal benevolence, that it glowed in every action. His life was an honour to himſelf, to religion, to human nature. He preſerved to his death ſuch a ſimplicity of manners, as is rarely to be met with. He judged of the world by the ſtandard of his own virtuous heart, and few men who had ſeen ſuch length of days ever left it ſo little acquainted with it."

It is uncertain whether he completed his ſtudies at either of the univerſities, ſpent ſome years on the continent, or was entered in any of the Inns of Court in London; but his writings ſufficiently ſhow that he had the advantages of a polite and liberal education.

All that is known with certainty concerning him, is, that he paſſed the greater part of his life in the neighbourhood of Hampton, where he ſeems to have divided his time between the occupations of rural economy, the amuſements of literature and poetry, and the galeries of elegant ſociety

In 1753, when Moore began the periodical paper, called " The World," and invited the wits of the age to join in it, Lovibond gave it his aſſiſtance, in conjunction with the Hon. Horace Walpole, the preſent Earl of Orford, Lord Cheſterfield, Lord Corke, Sir David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Hailes, Jenyns, Dr. Warton, Mr. Cambridge, &c.

On the 25th July 1754, his *Tears of Old May-Day*, written on a very remarkable event in our hiſtory, the reforming our ſtyle or calendar to the general uſage of the reſt of Europe, was

introduced to the public in the 82d number of " The World," and read with univerſal approbation.

He continued, from time to time, to compoſe verſes, chiefly on ſuch incidents as occaſionally aroſe in thoſe ſocieties of intimate acquaintance which he moſt frequented; but few of his pieces were prepared for the preſs by himſelf.

He died at his houſe near Hampton, Auguſt 25. 1775. He lived greatly beloved by thoſe who beſt knew him; and died greatly lamented by an extenſive and elegant acquaintance.

His poems being diſperſed in the hands of his particular friends, for whoſe amuſement and his own they were written; his only brother, Anthony Lovibond Collins, Eſq. zealous for the reputation of a brother he affectionately loved, complied with their wiſhes to have them collected and preſerved. The pieces ſelected by him for that purpoſe were printed in one volume, 12mo., 1785, with a preface by an anonymous editor, and a few lines inſcribed by Miſs G——, a very accompliſhed lady in that neighbourhood, to the memory of Lovibond. " The diffidence of this lady," ſays the preface, " though poſſeſſing the ability of writing with much taſte and elegance, hath ever precluded the public from ſeeing her compoſitions; but as the author has addreſſed three of the pieces in this collection to her, under the title, " To Miſs G." and as her's in reply, written ſeveral years ago, may ſerve better to elucidate his own, ſhe hath, on this occaſion, been pleaſed to permit them with the ſame ſignature, to be inſerted with the poems of her deceaſed friend. They are now, reprinted from the edition, 1785, with ſome corrections communicated by a friend, in the, " Monthly Review" for 1785, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The character of Lovibond ſeems to have been very amiable and reſpectable. He poſſeſſed the ſocial virtues in an eminent degree. The qualities of his heart and his head were equally remarkable. To the ſcholar and the wit he added every elegant attainment. His elegance and judgment were univerſally confeſſed. " He was an admirable ſcholar," ſays the editor of his poems, " of very amiable manners, and of univerſal benevolence; of which all his writings bear ſtrong teſtimony."

As a poet, his *Tears of Old May-Day*, if he had written nothing elſe, entitles him to very conſiderable attention. Every part of his works diſplays the man of taſte, the gentleman, and the ſcholar. He is a pleaſing and elegant writer; though not a very animated or firſt-rate poet. His compoſitions bear evident traces of ability and ingenuity. They breathe the paſſions which he felt, and are ſeldom cold or inanimated. He writes with terſeneſs and neatneſs; frequently with elevation and ſpirit. He unites delicacy of wit, and poetic fancy, with a penſive caſt of thought, tenderneſs of ſentiment, and a habit of moral reflection. He has more judgment and feeling, than ſtrength of intellect, or fertility of invention. His ſentiments are always manly and delicate; his conceptions are ſometimes ſtriking and forcible, and frequently diſtinguiſhed by gay humour, lively wit, and pleaſant ſatire. His diction is chaſte and poetical; and his verſification is eaſy and harmonious.

His *Tears of Old May-Day*, the moſt poetical and popular of his performances, is introduced by the following humorous paper, explanatory of the ſubject, in the " The World," No. 82.

" It is a received opinion among the politicians, that the ſpirit of liberty can never be too active under a conſtitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would deſire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preſerved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and oppoſition to the moſt innocent meaſures of the legiſlature. The clamour againſt the alteration of the ſtyle ſeemed to be one of theſe inſtances. The alarm was given, and the moſt fatal conſequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered ſtrength in its courſe, and received a tincture from the remains of ſuperſtition ſtill prevailing in the counties moſt remote from town. I know ſeveral worthy gentlemen in the weſt, who lived many months under the daily apprehenſion of ſome dreadful viſitation from peſtilence or famine. The vulgar were almoſt every where perſuaded that nature gave evident tokens of her diſapproving theſe innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing ſtars were ſeen to appear upon this occaſion, or that armies were obſerv-

ed to be encountering in the ſkies; people probably concluding, that the great men who pretended to controul the ſun in his courſe, would aſſume equal authority over the inferior conſtellations, and not ſuffer any aerial militia to aſſemble themſelves in oppoſition to miniſterial proceedings.

"The objection to this regulation, as favouring a cuſtom eſtabliſhed among Papiſts, was not heard indeed with the ſame regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legiſlature from paſſing a bill of the ſame nature; yet many a preſident of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the concluſion of the year. The popular clamour has at laſt happily ſubſided, and ſhared the general fate of thoſe opinions which derive their ſupport from imagination, not reaſon.

"In the preſent happy diſpoſition of the nation, the author of the following verſes may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal perſonage, without ſeeming to ſtrengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a ſcandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publiſher of a libel againſt the ſtate. This ideal perſonage is no other than the *Old May-Day*, the only apparent ſufferer from the preſent regulation. Her ſituation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; ſince the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herſelf by at leaſt eleven days."

In this exquiſite performance, the poet creates in our imagination an ideal perſonage, in circumſtances of diſtreſs, which, though imaginary, powerfully awakens all our tenderneſs. The attributes of *Old May-Day* are finely imagined, her character and employments are admirably delineated, and her complaints are expreſſed with the ſtrongeſt touches of genuine pathos; the thoughts are elegant and claſſical; the popular alluſions are appoſite and beautiful; the natural deſcription is diſcriminate and graphical; the diction is animated and poetical; and the verſification is at once eaſy and forcible, and flows with a plaintive melody, which has only been ſurpaſſed by the inimitable "Church-yard Elegy" of Gray. Thus the tale of this ideal perſonage comes to us poſſeſſed of all thoſe external recommendations, that allure the attention and captivate the heart. The Engliſh language probably cannot boaſt a finer example of the power of poetry, than *The Tears of Old May-Day*. The happy union which it exhibits of genius and of art, are ſo truly admirable, that it may be almoſt pronounced inimitable.

His *Julia's printed Letter to Lord B——*, does equal credit to his ſenſibility and genius. It reſembles, in its tone and contexture, though the characters of the parties are very different, that of "Eloiſa to Abelard." It is alike deſcriptive of a feeling mind, agitated with contending paſſions. We meet with the ſame ſmoothneſs of numbers, vivid colours, energy of ſentiment, and warmth of expreſſion. Its principal defect, is the want of variety, both of ſentiment and expreſſion.

His *elegies* abound in tender ſentiments and moral reflections, interſperſed with the flowers of the imagination, expreſſed in eaſy flowing verſification, which will be peruſed with pleaſure, though they be not enriched with the poetical elegance of Gray. The elegy *on Rural Sports* breathes a ſpirit of humanity and poetry, that does honour both to his heart and his underſtanding. His *Mulberry Tree*, an allegorical tale, is equally remarkable for fertility of invention, felicity of expreſſion, and propriety of application. Garrick and Dr. Johnſon are characterized with equal happineſs and ſkill. His *Odes*, though not in the firſt claſs of lyric compoſitions, are written with conſiderable ardour of ſpirit, and command of language. The *Ode to Captivity* is entitled to a greater ſhare of praiſe for conception and ſentiment, than for diction and harmony. His verſes *on the converting Mr. Wooddeſon's Houſe at Kingſton, into a Poor-houſe*, deſerve great praiſe, for tenderneſs of ſentiment, and beauty and energy of expreſſion. His lines *On Mr. Brown's alterations at Clermont*, are ſprightly; and the alluſion to a fine lady dreſſed with greater elegance, and leſs affectation, is well imagined and very happily preſerved. Of his amatory poems, the thoughts are pure and ſimple, and the verſification is elegant and eaſy. His ſongs, addreſſes, complimentary verſes, and other light and ſportive effuſions of his muſe, will be read with pleaſure; but they require no diſtinct examination or particular criticiſm.

THE WORKS OF LOVIBOND.

POEMS.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

ED by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, up roſe the gentle May;
ıſhing ſhe roſe, and bluſhing roſe the flow'rs
That ſprung ſpontaneous in her genial ray.

r locks with heaven's ambroſial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
th ev'ry ſhifting gleam of morning light,
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.

perial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
is charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the ſummer's copious ſtore.

ward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taſte:
gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.

in hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
red to May and love's myſterious rite,
Bruſh the light dew-drops * from the ſpangled lawn.

her no more Auguſta's † wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potoſi's mine:
r freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her ruſtic ſhrine.

more the Maypole's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
merry bells and tabor's ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.

lden in penſive ſadneſs droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the bluſhing crimſon dy'd---
)! chaſte victorious triumphs, whither fled?
" My maiden honours, whither gone?" ſhe cry'd.

* *Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering ny-dew.*

† *The plate garlands of London.*

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and ſmiling ocean ſaw me riſe,
With time coeval and the ſtar of morn,
The firſt, the faireſt daughter of the ſkies.

Then, when at heav'n's prolific mandate ſprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celeſtial harps, to airs of triumph ſtrung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

Space in her empty regions heard the ſound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The ſun exulted in his glorious round,
And ſhouting planets in their courſes ſung.

For ever then I led the conſtant year;
Saw youth, and joy, and love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild graces in my train appear,
And infant beauty brighten in my ſmiles.

No winter frown'd. In ſweet embrace ally'd,
Three ſiſter ſeaſons danc'd th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring ſoftneſs gently vy'd
With Autumn's bluſh, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too ſoon, when man profan'd the bleſſings giv'n
And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Aſtrea to my native heav'n
I fled, and flying ſaw the deluge rage;

Saw burſting clouds eclipſe the noontide beams,
While ſounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands of gold.

Then vaniſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their foreſts floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis * ſunk beneath the main.

* *See Plato.*

No longer bloom'd primæval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

But chief in Europe and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd;
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah! me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung from April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace,
With blushes, harb'ring, in their thin disguise,
The blasts that riot on the Spring's increase?

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and senates' stern command?
Ungen'rous Europe! let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on Asia's dropping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embow'ring shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue suppress'd:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she fought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

DEDICATION

To the Rev. Mr. Woodeson, of Kingston upon Thames, and the Ladies of his Neighbourhood.

O thou who sit'st in academic schools,
Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,
Thy own example nobler than your rules,
Thy blameless life, best lesson for the heart.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,
Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious maids!
Who mix the lyre with harps of Cambrian sound
A mournful muse, ah! shelter in your shades

Nor you she rivals, nor such magic strain
As rescu'd Eloise from oblivion's sleep;
Enough, if one the meekest of your train,
Poor Julia! cries,—and turns aside to weep!—

JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER

TO LORD B———

—And dar'st thou then, insulting lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men?
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart:—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dream't sincere in vain;
No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue,
Love's secret mysteries there unveil'd to you.
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
Hear it in public characters relate
An ill starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the maid
From her that fell, less vanquish'd than betray'd
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan
And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
A race of shame in honour's paths to run,
Still virtue's follower, yet by vice undone;
Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
What vice would perpetrate and fraud disguise
I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes;
I come—ah! wretch thy swelling rage controul,
Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—
True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis love that pleads!—
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!—

Enough to honour and revenge be giv'n,
This truth reserve for conscience and for heav'n!
Talk'st thou, ingrate, of friendship's holy pow'rs?
What binds the tiger, and the lamb be ours!
This cold, this frozen bosom, can'st thou dream
Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?
What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove [love—
Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can'st not
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—
My heart applauding echoes to the strain;
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!—
Still swell my rage—uncheck'd by time or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—
Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear conscience call, while flatt'ring passions sleep!—
Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To love's indulgence and to virtuous fame!
Where harbour honour, justice, faith, and truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my youth.
How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;
Easy the traitor wins an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:
Not by superior wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—
Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Britain's peer,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
His fraud in virtue's fairest likeness paint,
And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
What wealth, what honours from illustrious sires!
Can virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village maid's disgrace?
Ev'n the sad secret to thyself confin'd,
Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek,
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
And eyes throw faint accusing beams to heav'n,
Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress,
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;
Explain to her, from others hide thy care, [spair,
Thought nature's weakness, and not love's de-
The sprightly youth in gloomy langour pine,
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—
Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous powers
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?
Where sprightly morn on downy pinions rose,
And evening lull'd me to a deep repose?
Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud wealth, and greatness to thy arms
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize had fann'd thy fickle flame?
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind?
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
Chang'd but her object, passion's willing slave,
Nor left a wound to fester to the grave—
Oh! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—
But ah, with tears and crowded sighs to sue
False passion's dress in colours meant for true;
Artful assume confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
And give me back an image of my heart.
This, this was treachery, fated best to share
Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of pity's voice and beauty's sighs,
" That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
" And Heav'n but smiles at perjuries in love."—
No—'tis the villain's plea, his poor pretence,
To seize the trembling prey that wants defence.
No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel,
The wretch that trembles at the brave man's steel;
Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears
That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears,
That helpless sex, by nature's voice address
To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
Protection pleads in vain—th' ungenerous slave
Insults the virtue he was born to save.
What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign
Bind man to man in honour's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify th' accord,
Not Heav'n attested, and Heav'n's awful Lord?
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent hand we came,
For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
With manly vigour temp'ring female grace,
Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain
Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,
How sweet ambition's slumbers gorg'd with gore!
'Tis our's th' unsocial passions to controul,
Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul;
From wealth, from power's delusive restless dreams
To lure your fancy to diviner themes.—
Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
From force superior, and not nature's law:
Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
By native gentleness, not man we fail;
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill
Possessing all the power—we want the will.
Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in fraudful thickets from the day;
While man, with snares to cheat, with wiles perplex,
Weakens already weak too soft a sex;
In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,

Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—
Are these reflections then that love inspires?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind?
Ah! long I strove to burst th' enchanting tie,
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die;
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost!
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true;
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom? Ah! whither should I flee,
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee!
On whom but you my fainting breast repose?
With whom but you deposit all its woes?—
To whom but you explain its stifled groan?
And live for whom? but love and you alone?
What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal?—but his that gave the wound?—
O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!
Lost to itself, to virtue, humankind!
From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world ally'd;
A blank of nature, vanish'd every thought
That nature, reason, that experience taught,
Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
Where love alone can fill the mighty void:
That love on unreturning pinions flown
We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—
From one ador'd and once adoring, dream
Of friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem
(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
A letter, token—on destruction's brink
We catch the feeble plank of hope, and sink.—
In those dread moments, when the hov'ring flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dry'd my eyes, with your's again to stream;
When treach'rous tears your venial faults confess'd,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan;
Yourself reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self, deserting to his side;
Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,
To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains;
Too just the rights another claims to steal,
Too good its feelings to wish virtue feel,
Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—
I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface,
That cold, insensible, thy soul appears
To virtue's smiles, to virtue's very tears;
But ah! an heart whose tenderness you knew,
That offer'd heaven, but second vows to you,
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear;
Was this an heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this an heart—O shame of honour, truth,
Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth!
What means thy pity? what can it restore?
The grave that yawns till general doom's no more,
As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
Rock'd on the lap of innocence and peace,
As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
And smooth the traces by affliction made;
Flames once extinguish'd virtue's lamp divine,
And visits honour, a deserted shrine!
No, wretch, too long on passion's ocean tost,
Not heaven itself restores the good you lost;
The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
A fiend pursues thee that an angel seem'd;
Impassive to the touch of reason's ray
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
To blend in dreadful union love and hate;
Chiding the present moment's slumb'ring haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.
Yes, love—ev'n now in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.
The sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds,
The moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose,
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, love, whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
O thou of generous passions purest, best!
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
And aching vision drank thy lovely light,
A new creation brighten'd to my view,
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew,
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,
And beat sweet unison to others woes,
Slumb'ring no more a Lethe's lazy flood
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind,
No more concentering in itself the blaze
The soul diffus'd benevolence's rays,
Kindled on earth, pursued the ethereal road,
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—
Yes, love, thy star of generous influence cheers
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.

What! if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
Converts to poison what for life was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native heaven,
Still love victorious triumphs, still confest
The noblest transport that can warm the breast;
Yes traitor, yes, my heart to nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

ON REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE,

Near Kingston, Surrey, once the Seat of the famous King-making Earl of Warwick, and late in the Possession of the Family of Harvey.

Ye modern domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of Neville's ancient halls.

Dread mansion! on thy Gothic tower
Were regal standards rais'd;
The rose of York, white virgin flower,
Or red Lancastria's blaz'd.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word
Or shook, or fix'd the throne,
Spread here his hospitable board,
Or warr'd in tilts alone.

When Combe her garter'd knights beheld
On barbed steeds advance,
Where ladies crown'd the tented field,
And love inspir'd the lance.

Historic heralds here array'd
Fair acts in gorgeous style,
But heroes toils were best repay'd
By bashful beauty's smile.—

So flourish'd Combe, and flourish'd long
With lords of bounteous soul;
Her walls still echoed to the song,
And mirth still drain'd her bowl.

And still her courts with footsteps meek
The fainting traveller prest,
Still misery flush'd her faded cheek
At Harvey's genial feast.—

Lov'd seat, how oft, in childish ease,
Along thy woods I stray'd,
Now vent'rous climb'd embow'ring trees,
Now sported in their shade,

Along the hills the chase I led
With echoing hounds and horns,
And left for thee my downy bed,
Unplanted yet with thorns.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,
Explor'd thy * precious springs
That proudly flow †, like Susa's streams,
To temper cups for kings.

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* *Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe Hills.*

† "There Susa by Choapes' amber stream,
"The drink of none but king's." MILTON.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler powers,
I sought thy awful grove;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours
That best deceiver love.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs
In life's delicious prime;
There young ambition plum'd his wings,
And mock'd the flight of time.—

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
With freedom's glowing themes,
And virtue's image rose confest
In bright Platonic dreams.—

Ah me! my dreams of harmless youth
No more thy walks invade,
The charm is broke by sober truth,
Thy fairy visions fade.—

No more unstain'd with fear or guilt
Such hours of rapture smile,
Each airy fabric fancy built
Is vanish'd as thy pile!—

On Lady Pomfret's Presenting the University of Oxford with her Collection of Statues.

Welcome again the reign of ancient arts!
Welcome fair modern days from Gothic night,
Though late, emerging, sun of science hail!
Whose glorious rays enlightened Greece and Rome,
Illustrious nations! their's was empire's seat,
Their's virtue, freedom, each enchanting grace;
Sculpture with them to bright perfection rose,
Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand inform'd
The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold
Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye
Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,
And chiefs and sages gave the passions form,
And virtue shape corporeal: taught by her
The obedient brass dissolv'd;
In love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,
Thou mild retreating Medicean fair.
She mark'd the flowing dryads lighter step,
The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,
And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—
Again by Pomfret's generous care, these stores
Of ancient fame revisit learning's seats,
Their old abode. O reverence learning's seats,
Ye beauteous arts! for know, by learning's smiles
Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair
Sculpture and painting, fairer poetry
Your elder sister, from the Aonian mount,
Imagination's fruitful realm, supply'd
The rich material of your lovely soil.
Her fairy forms, poetic fancy first
Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled groves
With shapes celestial, and by fountain side
Saw fauns with wanton satyrs lead the dance
With meek-ey'd naïads; saw your Cyprian queen
Ascending from the ocean's wave;
Poetic fancy in Maonian song
Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere Phidias' hands
Sublime with all his thunders form'd the god.
Here then uniting with your kindred art,
Majestic Grecian sculpture deign to dwell,

Here ſhades of Academe again invite,
Athenian philoſophic ſhades, and here
Ye Roman forms, a nobler Tyber flows.
Come, Pomfret, come, of rich munificence
Partake the fame, though candid bluſhes riſe,
And modeſt virtues ſhun the blaze of day.
Pomfret, not all thy honours, ſplendid train,
Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,
Not all thy lovely offſpring, radiant queens
On beauty's throne, ſhall conſecrate thy praiſe
Like ſcience, boaſting in thy genial beam
Increaſing ſtores: in theſe embowering ſhades
Stands the fair tablet of eternal fame;
There memory's adamantine pen records
Her ſons; but each illuſtrious female's name
In golden characters engrav'd, defies
Envy and time, ſuperior to their rage.---
Pomfret ſhall live, the generous Pomfret join'd
With Caroline, and martial Edward's queen,
And great Eliza, regal names, like thee
Smiling on arts and learning's ſons they reign'd.---
And ſee where Weſtmorland adorns the train
Of learning's princely patrons! lo, I ſee
A new Pantheon riſe as that of old
Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands;
Though thine, Agrippa, ſway'd the helm of Rome:
I ſee enſhrin'd majeſtic awful forms,
Chiefs, legiſlators, patriots, beauties, gods.
Not him by ſuperſtitious fears ador'd
With barbarous ſacrifice and frantic zeal,
Yet not uncelebrated nor unſung, for oft
Thou, ſlumb'ring Cupid, with inverted torch
Betokening mildeſt fires, ſhall hear the ſighs
Of virtuous love-ſick youths. You too ſhall reign,
Celeſtial Venus, though with chaſter rites,
Addreſt with vows from purer votaries heard.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

THE ſun wakes jocund---all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who ſwim the ſurface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whoſe levell'd thunder frightens morn's repoſe,
Who drag the net, whoſe hook inſidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I ſee ye come, and havoc looſe the reins,
A general groan the general anguiſh ſpeaks,
The ſtately ſtag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! ſee the pheaſant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undiſtinguiſh'd gore!
Yet ſpare the tenants of the ſilver lake!
—I call in vain—They gaſp upon the ſhore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war—the ſpurning bull their prize;
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;
And now they ſprawl in howlings to the ſkies.

You too muſt feel their miſſile weapon's power,
Whoſe clarion charms the midnight's ſullen air;
Thou the morn's harbinger, muſt mourn the hour
* Vigil to faſts, and penitence, and prayer.

Muſt fatal wars of humun avarice, wage
For milder conflicts, love their palm deſign'd?
Now ſheath'd in ſteel, muſt rival reaſon's rage,
Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are theſe your ſovereign joys, creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a godlike ſoul?
Have rigid hearts no ſympathiſing chords
For concord, order, for th' harmonious whole?

Nor plead neceſſity, thou man of blood!
Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven revere!
Yet ſlay the wolf for ſafety, lamb for food;
But ſhorten miſery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breath this evening gale,
Uninjur'd, and uninjuring nature's peace.
Come, draw beſt nectar from the foaming pail,
Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increaſe!

See paſturing heifers with the bull, who wields
Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the ſoil!
Or ſee the panting ſpaniel try the fields
While burſting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the ſteed with youth's elaſtic force
Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind controul;
Nor mangle all his ſinews in the courſe,
And fainting, ſtaggering, laſh him to the goal!

Now ſweetly penſive, bending o'er the ſtream,
Mark the gay, floating myriads, nor moleſt
Their ſports, their ſlumbers, but inglorious dream
Of evil fled and all creation bleſt!

Or elſe, beneath thy porch, in ſocial joy
Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haſte,
Humanity's ſweet tones while all employ
To lure the wing'd domeſtics to repaſt!

There ſmiling ſee a fop in ſwelling ſtate,
The turkey ſtrut with valour's red pretence,
And duck row on with waddling honeſt gait,
And gooſe miſtake ſolemnity for ſenſe!

While one with front erect in ſimple pride
Full firmly treads, his confort waits his call,
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
That each may taſte the bounty meant for all!

Yon baſhful ſongſters with retorted eye
Purſue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder ſparrow, ſcorns to fly,
A ſon of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet ſtill the wafted grain,
Choiceſt for thoſe of modeſt worth, diſpenſe,
And bleſſing Heaven that wakes their grateful ſtrain,
Let Heaven's beſt joy be thine, Benevolence!

While flocks ſoft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
The neigh of ſteeds, reſponſive o'er the heath,
Deep lowings ſweeter melt upon thy ear
Than ſcreams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet ſounds of woe delight a giant brood:
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpleſs old!

* *Shrove Tueſday.*

For not their fury, a conſuming flood,
Diſtinguiſhes the ſhepherd, drowns the fold.

But looſen once thy gripe, avenging law!
Eager on man, a nobler chaſe, they ſtart;
Now from a brother's ſide a dagger draw,
Now ſheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See as they reach ambition's purple fruits
Their reeking hands in nation's carnage dyed!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
They ſwim to empire in a human tide.

But ſee him, ſee the fiend that others ſtung,
With ſcorpion conſcience laſh himſelf, the laſt!
See feſtering in the boſom where they ſprung
The fury paſſions that laid nature waſte?

Behold the ſelf-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary heaven with many a fruitleſs groan!
By pining faſts, by voluntary pains,
Revenging nature's cauſe, he pleads his own.

Yet proſtrate, ſuppliant to the throne above,
He calls down heaven in thunders to purſue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Miſtaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
To ſpare thy own, nor ſhed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
Each being's bliſs conſummates general good.

ODE TO CAPTIVITY.

WRITTEN IN THE LAST WAR.

O STERN captivity! from Albion's land
Far, far, avert the terrors of thy rod!
O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!
O cruſh not freedom, faireſt child of God!—
Bring not from thy Gallic ſhore
The galling fetters, groaning oar!
Bring not hither virtue's bane,
Thy ſiſter ſuperſtition's train!
O ſpare from ſanguine rites the ſilver floods!
Nor haunt with ſhapes obſcene our unpolluted woods!—

Is yet too weak, rapcious power, thy throne?
While the chain'd continent thy vaſſal waits,
The Rhine, the Danube, and the founding Rhone,
Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred ſtates.
See Valentia's ſmiling vales
Courted for thee by ocean's gales!
Through * yawning vaults on Tagus' ſtreams,
Thine revenge's dagger gleams:
Thy fury burſts on Rome's devoted head,
In vain the Scipios lived, the Decii, Cata bled?

Be theſe thy bounds—whoſe laws with monarch's reign,
To this fair iſle how impotent thy hate!
Where Pitt, ſo righteous Heaven and George ordain,
In wiſdom guides the thunder of the ſtate.

That thunder ſtook on * Afric's ſhore,
The howling wild where lions roar;
In † weſtern worlds its awful powers
Sunk aſtoniſh'd Bourbon's towers;
That thunder ſounding o'er the Celtic main,
Roll'd to Lutetia's walls along the affrighted Seine.

Daughters of Albion! ſtrew his paths with flowers,
O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord!
His name be echoed in your feſtial bowers,
Who guards Britannia from a foreign lord!
Happy fair, who ſeated far
From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,
Have heard alone in tragic ſongs
Of cities ſtorm'd and virgins wrongs,
There felt the daughters, parents, conſorts groan,
And wept hiſtoric woes, unpractis'd in your own?

Have you not heard how Sion's daughters mourn'd
Their proſtrate land?—how Greece her victims tore
From flaming altars?—captive queens they turn'd
From Troy reluctant—on the ſea-beat ſhore
Their eyes to heaven were roll'd in vain,
Their eyes—for not the victor's chain
Indulg'd thy privilege, deſpair!
Their hands to rend their flowing hair;
Behind them Troy a ſmoking ruin lies,
Before lie unknown ſeas, and black incumbent ſkies.

‡ "Ye gales!" they cry'd, "ye cruel eaſtern
"gales!
"Adverſe to Troy, conſpiring with the foe,
"That eager ſtretch the victor's ſwelling ſails,
"To what unfriendly regions will ye blow?
"Shall we ſerve on Doric plains?
"Or where in Pithia Pyrrhus reigns?
"Shall Echo catch our captive tales?
"Joyleſs in the ſprightly vales
"Apidanus thy beauteous current laves,
"Say, ſhall we ſit and dream of Simois' fairer
"waves?

"Shall Delos, ſacred Delos, hear our woes?
"Where when Latona's offſpring ſprung to
"birth,
"The palm ſpontaneous, and the laurel roſe,
"O Dian, Dian, on thy hallow'd earth;
"With Delian maids, a ſpotleſs band,
"At virtue's altar ſhall we ſtand
"And hail thy name with choral joy
"Invok'd in vain for falling Troy?
"Thy ſhafts victorious ſhall our ſongs proclaim,
"When not an arrow fled to ſpare thy votarie
"ſhame.

"To Athens, art's fair empire, ſhall we rove?
"There for ſome haughty miſtreſs ply the loom,
"With daring fancy paint avenging Jove,
"His forked lightnings flaming through the
"gloom,
"To blaſt the bold Titanian race:
"Or deaf to nature, muſt we trace
"In mournful ſhades our hapleſs war?
"What art, dread Pallas, to thy ear,

* *The late conſpiracy againſt the Portugueſe Government was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate capital.*

* *Senegal.* † *Louiſbourg.*

‡ *An imitation of the firſt chorus in the Hecuba of Euripides.*

" Shall yoke th' immortal ſteeds? what colours
" tell
" By thine, by Pyrrhus' lance, how lofty Ilion
" fell?

" Yes, cruel Gods, our bleeding country falls,
" Her chiefs are ſlain—ſee brothers, fires ex-
" pire!
" Ah ſee, exulting o'er her proſtrate walls,
" The victor's fury, and devouring fire!
" Aſia's haughty genius broke,
" Bows the neck to Europe's yoke,
" Chains are all our portion now,
" No feſtal wreaths ſhall bind our brow,
" Nor Hymen's torches light the bridal day:
" O death, and black deſpair, behold your deſtin'd
" prey!"

IMITATION FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS,

LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE TITLE OF FINGAL, &c.

Brown autumn nods upon the mountain's head,
The dark miſt gathers; howling winds aſſail
The blighted deſert; on its mineral bed
Dark rolls the river through the ſullen vale.
On the hills dejected ſcene
The blaſted aſh alone is ſeen,
That marks the grave where Connal ſleeps;
Gather'd into mould'ring heaps
From the whirlwind's giddy round,
Its leaves beſtrew the hallow'd ground.
Acroſs the muſing hunter's lonely way
Flit melancholy ghoſts, that chill the dawn of day.

Connal, thou ſlumber'ſt there, the great, the good!
Thy long-fam'd anceſtors what tongue can
trace?
Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they ſtood;
Planted as firm on glory's ample baſe.
Rooted in their native clime,
Brav'd alike devouring time,
Full of honours, full of age,
That lofty oak the winter's rage
Rent from the promontory's brow,
And death has laid the mighty low.
The mountain's mourn the conſecrated tree;
His country Connal mourns;—what ſon ſhall rival
thee?

Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown
The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, Fingal;
The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,
The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;
Tall amidſt the hoſt, as hills
Above their vales and ſubject rills,
His arm, a tempeſt low'ring high,
His ſword, a beam of ſummer's ſky,
His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,
His voice that ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd war,
Was thunder's ſound? He ſmote the trembling
foes,
As ſportive infant's ſtaff the bearded thiſtle mows.

Onward to meet this hero, like a ſtorm,
A cloudy ſtorm, the mighty Dargo came;
As mountain caves, where duſky meteors form
His hollow eye-balls flaſh'd a livid flame.
And now they join'd, and now they wield
Their claſhing ſteel—reſounds the field,
Crimora heard the loud alarms,
Rinval's daughter, bright in arms,
Her hands the bow victorious bear,
Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair;
Connal, her life, her love, in beauty's pride,
She follow'd to the war, and fought by Connal's
ſide.

In wild deſpair, at Connal's foe ſhe drew
The fatal ſtring, impatient flew the dart;
Ah hapleſs maid!—with erring courſe it flew;
The ſhaft ſtood trembling in her lover's heart.
He fell—ſo falls by thunder's ſhock
From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock.
That falls and plows the groaning ſtrand—
He fell by love's unwilling hand.
Hapleſs maid! from eve to day,
Connal, my love; the breathleſs clay
My love, ſhe calls—now rolls her frantic eyes—
Now bends them ſad to earth—ſhe ſinks, ſhe
faints, ſhe dies.—

Together reſt in earth's parental womb,
Her faireſt offspring; mournful in the vale
I ſit, while, iſſuing from the moſs-grown tomb,
Your once-lov'd voices ſeem to ſwell the gale.—
Penſive memory wakes her powers,
Oft recals your ſmiling hours
Of fleeting life, that wont to move
On downy wings of youth and love;
The ſmiling hours no more return;
—All is huſh'd—your ſilent urn
The mountain covers with its awful ſhade,
Far from the haunts of men in pathleſs deſert laid.

ODE TO YOUTH.

Youth, ah ſtay, prolong delight,
Cloſe thy pinions ſtretch'd for flight!
Youth, diſdaining ſilver hairs,
Autumn's frowns, and winter's cares,
Dwell'ſt thou but in dimple cheek,
In vernal ſmiles and ſummer's cheek?
On ſpring's ambroſial lap thy hands unfold,
They bloſſom freſh with hope, and all they touch
is gold.

Graver years come failing by:
Hark! they call me as they fly;
Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
Stateſman, quit thy boyiſh dreams!
Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!
Deſerting virtue, yet aſſume her ſtate;
Thy ſmiles, that dwell with love, ah, wed them
now to hate!

Or in victory's purple plain
Triumph thou on hills of ſlain!
While the virgin rends her hair,
Childleſs ſires demand their heir,
Timid orphans kneel and weep:
Or, where the unſunn'd treaſures ſleep,
Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repoſe,
There mock at human joys, there mock at hu-
man woes.

Years away! too dear I prize
Fancy's haunts, her vales, her ſkies;

Come, ye gales that ſwell the flowers,
Wake my ſoul's expanding powers;
Come, by ſtreams embow'r'd in wood,
Celeſtial forms, the fair, the good!
With moral charms aſſociate vernal joys!
Pure nature's pleaſures theſe—the reſt are faſhion's toys.
Come, while years reprove in vain,
Youth, with me, and rapture reign!
Sculpture, painting, meet my eyes,
Glowing ſtill with young ſurpriſe!
Never to the virgin's lute
This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
Come, beauty, cauſe of anguiſh, heal its ſmart,
—Now temperate meaſures beat, unalter'd elſe my heart.

Still my ſoul, for ever young,
Speak thyſelf divinely ſprung!
Wing'd for heaven, embracing earth,
Link'd to all of mortal birth,
Brute or man, in ſocial chain
Still link'd to all, who ſuffer pain.
Purſue the eternal law!—one power above
Connects, pervades the whole—that power divine is love.

TO THE THAMES.

Nearer to my grove, O Thames!
Lead along thy ſultry ſtreams,
Summer fires the ſtagnant air,
Come and cool thy boſom there!
Trees ſhall ſhelter, zephyrs play,
Odours court thy ſmiling ſtay;
There the lily lifts her head,
Faireſt child of nature's bed.
Oh Thames! my promiſe all was vain:
Autumnal ſtorms, autumnal rain
Have ſpoil'd that fragrance, ſtript thoſe ſhades,
Hapleſs flower! that lily fades.—
What, if chance, ſweet evening ray,
Or weſtern gale of vernal day,
Momentary bloom renews,
Heavy with unfertile dews
It bends again, and ſeems to cry,
"Gale and ſunſhine, come not nigh!
"Why reclaim from winter's power
"This wither'd ſtalk, no more a flower!"
Such a flower, my youthful prime,
Chill'd by rigour, ſapp'd by time,
Shrinks beneath the clouded ſtorm:
What, if beauty's beaming form,
And Cambrian virgins' vocal air,
Expand to ſmiles my brow of care:
That beam withdrawn, that melting ſound,
The dews of death hang heavier round,
No more to ſpring, to bloom, to be,
I bow to fate and Heaven's decree.
Come then, Cambrian virgin, come,
With all thy muſic ſeek my tomb,
With all thy grace, thy modeſt ſtate,
With all thy virtues, known too late!
Come, a little moment ſpare
From pious rites and filial care!
Give my tomb—no heart-felt ſigh,
No tear convulſing pity's eye!
Gifts of too endearing name
For you to grant, for me to claim;
But bring the ſong—whoſe healing ſounds
Were balm to all my feſtering wounds.
Bring the lyre—by muſic's power
My ſoul entranc'd ſhall wait the hour,
The dread majeſtic hour of doom,
When through the grave, and through the gloom
Heaven ſhall burſt in floods of day:
Dazzled with ſo fierce a ray,
My aching eyes ſhall turn to view
Its milder beams reflect from you.

TO MISS K——— P———.

Gentle Kitty, take the lyre
Thy magic hands alone inſpire!
But wake not once ſuch ſwelling chords
As rouſe ambition's ſtormy lords,
Nor airs that jocund tabors play
To dancing youth in ſhades of May,
Nor ſongs that ſhake old Picton's towers,
When feaſt and muſic blend their powers!
But notes of mildeſt accent call,
Of plaintive touch, and dying fall;
Notes to which thy hand, thy tongue,
Thy every tender power is ſtrung.—
Cambrian maid, repeat that ſtrain!
Sooth my widow'd boſom's pain!
Its paſſions own thy melting tones;
Sighs ſucceed to burſting groans;
Soft and ſofter ſtill they flow,
Breathing more of love than woe;
Gliſtening in my eye appears
A tenderer dew than bitter tears;
Springing hope deſpair beguiles,
And ſadneſs ſoftens into ſmiles.
I quit thy lyre—but ſtill the train
Of ſweet ſenſations warms my brain.
What, though ſocial joy and love
Forget to haunt my ſullen grove:
Though there my ſoul, a ſtagnant flood,
Now flows its own, or others good,
Emblem of you faded flower,
That, chill'd by froſt, expands no more:
The dreary ſcene yet ſometimes cloſes
When ſleep inſpires on beds of roſes,
Such dear deluſions, fairy charms,
As fancy dreams in virtue's arms.
For ſee, a gracious form is near!
She comes to dry my falling tear.
One pious hand in pity ſpread,
Supports my elſe unſhelter'd head;
The other waves to chaſe away
The ſpectres haunting all my day:
She calls—above, below, around,
Sweet fragrance breathes, ſweet voices ſound.—
Such a balm to wounded minds,
Gentle Kitty ſlumber finds;
Such a change is miſery's due—
Who wakes to grief ſhould dream of you.

TO THE SAME.

Ah! bow to muſic, bow my lays
To beauty's nobleſt art;
To reach the boſom mine the praiſe,
But thine to melt the heart.

'Tis mine to cloſe affliction's wounds,
To brighten pleaſure's eye:

But thine, by ſweet-diſſolving ſounds,
To make it bliſs to die.

My notes but kindle cold deſire,
Ah, what you feel for me!
Diviner paſſions thine inſpire,
Ah, what I feel for thee!

Aſſociate then thy voice, thy touch,
O, wed to mine thy powers!
Be ſuch at leaſt, nor bluſh at ſuch
Connubial union ours!

TO THE SAME.

Why, Kitty, with that tender air,
Thoſe eyes to earth inclin'd,
Thoſe timid bluſhes? why deſpair
Of empire o'er mankind?

Ah, know, that beauty's ſureſt arms
Are candour, ſoftneſs, eaſe!
Your ſweet diſtruſt of pleaſing charms
Is half the charm to pleaſe.—

Reſpect your own harmonious art!
For love ſecureſt wounds,
Secureſt takes th' impriſon'd heart
Entranc'd by magic ſounds!

If flowers of fiction's growth you call
This wreath that truth beſtows;
Survey around your Attic wall
Each * pencill'd form that glows.

And aſk the youths, what heavenly fair
Their tendereſt vows inſpires?
If Juno's more than regal air,
Or fierce Minerva's fires?

'Tis baſhful Venus they prefer,
Retiring from the view,
And what their lips addreſs to her,
Their boſoms feel for you.

TO THE SAME.

Your boſom's ſweet treaſures thus ever diſcloſe;
For believe my ingenuous confeſſion,
The veil meant to hide them, but only beſtows
A ſoftneſs tranſcending expreſſion.

Good Heaven, cries Kitty, what language I hear!
Have I treſpaſs'd on chaſtity's laws?
Is my tucker's clear muſlin indecently clear?
Is it no ſatin apron, but gauze?

Ah no!---not the leaſt ſwelling charm is deſcried
Through the tucker, too baſhfully decent;
And your apron hides all that ſhort aprons can hide,
From the faſhion of Eve to the preſent.

The veil, too tranſparent to hinder the ſight,
Is what modeſty throws on your mind:
That veil only ſhades, with a tenderer light,
All the feminine graces behind.

TO THE SAME.

" Si un arbre avoit du ſentiment, il ſe plairoit à voir
" celui qui le cultive ſe repoſer ſous ſon om-
" brage, reſpirer le parfum de ſes fleurs, goûter
" la douceur de ſes fruits: Je ſuis cet arbre, cul-
" tivé par vous, & la nature m' a donné une
" ame." Marmontel.

Amid thy native mountains, Cambrian fair,
Were ſome lone plant ſupported by thy care,
Sav'd from the blaſt, from winter's chilling pow-
ers,
In vernal ſuns, in vernal ſhades and ſhowers,
By thee reviving: did the favoured tree
Exiſt, and bloſſom and mature by thee:
To that ſelected plant did Heaven diſpenſe,
With vegetable life, a nobler ſenſe:
Would it not bleſs thy virtues, gentle maid?
Would it not woo thy beauties to its ſhade?
Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance ſhoot,
To crown thy ſummer with autumnal fruit,
Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy reſt,
Give all its flowers to languiſh on thy breaſt,
Reject the tendrils of th' uxorious vine,
And ſtretch its longing arms to circle thine?
Yes; in creation's intellectual reign,
Where life, ſenſe, reaſon, with progreſſive chain,
Dividing, blending, form th' harmonious whole:
That plant am I, diſtinguiſh'd by a ſoul.

TO THE SAME.

WITH ANSON'S VOYAGE.

Raptur'd traveller, ceaſe the tales
Of Tinian's lawns, Fernandes' vales;
Of iſles, concentering nature's charms,
Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms;
Of that Heſperian world, which lies
Beneath the ſmile of ſouthern ſkies,
Where zephyr waves unflagging wings,
Where Albion's ſummers, Latian ſprings
Join thy autumns, ſmiling France,
And lead along th' eternal dance!
Theſe enchanting ſcenes, and all
That wake to form at fancy's call,
And all the ſportive pencil traces,
Are feeble types of living graces.
Of moral charms, that mental throne
Unclouded beauty calls her own.
Where all the ſun's meridian blaze
Is twilight gloom to virtue's rays.
There, with richer blended ſweets,
Wedded Spring her Autumn meets;
There Fernandes' brighter ſhore,
There a purer Chili's ore,
Fruits and flowers are there combin'd
In fairer Tinian—Kitty's mind.

THE COMPLAINT

OF CAMBRIA TO MISS K—— P——,

Setting to Muſic, and Singing Engliſh Verſes. Done into Engliſh from the Welch Original.

Degenerate maid, no longer ours!
Can Saxon ditties ſuit thy lyre?
Accents untun'd, that breathe no powers
To melt the ſoul, or kindle martial fire?
It ill becomes thee to combine
Such hoſtile airs with notes divine,
In Cambrian ſhades, the druids hallow'd bounds,
Whoſe infant voice has liſp'd the liquid Celtic
ſounds.

* *Drawings from antique ſtatues.*

Revere thy Cambria's flowing tongue!
Though high-born Hoel's lips are dumb,
Cadwallo's harp no more is ſtrung,
And ſilence ſits on ſoft Lluellyn's tomb:
Yet ſongs of Britiſh bards remain,
That, wedded to thy vocal ſtrain,
Would ſwell melodious on the mountain breeze,
And roll on Millford's wave to diſtant echoing ſeas.—

O ſing thy ſires in genuine ſtrains!
When Rome's reſiſtleſs arm prevail'd,
When Edward delug'd all my plains *,
And all the muſic of my mountains fail'd;
When all her flames rebellion ſpread,
Firmly they ſtood—O ſing the dead!
The theme majeſtic to thy lyre belongs,
To Picton's lofty walls, and Cambrian virgins ſongs.

ON A PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR

OF TWO IMPRESSIONS FROM A FINE ANTIQUE SEAL OF THE HEAD OF ALEXANDER;

The one by Lady P——, on Paper, the other by Miſs J—— P——, in Wax.

FAIR ſculpture of Ammon's young graces!
My lady with whim ſhall we tax?
In paper who marks thy faint traces,
Which Stella ſtamps lively in wax?

Of their hearts they make mutual confeſſion;
That, cold to emotions once felt,
The mother's ſcarce yields to impreſſion—
The daughter's can ſoften and melt.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA.

YOU, that dwell where ſhepherds reign,
Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids,
O paſtoral pipe who danc'd the plain,
Why penſive now beneath the ſhades?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry,
Behold the verſe inſcrib'd above,
Once too in Arcady was I—
Behold what dreams are life and love!

ON THE SAME.

SWEET Arcady, where ſhepherds reign,
Your ſimple youths, your ſimple maids,
With paſtoral dance ſtill cheer the plain,
Their paſtoral pipe ſtill charms the ſhades:

This only ſong ſtill meets our ear,
It ſwells the breeze, it fills the grove;
What joys ſo ſweet as nature's here?
What joy of nature ſweet as love?

HITCHIN CONVENT.

A TALE.

WHERE Hitch's gentle current glides,
An ancient convent ſtands,
Sacred to prayer and holy rites,
Ordain'd by pious hands.

Here monks of ſaintly Benedict
Their nightly vigils kept,
And lofty anthems ſhook the choir,
At hours when mortals ſlept.

But Harry's wide-reforming hand
That ſacred order wounded;
He ſpoke—from forth their hallow'd walls
The friars fled confounded.

Then wicked laymen ent'ring in,
Thoſe cloiſters fair profan'd;
Now riot loud uſurps the ſeat
Where bright devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's ſacred roof,
Its echoing vaults along,
Reſounds the flute, and ſprightly dance,
And hymeneal ſong.

Yet fame reports, that monkiſh ſhades
At midnight never fail
To haunt the manſions once their own,
And tread its cloiſters pale.

One night, more prying than the reſt,
It chanc'd a friar came,
And enter'd, where on beds of down
Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here, ſoftening midnight's raven gloom,
Lay R———e, bluſhing maid!
There, wrapt in folds of cypreſs lawn,
Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He ſtop'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits
His roving fancy run,
He took the aunt for Prioreſs,
And R———e for a nun.

It hap'd that R———'s capuchin,
Acroſs the couch diſplay'd,
To deem her ſiſter of the veil,
The holy ſire betray'd.

Accoſting then the youthful fair,
His raptur'd accents broke;
Amazement chill'd the waking nymph;
She trembled as he ſpoke.

Hail halcyon days! hail holy nun!
This wond'rous change explain:
Again religion lights her lamp,
Reviews theſe walls again.

For ever bleſt the power that check'd
Reformiſts' wild diſorders,
Reſtor'd again the church's lands,
Reviv'd our ſacred orders.

To monks indeed, from Edward's days,
Belong'd this chaſte foundation;
Yet ſiſter nuns may anſwer too
The founder's good donation.

Ah, well thy virgin vows are heard!
For man were never given
Thoſe charms, reſerv'd to nobler ends,
Thou ſpotleſs ſpouſe of Heaven!

Yet ſpeak what cauſe from morning maſs
Thy ling'ring ſteps delays:
Haſte to the deep-mouth'd organ's peal,
To join thy vocal praiſe.

* *Edward I. put to death all the Welch Bards.*

Awake thy abbefs, fifters all;
At Mary's holy fhrine,
With bended knees and fuppliant eyes
Approach, thou nun divine!—

No nun am I, racov'ring cried
The nymph; no nun, I fay,
Nor nun will be, unlefs this fright
Should turn my locks to gray.

'Tis true, at church I feldom fail
When aunt or uncle leads;
Yet never rife by four o'clock
To tell my morning beads.

No mortal lover yet, I vow,
My virgin heart has fix'd,
But yet I bear the creature's talk,
Without a grate betwixt.

To Heav'n my eyes are often caft
(From Heav'n their light began),
Yet deign fometimes to view on earth
Its image ftampt on man.

Ah me! I fear in borrow'd fhape
Thou com'ft, a bafe deceiver;
Perhaps the devil, to tempt the faith
Of orthodox believer.

For once my hand at maſquerade,
A reverend friar preſt;
His form as thine, but holier founds
The raviſh'd faint addreſt.

He told me vows no more were made
To fenfelefs ſtone and wood,
But adoration paid alone
To ſaints of fleſh and blood.

That roſy cheeks, and radiant eyes,
And treſſes like the morn,
Were given to bleſs the preſent age,
And light the age unborn:

That maids, by whoſe obdurate pride
The hapleſs lover fell,
Were doom'd to never-dying toils
Of leading apes in hell.

Reſpect the firſt command, he cried,
Its ſacred laws fulfil,
And well obſerve the precept given
To Moſes—"Do not kill."

Thus ſpoke, ah yet I hear him ſpeak!
My ſoul's ſublime phyſician;
Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile
Would ſink me to perdition.

She ceas'd—the monk in ſhades of night
Confus'dly fled away,
And ſuperſtition's clouds diſſolv'd
In ſenſe, and beauty's ray.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

Powerful is beauty, when to mortal feats
From Heaven deſcends the heaven-created good,
When fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,
Nymph of the ſhade, or naiad of the flood.

So blooms Celena, daughter of the ſkies,
Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams,
Her cheeks are ſummer's damaſk roſe, her eyes
Steal their quick luſtre from the morning's beams.

Her airy neck the ſhining treſſes ſhade;
In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells:
To theſe, diſtruſting in the graces' aid,
She joins the mighty charms of magic ſpells.

Man, hapleſs man in vain deſtruction flies,
With wily arts th' enchantreſs nymph purſues;
To varying forms, as varying lovers riſe,
Shifts the bright iris of a thouſand hues.

Behold th' auſtere divine, oppreſt by years,
Colics, and bulk, and tithes engender'd care;
The ſound of woman grates his aching ears,
Of other woman than a ſcripture fair.

Sudden ſhe comes a Deborah bright in arms,
Or wears the paſtoral Rachel's ancient mien;
And now, as glow gay-bluſhing eaſtern charms,
He ſighs like David's ſon for Sheba's queen.

To 'Change the china trader ſpeeds his pace,
Nor heeds the chilly north's unripening dames;
'Tis her's, with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd face,
And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likeneſs of th' Egyptian crone,
Too well inform'd, relates to wond'ring ſwains
Their amorous plaints preferr'd to her alone:
Her own relentleſs breaſt too well explains.

See, at the manor's hoſpitable board
Enters a fire, by infant age rever'd;
From ſhorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford
The incenſe bland that clouds his forky beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,
With rural ditties, warm th' elated 'ſquire,
Yet oft ſenſations quicken in his mind,
Other than ale and jocund puns inſpire.

The forms where bloated dropſy holds her ſeat,
He views, unconſcious of magician's guiles,
Nor deems a jaundic'd viſage lov'd retreat
Of graces, young deſires, and dimpled ſmiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall
A Grecian form the raptur'd patriot awes,
The hoary buſt and brow ſevere recal
Lycurgus, founder of majeſtic laws.

A while entranc'd, he dreams of old renown,
And freedom's triumph in Platæan fields,
Then turns---relaxing ſees the furrow'd frown,
To melting airs the ſeften'd marble yields.

I ſee the lips as breathing life, he cries,
On icy cheeks carnation blooms diſplay'd,
The penſive orbs are pleaſure-beaming eyes,
And Sparta's lawgiver a bluſhing maid.

There, at the curtains of the ſhudd'ring youth,
Stiff melancholy pale a ſpectre ſtands,
Some love-lorn virgin's ſhade---O! injur'd truth,
Deſerted phantom, and ye plighted hands,

He ſcarce had utter'd---from his frantic gaze
The viſion fades---ſucceeds a flood of light.

O friendly ſhadows, veil him as the blaze
Of beauty's ſun emerging from the night.

Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,
The laurell'd bard is Heaven's immortal care;
Him nor illuſion's ſpell nor philter harms,
Nor muſic floating on the magic air.

The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,
Reluctant ghoſts and ſtubborn elves obey:
Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,
And ſhapes that wanton in Aurora's ray.

I ceas'd; the virgin came in native grace,
With native ſmiles that ſtrengthen beauty's chain:
O vain the confidence of mortal race!
My laurell'd head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling paſſions riſe,
As once in Andover's autumnal grove,
When looks that ſpoke, and eloquence of ſighs,
Told the ſoft mandate of another's love.

TO AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.

IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.

O NYMPH! than bleſt Pandora honour'd more,
What gods to grace thee laviſh all their ſtore!
We ſee thy form in awful beauty move,
At once repelling and inviting love;
We ſee thy mind each bright perfection reach
That genius kindles, and the graces teach:
Pallas, to form that matchleſs mind, conſpires
With wiſdom's coolneſs, temp'ring fancy's fires;
Here, as in Eden's bliſsful garden, ſhoot
The tree of knowledge and forbidden fruit.

ADDRESS TO THE THAMES.

O THAMES! thy clear majeſtic ſtream
Shall ever flow, my raptur'd theme;
Not becauſe Auguſta's pride
Builds her greatneſs on thy tide,
Courted by worlds in other oceans found:
Not becauſe proud Cliefden laves
His pendent beeches in thy waves;
Not becauſe thy limpid rills
Reflect on Hampton's towers, or Richmond's hills;
Or Cooper's mountain, by the muſes crown'd,
Or catch the blaze from Windſor's beaming ſtar,
Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boaſt of peace and war:
Nor yet becauſe thy current loves
The haunt of academic groves;
And ſtill with ling'ring fond delay
Through Egham's vales delights to ſtray,
Once ſcene of freedom's claims, heroic cares:
But hail thee, Thames! while o'er thy meads
Eliza with Louiſa leads
Each winning grace of love and youth,
Ingenuous forms, fair candour and fair truth:
Oh! fan their evening walk with mildeſt airs;
So Gallic ſpoils ſhall crowd thy wealthy ſide,
And commerce ſwell her ſtores with each revolving tide.

TO MRS. B——,

READING JULIA WITH TEARS, DURING A HARD FROST.

WHAT, though deſcending as the dews of morn,
On miſery's ſighs your tear of virtue waits;
Forget the fallen Julia! you were born
For heart-expanding joys and ſmiling fates.

To ſooth with ſocial pleaſures human cares,
To call the muſe to Thames's frozen glades,
To wake the ſlumb'ring ſpring with vernal airs,
And plant an Eden in December's ſhades;

To deck, like * Eve, with ſoft officious haſte,
Your banquet, worthieſt of her angel gueſt;
Amid the flowers that crown the fair repaſt,
A flower yourſelf, the faireſt of the feaſt.

There the great giver for his bounties given
Your grateful conſort bleſſing, bleſſes too
The ſweet diſpenſer of the gifts of heaven,
In wonder's ſilent prayer he bleſſes you:

Your infants there reflecting round the board,
Maternal graces while his eye approves;
One tear to rapture give!—then ſit ador'd
The gentle mother of the ſmiles and loves.

ON MR. BROWN'S

ALTERATIONS AT CLERMONT, RESTORING HILLS, SCOOPING VALLEYS, &c.

AH murmur not, art, at your Brown's innovation,
You are ſtill the fine lady, with leſs affectation;
And nature, ah! pardon his hand while it dreſſes
So ſweetly, ſo ſimply, your features and treſſes:
Your ſoft-ſwelling boſom not chaſtely concealing,
Nor faintly diſcloſing, nor fully revealing;
Ah! pardon his hand, if it haply ſhould venture
In ſearch of coy beauty quite down to the centre.

TO LADY F——,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THOUGH to Hymen's gay ſeaſon belong
Light airs, and the raptures of youth;
Yet liſten to one ſober ſong;
O liſten, fair Stella, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
To the ſoft ſerenade at your bower,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
To his vigils in midnight's ſtill hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguiſh,
To your ſmiles chaſing every care,
To the power of your eyes lively languiſh,
To each glance waking hope or deſpair.

Farewell to ſoft bards, that in heaven
Dipt the pencil to picture your praiſe,
And blended the colours of even'
With morning's gay opening rays:

They no longer on Thames ſhall proclaim you
A naiad new ſprung from the flood,

* *See Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Book v. from line* 303.

Nor to Bushy's soft echoes shall name you
Bright Dian, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to love's various season,
Smiling days hung with tempests and night;
But welcome the reign of fair reason,
O! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome, in nature's own dress,
Purest pleasures of gentler kind;
O! welcome the power to bless,
To redeem fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
From plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of sorrow,
To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,
When your beauty, bright phœnix, decays,
In your image new graces shall rise,
And enlighten posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air;
Every virtue deriv'd to your blood
Shall remember that Stella was fair,
Shall remember that Stella was good.

SONG.

No gaudy Rubens ever dare
With flaunting genius, rosy loves,
To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,
Exposing her the muse approves.

Let, chaste Poussin, thy shaded stream
Reflect her pensive, tender air;
Let evening veil, with sober beam,
In bashful night the bashful fair.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER PASSING THROUGH FINDON, SUSSEX, 1768.

*Addressed to the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson *, of Kingston upon Thames.*

Wooddeson! these eyes have seen thy natal earth;
Thy Findon, sloping from the southern downs,
Have blest the roof ennobled by thy birth,
And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou wert not born to plow the neighbouring main,
Or plant thy greatness near ambition's throne,
Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain:—
The muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own!

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of worth,
And fenc'd thy childhood from the blights of morn,
And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth
To stretch the blessing to an age unborn:

Best blessing!—what is pride's unwieldy state?
What awkward wealth from Indian oceans given?
What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,
If science smile not with a ray from heaven?

Witness yon ruins, Arundel's high tower,
And Bramber, now the bird of night's resort!
Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;
The war their business, and the chase their sport;

Till there a minstrel, to the feast preferr'd,
With Cambrian harp, in Gothic numbers charm'd,
Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—
The sun of science in its morning warm'd.—

How glorious, when it blaz'd in Milton's light,
And Shakspeare's flame, to full meridian day!
Yet smile, fair beam! though sloping from that height,
Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

TO A LADY.

The simple swain, where Zembla's snows
Are bound in frozen chains,
Where scarce a smile the sun bestows
To warm the sullen plains;

Not once conceives that sun to rise
With kinder, brighter ray,
Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,
To bask in smiling day.

As weak my thoughts respecting thee:
Must thou, my better sun,
Because but smiling cold on me,
Be therefore warm to none?

STANZAS.

"Where more is meant than meets the ear."
Milton.

The bird of midnight swell'd her throat,
The virgins listen'd round
To sorrow's deeply-warbled note,
To sweet but solemn sound:

When soon the lark ascending high,
In sun-beams idly play'd;
As soon to greet him, see, they fly—
One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing;
The rest, to nature true,
The flutter of the gayer wing
The vacant song pursue.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who objected to Sup with a Party of both Sexes, that met at a Coffee-house.

O far from Caroline, so soft a maid,
Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!
Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,
Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,
From beauty, virtue, tenderness, and truth;
From eyes that dawn with wisdom's mildest beams,
From harmless smiles that wait on gentle youth.

Far other years and other nymphs befit
The prudish form, and high forbidding brow;
With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,
With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou:

---

* *The author of these poems had been educated under this gentleman, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard.*

Vith her, whoſe youth, of virtue's mild controul
npatient, ruſh'd on wanton wild deſires;
Now prayer or ſcandal cheers the gloomy foul
'hat pines in ſecret with forbidden fires:

)r her that triumph'd in her lover's ſighs,
As round their brows the willow garlands bend;
he now dejected, now deſerted lies,
Vithout a lover, and without a friend!

Another fate is youthful virtue's ſhare:
'ome with the graces, gentle maid, along:
'ome, faireſt thou among the young and fair,
'o lead the dance, or join the virgins' ſong;

ome liſten to the tale that youths complain,
o thouſand vows, in amorous ſighs addreſt;
ropitious liſten to the raptur'd ſtrain,
Vhen chaſte majeſtic paſſions ſwell the breaſt.

oo long exterior charms of radiant eyes,
nd bluſhing cheeks, the captive ſenſe controul;
hy forms, fair harmony, too long we prize,
orget the fairer, more harmonious ſoul!

oo long the lovers for an empty fair
t heedleſs eaſe inglorious arts advance;
nough for them to deck the flowing hair,
r flutter gaudy with the pride of France.

rom worth with beauty nobler leſſons taught,
ach youth that languiſhes, his flame ſhall prove
y generous action or heroic thought,
nd merit fame by arts that merit love.

iall once again the Grecian lyre be ſtrung,
eſtoring Hymen's mild Arcadian reign?
iall patriot eloquence inſtruct the tongue,
nd ſpoils be gather'd from the martial plain?

! far unlike to ſuch celeſtial flame
he paſſion kindled from impure deſires;
ital to friends, to fortune, and to fame,
he momentary flaſh in night expires.

ove's lambent fire that beams from virtue's rays,
ich ſordid paſſion as it burns, refin'd,
ill bright and brighter with benignant blaze
mbraces friends, a country, human kind.

A DREAM.

'ith bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jenny preſt her pillow,
ie dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.

round her ſpectres ſhook their chains,
And goblins kept their ſtation;
hey pull'd, they pinch'd her, till ſhe ſwore
To ſpare the male creation.

efore her now the buck, the beau,
The 'ſquire, the captain trips;
he modeſt ſeiz'd her hand to kiſs,
The forward ſeiz'd her lips.

)r ſome ſhe felt her boſom pant,
Per ſome ſhe felt it ſmart;
o all ſhe gave enchanting ſmiles,
To one ſhe gave her heart.

ie dreamt——(for magic charms prevail'd,
And fancy play'd her farce on)
That, ſoft reclin'd in elbow chair,
She kiſs'd a ſleeping parſon.

She dreamt——but, O raſh muſe! forbear,
Nor virgins dreams purſue;
Yet bleſt above the gods is he
Who proves ſuch viſions true.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

A TALE.

For London's rich city, two Staffordſhire ſwains,
Hight Johnſon, hight Garrick, forſaking their plains,
Reach'd Shakſpeare's own Stratford, where flows by his tomb
An Avon, as proudly as Tiber by Rome.
Now Garrick (ſweet imp too of nature was he),
Would climb and would eat from his mulberry tree;
Yet as Johnſon, leſs frolic, was taller, was older,
He reach'd the firſt boughs by the help of his ſhoulder;
Where, ſhelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and weather,
Bards, critics, and players, ſat crowded together;
Who devour'd in their reach all the fruit they could meet,
The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and ſweet:
But Garrick climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
Then, heavens! what vagaries he play'd on the top!
How, now on the looſe twigs, and now on the tight,
He ſtood on his head, and then bolted upright!
All features, all ſhapes, and all paſſions he tried;
He danc'd and he ſtrutted, he laugh'd and he cried,
He preſented his face, and he ſhow'd his back-ſide!
The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to ſee
What feats he perform'd in the mulberry tree:
He repeated the paſtime, then open'd to ſpeak,
But Johnſon below mutter'd ſtrophes of Greek,
While Garrick proclaim'd—ſuch a plant never grew,
So foſter'd by ſunſhine, by ſoil, and by dew.
The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's ſweet grove,
The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,
With all that antiquity ſhows to ſurpaſs us,
Compar'd to this tree, were mere ſhrubs of Parnaſſus.
Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was laid,
Not all Vallombroſa produc'd ſuch a ſhade,
That the myrtles of France, like the birch of the ſchools,
Where fit only for rods to whip genius to rules;
That to Stratford's old mulberry, faireſt and beſt,
The cedars of Eden muſt bow their proud creſt:
Then the fruit---like the loaf in the Tub's pleaſant tale,
That was fiſh, fleſh, and cuſtard, good claret and ale---
It compriz'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach;
Nay he ſwore, and his audience believ'd what he told,
That under his touch it grew apples of gold.——
Now he paus'd!---then recounted its virtues again---
'Twas a wood for all uſe, bottom, top, bark, and grain:
It would ſaw into ſeats for an audience in full pits,
Into benches for judges, epiſcopal pulpits;

Into chairs for philoſophers, thrones too for kings,
Serve the higheſt of purpoſes, loweſt of things;
Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles for May-days,
And boxes, and ink-ſtands, for wits and the ladies.——
His ſpeech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their ſuperiors,
By Johnſon ſtopt ſhort,---who his mighty poſte-riors,
Applied to the trunk---like a Sampſon, his haunches
Shook the roots, ſhook the ſummit, ſhook ſtem, and ſhook branches!
All was tremour and ſhock!---now deſcended in ſhowers
Wither'd leaves. wither'd limbs, blighted fruits, blighted flowers!
The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
Who held by weak branches, and let go the ſtrong;
E'en Garrick had dropt with a bough that was rotten,
But he leapt to a ſound, and the ſlip was forgotten.
Now the plant's cloſe receſſes lay open to day,
While Johnſon exclaim'd, ſtalking ſtately away,
Here's rubbiſh enough, till my homeward return,
For children to gather, old women to burn;
Not practis'd to labour, my ſides are too ſore,
Till another fit ſeaſon, to ſhake you down more.
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping and topping!
Yet miſtake me not, rabble! this tree's a good tree,
Does honour, dame nature, to Britain and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble deſert, where the dinner's roaſt-beef!

TO A LADY.

Yes; wedlock's ſweet bands were too bleſt, in her lover
If virtue her likeneſs could find,
What Plato * has fabled, could Julia recover
Her loſt other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,
Thy cares on another recline,
Another's fond boſom, and feel that his heart
Beats all the ſame meaſures with thine!

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,
How ſweet the confuſion, enjoy!
Yet more of thyſelf in the daughter ſtill trace,
And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliſs rivals heaven—yet what grief, what diſgrace,
Were riot's low follower thy lot,
Were he whoſe loud pleaſures are wine and the chaſe,
All love's ſilent pleaſures forgot!

* *Plato's fable is, that man and woman originally were one being, divided afterwards by Jupiter for their puniſhment; that each part, in perpetual ſearch of the other, never recovers happineſs till their reunion.*

What miſery to hear, without daring reply,
All folly, all inſolence ſpeaks;
Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,
The fluſh of diſdain to thy cheeks!

Would ſoft macaronies have judgment to prize,
Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,
Who learnt every virtue and art to deſpiſe,
Where Catos and Scipios were born?

Would wealth's drowſy heir, without ſpark of heaven's fire,
Enſhrin'd in his dulneſs completely,
Awake to the charmer, her voice, and her lyre,
Ah! charm they though ever ſo ſweetly?

But what with the gameſter, ah! what were thy fate,
What fortune's caprices thy ſhare!
To ſleep upon down under canopied ſtate,
To wake on the ſtraw of deſpair!

The timid free-thinker, that only defies
Thoſe bolts which his Maker can throw;
Would he, when blaſpheming the Lord of the ſkies,
Yet rev'rence his image below?

Would ſlaves to a court, or to faction's banditti,
Thy temperate ſpirit approve;
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,
Diſdaining no chains, but of love?

O! mild as the zephyr, like zephyr that throws
Its ſweets on the ſweet-breathing May;
But not on the lap of cold winter beſtows,
What winter will never repay.

So turn thee from folly's cold aſpect, ah! turn
From vice's hard boſom away;
The wiſe and the virtuous thy ſweets will return,
As warm and as grateful as May.

ON A VERY FINE LADY.

Fine B—— obſerves no other rules
Than thoſe the coterie prize;
She thinks, whilſt lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wiſe:

Thinks rudeneſs wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite;
That ducal ſtars ſhoot brighter flames
Than all the hoſt of light.

Yet ſages own that greatneſs throws
A grace on Spencer's charms;
On Hagley's verſe, on Stanhope's proſe,
And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their rev'rence ends,
In general wiſdom thinks
The higher grandeur's ſcale aſcends,
The lower nature's ſinks.

ON AN ASIATIC LADY.

O you who ſail on India's wealthy wave,
Of gems and gold who ſpoil the radiant eaſt;
What oceans, ſay, what iſles of fragrance gave
This fairer treaſure to the joyful weſt?

What banks of Ganges, and what balmy ſkies
Saw the firſt infant dawn of thoſe unclouded eyes?

By eaſy arts while Europe's beauties reign,
Roll the blue languiſh of their humid eye;
Rule willing ſlaves, who court and kiſs the chain,
Self-vanquiſh'd, helpleſs to reſiſt or fly;
Leſs yielding ſouls confeſs this eaſtern fair,
And lightning melts the heart that milder fires would ſpare.

Of gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,
Let Grecian ſtory tell—the gifts diſplay
That deck'd Caſſandra, and each honour'd name
Lov'd by the god, who guides the golden day:
See! Aſia triumphs in a brighter ſcene;
A nobler Phœbus woos her ſummer's ſmiling queen.

Sublimer ſenſe, and ſprightlier wit to pleaſe,
That Phœbus gave; he gave the voice and lyre,
That warble ſweeter than the ſpicy breeze,
He gave what charms meridian ſuns inſpire;
What precious rays from light's pure fountain ſtream,
What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's flaming beam.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER DRESS.

Ah envious robe! to fruſtrate heaven's intent,
Concealing beauty from the eye of day;
Beauty to man by gracious nature ſent
To cheer the wand'rer on his loneſome way.

One pow'r who wak'd Aurora's ſmiling light
Gave ſkies their azure, and gave vales their green,
Form'd the quick ſenſe for wonder and delight,
Made eyes to ſee, and Laura to be ſeen.

Curs'd be th' eclipſe that plunges morn in night,
And jealous clouds that ſhade the landſcape's ſcene;
On envious robes ſeverer curſes light,
That veil the beauties of my ſummer's queen!

Ah Laura! cruel Laura! why conſtrain,
In art's fantaſtic drapery, nature's eaſe?
Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts diſdain?
Why, born for pleaſure, ſtill refuſe to pleaſe?

Nor yet theſe folds on folds, this load of dreſs,
Shall bar approaches to poetic love;
No—where the graces ſport in ſweet receſs,
'Tis fancy, bold intruder's joy to rove.

Fancy, purſuing where my Laura flies,
With wanton gales forbidden charms reveals,
Betrays her ſlumbers, and with eager eyes
The panting breaſt devouring, dreams it feels.

Fancy, indulgent to her votary's prayer,
Shows where, ſequeſter'd from the ſultry beam,
The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,
With virgins ſporting in her Gange's ſtream.

TO THE SAME.

Ah Laura! while graces and ſongs,
While ſmiles, winning ſmiles you impart;
Indulgence but nurſes deſire,
I ſigh for that treaſure, your heart.

Yes, take, too preſumptuous, ſhe cries,
All that virtue can wiſh to receive;
Yes, take all that virtue can grant,
A heart I had never to give.

The maid of the north, like the lake,
That ſleeps by her peaceable cot,
Too languiſhing lives but for one,
Forgetting the world, and forgot.

But born where my Ganges expands,
To no partial channels confin'd,
Unfix'd to no object, I flow
With innocent ſmiles on mankind.

Our Aſia's bright dames, like their ſun,
Cheer all with benevolent reign,
Coy moons Europe's daughters but light
A ſingle diſconſolate ſwain.

ON READING THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

Ah! Dorimant, victim to love,
Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair Laura approve
Thoſe diffuſive, thoſe general ſmiles?

If inconſtancy dwells with that fire
Which the ſun-beams of Aſia impart,
Can a daughter of Europe deſire
To change with your Laura a heart?

No!—happier the temp'rate mind,
Which, fix'd to one object alone,
To one tender paſſion confin'd,
Breathes no wiſhes, no ſighs, but for one.—

Such bliſs has the maid of the plain,
Though ſecluded ſhe lives in a cot;
Yet, rich in the love of her ſwain,
She's contented, and bleſſes her lot.—

Ah! ſay, if deſerving thy heart,
The too undiſtinguiſhing fair,
Who to thouſands can raptures impart,
And the raptures of thouſands can ſhare?

Ah! ſay, does ſhe merit thoſe lays?
Thoſe lays which true paſſion define?—
No—unworthy the fair of thy praiſe,
Who can liſten to any but thine.

REPLY*

TO MISS G——.

Sappho, while your muſe of fire,
Liſtening to the vocal ſpheres,

* *The 1ſt, 2d, and 13th ſtanzas were not in the copy preſented to Miſs G——.*

Sits and tempers to her lyre
Airs divine for mortal ears:

Viewing higher orbs that glow,
Ever conſtant, ever true,
Still ſhe dreams to find below
Perfect forms, as heaven and you.

Blame not Aſia's fair, who glances
Random ſmiles in heedleſs eaſe,
Shifts at will her wayward fancies,
Pleaſing all, whom all can pleaſe;

Blame her not—no envied treaſure
Is the tender, feeling heart,
Boſoms quick to keener pleaſure
Beat, alas! as quick to ſmart.

Who with eyes that ever languiſh,
Still to deſerts ſighs alone?
Who conſumes her youth in anguiſh?
—She who keeps an heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treaſon,
Fortune's frowns, parental power,
Blaſt her in the vernal ſeaſon,
Bend her, unſupported flower.

Happier ſhe, with pliant nature
Fleeting, fickle as the wind;
She, who proving one a traitor,
Turns to meet another kind.

Blame her not—with Aſian rovers
What can Aſia's fair purſue?
What? but leſſons taught by lovers,
Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why ſhould faith, obſequious duty,
Sooth an eaſtern tyrant's ſcorn?
Who but rifles joyleſs beauty
Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadneſs ſits by Ganges' fountains;
How can echo cheer the vale?
What repeat from fragrant mountains?
What but grief and horror's tale?

What but ſhrieks of wild deſpair?
What but ſhouts that murder ſleep?
There the ſtruggling, fainting fair;
There—but lee my Sappho weep!

Change the ſtrain!—this mournful meaſure
Melts, oppreſſes virtuous hearts—
Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleaſure!
Sing of Europe's happier arts!

Sing of all the mingled bleſſing
Reaſon, tempering paſſion, knows;
All the tranſport of poſſeſſing
Unpluck'd beauty's willing roſe!

Sing of that refin'd ſenſation
Mutual melting boſoms prove,
Souls exchang'd, ſweet emanation,
Separate being loſt in love!

Rapture's tears, voluptuous ſtream!
Langour ſtealing ſorrow's ſighs;
Sing of love—thyſelf the theme!
Sing of love—thyſelf the prize!

SONG.

Hang my lyre upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn;
Or, along the foamy billow
Float the wrecking tempeſt's ſcorn.

Sprightly ſounds no more it raiſes,
Such as Laura's ſmiles approve;
Laura ſcorns her poet's praiſes,
Calls his artleſs friendſhip love:

Calls it love, that ſpurning duty,
Spurning nature's chaſteſt ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen virtue's ſighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
Truth with dark ſuſpicion's wound;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the ſenſe, preſerve the ſound.

Yes, 'tis love---that name is given,
Angels, to your pureſt flames:
Such a love as merits heaven,
Heaven's divineſt image claims.

LAURA'S ANSWER.

BY MISS G——.

Soon be thy lyre to winds conſign'd,
Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,
For while ſuch ſtrains ſeduce my mind,
How ſhall my heart its purpoſe keep?

Thy artful lays, which artleſs ſeem,
With too much fondneſs I approve;
Ah! write no more on ſuch a theme,
Or Laura's friendſhip---ends in love.

TO MISS G——.

Ah leave, you cry, the harp unſtrung,
For fortune ſhifts her fickle wind:
Reſume thy lyre, on willows hung,
To ſing the fair, no longer kind.

No---nearer view my alter'd ſtate,
For fear too high, for hope too low;
Beneath the victor's joyful fate,
Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of ſenſe no more beguile;
On reaſon's lap I lay me down:
If claiming now no beauties' ſmile,
Appears it juſt to meet their frown?

Light inſects they, of gaudy hues,
Admire the glare of youthful day,
Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,
From ſhades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux!
Diſdain my breaſt, diſdain to ſigh!
To theſe the fair, the rivals thoſe,
The ſon of Jove's be my reply:

" Ah why deſert th' Olympic games?
" Aſpire to victory!" Philip cries:

"I come," young Ammon fierce exclaims,
"If kings my rivals, thrones the prize."

Yes, letter'd maid! my ſoul approve,
The ſeat no more of vain deſires:
Extinguiſh'd there the flame of love,
Extinguiſh'd there ambition's fires!

To ſave from vice, from folly ſave,
What aid can beauty, power afford!
Unworthy love to call thee ſlave,
Unworthy crowds to call thee lord!

Pure reaſon, yes; pure truth---but why,
Ah why! rebellious heart declare,
With flattering pulſe and ſtifled ſigh,
That other tenants harbour there?

Go---tranquil hope, by turns to dwell,
Expelling reaſon pleaſures court,
Expelling paſſion wiſdom's cell:
Go---reaſon's paſſion's mutual ſport.

Vain dreamer!---rather both revere,
But neither's ſole dominion own:
When heaven aſſign'd to each their ſphere,
It never meant excluding one:

Excluding which?---objections wait
On vain pretenſions either forms;
Alike to life's ſalubrious ſtate
Ye both are fatal---calms and ſtorms.

TO LAURA,

On her receiving a Myſterious Letter from a Methodiſt Divine.

The doctor wakes early---half dreſt in his caſſock,
He ſteals from his conſort to write;
She ſleeps---and ſweet heaven is invok'd from his haſſock
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he paints
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame;
How he raves upon grace, and the union of ſaints,
Idolatry, raptures, and flame?

Equivocal prieſt, lay ſolemnity by,
Deceiver thyſelf, or deceiv'd!
When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and ſigh,
Are your ardours for heaven believ'd?

Will the heart that is kindled from paſſions below
Aſcend in pure ſpirit above?
Ah! analyſe better, as blended they glow
The flames of religion and love.---

Quit the teacher, my fair one, and liſten to me,
A doctor leſs grave and ſevere!
Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can ſee
Conſiſtent with happineſs here.

Still reverence, I preach, thoſe endearing relations
Of daughter, of parent, of wife:
Yet I blame not your reliſh for ſlighter ſenſations
That ſweeten the medicine of life.

Know, the virtue it cheriſhes heaven will reward,
But attend to no blaſphemous tales,
That the blaze of the Deity ſhines unimpair'd,
Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wiſe, good, beyond meaſure,
No tyrant in horrors array'd,
But a father, who ſmiles on the innocent pleaſure
Of amiable creatures he made!—

Still pleaſe, and purſue his benevolent ends,
Still enrapture the heart and the ear!
I can ſwear for myſelf, and believe for my friends,
Our morals improve as we hear.

If the paſſions are waken'd by harmony's charm,
Their breezes waft health to the mind;
What our reaſon but labours, vain toil! to diſarm,
By virtue and ſong are refin'd.

Ah! liſten to me, in whoſe natural ſchool
Religion leads truth by the hand!—
Who regulates faith by a myſtical rule,
But builds his foundation on ſand!

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driven,
Still fluctuates the Methodiſt's plan;
Now he wiſhes you chaſte for the glory of heaven,
—Now frail—for the pleaſure of man.

ON POLITICS.

TO THE SAME.

From moments ſo precious to life,
All politics, Laura, remove;
Ruby lips muſt not animate ſtriſe,
But breathe the ſweet language of love.

What is party?—a zeal without ſcience,
A bubble of popular fame,
In nature and virtue's defiance
'Tis reaſon enſlav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madneſs, or faſhion,
Where knaves only gueſs what they mean;
'Tis a cloak to conceal private paſſion,
To indulge, with applauſe, private ſpleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,
If poiſon or claret put out
Our Churchill's ſatirical fire,
If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches,
To me 'tis a weightier affair,
Than who writes the northern diſpatches,
Or ſits in the preſident's chair.

When, by nature and art form'd to pleaſe,
You ſing, and you talk, and you laugh,
Can I forfeit ſuch raptures as theſe,
To dream of the chamberlain's ſtaff?

Secure under Brunſwick and heaven,
I truſt the ſtate veſſel ſhall ride;
To Bute let the rudder be given,
Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's, when the turtle's well dreſt,
Muſt I know the cook's country, or ſtarve?
And when George gives us liberty's feaſt,
Not taſte till Newcaſtle ſhall carve?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
With no ſober ſyſtem in view;

My notions are fix'd, though they change,
Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright conſtitution,
Not heeding what calumny raves,
Yet wiſh for a new revolution,
Should rulers treat ſubjects as ſlaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundleſs dominion,
Of boundleſs obedience is mine;
Ah! my fair, to cure ſchiſm in opinion,
Confeſs non-reſiſtance is thine.

TO LAURA.

FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

Go roſe—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,
Far from the ſilent vale of peace and love?
On fluttering inſects laviſh waſte perfume,
Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wove?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hour,
Ambroſial odours, yet to me refuſe;
To me, who pay thy ſweets, ungrateful flower!
With rich returns of incenſe from the muſe?—

Who but the muſe tranſplants thee, ſhort-liv'd roſe!
From mortal regions to celeſtial ſeats?
By memory's fountain, where thy buds diſcloſe
Eternal beauties, with eternal ſweets.

SONG TO ****.

What! bid me ſeek another fair
In untry'd paths of female wiles?
And poſies weave of other hair
And baſk ſecure in other ſmiles?
Thy friendly ſtars no longer prize,
And light my courſe by other eyes?

Ah no!—my dying lips ſhall cloſe,
Unalter'd love, as faith, profeſſing;
Nor praiſing him who life beſtows,
Forget who makes that gift a bleſſing.
My laſt addreſs to Heav'n is due;
The laſt but one is all—to you.

On men being deprived, from Cuſtom and Delicacy, of enjoying ſocial Friendſhip with the Fair Sex.

Had ſoft Aſpaſia's ſex been man,
What friendſhip's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, fortune's plan,
Our pleaſures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder ſports,
Our ſtudies too the ſame,
Companions both in ſhades and courts,
In paths of love or fame.

By bright colliſion, patriot beams
Had ſtruſh'd from ſoul to ſoul,
And war had ſeen, in union's ſtreams,
Our tide of glory roll.

There fate, that ſtrikes the nobleſt breaſt,
Had ſurely reverenc'd thine;
The thirſty lance I then had bleſt
For only wounding mine.

But ah! my ſweeter downy hours,
Had I been chang'd, not you;
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
Had made me woman too!

Made each the other's ſofter care,
One table then had fed,
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
Ah do not bluſh!—one bed.

Both ſitting at one buſy loom
In nature's vernal bow'r,
Had rivall'd nature's vernal bloom,
Creating both one flow'r.

Both ſereen'd from ſummer's ſultry view,
In ſhades by haunted ſtream,
Had own'd the moral viſion true
That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wiſdom, couch'd in myſtic rhime,
Yet bending o'er the brook,
Had gather'd morals more ſublime
From great creation's book;

And felt our mixing ſouls refine
In purer wiſdom's ray,
The being virtue's friend and thine
Had clear'd our miſts away.

My morning incenſe, ev'ning pray'r,
With thine, had ſoar'd above,
With thine aſcending ſweeter there
On wings of ſong and love.

Vain dreams! for cuſtom's laws, combin'd
With virtue's ſtern decree,
Divide the beings nature join'd,
Divide my fair from me.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

FAINTING AT THE NEWS OF HER FRIEND'S MISFORTUNES.

Ah! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore
The virtuous exile on a foreign ſhore,
Thy pulſe forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,
Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe,
Loſt every function, vaniſh'd every ſenſe:
Is this thy lot, divine benevolence?
Approach no more, ſuch bitter anguiſh, near
So ſoft a boſom: flow alone the tear,
That dew of heaven, O maid! to heaven allied,
Thy great Redeemer ſhed for man, and died.
Good angels morn creation's glories loſt,
And mourning pleaſe, reſemble him the moſt;
Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
For bliſs to others, ſweeter bliſs to thee!
With pity's pangs her dear ſenſations feel;
The ſhaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal.
Thy ſoul expanding, like a vernal flower,
Shall glow the brighter in affliction's ſhower.
For every tear to ſuff'ring virtue given,
Itſelf approving, and approv'd by Heaven.
Weep then, but weep another's fate alone;
Let ſmiles be ſtill attendant on thy own!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How bleſt is he whom nature's gentle hand
Has ſnatch'd from human life and human woes,

Ev'n in his childiſh days, ere yet he knew
Or ſin, or pain, or youthful paſſion's force!
In earth's ſoft lap, beneath the flowery turf,
His peaceful aſhes ſleep; to heaven aſcends
Th' unſpotted ſoul, declar'd by voice divine
A gueſt well pleaſing—Then no longer mourn,
Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him loſt—
In life's firſt bloom, when infant reaſon dawn'd,
And the young mind, unfolding every power,
Gave promiſe fair of manhood, tranſport fill'd
The mother's boſom, pondering every word
And action there. She now lamenting loud
Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn
By unrelenting fate, and fierce diſeaſe;
Like eaſtern ſtorms that blaſt the opening year.

TO MISS N——M,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Lovely N——m! riſe, and ſee
Modeſt morn reſemble thee!
Ocean ſmiles with your repoſe,
Come to ſeas, where Venus roſe!
Bathing, Dr. Pool obſerves,
Braces all the optic nerves.
" Heavens," ſhe cries, " what idle whim!
" Youthful eyes are ſeldom dim;
" Mine can mark the diſtant ſail,
" Or lowing herds in Suſſex vale;
" Scarce a ſpire or cottage ſmoke,
" Or cloud embracing mountain oak;
" An object ſcarce of land or ſea
" Riſes unperceiv'd by me."
True—but eyes that diſtant roam,
Frequent fail for ſcenes at home.
Let example make me clearer,
Place yourſelf at Shergold's mirror!
Every mild reflected grace,
That angel form, that angel face,
A world of wonders all can view,
Envy only blind and—you.

TO THE MRS.'S R——S,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

No, gentle ladies! —he on Brighton's flood,
Who deck'd with N——s" name a feeble page?
For you, the guardians of the fair and good,
Has arm'd no bitter ſtings of Satan's rage.

On impious necks the muſe of vengeance treads,
For ſhameleſs folly dips her ſhafts in gall;
While, dropping odours on your virtuous heads,
The dews of praiſe, a precious ointment, fall.

Your N——m's mind in every virtue grew,
In every grace, beneath your ſweet controul;
In genuine luſtre were preſerv'd by you
Her poliſh'd form, reflecting all the ſoul.

Her candid ſmiles, unconſcious of their worth,
Her bluſh of nature without other dye!
You taught her modeſt eyes to love the earth,
Or ſoar in flaming rapture to the ſky.

Her, the beſt gift of Heaven, its gracious love
Permitted to your guidance—come and ſhare
The joy of virtuous ſouls, whoſe toils improve
The * talents truſted to their fruitful care.

Come, faithful ſervants—hear a voice proclaim
Your hymn of triumph—'tis no ſong of mine;
'Tis heaven that calls you to partake your fame
With God the giver, and this gift divine.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Here Charles lay ſhelter'd, from this deſert ſhore
He launch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempeſt's roar;
He truſted here the faith of ſimple ſwains,
And ocean, friendlier than the Worceſter † plains.
No beauteous forms, as now, adorn'd it then,
The downs were pathleſs, without haunt of men.
One ſhepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,
One village-maid explor'd the diſtant rill.
But mark the glittering ſcenes ſucceeding theſe;
See peopled all the ſhores, and healing ſeas;
Yet, friend to Britain, flows alike the wave
With India's treaſures, and defrauds the grave.
Had fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,
The thoughtleſs Charles had linger'd on the ſtrand,
Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd
That wanton boſom, by the loves inſpir'd:
His languid ſails the monarch here had furl'd,
Had gain'd a N——m's ſmile, and loſt the world.

TO MISS G——,

FROM BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Come, Stella, let us climb the heights
Where purer ſpirits flow,
And upward point our mental flights,
And mock the ſcenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds
Of pleaſure's wanton chaſe,
But range beyond material bounds,
Eternity, and ſpace!—

Come, read in ocean's ample page,
Explain the cauſe that guides,
That bridles now, and now to rage
Precipitates the tides.

In glory ſee the planets roll,
Their laws, their meaſure, ſcan,
Nor there confin'd, explore the ſoul,
And liberty, and man!

On ſoaring pinions let us ſhoot,
Like him, the bird of Jove!
—" What waſte," ſhe cries, " in ſuch purſuit,
" An age of life and love!

" With eagle flight and eagle view
" Let Newton ſail the ſky!
" But what am I? or what are you,
" Philoſopher?—a fly:

---

* *Matthew* xxv.

† *Charles the IId. after the battle of Worceſter, eſcaped to France in a fiſhing-boat, from Brighthelmſtone.*

" Vain inſect! now aloft he ſprings
" To drink the liquid light,
" And quenches now his flagging wings
" In angry ſeas and night.

" Ah fool! to quit his reptile ſtate
" Amid freſh dews and flowers!
" Be his the juſtly purchas'd fate,
" The ſober leſſon ours.

" From clouds deſcending, let us try
" What humbler regions give!
" Let others ſoar to fall and die!
" 'Tis ours to creep, and live."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

No more let ſcience tempt thy ſearching eyes
Beyond the bounds preſcrib'd to mortal ſight,
No more advent'rous mount the lofty ſkies,
And daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand
In every ſmiling valley, fertile plain;
Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
Revere his wiſdom in the ſtormy main!

Nor thoughtleſs view the vaſt tremendous ſea,
Whoſe courſe impetuous power divine reſtrains;
Whoſe ruſhing tide, controul'd by heaven's decree,
Forbears to violate the flow'ry plains.

Nor yet confine to theſe thy wand'ring ſight,
While ſplendid gems the face of heav'n adorn;
Nor heedleſs view the radiant lamps of night,
Nor heedleſs view the ſun that gilds the morn:

But turn with praiſe to him who reigns above,
Supreme o'er works that ſpeak Almighty power;
O! turn a grateful boſom breathing love,
And learn the nobleſt leſſon---to adore.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Go, mournful ſpirit, wing thy dreary way,
Leave a lov'd manſion, leave the cheerful day;
A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,
Ah leave, reluctant, youth and ſtrength behind!
Not long a wanderer, to that happier ſhore
Be heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more!
In purer manſions, in a form divine,
Immortal youth, immortal joy, be thine!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

O YOU, who mark what flowrets gay,
What gales, what odours breathing near,
What ſheltering ſhades from ſummer's ray
Allure my ſpring to linger here:

Yet ſee me quit this margin green,
Yet ſee me deaf to pleaſure's call,
Explore the thirſty haunts of men,
Yet ſee my bounty flow for all.

O learn of me---no partial rill,
No ſlumbering ſelfiſh pool be you;
But ſocial laws alike fulfil;
O flow for all creation too!

On the Converting the late Mr. Wooddeſon's Houſe, at Kingſton, into a Poor-Houſe, and cutting down the great Walk of High Trees before it.

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient ſeat,
Approach not, ſtranger, with unhallow'd feet,
Nor mock the ſpot, unſhelter'd now, and bare!
The grove's old honours roſe majeſtic there:
Its giant arms extending to defend
Thy reverend temple's, man's and virtue's friend!
Secure thy walk that unpierc'd gloom along,
No ſtorm approach'd to ſilence Homer's ſong;
No beam to wound thy heav'n-directed eye:
The world's near tumult ſwept unheeded by.
Now, low as thine, theſe towering heads are laid,
Nor more embower the manſion in their ſhade,
Time-honour'd pile! that, owning thee its lord,
Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, reſtor'd;
In renovated youth beheld again
Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.
With thee too ſheltering many an angel gueſt,
For what, but heaven, ſerener than thy breaſt?—
Bleſt manſion then, ſimplicity's abode,
Where ſmiling innocence look'd up to God,
Where nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,
Or nature, poliſh'd but by claſſic art.
There fancy, warm'd with brighteſt, chaſteſt beams,
The ſaint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
While virtue left, delighting there to dwell,
The penſive mountain, and the hermit's cell.---
There the good teacher held by turns to youth
The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
Who, leſs by precept than example fir'd,
Glow'd as he taught, inſpiring and inſpir'd.
Nor think, gay travellers, this awful roof
Echoed no ſounds but wiſdom's harſh reproof;
The ſocial board, attendant mirth, was there,
The ſmile unconſcious of to-morrow's care,
With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
In dance, in ſong, in harmleſs ſports approv'd,
There youth has frolic'd, there ſoft maids have lov'd.
There one, diſtinguiſh'd one---not ſweeter blows
In ſimpler ornament attir'd, the roſe,
The roſe ſhe cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
Herſelf as fair---a tranſitory flower.---
Thus a ſhort hour---and woods and turrets fall;
The good, the great, the beauteous, periſh all.
Another age a gayer race ſupplies,
Leſs awful groves, and gaudier villas riſe.
See wiſdom's place uſurp'd by folly's ſons,
And ſcorners ſit on virtue's vacant thrones.

See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its bowers,
Not * Warwick's name preſerv'd his Gothic towers;
Nor diſtant † ſee new royal domes deride
What half remains of Wolſey's ancient pride!
While yet this humbler pile ſurvives to prove
A manſion worthy of its maſter's love:
Like him, ſtill welcomes to its liberal door
Whom moſt he honour'd, honouring moſt the poor;
Like him, the liſping infant's bleſſing ſhares,
And age's gratitude in ſilent prayers.---
While ſuch partake the couch, the frugal feaſt,
No regal chambers boaſt an equal gueſt;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving mercy is receiving thee!---

* *Combe-Neville, near Kingſton, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.*

† *The new apartments at Hampton Court, raiſed on the ruins of part of Wolſey's palace.*

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD LOVIBOND, ESQ.

BY MISS G———.

Ah! what avails---that once the muſes crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that poliſh'd mind bright genius ſhone,
That letter'd ſcience mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breaſt that breath'd celeſtial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my muſe but emulate thy lays,
Immortal numbers ſhould record thy praiſe,
Redeem thy virtues from oblivion's ſleep,
And o'er thy urn bid diſtant ages weep!---
Yet though no laureat flowers beſtrew thy herſe,
Nor pompous ſounds exalt the glowing verſe,
Sublimer truth inſpires this humbler ſtrain,
Bids love lament, and friendſhip here complain:
Bids o'er thy tomb the muſe her ſorrows ſhed,
And weep her genius, number'd with the dead!---

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS PENROSE.

Containing

FLIGHTS OF FANCY,
ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN,
THE FIELD OF BATTLE,
THE CURATE,

ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Borne on fancy's wing along,
High ſoars the bard's enraptur'd ſoul;
Round him floats the joy of ſong,
Round him airs ecſtatic roll.

THE HARP.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF PENROSE.

For the few particulars which are recorded of the perſonal hiſtory of Penrose, the world is indebted to his relation, John Pettit Andrews, Eſq., the editor of his works, and author of "The Hiſtory of Great Britain," 3 vols. 4to, 1794-95, and other literary performances.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from the brief "Introduction" of Mr. Andrews, dated "The Grove, Nov. 1781," with ſuch additional information as the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other publications, have ſupplied.

Thomas Penroſe was born in 1743. He was the ſon of the Rev. Mr. Penroſe, rector of Newbury in Berkſhire, deſcended from an ancient family in Cornwall; a man of high character and abilities, and beloved and reſpected by all who knew him.

Being intended for the church, after paſſing through the uſual courſe of ſchool education in the country; he was entered at Chriſt Church College, Oxford, where he purſued his ſtudies, for ſome time, with remarkable ſucceſs.

In the ſummer 1762, his eager turn to the naval and military line, overpowering his attachment to his real intereſt, he left his college, and embarked in the private expedition againſt Buenos Ayres, in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara, an adventurer of ſpirit and experience.

The embarkation was made from the Tagus, Aug. 30. 1762; and the force, partly Engliſh, and partly Portugueſe, conſiſted of the Lord Clive of 64 guns; the Ambuſcade of 40, on board which Penroſe acted as a lieutenant of marines; the Gloria of 38; and ſome ſmall armed veſſels and ſtore-ſhips. They had on board about 500 ſoldiers.

The Spaniards having, ſome time before, taken the Portugueſe ſettlement of Nova Colonia they judged it neceſſary to begin with the recovery of that ſettlement before they made any attack upon Buenos Ayres.

Though the enterprize was not without danger, there was great reaſon to expect ſucceſs. The ſhips were in good order, and the men in good ſpirits. They advanced to the attack with horns ſounding and drums beating; and every thing expreſſed hope and joy.

This gay preparative was followed by a fierce fire, ſupported on both ſides for four hours, at a very ſmall diſtance, with uncommon reſolution; but the ſpirit and perſeverance of the Spaniards, were more than equalled by the Britiſh ſhips, whoſe fire at length became ſuperior. The Spaniſh batteries were almoſt ſilenced. The Engliſh were in expectation of ſeeing the colours immediately ſtruck, when juſt as their ſucceſs ſeemed certain, by ſome unknown accident, the Lord Clive took fire. In an inſtant ſhe was all in a blaze. The ſame moment diſcovered the flames, and the impoſſibility of extinguiſhing them.

Then was to be ſeen a moſt dreadful ſpectacle. All the ſides of the ſhip were immediately crowded with naked men, who, but a few minutes before, reckoned themſelves almoſt in the aſſured poſſeſſion of wealth and conqueſt, precipitating themſelves into the ſea, with the melancholy alternative of a death by fire or water. The enemy's fire, which recommenced on this accident, redoubled their diſtreſs; and many who might have eſcaped drowning, periſhed by the ſhot. Captain Macnamara was drowned; and of 340 ſouls, only 78 in all eſcaped.

The other veſſels of the ſquadron, far from being able to afford any aſſiſtance to the ſufferers, were obliged to get off as expeditiouſly as they could, leſt they ſhould have been involved in the ſame fate.

The Ambuſcade with difficulty eſcaped. She was little better than a wreck. She had ſixty ſhot in her hull, and ſix feet of water in her hold; and all her rigging was miſerably mangled. By exertion of uncommon efforts, they made a ſhift to get into the Portugueſe ſettlement at Rio Janeiro.

Amidſt the preparations for the attack of Nova Colonia, the attention of Penroſe was occupied by the tender remembrance of Miſs Mary Slocock, of Newbury, the lady whom he afterwards married, to whom, with equal collectedneſs and tranquillity of mind, he wrote the verſes *on board the Ambuſcade*, Jan. 6. 1763:

Amidſt this nobly awful ſcene,
Ere yet fell ſlaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conqueſts ſwell,
Let me to love this tribute pay,
For *Polly* frame this parting lay,
Perhaps my laſt farewell.

For ſince full low among the dead,
Muſt many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er,
Perhaps even I, with joyful eyes,
That ſaw this morning's ſun ariſe,
Shall ſee it ſet no more.

On leaving the river of Plate, after the unſucceſsful attack of Nova Colonia, in which he was wounded, he ſolaced his ſorrow for the melancholy loſs of his companions, by inſcribing an *elegy* to the memory of the unfortunate ſufferers:

Adieu! ye walls; thou fatal ſtream farewell,
By war's ſad chance, beneath whoſe muddy waves,
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a Briton found an early grave!

Beneath thy tide, ah! ſilent now they roll,
Or tread with mangled limbs thy ſandy ſhore:
The trumpet's call no more awakes their ſoul;
The battle's voice, they now ſhall hear no more.

Though the Ambuſcade eſcaped, and he recovered from the wound he received in the engagement, yet the hardſhips which he afterwards ſuſtained in a prize ſloop, in which he was ſtationed, utterly ruined his conſtitution.

Returning to England, with ample teſtimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finiſhed, at Hertford College, Oxford, his academical ſtudies; and, having taken orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary ſubſcription of the inhabitants, was conſiderably augmented.

In 1764, he lamented the loſs of a ſiſter, in a pathetic *Elegy to the Memory of Miſs Mary Penroſe, who died, Dec.* 18. 1764, *in the nineteenth year of her age.*

In 1768, he married Miſs Slocock of Newbury, whoſe beauty and accompliſhments had made an early impreſſion on his ſuſceptible heart.

In 1774, he publiſhed a *Sermon*, preached at the funeral of the Rev. John Geree, 4to, which was followed, in 1775, by his *Flights of Fancy*, 4to; conſiſting of three ſhort poems, the *Helmets*, the *Caroufal of Odin*, and *Madneſs*; which were read with general approbation.

The year following, he expreſſed his diſapprobation of the conduct of government towards America, in his *Addreſs to the Genius of Britain*, 4to; in which he requeſted that power to ſolicit his Majeſty to put an end to our civil diſſenſions; but it was nothing more than *operam atque oleum perdere.*

In 1777, he publiſhed a *Sermon* preached on the national faſt, 4to, which was the laſt publication he gave to the world.

After he had continued in the ſtation of a curate about nine years, it ſeemed as if the clouds of diſappointment, which had hitherto overſhadowed his proſpects, and tinctured his poetical eſſays with gloom, were clearing away; for he was then preſented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to the rectory of Beckington and Standerwick, in Somerſetſhire, worth near 600l. per annum. It came, however, too late; for the ſtate of his health, which had been for ſome time declining, was now ſuch as left little hope, except in the aſſiſtance of the waters of Briſtol.

Thither he went, and there he died in 1779, in the 36th year of his age; leaving one child, Thomas, admitted on the foundation of Winchester College in 1781.

His *Flights of Fancy*, and *Addreſs to the Genius of Britain*, were reprinted, with ſeveral pieces, never before printed, in one volume 12mo, under the title of *Poems by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Penroſe*, 1781, with an "Introduction" by James Pettit Andrews, Eſq. containing a ſhort account of his life and character. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1781, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

"Mr. Penroſe", ſays Mr. Andrews, who knew him well, "was reſpected for his extenſive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and eſteemed for his ſocial qualities. By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmoſt ability, he was venerated to the higheſt degree. In oratory and compoſition, his talents were great. His pencil was ready as his pen; and on ſubjects of humour, had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the public, by their reception of his *Flights of Fancy*, &c. gave ſeveral favourable teſtimonies. To ſum up the whole, his figure and addreſs were as pleaſing as his mind was ornamented.

"Such was Mr. Penroſe, to whoſe memory I pay this juſt and willing tribute, and to whom I conſider it as an honour to be related:

> "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidet——
> Nullis flebilior quam mihi."

Penroſe has written but little; but his *Flights of Fancy*, if he had written nothing elſe, are ſufficient to entitle him to a claſſical diſtinction among the poets of our country.

All his compoſitions bear evident marks of a natural enthuſiaſm, harmony, and ſimplicity. But it is in the higher kinds of poetry, which require the moſt vigorous exertions of fancy, and to which a laboured and artificial diction is beſt ſuited, that he chiefly excels. His lyric compoſitions are characterized by a luxuriance of imagination, a wild ſublimity of fancy, and a command of language, which entitle them to rank with the productions of Collins, Gray, and other writers of the ſame ſchool. They are replete with the ſame ſpirit of perſonation, the ſame animation of ſentiment, the ſame magnificence of phraſeology, the ſame general and expanded deſcription. But they have more of the ſpirit and manner of Collins than of Gray. They are impregnated with the genuine ſeeds ofpoetry; but they have more of the enthuſiaſm that "delights and chills," than of the "pomp and prodigality of heaven."

His *Flights of Fancy* conſiſt of three poems. The firſt is intituled, *The Helmets*, wherein theſe formidable pieces of ancient armour, are ſuppoſed to riſe and prognoſticate civil diſſenſions in Britain, in conſequence of the diſturbances in America. It is written in blank verſe, and affords a ſpecimen of conſiderable ſtrength and harmony in that metre. The general imagery is well conceived, the ſentiments are happily ſuited to the ſubject, and the expreſſion is often highly poetical. The predominant defect is an obſcure magnificence. In the ſecond poem, *The Carouſal of Odin*, we recognize both the ſpirit and manner of Gray. It is evidently modelled upon his "Norſe Odes," and is impregnated with fire and poetical enthuſiaſm, in an uncommon degree. The laſt, intituled *Madneſs*, is a compoſition of a ſuperior order, and challenges a compariſon with the "Muſic Ode" of Dryden, the "Paſſions" of Collins, and the "Bard" of Gray. The diſpoſition is artful and happy. The mind of the reader, after the horror excited by the view of *the fettered maniac*, is relieved by a tender and pathetic melancholy on beholding the *poor diſtracted fair*. And, again, that melancholy paſſes into a different, though a kindred pity, occaſioned by the circumſtances of *the mimic monarch*, whoſe diſturbing the reveries of *the love-lorn maid*, produces the fineſt poetical and dramatic effect. This evinces the poet's taſte; for if the diſpoſition had been different, the effect would have been leſs happy. He is not leſs fortunate in his deſcription; the *maniac* appearing firſt in all the terrible circumſtances of his character, and every ſuggeſtion of tenderneſs, and all the ſenſations of pity called up to qualify the attendant horror:

> No pleaſing memory left—forgotten quite
> All former ſcenes of dear delight,
> Connubial love—parental joy, &c.

Nothing can be more finely pictured than the ſubject of the love madneſs. The whole deſcription maintains the trueſt propriety, and is executed with the happieſt care.

Now, ſadly gay, of ſorrows paſt ſhe ſings,
Now, penſive, ruminates unutterable things—

is one of thoſe exquiſite ſtrokes that only can fall from the pencil of true genius. Equally happy too, is the expreſſion itſelf, as the idea it conveys.

——————ruminates unutterable things.

It is impoſſible that the ſame idea ſhould be ſo powerfully impreſſed by any other words.

The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring ſong.)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his ſtreaming hair.

The ſecond line is another inſtance of excellent and well adapted expreſſion. Had it been ſmoothed and regularized by the word *is*, after *rage*, it would have wanted its preſent force, its characteriſtic diſſonance, and harſhneſs. The line that follows it is equally excellent. The picture of the *Momus of the flighty train*, is entitled to great praiſe.

Merry miſchief fills his brain,
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch ſkips around;
Big with conceit of dignity, he ſmiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unſuſpected wiles:

There are many more remarkable beauties in this excellent ode, particularly the deſcription of *Devotion's ruin'd child*; to which the reader of taſte will require no direction.

His *Addreſs to the Genius of Britain*, is written with a liberal ſpirit, and contains ſome pathetic paſſages and beautiful lines. It is devoted to his patriot feelings, and he delivers his ſentiments (which may now be conſidered as prophetic) with a fervour that leaves no doubt on our minds of the virtue of his intentions. In this performance, there is conſiderable ſtrength of numbers, of painting, and of fancy.

Of his poſthumous poems, it is not to be expected that every piece will be equally correct and finiſhed as it might have been, had he lived to ſuperintend the publication himſelf. There are, however, ſeveral pieces, not unworthy of the ſame pen, which produced *Madneſs*. Of theſe, not the leaſt beautiful, is the *Field of Battle*. To the reader of ſenſibility, it will be needleſs to point out the particular merit of the following ſtanzas, deſcribing the diſtraction of the wife of an officer, in ſearch of her huſband, ſlain in battle.

She preſt to hear—ſhe caught the tale—
At every ſound her blood congeal'd—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She ſprung to ſearch the fatal field.

O'er the ſad ſcene, in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpſe ſhe caſt her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguiſh urged her to preſs
Full many a hand, as wild ſhe mourn'd,
—Of comfort glad, the drear careſs,
The damp cold dying hand return'd.

The exquiſitely pathetic and natural thought contained in the two laſt lines, would ſcarcely have ſuggeſted itſelf to any one who had not been an eye-witneſs of the affecting ſcenes, ſubſequent to a military engagement; and who had not, probably, experienced, from the hand of ſome expiring friend, a return ſimilar to what he has ſo feelingly deſcribed. The fragment, intituled *The Curate*, deſerves great praiſe, for happy delineation of character, natural humour, quaint phraſeology, tenderneſs of ſentiment, and ſimplicity of expreſſion. The verſes to his *wife*, on the anniverſary of their wedding day, ſhews the mind of the writer in an amiable point of view. The *Hermit's Viſion*, *Mortality*, *The Juſtice*, *Donnington Caſtle*, *Poverty*, *The Harp*, are characterized by ſuperior animation of ſentiment, fertility of invention, and ſplendor of diction. Of his *Elegies*, the general character, both of the ſentiments and the language, is tenderneſs and ſimplicity; the verſification is harmonious, and a general air of claſſic elegance runs through the whole. His fragments and ſmaller pieces may be read with pleaſure, though they have not a ſufficient degree of merit to entitle them to a place among the favoured productions of poeſy.

THE WORKS OF PENROSE.

POEMS, &c.

ADDRESSED TO THREE LADIES.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.

Deep from your hallow'd, ſilent ſhades
Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids;
Ye muſes, haſte along.
Inſpire the tender, moving lay,
For ſurely ſuch a mournful day
Demands a ſerious ſong.

See where with pity's force oppreſt,
(While riſing ſorrows heave each breaſt)
Three gentle ſiſters weep.
See how they point with ſtreaming eyes.
Where Parroquetta ſlumb'ring lies,
Her laſt, eternal ſleep.

In vain the pride of beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were ſpread:
In vain the ſcarlet's bluſhing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection,---all
Together undiſtinguiſh'd fall
Before the oppoſing fates.
The liſping tongue, the ſilver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing ſorrow ceaſe
Your favourite to deplore;
For know, the time will ſurely come
When you (though now in beauty's bloom)
When you ſhall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet thoſe moments fly;
For fate has doom'd this lot ſevere,
The brighteſt belle, the loveliеſt fair,
Like parroquetes, muſt die.

Written Friday Evening, February 5, 1762, in the Cloyſters of Chriſt Church, Oxon; on being diſappointed of going to the Aſſembly at Newbury, Berks.

Loud howl the winds around this awful pile,
A duſky light the pale-ey'd moon-beams ſhed;
While I amid the long-drawn cloyſter'd aiſle,
Silent and ſad the letter'd pavement tread.

Where, low in earth---ah! never more to riſe,
Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,
Full many a ſhrouded ſtudent ſleeping lies,
O'er whom ſtill weeps the monumental ſtone.

Here, as I pace the hallow'd gloom along,
Where at this hour no other foot dares rove,
Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,
How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful love.

See, ſee my Chloe riſes to my view,
In all the pride of youth and virtue's charms!
Swift as the winds the fair one I purſue,
But claſp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I ſee the dance's circling round,
The cheerful muſic, hark! methinks, I hear!
The viol ſweet, and hautboy's gladſome ſound,
And ſprightly tabor ſtrike my wond'ring ear.

But ah! again the pleaſing dream is gone;
Swift as the gales, ſee, ſee, it flies away;
And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone
Amidſt this melancholy ſcene to ſtray.

O! hear, ye gods, accept my humble pray'r!
Grant me, O! grant my heart's fond, beſt deſire;
Give to my faithful arms, my conſtant fair;
Give this---nor wealth, nor honours I require

TO MISS SLOCOCK.

Written on board the Ambuſcade, Jan. 6th 1763, a ſhort Time before the Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, in the river of Plate.

The fates ordain, we muſt obey;
This, this is doom'd to be the day;
The hour of war draws near.
The eager crew with buſy care
Their inſtruments of death prepare,
And baniſh every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breaſt with ſuch an ardour warms,
As Britons only know.
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
With terror ſtrikes the foe.

Amidſt this nobly awful ſcene,
Ere yet fell ſlaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conqueſts ſwell,

Let me to love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame the parting lay;
Perhaps my laſt farewell.

For ſince full low among the dead,
Muſt many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er:
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
That ſaw this morning's ſun ariſe,
Shall ſee it ſet no more.

My love that ever burnt ſo true,
That but for thee no wiſhes knew;
My heart's fond, beſt deſire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my lateſt breath,
With life's laſt pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt ſigh)
My paſt ſad errors, O forgive,
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thund'ring from the tow'ry walls
Now roars the hoſtile gun,
Adieu, dear maid!---with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worſt to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

ELEGY

On leaving the River of Plate, after the unſucceſsful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuſcade of 40, and the Gloria of 38; in which the former was unfortunately burnt, with the greateſt part of her crew; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very ſhattered condition.

While the torn veſſel ſtems her lab'ring way,
Ere yon blue hills ſink ever from my view;
Let me to ſorrow raiſe the tribute lay;
And take of them my long, my laſt adieu.

Adieu! ye walls! thou fatal ſtream farewell;
By war's ſad chance beneath whoſe muddy wave
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a Briton found an early grave.

Beneath thy tide, ah! ſilent now they roll,
Or ſtrew with mangled limbs thy ſandy ſhore;
The trumpet's call no more awakes their ſoul!
The battle's voice they now ſhall hear no more.

In vain the conſtant wife and feeble ſire,
Expectant wiſh their lov'd return to ſee;
In vain their infants' liſping tongues inquire,
And wait the ſtory on their father's knee.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, buſy care;
Far, far, they lie, on hoſtile ſeas they fell;
The wife's, ſire's, infant's joy no more to ſhare,
The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

Learn then, ye fair, for others woes to feel,
Let the ſoft tear bedew the ſparkling eye;
When the brave periſh for their country's weal,
'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt ſigh.

Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was thine,
Fate gave to thee to quell the hoſtile pride;
To ſeize the treaſures of Potoſi's mine,
And ſail triumphant o'er La Plata's tide.

But Providence, on ſecret wonders bent,
Conceals its purpoſes from mortal view;
And Heaven no doubt with ſome all-wiſe intent,
Deny'd to numbers what it gave to few.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARY PENROSE,

Who died December 18th. 1754. in the Nineteenth year of her Age.

Heard ye the bell from yonder duſky tower?
Deep, deep it tolls the ſummons of the dead;
And marks with ſullen note the ſolemn hour,
That calls Maria to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend,
With muſing ſtep the hallow'd place draw near,
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,
Now ſilent, ſlumb'ring on the ſable bier.

Come ye, who join'd in friendſhip's ſacred tie,
With her engag'd in pleaſure's guiltleſs ſcene;
Who ſhar'd with her the tender, ſocial joy;
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flow'ry green:

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
The breaſt that once with youth's warm tide beat high;
Read your own fate in her's;-- in time be wiſe,
And from her bright example learn to die.

Like drooping lillies cropt by wint'ry wind,
For fate has doom'd the hour when die you muſt,
Muſt leave the world's fantaſtic dreams behind,
And ſleep, and mingle with your parent duſt.

Say, are your forms with youth's ſoft graces dreſt?
Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brighteſt bloom?
So once was her's---by you---by all confeſt,
'Till death untimely ſwept her to the tomb.

Her eyes beam'd out how innocent, how meek!
At whoſe rebuke vice ſhrunk abaſh'd and pale;
Like vernal roſes bluſh'd her modeſt cheek,
Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was ſhe ſkill'd the ſofteſt breaſts to move!
Of hardeſt hearts the paſſions rough to bend!
How was ſhe ſkill'd to win the general love!
How form'd to bleſs the huſband or the friend!

With meek-ſoul'd charity, with pitying hands,
To miſery oft her little ſtore ſhe gave;
Now ſhe herſelf our flowing tears demands,
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her duſty couch in firm repoſe,
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold ſlumb'rer lies;
Her beauty faded like the blaſted roſe,
Mute her ſweet tongue, and cloſ'd her radiant eyes.

Full many an hour of agonizing pain
She, patient ſufferer, bore her lot ſevere;
Well did the anguiſh of her ſoul reſtrain,
Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

'Midſt life's laſt pangs religion lent her aid,
And wip'd with lenient hand her miſty eyes;
With bleſt aſſurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,
And bad her hopes high-ſoaring reach the ſkies.

There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
Whoſe hallow'd hymns their Maker's glorious raiſe,
She ſhines. refulgent in the blaze of light,
And ſwells with raptur'd note the voice of praiſe.

Look down, bleſt ſaint, O! turn a pitying eye!
If yet in heav'n a brother's name be dear:
In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
And lead me far from vice's baneful ſnare.

Teach me, whate'er my future lot ſhall be,
To God's juſt will my being to reſign:
Teach me to ſail through life's tempeſtuous ſea;
And like thy lateſt parting hour be mine.

TO MY DEAREST WIFE,

ON OUR WEDDING-DAY.

The happy morn's arriv'd at laſt,
That binds our nuptial union faſt;
And knits our plighted vows in one,
With bonds that ne'er can be undone.
Can I be backward then, to pay
The tribute of this joyful day?
Can I refuſe my voice to raiſe,
And hymn to God the ſong of praiſe?
No—ſurely gratitude demands
This humble action from my hands,
And bids me bleſs that God who gave
Safe paſſage o'er the ſtormy wave,
Who turn'd the ſhafts of war aſide,
And bleſs'd me with ſo lov'd a bride.
O! be that ſeaſon ne'er forgot,
When hope itſelf could flatter not,
When doubts were all my ſoul's employ,
Nor dar'd I paint the preſent joy.
But yet, my love, be mine the blame,
Thy goodneſs ever was the ſame;
The fault was mine, miſguided youth!
When folly held the place of truth.
And vice and error's ſyren ſmile,
My artleſs boſom did beguile.
What though, by heedleſs heat miſled,
To war and foreign climes I fled,
Forſook thy love, and peaceful eaſe,
And plough'd, long plough'd the ſouthern ſeas;
Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
Thy kind, dear love purſu'd me there,
And 'midſt the battle's horrid ſtrife,
Thy tender pray'r preſerv'd my life.
God heard thy pray'rs, my heart's lov'd queen,
His ſhield protected me unſeen,
His favour kept me ſafe from harms,
And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms.
Be't then my taſk, with grateful breaſt
To huſh thy ev'ry care to reſt,
And make thee, while thy love ſurvives,
The happieſt of all happy wives.
Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow
Shall ever bind as ſtrong as now;
My duty I ſhall ne'er forego,
No change, no other wiſh I'll know;
But ſtill I'll prove to life's laſt end,
The kindeſt huſband, trueſt friend.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

VIZ.

THE HELMETS.—CAROUSAL OF ODIN.—MADNESS.—ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

THE HELMETS,

A FRAGMENT.

The Scene of the following Event is laid in the neighbourhood of Donnington Caſtle, in a Houſe built after the Gothic taſte, upon a ſpot famous for a bloody encounter between the Armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The Prognoſtication alludes to Civil Diſſention, which ſome have foretold would ariſe in England, in conſequence of the diſputes with America.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Thro' the whole manſion—ſave an antique crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken ſleep (fell harbinger of death)
Of a ſick boteler.—Above indeed
In a drear gall'ry (lighted by one lamp
Whoſe wick the poor departing Seneſchall
Did cloſely imitate), pac'd ſlow and ſad
The village curate, waiting late to ſhrive
The penitent when 'wake. Scarce ſhow'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
That grac'd the wall—On this and t'other ſide
Suſpended, nodded o'er the ſteepy ſtair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly groupe

Of helms and targets, gauntlefs, maces ftrong,
And horfes' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient chivalry.—Through the ftain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of fuch pow'r
As marked the clouds, black, threatning over head,
Full mifchief-fraught;—from thefe in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flafh'd the frequent blaze
Of light'ning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind fung furly: with unufual clank
The armour fhook tremendous:—On a couch
Plac'd in the oriel *, funk the churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——
" I hear it," cries the proudly gilded cafque
(Fill'd by the foul of one, who erft took joy
In flaught'rous deeds) " I hear amidft the gale
" The hoftile fpirit fhouting—once—once more
" In the thick harveft of the fpears we'll fhine—
" There will be work anon."————
————" I'm 'waken'd too,"
Replied the fable helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate) " Hark!—I hear the voice
" Of the impatient ghofts, who ftraggling range
" Yon fummit (crown'd with ruin'd battlements
" The fruits of civil difcord), to the din
" The fpirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
" All join their yell—the fong is war and death—
" There will be work anon."
————" Call armourers, ho!
" Furbifh my vizor—clofe my rivits up—
" I brook no dallying"————
————" Soft, my hafty friend"
Said the black beaver, " Neither of us twain
" Shall fhare the bloody toil—War-worn am I,
" Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate
" To my once maftor,—fince unfought, unus'd
" Penfile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
" Has nought to boaft.—the faftion of the fight
" Has thrown your gilt, and fhady plumes afide
" For modern foppery;—ftill do not frown,
" Nor lower indignantly your fteely brows,
" We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore
" Shall trace our fometime merit;—in the eye
" Of antiquary tafte we long fhall fhine:
" And as the fcholar marks our rugged front,
" He'll fay, this Creffy faw, that Agincourt:
" Thus dwelling on the prowefs of his fathers,
" He'll venerate their fhell.—Yet, more than this,
" From our inactive ftation we fhall hear
" The groans of butcher'd brothers, fhrieking plaints
" Of raviftı'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls,
" Already hov'ring o'er the threaten'd lands
" The famifh'd raven fnuffs the promis'd feaft,
" And horflier croaks for blood—'twill flow."
————" Forbid it, Heaven! [pray'd
" O fhield my fuffering country!—Shield it,"
The agonizing prieft.

THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

Fill the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the fculls, 'tis Odin's cry:

* *Oriel. A projecting window.*

Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
" Fill the meath, and fpread the board,
" Vaffals of the griefly lord."—
The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In ftalk the various forms, and dreft
In various armour, various veft,
With helm and morion, targe and fhield,
Some quivering launces couch, fome biting maces wield:
All march with haughty ftep, all proudly fhake the creft.
The feaft begins, the fcull goes round,
Laughter fhouts—the fhouts refound.
The guft of war fubfide.—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheeks, and fmooths his rugged brow.
" Shame to your placid front, ye men of " death!"
Cries Hilda, with diforder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her fcoff of fhame
To the inactive rev'ling champion's name.
" Call forth the fong," fhe fcream'd;—the minftrel's came——
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of fhining beft in field, and daring moft in fight.
" Joy to the foul," the harpers fung
" When embattl'd ranks among,
" The ftcel-clad knight, in vigour's bloom,
" (Banners waving o'er his plume)
" Foremoft rides, the flower and boaft
" Of the bold determin'd hoft!"
With greedy ears the guefts each note devour'd,
Each ftruck his beaver down, and grafp'd his faithful fword.
The fury mark'd th' auſpicious deed,
And bade the fcalds proceed.
" Joy to the foul! a joy divine!
" When conflicting armies join;
" When trumpets clang, and bugles found;
" When ftrokes of death are dealt around;
" When the fword feafts, yet craves for more;
" And every gauntlet drips with gore."
The charm prevail'd, up ruſh'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce Odin's felf led forth the frantic band,
To fcatter havock o'er many a guilty land.

MADNESS.

Swell the clarion, fweep the ftring,
Blow into rage the muſe's fires!
All thy anfwers, echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis madnefs' felf inſpires.
Hail, awful madnefs, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager fpreads his 'ventrous fail.
Nor beft nor wiſeſt are exempt from thee;
Folly—folly's only free.
Hark!—To the aſtoniſh'd ear
The gale conveys a ſtrange tumultuous ſound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her chorus near.
And demon's dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and malice ſwell her train,—

Devotion warp'd—Affection croſt—
Hope in diſappointment loſt—
And injur'd merit, with a downcaſt eye
(Hurt by neglect) flow ſtalking heedleſs by.

Loud the ſhouts of madneſs riſe,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—cauſeleſs moans,
Burſts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All ſeem to pierce the ſkies.—

Rough as the wint'ry wave, that roars
On Thule's deſert ſhores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring ſong)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his ſtreaming hair.

No pleaſing memory left—forgotten quite
All former ſcenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No ſympathies like theſe his ſoul employ,
——But all is dark within, all furious black deſpair.

Not ſo the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderneſs betray'd;
Her gentle breaſt no angry paſſion fires,
But flighted vows poſſeſs, and fainting, ſoft deſires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reaſon, ſtill the ſame.—
Streaming eyes,
Inceſſant ſighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor diſtracted fair.
Dead to the world—here fondeſt wiſhes croſt,
She mourns herſelf thus early loſt.—

Now, ſadly gay, of ſorrows paſt ſhe ſings,
Now, penſive, ruminates unutterable things.
She ſtarts—ſhe flies—who dares ſo rude
On her ſequeſter'd ſteps intrude?—
'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry miſchief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch ſkips around?
Big with conceit of dignity he ſmiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unſuſpected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from my inmoſt ſoul!
"Give the knife, Demons, or the poiſon'd bowl,
"To finiſh miſeries equal to your own."—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild!—
—'Tis devotion's ruin'd child.—
Sunk in the emphaſis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he aſk relief.—

Thou, fair religion, waſt deſign'd,
Duteous daughter of the ſkies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wiſe.

To point where ſits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each ſuppliant call,
The God of univerſal aid,
The God, the Father of us all,
Firſt ſhown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious ſcene,
'Till ſuperſtition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to riſe, and tears to flow, [tween.
And ſpread deep ſhades our view and heaven be-

Drawn by her pencil the Creator ſtands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aſide)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghaſt, yet ling'ring, flies,
And daſh'd on terror's rocks, faith's beſt dependence lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too cloſe they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the deſcriptive ſong—
Nature ſhudders at the ſight.—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapleſs group, low drop campaſſion's veil.

ADDRESS

TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

COME, genial ſpirit, to the earneſt call
Of the true patriot! whereſoe'er thou art,
O! mark the ſummons! whether airy borne
In haſty progreſs, pleas'd thou ſkimm'ſt the edge
Of the white bulwark; from the ſteepy height
Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain;
While on the pebbled ſhore, ſcarce heard ſo high,
The ſurff breaks foaming. In the diſtant view
Full frequent paſs the womby labourers
Of commerce, or the gaily floating pride
Of naval armament.—Or whether deep
In midland occupation glad thou ſeeſt
The various labours of the cheerful loom;
Or agriculture whiſtling at the plough.
Whether the anvil-notes engage thy ſtay,
(Though diſſonant, yet muſic to the ear
Of him who knows his country); or the hum
Of the thick crowded burſe;—come and attend
To Britain's general good! 'Tis not the ſhout,
The din of clamour, drunk with factious rage,
That hails thee; nor the well diſſembling tongue
Of maſk'd ſedition, whoſe envenom'd rant
Urges the crowd to madneſs.—Not to theſe
Liſt heedful.—'Tis the cool perſuaſive voice
Of reaſon woos.—Quick then with brighteſt ſmiles
Of mild humanity adorn thy cheek:
Straight o'er the Atlantic ſurge, with anxious haſte,
Seek out thy penſive daughter;—once as dear
And cloſely twining round thy milky breaſt,
As was Auguſta's ſelf.—Yet now eſtrang'd—
Unhappily eſtrang'd! O by the hand
Take the fair mourner; from her tearful eye
Wipe the dim cloud of ſorrow;—to the throne
Preſent her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,
Moſt glorious boon, that too our lateſt ſons
Will render thy ſoft influence doubly dear.
Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back
To memory's mirrour. Pict'ur'd there we ſee
The happy times of concord; when the arm
Of manufacture ply'd the buſy taſk
In various employment:—through the eye
Beam'd cheerfulneſs, while all around her ſons
Glad induſtry pour'd forth from plenty's horn
Abundant wealth: hence to the crowded port

Paſs, thought, and mark the ants of commerce ſtore
The ſpacious hold; light ran the toilſome day,
Cheer'd by the hope of the honeſt recompence.
The bark unmoor'd, ſee how the feſtive crew
Urg'd on her ſpeedy courſe; not ſad to quit
Their native ſoil, for in thoſe happier days,
America was home. There on the ſhore
Stood expectation, friendly by her ſide
Smil'd hoſpitality, with open breaſt,
Pleas'd to receive the ſea-beat traveller:
Cheriſh'd, enrich'd that traveller return'd
Bleſſing his double country.—Theſe thy ſweats,
Fraternal intercourſe! But ah! how chang'd,
How ſadly chang'd is now the preſent ſcene,
Pregnant with future griefs! In fullen ſtate
Beneath the gloomy roofs dull ſilence reigns,
Which erſt in better times, reſounded quick
With ſtrokes of active buſineſs: at the forge,
Extinct, in penſive poverty the ſmith
Deſponding leans, incapable to earn
The morrow's morſel, while with craving eye
Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,
Faint with deſpair.—O'er the deſerted loom
The ſpider forms her web, poor evidence
Of human ſloth or want.—Fain would the muſe
Suppreſs the mournful truth; yet forc'd to tell,
She weeps while ſhe relates—How are they fall'n,
The ſons of labour, from their proſp'rous ſtate
Degraded! How, alas! the crowded jail
Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope
Of fairer evenings to their toilſome morn!
Fill'd is each cell of forrow and of pain
With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd
While living, and condemn'd to linger on
To life's laſt ebb, unpity'd, unreliev'd:
Part felons, ſtamp'd the foes of ſocial life
By penury's rough hand, and driven to roam
The ſpoilers of the wealthy—To ciſtreſs
Abandon'd, ſcarce the ruin'd mind perceives
Its own peculiar forrows; but ſinks down
The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law
Submits the needful ſacrifice.—Sad fate [boaſt,
Of thoſe whom Heav'n deſign'd their country's
The artizans of ſkill.—Nor on the banks
Of venerable Themes does woe preſide
Leſs perilous;—Thames, the prolific ſire
Of Britain's wealth: along his winding ſhores,
Unoccupy'd, moor'd to deſtruct've ſloth,
Whole fleets lie periſhing, a foreſt, true,
But ſtill a blaſted foreſt: gloomy ſtalks
The unſhipp'd mariner, and meditates
On foreign ſervice.—Should ſome child of hope,
Lur'd by the pleaſing retroſpect once more
Spread his broad ſail acroſs the well-known ſea;
Should he, amidſt the wonders of the deep,
Give way to fancy's dream, and fondly truſt
To meet his wonted greeting: how recoils
The viſionary voyage!—Not on the beach
Sit waiting love and amity to graſp
His hand, and lead him to their open bowyer.
No throngings crowds his proffer'd mart attend
With various traffic:—fled—affrighted—fled,
Are all the little deities, that once
Kind, o'er the ſocial and commercial board [pear
Hung hovering: in their room, ſad change! ap-
Stern reſolution, ſtoic ſtubbornneſs,
And independence;—in his hand each holds
His weapon, jealous of the paſſing breeze,
And deaf to ancient friendſhip.—In this pauſe,
This ſolemn pauſe, that halts 'tween peace and war.
O fly, bleſt ſpirit, in the royal ear
Whiſper forgiveneſs;—'midſt the high beheſts
Of juſtice, let our ever-gracious ſire
Forget not mercy;—'tis the brighteſt gem
That decks the monarch's crown: nor thou, great George,
Diſdain the muſe's prayer; moſt loyal ſhe
In mild ſubjection down the tide of life,
Steer her light ſkiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call
Of meek humanity, O! pardon, now
If warm ſhe pleads her cauſe.—The ſavage race,
That prowl the deſert, or that range the wood,
Are won to tameneſs by the attentive care
Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man,
Nor ſay his heart's more fell.—'Tis eaſier far
To ſooth by tenderneſs, than awe by pow'r.
Quit then the bloody purpoſe, nor perſiſt
To conquer, when the field is fairer gain'd
By reconciling.—To the ungrateful toil
Commiſſion'd, ſhuddering beats the ſoldier's heart.
Not ſo, when from the plough in eager haſte,
Rous'd by the call to arms, the ſhouting bands
Ruſh'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held
By loves or home,—each burning to ſupply
The waſte of war, and anxious to advance
The common glory.—Spiritleſs now and ſad
Embark the deſtin'd troops: the veteran brave,
That dauntleſs bore the variegated woes
Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,
That won on many a plain the bloody palm
Of victory, amidſt the dying groans
Of ſlaughter'd thouſands firmly undiſmay'd,
Now hangs in tender thought his honeſt front,
Averſe to ſlay his brother:—at the word,
(Awful, yet ſacred to his patient ear)
He lifts indeed the ſteel, while down his cheek
The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound
That bores his vitals, than the ſtroke he gives.
Say, therefore, "Sword, be ſheath'd,"—fair in the ſky
Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will ſpread
Its warm reviving ray—and every eye
That's miſty now with ſorrow, will grow bright,
And ſmile away its tears: the ſunny beam
Of mild returning confidence will cheer
The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch
Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,
Charm'd into health,—and from her various ſtore
Will cull the ſweeteſt flowers, and form a wreath
To crown the temples of her patriot king.

ESSAY

ON THE CONTRARIETIES OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

Society, like thong of leather,
Faſt binds in cluſters men together;
And though it cannot be forgotten,
That ſome are ripe, and ſome are rotten,
Yet let it ſtill be underſtood,
They all promote the general good.
For this the patriot's fire ariſes,
That glows at every trying criſis,

With each inferior ſtrife and ſtir too,
Whence ſpring they? but from public virtue.
Though different plans, like ſtreams, 'tis true,
By different rills their courſe purſue;
Though oft they ſeem, to mortals blind,
Repugnant to the end deſign'd,
Appearing, as by error led,
To flow through many a mazy bed;
Yet ſtill at length we ſee them glide,
Meand'ring to the common tide.
Smile on, ye grave, in deep deriſion,
I ſhrink not from my propoſition,
But ſtill aver all Britons merit
The praiſe of patriotic ſpirit;
As far as e'er their power can reach,
From N---- deſcending down to Ketch.
That ſtateſmen guard the public weal,
We all muſt own, for all muſt feel:
'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,
And careful drive the grand machine;
To charm the paſſengers from fretting,
And keep the whole from overſetting.
But ſtill inferior hands may bring
Some little help,—may oil a ſpring,—
May point,—"There, round that corner turn ye,"
And wiſh the folks a pleaſant journey.
All have their uſe, their's nothing plainer,
From this each traveller's a gainer;
And, though the merits be but few,
Let's give to ev'ry imp his due.
This ſocial fire though all poſſeſs,
In ſome there's nothing blazes leſs;
So many a cloſe attempt is made,
O'er the bright flame to hold a ſhade,
To keep their worth from being known,
While conſcience hugs itſelf alone:
As ſome of alms will never boaſt,
And look leaſt pleas'd when giving moſt.
But cynics, ſpare the odd behaviour,
If well you walk, ne'er blame the pavior.
Should you, when wand'ring in the night,
Some ſcoundrel urge to ſet you right.
Now, though he blaſts you with a curſe,
You'll take the better for the worſe,
Nor think the greeting ill beſtow'd,
If while he damns, he ſhows the road;
But ſtraight jog home, no more affrighted,
Than if an honeſt watchman lighted.
Learn then the beſt to cull from evil,
As ſaints take warning by the devil,
And,—if the muſe, whoſe judgment nice is,
Shows public good in private vices,
The holieſt tongue muſt ceaſe to ſtir,
But inſtant own without demur,
While modeſt matrons ſtart at Drury,
The thief's as uſeful as the jury,
Since both the mind ſtrong truths impreſs on,
And teach the world an awful leſſon.
Our various patriots then revere,
Their hearts are ſound, though manners queer:
Though ſome to outward viſion ſeem
To ſport in frenzy's antic dream,
The aims of each laborious elf are,
Intended for the public welfare.
This glorious end alone purſuing,
They, bold like Curtius laugh at ruin;
For this, if we their ſchemes unravel,
They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.

Enthuſiaſt in the paths of ſcience,
Banks bade the ſtormy waves defiance;
Fair nature's volume to explore,
He * fought with ſeas unſail'd before,
And earn'd, by Argonautic toil,
Freſh honours for his native ſoil:
Him wiſdom lov'd, thus worthy found,
And Britain hail'd him as ſhe crown'd.
But ſay—"Can one advent'rers claim
"Exhauſt the trumpet's voice of fame?
"No garland has my country now,
"To bind another pilgrim's brow?
"Be mine the merit,"—Florio cries,
And croſs the Channel gaily flies;
Through thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian,
(Unleſs, perchance, when Louis fail),
A meteor—with a fiery tail.
Think you his aim in each manœuvre,
Is but to ſcare th' aſtoniſh'd Louvre?
Ah no!—in all the diſſipation
He loves the int'reſt of his nation,
And, mindful of the patriot rule,
For our inſtruction—plays the fool.
Connubial faith,—th' unbroken vow,—
How bleſt! Who dares to diſallow?
Lothario ſtrong in this agrees,
And—urges every wife he ſees;
Sure—if the attack ſhould fail upon her,
The ſex is happy in her honour,—
And,—if his ſtratagems ſurpriſe her,
Her fall may make th' unſteady wiſer.
The huſband from his doze may ſtart,
And, though he long diſdain'd her heart,
May look the thief with viſage fierce on,
Who dar'd defile the ſlighted perſon.
"Draw—draw to ſet the matter right,"—
But is Lothario wrong to fight?
No,—public virtue ſwells his veins,
Whoever falls,—his country gains:
This none can doubt, your feelings aſk all;
For 'tis a gain to loſe a raſcal.
When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels,
The influence kind the kingdom feels;
Each hand, in fit degree and meaſure,
Contributes to the public treaſure.
Theſe truths Northumberland convince,
Who lives in juſt magnificence,
And,—while his bounty wide diſtils,
For England's welfare—pays his bills.
But different notions Cotta ſtrike,
For why ſhould patriots judge alike?
It ſhocks his greatneſs to deſcribe
How peaſants gall the courtier's kibe,
An upſtart race, that no one knows,
Who yet have folly to ſuppoſe,
That honeſt wealth is better far
Than guilt and want beneath a ſtar.
"Let every man preſerve his ſtation:
"What's rule without ſubordination?"
Till wiſer heads confeſs the flaw,
And plan a ſumptuary law,
Impatient ſome redreſs to get,
See Cotta plunges into debt,

* "With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama fought."
Thomſon.

(From bailiffs safe)—and much commends
This practice to his hungry friends;
So war is wag'd with every trader,
Dear honour! lest the rogues degrade her:
And what contrivance is more sure
To humble,—than to keep them poor?
When in contention sharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two * rival deities design'd
Their choicest presents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an olive, that a coursor.
Thus some,—as other plans have mist 'em,
Revere the vegetable system,
And think their virtue grounded sure
In growth of timber, and—manure.
Hence up the slope plantations spread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale descends,
The harvest ocean wide extends;
Glad Britain—how these prospects charm her!
Her medal † decks the patriot farmer,
Who counts his stock,—and hopes he's shown,
His country's riches in his own.
Not so the 'squire of boist'rous spirit,
Who, studious of equestrian merit,
To thrifty care makes no pretences,
But scours the fields, and breaks the fences.
Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,
New till the soil, and mend the breaches,
Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—
Devoted as a prey to dogs,
He hates ignoble frugal ways,
And—wild in the career of praise,
Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed;
"To me Old England owes the breed."
Do various loads the nation press?
'Tis noble sure to make them less:
This Vigil does, and labours hard
To cog the die, or palm the card:
Profuse in packs, as round they lie,
He often turns th' applauding eye;—
And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
Since his dear country shares the profit.
Keen censure then her frown relaxes,
Without consumption what are taxes?
Taxes! But "why," Therfites growls,
"Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?
"Shall two or three, in pamper'd ease,
"Lay contributions as they please,
"While all the rest, in station humble,
"Tame bear the loss,—nor dare to grumble?"
Peace snarler,—Know, with steady soul
The patriot can applaud the whole;
And justly crowns with equal praise
The man who levies, and who pays.
'Tis true the doctor of finances
By nostrums oft his fund enhances:
But then his skill in physic's great,
He knows the ailments of the state,
Intent, as suits the sad disaster,
To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaster.
A plethora's now the case, there's needing
Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.

He therefore acts the subject best,
Who scorns the order to contest;
But claps a calm contented face on,
And yields the most to fill the bason.
To give his part, through various stages
The manufacturer engages;
And thinks there's merit at his door,
Whose business feeds the lab'ring poor,
While to the keen exciseman's eyes
Accumulating duties rise.
"Curse on the drudge's dirty toil,"
Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,
(Though oft his title-deeds may rest
Safe in the us'rers iron chest);
"Unpaid let other calls remain,
"I'll still uphold my menial train;
"Economy!—'tis base to court her,
"Each * footman is a state supporter,
"To baulk the cause a coward's sin is,
"I'll bravely pay the hundred guineas."
Deep Bibo soaks, and boasts the reason,
"Wine's the best antidote to treason,
"Our bumpers large revenues bring,
"I drink my claret for my king,"
Yet still his zeal by far surpasses,
Who empties first, then breaks the glasses ‡.
How Fungus glows with patriot pride;
While credit pours an even tide!
Thus buoy'd along, through fairy scenes,
He clubs his share to ways and means;
At length the dun's incessant clamour
Dooms every chattel to the hammer;
Still there's decorum in his fall,
Since now the ‡ auction closes all.
Smile, Walpole's ghost, untaught to feign,
For private folly's public gain:
And bid old Cecil smooth his brow,—
If England thrives,—no matter how.
Vespasian thus, the bee of money,
From every weed could gather honey:
Though squeamish Titus leer'd and laugh'd,
The wiser father blest the craft,
And, when his bags the cash was sure in,
Ne'er thought the tribute smelt of urine.

THE JUSTICE:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

Compos'd, the justice sat in easy state,
A crowd assembling, thunder'd at the gate:
The porter, to his post accustom'd long,
First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng:
'Midst these, a sire enrag'd, two culprits brought,
Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault;
The young seducer look'd abash'd and pale,
While thus the father urg'd his angry tale:

SONG.

See that wretch, base ends pursuing,
Low has brought my child to shame—
See in her my honour's ruin,
Death of honour, death of fame!

Well to match her ripening beauty
Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes;

* *Minerva and Neptune.*
† *Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Arts and Sciences.*

* *New tax on servants.*
† *New tax on glass wares.*
‡ *Ditto on auctions.*

But this fall, this breach of duty,
Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—
Curse the traitor's late repenting—
Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
War recruits is ever wanting—
Let him die on foreign land.

RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his fault'ring voice oppreſt—
The magiſtrate the trembling youth addreſt,
Diſpell'd his terrors with a riſing ſmile—
And thus the youth began in artleſs ſtyle:

SONG.

If the laws I have offended,
Here for pardon let me ſue:
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead (be this prevailing),
Love early youth begun;—
We had never known this failing,
Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
Oft have own'd our mutual flame:
Wretched, therefore, if we've made him,
On himſelf muſt reſt the blame.

RECITATIVE.

He ſpoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
Who deep encrimſon'd made this ſhort reply:

AIR.

Gracious Sir, this faithful youth
Well has ſpoke the voice of truth,
Kind diſpenſer of the laws,
Show compaſſion to our cauſe—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare his life, and pity me.

RECITATIVE.

The judge not long in uſeleſs ſilence ſate,
But inſtant roſe, and thus announc'd their fate:

AIR.

Relentleſs parent, ſince to me
Is now referr'd the laſt decree,
Mark and obſerve my juſt command,—
I doom him not to foreign land,
But to a ſentence mild and kind—
Be both at Hymen's altar join'd;
And may their paſſion ne'er decay,
Till ebbing life ſhall ſink away.

RECITATIVE.

The liſt'ning crowd the fair award approv'd,
The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
While thanks and praiſes did their thanks employ,
They thus in chorus teſtified their joy.

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
Friendſhip, when you fear'd a foe!
While the year revolves around,
May your bliſs revolving flow!

Parents, to your children's pleaſure,
Be your cloſe attention paid;
Nor for titles, pomp, or treaſure,
Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
Our beſt gratitude is due;
May each couple love like theſe—
May each juſtice act like you!

THE HERMIT'S VISION.

Mildly beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing through the gay ſerene:
Silver'd by her modeſt light,
But faintly ſhone the ſolitary ſcene,
With deep'ning ſhadows mixt, and glitt'ring breaks between.

High on a cliffy ſteep o'erſpread
With many an oak, whoſe ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itſelf inwreath,
And caſt an umbered gloom and ſolemn awe beneath.

High on a cliffy ſteep a hermit ſat,
Weighing on his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind;
Meek pity's pearl oft ſtarted in his eye,
And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent ſigh.

Silent was all around,
Save when the ſwelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring ſound
Of diſtant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell
Struck the ſequeſter'd anchoret's ear;
Remote from men he ſcoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But ſtill, the world's dark tempeſts paſt,
What though his ſkiff was drawn to ſhore,
And ſhelter'd in retirement faſt,
Yet oft his voyage he'd ponder o'er;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the ſtormy waves, how hard to ſtruggle through!

Before his ſage revolving eyes
Various phantoms ſeem'd to riſe,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the myſtic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtleſs of the diſtant day;
Sweet complacence, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away;
For ſhe was wiſdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to ſtray.

Joy led the van---her painted veſt,
Flowing to th' obſequious wind,
Hope had ſeiz'd, with flutt'ring breaſt,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay ſhe ſtepp'd, till buſy fear
Whiſper'd in her ſtartled ear
"How many a cup is daſh'd with gall,
"How many an evil may befal!"

Aghaſt awhile ſhe heard the ruthful ſong,
Then haſter ſeiz'd the robe, and haſtier danc'd along.

Cloſe love follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleaſing pain:
Placid now in dear delight,
Madd'ning now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the ſting of hell-born jealouſy.

'Twixt pride and luſt of grandeur led,
Next ambition rear'd her head,
By phrenzy urg'd o'er every bar to riſe,
And ſeize the viſionary prize:
Wild as ſhe ruſh'd, ſhe ſcorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a ſlip ſhe made, and many a fall ſhe found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-ſtain'd cheek and ſtupid gaze,
Withering before life's ſunny noon,
Grief crept along in ſad amaze,
By many a ſtroke to keeneſt mis'ry brought,
Now in a ſhower diſſolv'd, now loſt in inward thought.

As the rous'd tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,
With flaſhing glare, and murd'rous yell---
Thus anger paſt th' ideal ſtage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
Onward ſhe ſprung, and ſhook the bloody ſteel.

While far behind, with ſilent pace and ſlow,
Malice was content to go,
Patient the diſtant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous ſmiles the blackeſt hate.
Secret long her wrath ſhe'd keep,
'Till time diſarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard deep.

To malice link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baneful lour;
Detraction halted by her ſide,
Upheld by falſehood's feeble power.---

" No more!---no more!" the holy ſeer exclaim'd,
" Paſſions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
" Muſt ſure the human heart o'erthrow,
" And plunge in all the energy of woe.

" Grant then the boon, all-gracious heav'n,
" Let reaſon ever take the helm;
" Left, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,
" The pinnace frail ſome guſt may overwhelm!

" Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
" From error's peril ſhe may ſafely ſteer;
" Till death ſhall bid each trial ceaſe,
" And moor the ſhatter'd bark in peace!"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
Diſtant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the ſunken day,
That check'd his fierce purſuit too ſoon;
While, ſcarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, ſo late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage ſpread;
And floated with a crimſon tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the ſad ſcene of dreareſt view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic ſtep Maria flew,
Maria, ſorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's pureſt flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well ſhe thought, a friend ſo dear
In dareſt hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or ſooth her bleeding warrior's ſmart.

Though look'd for long---in chill affright,
(The torrent burſting from her eye)
She heard the ſignal for the fight---
While her ſoul trembled in a ſigh---

She heard, and claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Yet ſcarce could urge th' inglorious ſtay;
His manly heart the charm confeſt---
Then broke the charm,---and ruſh'd away.

Too ſoon in few---but deadly words,
Some flying ſtraggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremoſt ſtrife of ſwords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She preſt to hear---ſhe caught the tale---
At every ſound her blood congeal'd;---
With terror bold---with terror pale,
She ſprung to ſearch the fatal field.

O'er the ſad ſcene in dire amaze
She went---with courage not her own---
On many a corpſe ſhe caſt her gaze---
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguiſh urged her to preſs
Full many a hand, as wild ſhe mourn'd;---
---Of comfort glad, the drear careſs
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghaſtly hope was well nigh fled---
When late pale Edgar's form ſhe found.
Half-bury'd with the hoſtile dead,
And bor'd with many a griſly wound.

She knew---ſhe ſunk---the night-bird ſcream'd,
---The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,---though fall'n ſhe ſeem'd---
To worſe than death---and deepeſt night.

MORTALITY.

'Twas the deep groan of death
That ſtruck th' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze,---the vital breath
Expiring ſunk!---Let friendſhip's holy tear---
Embalm her dead, as low he lies.---
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wiſe.

Wiſdom! ſet the portal wide,—
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure preſuming pride,
With hope miſtruſtleſs at her ſide,
And wealth, that chance defies, and greedy thirſt of gain.

Call the group, and fix the eye,—
Show how awful 'tis to die.—
Show the portrait in the duſt:—
Youth may frown—the picture's juſt,—
And though each nerve reſiſts—yet yield at length they muſt.

Where's the viſage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and roſy ſmile?
Trace the corpſe.—the likeneſs ſeek—
No likeneſs will you own.
Pale's the once ſocial cheek,
And wither'd round the ghaſtly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of ſight,
The windows of the ſoul?
No more with vivid ray they roll—
Their ſuns are ſet in night.

Where's the heart, whoſe vital power
Beat with honeſt rapture high,—
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to mis'ry many a ſigh?—

Froze to a ſtone!—And froze the hand
Whoſe graſp affection warm convey'd;
Whoſe bounty fed the ſuppliant band,
And nouriſh'd want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief,—
To ſilence agonizing grief,—
To ſooth the breaſt in tempeſt toſt,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion loſt?

'Tis the departed worth, though ſure
To gaſh the wound, yet works the cure:—
'Tis merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
To dry the mourner's pious ſtream,
And ſoften ſorrow to eſteem.

Does ambition toil to raiſe
Trophies to immortal praiſe?
Truſt not, though ſtrong her paſſions burn,
Truſt not the marble's flattering ſtyle,
—Though art's beſt ſkill engrave the urn—
Time's cank'ring tooth ſhall fret the pile.—

FRIENDSHIP.

Diſtill'd amidſt the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the ſmile of morn.

Morn ſoon retires, her feeble pow'r
The ſun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on affliction's ſable bed
Deep ſorrows riſe of ſaddeſt hue;
Condenſing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.
Though pity ſhows her dawn from heaven,
When kind ſhe points aſſiſtance near;
To friendſhip's ſun alone 'tis given
To ſooth and dry the mourner's tear.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'er the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oile,
The curate ſate (for ſcantie was his hire)
And ruminated ſad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet ſeaſon to prepare
The ſtated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reſte to him,—but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him ſprede his various ſermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and ſage advice;
The harveſt gained from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On theſe he caſt a fond but tearful eye,
A while he pauſed, for ſorrowe ſtopped his throte,
Arrouſed at lengthe, he heaved a bitter ſighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

" Hard is the ſcholars lot, condemned to ſail
" Unpatronized o're life's tempeſtuous wave;
" Clouds blind his ſight; nor blows a friendly gale,
" To waft him to one port—except the grave.

" Big with preſumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
" With youthful ardour, and bright ſcience fraughte;
" Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
" Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

" Pleaſed on the ſummer ſea I daunced a while,
" With gay companions, and with views as fair;
" Outſtripp'd by theſe, I'm left to humble toil,
" My fondeſt hope abandon'd in deſpair.—

" Had my ambitious mind been led to riſe
" To higheſt flights, to Croſier and to Pall,
" Scarce could I mourn the miſſinge of the prize,
" For ſoaringe wiſhes well deſerve their fall.

" No tow'ring thoughts like theſe engag'd my breaſt, [plan)
" I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly
" Some little cove, ſome parſonage of reſt,
" The ſcheme of duty ſuited to the man;

" Where, in my narrow ſphere ſecure, at eaſe,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain,
" The guide to good, the counſellor of peace,
" The friend, the ſhepherd of the village ſwain.

" Yet cruel fate denied the ſmall requeſt,
" And bound me faſt, in one ill-omened hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to reſte
" The ſlave of wealthie pride and prieſtlie pow'r.

" Oft as in ruſſet weeds I ſcour along,
" In diſtant chappels haſtilie to pray,
" By nod ſcarce noticed of the paſſing throngе,
" 'Tis but the curate, every childe will ſay.

" Not circumſcribed in dignitie alone
" Do I my rich ſuperior's vaſſal ride;
" Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
" With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preſide.

" Ah! not for me the harveſt yields its ſtore,
" The bough-crown'd ſhock in vain attracts
" mine eye;
" To labour doom'd, and deſtin'd to be poor,
" I paſs the field, I hope not envious, by.

" When at the altar ſurplice-clad I ſtand,
" The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden
" fee;
" The gift I take, but dare not cloſe my hand;
" The ſplendid preſent centres not in me."

DONNINGTON CASTLE.

Blow the loud trump of war,—wide to the gale,
Unfurl the painted banner,—from the breaſt
Tear the mild ſympathies of charity,
And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now
If Briton fight with Briton!——Is there one
To whom theſe ſhouts give joy? can there be one
So ſteel'd, ſo frantic with envenom'd rage
Of party feud, as to forego the mark
Of fair humanity?—Reckleſs to pluck
The bloſſoms from the olive, and dye them red
Deep in a brother's blood?—If ſuch there be
(Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn
His fierce eye to the deſolated crown
Of many a batter'd hill,—to many a heap
Of ruins ſcatter'd through this worried land,
Scenes once of civil ſtrife, but now become
Familiar to the lowlieſt village ſwain.
If there be one within this fertile vale
(Fertile through peace) who yearns for acts of
blood,
Direct his view, Divine Benevolence!
To yonder awful, but inſtructive pile
Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge
Stands eloquent the ſiege-worn monitor,
That ſpeaks from every ſtone;---from ev'ry wound
That bor'd its ſtrong, yet vain reſiſting ſide
Truth tells a ſolemn leſſon.---To the ear
Of warm poetic fancy ſpeaks the ghoſt
Of Chaucer, prime of bards, who caught the ſouls
Of ladies born for love, and e'en could lure
For ſome ſoft ſeaſon the ſtout rugged hearts
That fill'd the ſteel-clad warriors of his age,
And made them liſten to his ſyren voice
Half-angry---yet unwilling to be gone.
'Tis Chaucer hails, from the drear ivy'd tower,
The gaze of idle viſitants,---but once
The ſeat of all the muſes,---where his court
Kept Phœbus, gladden'd at the pow'rful call
That woo'd him to our Albion:---round him play'd
Old Comus jocular, with many a glee
Promoting ſocial laughter;---many a grace
Stole in amidſt the cheerful throng, and ſooth'd
The baſhful maiden, while with bluſhing joy
She hearken'd to her all-accompliſh'd knight.
Chaucer, the prime of bards!---with feſtive ſong
Oft has he charm'd the variegated group
Within yon ancient walls,---walls that no more
Reſound with jocund minſtrelſy.---The owl
There ſhrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarſe
Joins in the horrid diſcord: direful change;

POVERTY.

Hie thee hence! thou ſpectre foul,
Fiend of miſery extreme;
Hence! nor o'er yon dwelling ſcowl
With blaſting eye, while to thy haggard ſcream
The midnight wolf accords his famiſh'd howl,
And madd'ning wretches loud in agony blaſpheme.

Hence!---from the artleſs bard keep wide aloof---
Fly rather to his hated roof,
Who, deaf to mercy's ſoft controul,
Can ſteel with rugged edge the ſoul;
Plund'ring, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,
Or from the widow'd lip the ſcanty morſel tear:—
But paſs him by, the wooer mild
Of genius, friend to all, nature's ingenuous child.

Conſtant toil, and coarſeſt fare,
Long indeed the village hind
In ſilent apathy may bear,
While o'er his brow health's roſy wreath is twin'd:
While his paſſions ſluggiſh flow,
Borne on life's pacific round;
Nor aims his higheſt wiſh to know
Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandſire's fartheſt bound.

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,
When the pale viſage of diſeaſe
Frowns on his humble cot,
When ſinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble knees.

There, oft, unheeded on the ground,
May ſickneſs, age, and want be found,
United all in one forlorn abode,
Of grief each ſingly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed
The ſufferer lifts his aching ſight in vain:---
Deſpair hangs weeping o'er his head:
Sad pallet this for eaſe! ſad comforter in pain.

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
Pour your oil, and pour your wine:
Wipe from tears the miſty eye;
Charity's a ray divine---
A ray that lights the ſoul with brighteſt beam to
ſhine.

Why withhold the little boon?
Seems it much, ye ſons of wealth,
Glitt'ring moths of ſunny noon---
Plum'd with gold of joy and health?
O think! a blaſt may come, yourſelves may periſh
ſoon!

Yet, different in this common ſtate,
What different care attends your happier fate!
Fading you may ſure receive
All wayward fancy craves, all ſoothing art can
give:
While, with equal wants oppreſt,
The child of miſery heaves his lab'ring breaſt,
Cheer'd by no kind aſſiſting powers,
Scarce with ſuch crumbs ſuſtain'd as hungry health
devours.

Melt, in ſoft compaſſion melt,
Ye gentle, wail th' unletter'd peaſant poor:
Yet keener far, as more ſeverely felt,

Does penury haunt th' omen'd ſcholar's door;
He calls for all your tears; give u[illegible]e, if nothing [more.
Warm'd his ſoul with genial fla[illegible]
In youth's gay ſpring was bid to[illegible]ſe,
To pant for ſcience, thirſt for fame,
And hope fair merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
Of praiſe was echo'd to his ear;
Full many a promiſe (flatt'ring gale)!
Foretold the wiſh'd-for port was near.

A while it blew,---then dy'd away,
Like breezes with declining day,
And left him, wond'ring wretch! forſaken quite,
In poverty's dead calm, and diſappointment's night.

What avails th' expanded mind,
Tutor'd in the choiceſt lore?
The ſuffering body lags behind,
Nor lets the riſing ſpirit ſoar:
Call'd home,---what Stoic pride the ſoul can ſteel,
When every ſinew's rack'd, and every nerve muſt feel?

What avails the glowing heart,
The eye that gliſtens at diſtreſs;
The wiſh all bleſſings to impart,
Or make at leaſt a brother's ſorrow leſs?
From trouble's ſpring the deepeſt draught he drew,
Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others too.

At the ſad miſtaken gate, [ſtand,
When the maim'd veteran takes his ſuppliant
Struck with the hapleſs warrior's ſtate,
Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.---
---'Tis empty---See! his lids o'erflow,
To ſend undol'd away the hoary ſon of woe.

Love too---for in the lowlieſt cell
Chaſte love with pureſt flame may dwell---
His love---what ſorer can befal? [gall.
Is doom'd to ſour its ſweets, and daſh his cup with

Before the huſband's and the father's eyes
Stormy clouds in proſpect riſe,
The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan;
Theſe and more he makes his own---
For, ah! the faithleſs world by him too well is known.

For theſe the homely robe, the ſcanty board,
While life in toil is ling'ring on,
The drudge of ſcience may afford:---
But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor life is gone?

No friend may riſe, but many a foe
Will deck his viſage with a ſmile,
Will hide in ſofteſt words the baſeſt guile,
And, while he ſooths the moſt, will ſtrike the deepeſt blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,
When his daughter's rip'ning bloom
Swells into agony his fear
Of the fell ſpoiler's den---fair virtue's early tomb.

THE HARP.

Borne en fancy's wing along,
High ſoars the bard's enraptur'd ſoul:
Round him floats the joy of ſong,
Round him airs ecſtatic roll:
Reſiſtleſs charm! each ſwelling vein
Owns the accuſtom'd flame, and throbs to pour the ſtrain.

Spirit of Oſſian!---through the gloom
Of ages deepen'd into night,
See it burſting from the tomb,---
O'er it gleams a holy light!
See! it waves its maſter-hand; [band.
Aſſembling o'er the heath quick glide the minſtrel

They wake the ſleeping chords!---the magic tone
That ſooth'd the dying warrior's groan,
That lur'd to ſing the lateſt breath,
And mock'd with ſmiles the frown of death),
Ideal, now renews the powerful ſpell;
The liſt'ning ſhades, a griſly hoſt,
Spring from the narrow cell,
And hail with lengthen'd ſhout th' enchanter's mighty ghost.

Thine too, Cadwallo! whom to ſave
In vain the heavenly ſcience ſu'd,
Starts from Arvon's rocky grave
With bloody ſtreams embru'd.
Bound in the brotherhood of woe,
The druid choir unites, their tears harmonious flow.

Wild as they ſweep th' aërial lyre,
Arreſting faſt the paſſive ear,
Fiercer glows the poet's fire,---
O melody belov'd! O art for ever dear!

Ruthleſs tyrant,---yield to fate,
Nor folly's ſcorn, nor rancour's hate,
Though op'ning wide the ſluice of gore,
Could quench the ſkill divine, could drown the myſtic lore.

Long!---long indeed 'twas mute! thy feeble prey
Fall'n the hoary minſtrels lay:---
While, ſick'ning o'er the mournful ground,
The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain:
No more was heard the ſoul-inſpiring ſound,---
---But, faſter in deſpair's ſad fetters bound,
Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the ſervile chain.

Wint'ry, thus the ſtorm of war
Froze into ſloth the captive mind:
Till growing freedom burſt the icy bar,
And loos'd the arts that hell for ever ſtrove to bind.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

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So ſigh'd Horatio, on a tomb reclin'd,
Beneath a mould'ring chapel's ivy'd wall:
His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his ſickly mind,
And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

Horatio, to whoſe lot was not deny'd
Keen ſenſibility with all her woes:
By many a painful teſt his heart was try'd;
His was the thorn, while others won the roſe.

Yet, why ſhould thorns his honeſt breaſt invade,
Since all the charities were fondled there?
Why ſhould thy ſeat, benevolence, be made
The haunt of hapleſs grief, and pining care?

Fill'd with an ample ſoul, that would adorn
Fair independence, he began his day:
Full many a promiſe ſmil'd upon his morn:
Morn chang'd to eve—each promiſe dy'd away.

He wiſh'd—nor can you call his wiſhes bold;
He hop'd—for ſure his friends were not a few;
He hop'd—for many a flattering tale was told,
And the ſafe harbour pointed to his view.

The ſoft deluſion play'd before his ſight,
Juſt to miſlead—for ſoon, alas! he found
His dawn of joy o'ercaſt with ſudden night,
His air-built viſion totter'd to the ground.

THE NAVY.

A FRAGMENT.

Down the variegated ſide
Of Edgecombe's far-recorded knoll
(Joy of nereids, Cornwall's pride),
Where art extends her mild controul;
But juſt to check what nature's liberal hand
Has ſpread in gay luxuriance wide,
Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land;
The muſe, aſtoniſh'd, trac'd her ling'ring way,
Unſettled what to leave, and wond'ring where to ſtay.

FRAGMENT.

Scrannel, pipe of ſcanty tone,
Yield the prize, and yield it due—
Pan, if here, muſt ſurely own,
From thee no heavenly rapture grew—
Thine's the frolic to advance,
Ruſtic joy, and ruſtic dance.—
Merry glee, in many a round
Tripping o'er the daiſy'd ground,
Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
Strove thy movements faſt to meet.

A TALE.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT AT ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS. 1779.

High on the cliff's tremendous ſide,
That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,
Three laſſes chanc'd to ſtray:
To pluck the caſual flow'rets bent,
Regardleſs of the rough aſcent,
They wound their dang'rous way.

Till, ſlowly mounted to the height,
They turn'd their view in wild affright,
And ſhudd'ring mark'd the ſteep:
O then, what grief bedew'd each eye,
To think one ſlip, one ſtep awry,
Might plunge them in the deep!

A prieſt, whom ſoft emotions preſs
To ſuccour damſels in diſtreſs,
That inſtant trod the ſhore;
With happy ſtrength and ſteady pace,
Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd baſe
Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth—the careleſs hour
May ſeek a gay, but treacherous flower,
Whoſe honey turns to gall:
While the kind parſon's timely aid
May reſcue many a tott'ring maid,
And—ſave from many a fall.

EARLY GRAY HAIRS.

O'er my head, ev'n yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early ſnow—
Care, be gone!—a ſteady joy
Sooths the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
Endleſs winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the happy ſons beneath.

BAGATELLE.

Every hour a pleaſure dies—
What is thought, but nurſe to ſorrow?—
He that wiſhes to be wiſe,
Lives to day, and mocks to morrow.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MISS S. C.

Exulting on the balmy gale,
When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,
The roſe-bud all with rapture hail,
Sweet glory of the loveliеſt thorn!
Each day refines the rich perfume—
Glad Flora ſmiles—the zephyr blows—
While op'ning with a gradual bloom,
The favourite ripens to a roſe.

Thus in our Suſan's ſhape and face,
Reſpondent to her angel ſoul,
The growth of each attractive grace
We mark—as annual circles roll.
Advance, ye years!—and ev'ry charm
Which Venus boaſts, ſhall ſure be given;
While ſoft'ring friendſhip joys to form
Her mind, the faireſt work of Heaven.

VERSES,

Occaſioned by hearing that a Gentleman at the Hot Well, Briſtol, had written Satirical Verſes on a Lady. 1779.

For nobler purpoſes deſign'd,
Than puny war to wage,
What cauſe can ſink a hero's mind
To worſe than woman's rage?

What female fault can rouſe the ſoul
To dip the ranc'rous quill?
How juſtify th' invenom'd ſcroll
One female fame to kill?

If frailty aims the ſlight offence,
What man perceives the ſmart?
O let not bravery and ſenſe
Return the feeble dart!

O'er the ſoft ſex love gladly throws
Its adamantine ſhield,
And few are ever known their foes,
Or try th' inglorious field.

Thus on the form of beauty's queen
One only Greek was found,
Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,
Who dar'd inflict a wound.

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